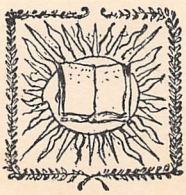
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FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN-BAPTISTE GREUZE, IN THE COLLECTION OF M. C. MARQUIS DE LAS CASAS.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

BONAPARTE, LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

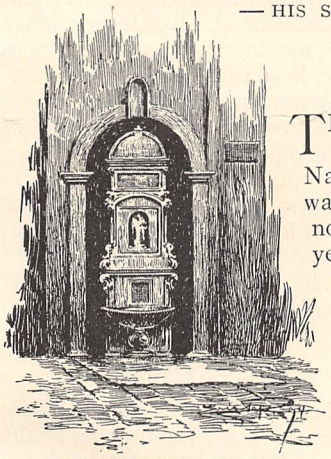
VOL. XLIX. NOVEMBER, 1894. No. 1.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON'S CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

THE REVOLUTIONARY EPOCH IN EUROPE — CORSICAN POLITICS AND REVOLTS — THE BUONAPARTES IN CORSICA — NAPOLEON'S BIRTH AND INFANCY — HIS SCHOOLDAYS — IN PARIS AND VALENCE.



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE, AFTER OLD PRINT FOUND IN CORSICA.

BAPTISMAL FONT IN THE CHURCH AT AJACCIO WHERE NAPOLEON WAS BAPTIZED.

PREFACE.

THE studies of which the result is given in the following pages began long before the present general and popular interest in Napoleon's life could possibly have been foreseen. Their impulse was a conviction that Napoleon's career was a historic force, and not a meteoric flash in the darkness of revolution. For twenty-five years a small band of historical students has been devoted to the scientific investigation of this question. Their task has been rendered comparatively easy by the liberal spirit with which European archives, of old carefully guarded, have in recent years been thrown open for examination. There is almost no portion of the epoch which has not been made the subject of critical examination based upon archival research. In nearly all cases documents in support of the writer's conclusions have been printed; in a few instances the official custodians have edited substantial volumes containing the entire diplomatic correspondence relating to certain important periods. The historical reviews have published many special discussions. As the interest grew, family papers were likewise ransacked, and memoirs of great value have been brought to light and published.

In this way, and for the first time, the materials for a life of Napoleon have accumulated. The merciless scrutiny of dispassionate criticism has discredited in large measure the legendary recitals which have hitherto passed for the biography of that phenomenal man: an attempt must be made to substitute for attributed motives and fictitious details a sober narrative of facts. Thus we may hope to secure not merely correct outline and accurate detail, but the relation of the whole to general history. Three such efforts have been made within a comparatively short

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time: Lanfrey, the French biographer, died before the completion of his work, which, though brilliant, is far from impartial; Seeley, the distinguished English historian, wrote a philosophic sketch, which, though masterly, is neither full nor dispassionate; finally, Fournier, an Austrian scholar, essayed a short popular life. This is the most successful of the three, but it is sometimes marred by evidences of national prejudice.

The United States had fewer direct relations with the first French empire than any other Western power, but Americans have been quite as intensely interested in the person and deeds of Napoleon as the people of any European nation. To them, as to all other English-speaking peoples, most of the recent investigation has been unknown—in fact, the easily accessible literature is either obsolete or has been dangerously tainted with European controversy. It appears self-evident that the story should be retold, and that an American writer might hope to avail himself of a double perspective, both of time and distance, to present the truth without distortion. Such were the considerations which long since moved the author to undertake his task, and led the editor of THE CENTURY to lend the resources of the magazine to its completion. Fully aware of his own imperfections, and of the responsibility which rests upon one who undertakes a labor of such magnitude, the author nevertheless feels assured of the public indulgence, for the reasons given above. The foresight of those who conduct THE CENTURY has been amply vindicated by the fact that at the moment of initiating their enterprise a combination of singular and complex causes has rendered the theme itself more popular than ever before in America. Moreover, since questions of social order in the United States now bear a closer analogy to those in the sister republic than at any time in our history, the origins of present social conditions in the latter are proportionately valuable for comparative study.

William M. Sloane.

THE REVOLUTIONARY EPOCH IN EUROPE.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was the representative man of the transition epoch which ushered in the nineteenth century. That period was the most tumultuous and yet the most fruitful in the world's history. But the progress attained by it was not in a continuous direction; it was rather like the advance of a traveler whirled through the spiral tunnels of the St. Gothard. Flying from the inclemency of the North, he is carried by the ponderous train due southward into the opening. After a time of darkness and sulphurous vapors he emerges into the open air. But at first sight the goal is no nearer; the direction is perhaps northward, the skies are more forbidding, the chill is more intense. Only after successive ventures of the same unpromising character is the climax reached, the summit passed, and the vision of sunny plains opened to view. Such experiences are more common to the race than to the individual; the muse of history must note and record them with equanimity, with a buoyancy and hopefulness born of large knowledge. The movement of civilization in Europe during the latter portion of the eighteenth century was onward and upward, but it was at times not only laborious and devious, but fruitless in immediate results. We must study the age and the people of any great man if we sincerely desire the truth regarding his strength and weakness, his purposes and inborn tendencies, his failures and successes, the temporary incidents and the lasting, constructive, meritorious achievements of his career; and this is certainly far more true of Napoleon than of any other heroic personage. An affectionate awe has sometimes lifted him to heaven; a spiteful hate has often hurled him down to the great deep. Every nation, every party faction and cabal among his own and other peoples, has judged him from its own standpoint of self-interest and self-justification. Whatever chance there may be of reading the secrets of Napoleon's life-drama lies rather in a just consideration of the man in relation to his times, about which much is known, than in an attempt at the mere psychological dissection of an enigmatical nature, about which little is known, in spite of the fullness of our information. The abundant facts of his personal life are not facts at all unless considered in the light not only of a great national life, but of a continental movement which was inclusive of all civilization in its day.

CORSICAN POLITICS AND REVOLTS.

THERE had been in Corsica since the beginning of the sixteenth century an obscure family with the name of Buonaparte. No land and no family could to all outward appearance be further aside from the main channel of European history in the eighteenth century. Yet that isolated land and that unknown family were not merely to be drawn into the movement; they were to illustrate its most characteristic phases. Rousseau was the first to forecast the destiny of Corsica, declaring that it was the only European land capable of movement, of law-giving, of peaceful renovation. It was small and remote, but it came near to being an actual exemplification of his favorite and fundamental



FROM A PAINTING BY L. M. VAN LOO, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

COMTE ÉTIENNE FRANÇOIS DE CHOISEUL, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS UNDER LOUIS XV.

dogma concerning man in a state of nature, of order as arising from conflict, of government as resting on general consent and mutual agreement among the governed. Toward Corsica, therefore, the eyes of all Europe had long been directed. There, more than elsewhere, the setting of the world-drama was complete in miniature, and, in the closing quarter of the eighteenth century, the action was rapidly unfolding a plot of universal interest.

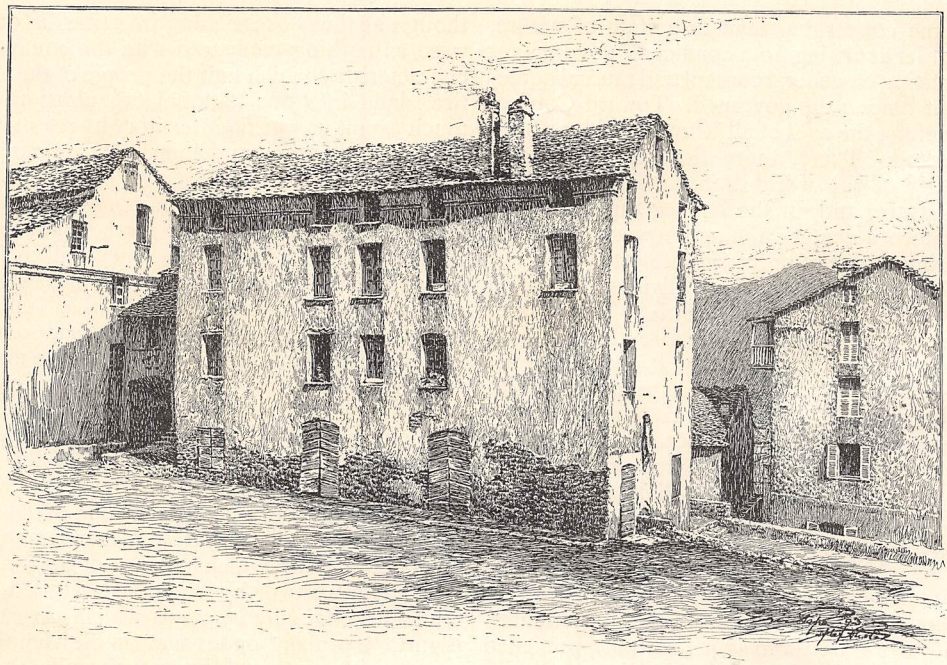
A lofty mountain-ridge divides the island into eastern and western districts. The former is gentler in its slopes, and more fertile. Looking, as it does, toward Italy, it was during the middle ages closely bound in intercourse with that peninsula; richer in its resources than the other part, it was more open to outside influences, and for this reason freer in its institutions. The rugged western division had come more completely under the yoke of feudalism, having close affinity in sympathy, and some relation in blood, with the Greek, Roman, Saracenic, and Teutonic race-elements in France and Spain. The communal administration of the eastern slope, however, prevailed eventually in the western as well, and the differences of origin, wealth, and occupation, though at times occasioning intestine discord, were as nothing compared with the common characteristics which knit the people of the entire island into one national organization, as much a unit as was their territory by reason of its insular situation, and in spite of its mountain spine.

The people of this small commonwealth were in the main of Italian blood. Some slight connection with the motherland they still maintained in the relations of commerce, and by the education of their professional men at Italian schools. While a comparatively few supported themselves as tradesmen or seafarers, the mass of the population was dependent for a livelihood upon agriculture. As a nation, therefore, they had long ceased to follow the course of general European development. They had been successively the subjects of Greece, Rome, and the Califate, of the emperor, and of the republic of Pisa. Their latest master was the Genoese republic, which had now degenerated into an untrustworthy oligarchy. United to that state originally by terms which gave the island a "speaker" or advocate in the Genoese senate, and recognized the most cherished habits of a hardy, natural-minded, and primitive

people, they had little by little been left a prey to their own faults in order that their unworthy mistress might thereby rule with less exertion. Agriculture languished, and the minute subdivision of arable land finally rendered it profitless. Among a people who are isolated not only as islanders, but also as mountaineers, old institutions are particularly tenacious of life; that of the vendetta, or of blood revenge, with its accompanying clanship, never disappeared from Corsica. In the centuries of Genoese rule the carrying of arms was winked at, quarrels became rife, and often family confederations, embracing a considerable part of the country, were arrayed one against the other in lawless violence. The feudal nobility, few in number, were unrecognized, and failed to cultivate the industrial arts in the security of costly strongholds as their class did elsewhere, while the fairest portions of land not held by them were gradually absorbed by the monasteries, which the Genoese favored as likely to render easier the government of a turbulent people. The human animal, however, throve. Of medium stature and powerful mold, with black hair and piercing eyes, with well-formed, agile, and sinewy limbs, endowed with courage and other primitive virtues, the Corsican was everywhere sought as a soldier, and could be found in all the armies of the southern continental states.

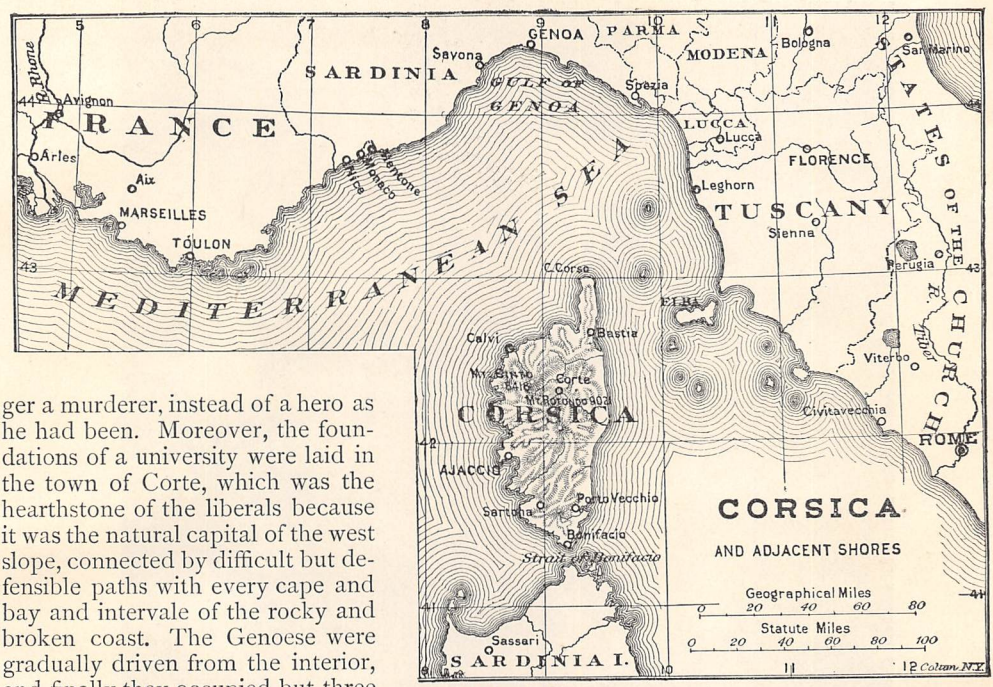
In their periodic struggles against Genoese encroachments and tyranny, the Corsicans had produced a line of national heroes. Sampiero, one of these, had in the sixteenth century incorporated Corsica for a brief hour with the dominions of the French crown, and was regarded as the typical Corsican. Dark, warlike, and revengeful, he had displayed a keen intellect and fine judgment. Simple in his dress and habits, untainted by the luxury then prevalent in the courts of Florence and Paris, at both of which he resided for considerable periods, he could kill his wife without a shudder when she put herself and child into the hands of his enemies to betray him. Hospitable and generous, but untamed and terrible; brusk, dictatorial, and without consideration or compassion, the offspring of his times and his people, he stands, the embodiment of primeval physical and mental energy.

But the greatest of these heroes was also the last — Pascal Paoli. Fitted for his task by birth, by capacity, by superior training, this youth was, in 1755, made captain-general of the island, a virtual dictator in his twenty-ninth year. His success was as remarkable as his measures were wise. Elections were regulated so that strong organization was introduced into the loose democratic institutions which had hitherto prevented sufficient unity of action in troubled times. An army was created from the straggling bands of volunteers, and brigandage was suppressed. Wise laws were enacted and enforced; among them one which made the blood-aven-



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE FOR THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

HOUSE AT CORTE IN WHICH JOSEPH BONAPARTE WAS BORN.



MAP OF CORSICA.

ger a murderer, instead of a hero as he had been. Moreover, the foundations of a university were laid in the town of Corte, which was the hearthstone of the liberals because it was the natural capital of the west slope, connected by difficult but defensible paths with every cape and bay and intervale of the rocky and broken coast. The Genoese were gradually driven from the interior, and finally they occupied but three harbor towns.

Through skilful diplomacy Paoli created a temporary breach between his oppressors and the Vatican, which, though soon healed, nevertheless enabled him to recover important domains for the state, and prevented the Roman hierarchy from using its enormous influence over the superstitious peasantry utterly to crush the movement for their emancipation. His extreme and enlightened liberalism is admirably shown by his invitation to the Jews, with their industry and steady habits, to settle in Corsica, and to live there in the fullest enjoyment of civil rights according to the traditions of their faith and the precepts of their law. "Liberty," he said, "knows no creed. Let us leave such distinctions to the Inquisition." Commerce, under such influences, began to thrive. New harbors were made and fortified, while the equipment of a few gunboats for their defense marked the small beginnings of a fleet. The haughty men of Corsica, changing their very nature for a season, began to labor with their hands by the side of their wives and hired assistants; agriculture, industry, and the arts were given an impulse which promised to be lasting.

The rule of Paoli was not entirely without disturbance. From time to time there occurred rebellious outbreaks of petty factions like that headed by Matra, a disappointed rival. But they were on the whole of little importance. Down to 1765 the advances of the nationalists were steady, their battles being won against the highest odds by the force of their warlike nature, which sought honor above all things, and could, in the words of a medieval chronicle, "endure without a murmur watchings and pains, hunger and cold, in its pursuit — which could even face death without a pang." It became finally necessary, as the result of unparalleled success in domestic affairs, that a foreign policy should be formulated. Paoli's idea was an offensive and defensive alliance with France on terms recognizing the independence of Corsica, securing an exclusive commercial reciprocity between them, and promising military service with an annual tribute from the island. This idea of France as a protector without administrative power was held by the majority of the patriots.

But Choiseul, the minister of foreign affairs under Louis XV., would entertain no such visionary plan. It was clear to every one that the island could no longer be held by its old masters. He had found a facile instrument for the measures necessary to his contemplated seizure of it in the son of a Corsican refugee, that later notorious Buttafuoco, who, carrying water on both shoulders, had ingratiated himself with his father's old friends while at the same time he had now for years been equally successful in French official circles. Corsica was to be seized as a sop to the national pride for the loss of Canada. On August 6, 1764, was signed a provisional agreement between Genoa and France by which the former was to



ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER, FROM PHOTOGRAPH. ORIGINAL PAINTING, BY GIRODET, IN HÔTEL DE VILLE, AJACCIO, CORSICA.

CARLO BUONAPARTE, FATHER OF NAPOLEON.

cede for four years all her rights of sovereignty, and the few places she still held in the island, in return for the latter's intervention.

By this time the renown of Paoli had filled the earth. As a statesman he had skilfully used the European entanglements both of the Bourbon-Hapsburg alliance made in 1756, and of the alliances consequent to the Seven Years' War, for whatever possible advantage might be secured to his people and their cause. As a general he had found profit in defeat, and had organized his little forces to the highest possible efficiency, displaying prudence, fortitude, and capacity. His personal character was blameless, and could be fearlessly set up as a model. He was a convincing orator and a wise legislator. Full of sympathy for his backward compatriots, he knew their weaknesses, and could avoid the consequences, while he recognized at the same time their virtues, and made the fullest use of them. Above all, he had the wide horizon of a philosopher, understanding

fully the proportions and relations to each other of epochs and peoples, not merely striving to uplift Corsica in her own interest, but seeking to find in her regeneration a leverage to raise the world to higher things. So gracious, so influential, so far-seeing, so all-embracing was his nature that Voltaire called him "the lawgiver and the glory of his people," while Frederick the Great dedicated to him a dagger with the inscription, "Libertas, Patria." His intellectual and physical activities were so extraordinary that the physicians judged him to be, as were Cæsar, Mohammed, and Cromwell, endowed with superhuman endurance and strength. The shadows in the character of this remarkable man were that he was imperious and arbitrary, and so overmastering that he trained the Corsicans to seek guidance and protection, thus preventing them from acquiring either personal independence or self-reliance. Awaiting an impulse from their adored leader, growing timid in the presence of initiatory decisions, they did not prove equal to their task. Without his people Paoli was still a philosopher; without him they became in succeeding years a byword, and fell supinely into the arms of a less noble subjection. In this regard the comparison between him and Washington, so often instituted, utterly breaks down.

"Corsica," wrote, in 1790, a youth destined to lend even greater interest than Paoli to that name—"Corsica has been a prey to the ambition of her neighbors, the victim of their politics and of her own wilfulness. . . . We have seen her take up arms, shake the atrocious power of Genoa, recover her independence, live happily for an instant; but then, pursued by an irresistible fatality, fall again into intolerable disgrace. For twenty-four centuries these are the scenes which recur again and again; the same changes, the same misfortune, but also the same courage, the same resolution, the same boldness. . . . If she trembled for an instant before the feudal hydra, it was only long enough to recognize and destroy it. If, led by a natural feeling, she kissed, like a slave, the chains of Rome, she was not long in breaking them. If, finally, she bowed her head before the Ligurian aristocracy, if irresistible forces kept her twenty years in the despotic grasp of Versailles, forty years of mad warfare astonished Europe, and confounded her enemies."

The same pen wrote of Paoli that by following traditional lines he had not only shown a historic consciousness in the constitution he framed for Corsica, but that he had found "in his unparalleled activity, in his warm, persuasive eloquence, in his adroit and far-seeing genius," a means to guarantee it against the attacks of wicked foes.

Such was the country in whose fortunes the "age of enlightenment" was so interested. Montesquieu had used its history to illustrate the loss and recovery of privilege and rights; Rousseau had thought the little isle would one day fill all Europe with amazement. When the latter was driven into exile for his utterances, and before his flight to England, Paoli offered him a refuge. Matthew Buttafuoco, who represented the opinion that Corsica for its own good must be incorporated with France, and not merely come under her protection, had a few months previously also invited the Genevan prophet to visit the island, and outline a constitution for its people. But the snare was spread in vain. In the letter which with polished phrase declined the task, on the ground of its writer's ill-health, stood the words:

> I believe that under their present leader the Corsicans have nothing to fear from Genoa. I believe, moreover, that they have nothing to fear from the troops which France is said to be transporting to their shores. What confirms me in this feeling is that, in spite of the movement, so good a patriot as you seem to be continues in the service of the country which sends them.

Paoli was of the same opinion, and remained so until his rude awakening in 1768.

THE BONAPARTES IN CORSICA.

THE French occupation to which Rousseau refers was begun ostensibly to compel the fulfilment of the agreement. It was continued, however, until it was no longer merely formal, until the fortifications of the seaport towns hitherto held by Genoa were filled with troops. Then, for the first time, the text of the convention was communicated to Paoli by Choiseul. The crafty diplomatist explained through his agent that by its first section the king guaranteed the safety and liberty of the Corsican nation, but, no doubt, he forgot to explain the double dealing in the second section whereby in the Italian form the Corsicans in return were to take "all right and proper measures dictated by their sense of justice and natural moderation to secure the glory and interest of the republic of Genoa," while in the French form they were "to yield to the Genoese all 'they' thought necessary to the glory and interests of their republic." Who were the "they"? Paoli's eye was fixed on the acknowledgment of Corsican independence; he was hoodwinked completely as to the treachery in the second clause, the meaning of which, according to diplomatic usage, was settled by the interpretation one form put upon the other, and was therefore clearly contradictory of the promise of freedom expressed in the first clause.

Four years passed; apparently they were uneventful, but in reality Choiseul made good use of his time. Through Buttafuoco he was in regular communication with that minority and required consideration by the people; the answer was that the king of France could not be expected to mingle in Corsican affairs without some advantage for himself. To gain time



LETITIA RAMOLINO, MOTHER OF NAPOLEON. PORTRAIT HANGING IN ROOM OF HIS BIRTH IN HOUSE AT AJACCIO.

among the nationalists which desired incorporation. By the skilful manipulation of private funds, and the unstinted use of money, that minority was before long turned into a majority. Toward the close of 1767 Choiseul began to show his hand by demanding absolute possession for France of at least two strong towns. Paoli replied that the demand was unexpected, Paoli chose Buttafuoco as his plenipotentiary, despatched him to Versailles, and so fell into the very trap so carefully set for him by his opponent. He consented as a finality that Corsica should join the Bourbon-Hapsburg league. More he could not yield for love of his wild, free Corsicans, and he cherished the secret conviction that, Genoa being no longer

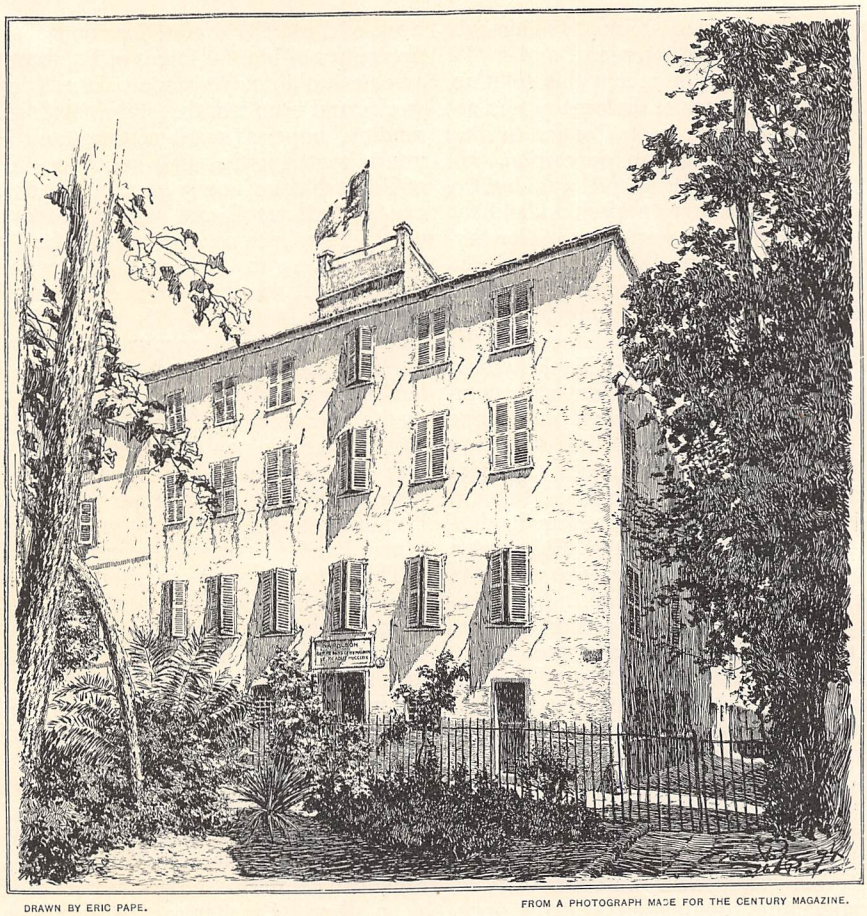
able to assert her mastery, France would never allow another power to intervene, and so, for the sake of peace, might accept this solution.

But the great master of diplomacy was not misled. In his designs upon Corsica he had little to fear from European opposition. He knew how hampered England was by the strength of parliamentary opposition, and the unrest of her American colonies. The Sardinian monarchy was still weak, and quailed under the jealous eyes of her strong enemies. Austria could not act without breaking the league so essential to her welfare, while the Bourbon courts of Spain and Naples would regard the family aggrandizement with complacency. Moreover, something must be done to save the prestige of France: her American colonial empire was lost; Catherine's brilliant policy, and the subsequent victories of Russia in the Orient, were threatening what remained of French influence in that quarter. Here was a propitious moment to emulate once more the English: to seize a station on the Indian high-road as valuable as Gibraltar or Port Mahon, and to raise again high hopes of recovering, if not the colonial supremacy, at least the equality among nations which was menaced. Without loss of time, therefore, the negotiations were ended, and Buttafuoco was dismissed. On May 15, 1768, the price to be paid having been fixed, a definitive treaty with Genoa was signed, the sale was completed, and Corsica passed finally into French hands. Paoli appealed to the great powers in vain.

The campaign of subjugation opened at once, Buttafuoco taking service against his kinsfolk with a few Corsicans so friendly to the enterprise that, unlike the Royal Corsican regiment formed under his father's influence, they were willing to fight their brethren. The French troops already in the island were at once reinforced, but during the first year of the final conflict the advantage was all with the patriots; indeed, there was one substantial victory which awakened dismay at Versailles. Once more Paoli hoped for intervention, especially that of England, whose liberal feeling would coincide with his interest in keeping Corsica from France. Money and arms were sent from Great Britain, but that was all.

The following spring an army of no less than twenty thousand men was despatched from France to make short and thorough work of the conquest. The previous year of bloody and embittered conflict had gone far to disorganize the patriot army. It was only with the utmost difficulty that the little bands of mountain villagers could be tempted away from the ever more necessary defense of their homes and firesides. And yet in spite of disintegration,— and that, too, before such overwhelming odds,— in want of the simplest munitions and of the very necessities of life, the forces of Paoli continued a fierce and heroic resistance. It was only after weeks, and even months, of devastating, heart-rending, hopeless warfare, that their leader, utterly routed in the affair known as the battle of Ponte-Nuovo, finally gave up the desperate cause. Exhausted, and without resources, he would have been an easy prey to the French; but they were too wise to take him prisoner. On June 12, 1769, by their connivance he escaped to the mainland. His goal was England. The journey was a long, triumphant procession from Leghorn through Germany and Holland to England; the honors showered on him by the liberals in the towns through which he passed were such as are generally paid to victory, not to defeat. Kindly received and entertained, he lived for the next thirty years in London, the recipient from the government of twelve hundred pounds a year as a pension.

The following year saw the king of France apparently in peaceful possession of that Corsican sovereignty which he claimed to have bought from Genoa. His administration was soon firmly established, and there was nowhere any interference from foreign powers. Philanthropic England had provided for Paoli, but would do no more, for she was busy at home with a transformation of her parties. The old Whig party was disintegrating; the new Toryism was steadily asserting itself in the passage of contemptuous measures for oppressing the American colonies. She was, moreover, soon to be so absorbed in her great struggle on both sides of the globe that interest in Corsica and the Mediterranean must remain for a long time in abeyance. But the establishment of a French administration in the king's new acquisition did not proceed smoothly. The party favorable to incorporation had grown, and, in the rush to side with success, it now probably far outnumbered the old patriots. At the outset they faithfully supported the conquerors in an attempt to retain as much of Paoli's system as possible. But the appointment of a royal governor with a veto over legislation was essential. This of necessity destroyed the old democracy, for, in any case, such an office must create a quasi-aristocracy, and its power would rest not on popular habit and good-will, but on the French soldiery. The situation was frankly recognized, therefore, in a complete reorganization of the old nobility, from among whom a council of twelve was selected to support and countenance the governor. Moreover, the most important offices were given into French hands, while the seat of government was moved from Corte, the highland capital, to the lowland towns of Bastia and Ajaccio. The primeval feud of highlanders and lowlanders was thus revived,



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE FOR THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

THE BONAPARTE HOUSE AT AJACCIO, WHERE NAPOLEON WAS BORN.

and in the consequent agitations the patriots originally hostile to France either lost influence, or were alienated from the government. Old animosities were everywhere restored and strengthened, until finally the flames burst forth in open rebellion. They were, of course, suppressed, but the work was done with a savage thoroughness the memory of which long survived to prevent the formation in the island of a natural sentiment friendly to the French. Those who professed such a feeling were held in no great esteem.

It was perhaps an error that Paoli did not recognize the indissoluble bonds of race and speech as powerfully drawing Corsica to Italy, disregard the leanings of the democratic mountaineers toward France, sympathize with the fondness of the towns for the motherland, and so use his influence as to confirm the natural alliance between the insular Italians and those of the continent. When we regard Sardinia, however, time seems to have justified him. There is little to choose between the sister islands as regards the backward condition of both; but the French department of Corsica is, at least, no less advanced than the Italian province of Sardinia. The final amalgamation of Paoli's country with France, which was in a measure the result of his leaning toward a French protectorate, accomplished one end, however, which has rendered it impossible to separate her from the course of great events, from the number of the mighty agents in history. Curiously longing in his exile for a second Sampiero to have wielded the physical power while he himself should have become the Lycurgus, Paoli's wish was to be half-way fulfilled in that a warrior greater than Sampiero was about to be born in Corsica, one who should, by the very union so long resisted, come, as the master of France, to wield a power strong enough to shatter both tyrannies and dynasties, thus clearing the ground for a lawgiving closely related to Paoli's own just and wise conceptions of legislation.

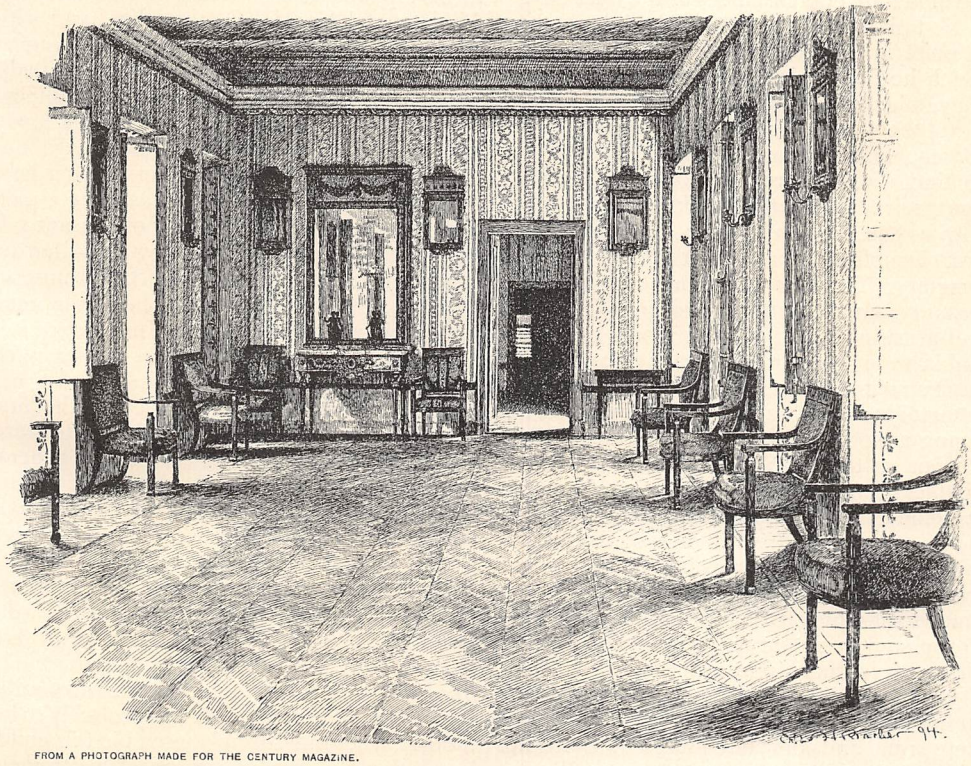
This scion was to come from the stock which bore the name of Bonaparte, or, as the heraldic etymology later spelled it, Buonaparte. There were branches of the same stock, or, at

least, of the same name, in many other parts of Italy. Whatever the origin of the Corsican Buonapartes, it was neither royal from the twin brother of Louis XIV., thought to be the Iron Mask, nor imperial from the Julian gens, nor Greek, nor Saracen, nor, in short, anything which some later-invented and lying genealogies declared it to be. But it was really Italian, and probably patrician, for in 1780 a Tuscan gentleman, of a side line, devised a scanty estate to his Corsican kinsman. The earliest home of the family was probably at Sarzana, in Tuscany, where for generations men of that name had exercised the profession of advocates. Moreover, they were persons of local consequence in their latest seats, partly because of their Italian connections, partly in their substantial possessions of land, and partly through the official positions which they held in the city of Ajaccio. Their sympathies as lowlanders and townspeople were with the country of their origin and with Genoa. During the last years of the sixteenth century that republic authorized Jerome, then head of the family, to prefix the distinguishing particle "di" to his name; but the Italian custom was averse to its use, which was not revived until later, and then only for a short time.

Nearly two centuries fled before the grand-duke of Tuscany issued formal patents attesting the Buonaparte nobility. It was Joseph, the grandsire of Napoleon, who received them; soon afterward he announced that the coat armor of the family was "la couronne de compte, l'ecusson fendu par deux barres et deux étoilles, avec les lettres B. P. qui signifient Buona Parte, le fond des armes rougeâtres, les barres et les étoilles bleu, les ombrements et la couronne jaune!" [1]

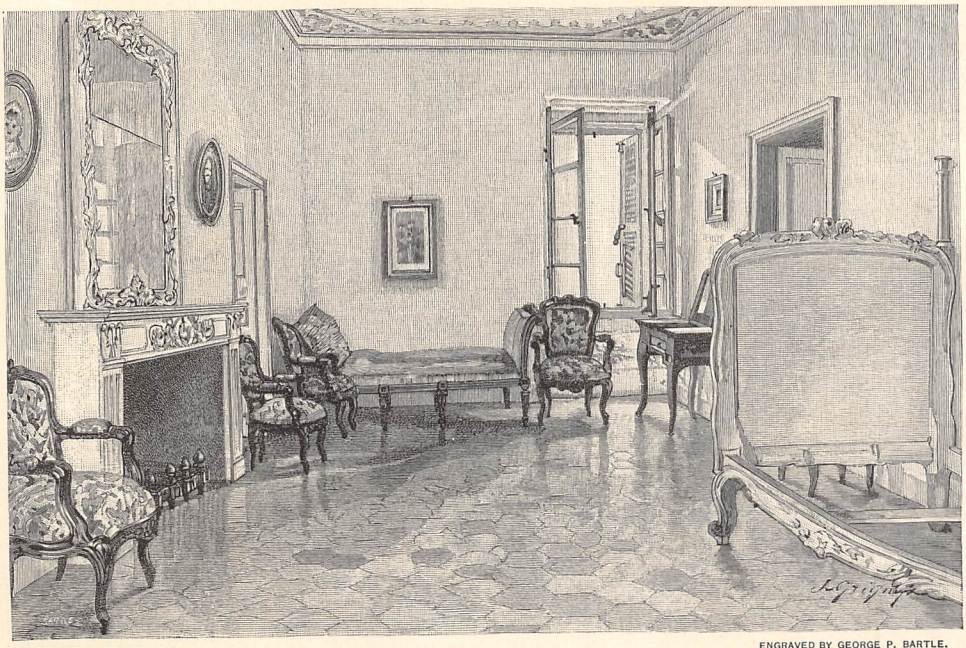
Such heraldic cant shows that either the sovereign or the receiver was a poor herald. This was in 1757; in 1759 the same sovereign granted further the title of patrician. Charles, the son of Joseph, received a similar grant from the Archbishop of Pisa in 1769. These facts have a substantial historical value, since by reason of them the family was recognized as noble in 1771 by the French authorities, and as a consequence the most illustrious scion of the stem became, eight years later, the ward of a France which was still monarchical. Reading between the lines of such a narrative, it appears as if the short-lived family of Corsican lawyers had some difficulty in preserving an influence proportionate to their descent, and therefore sought to

[1] A count's coronet, or two chevrons and two mullets with the two letters, B. P., signifying Buona Parte, the tincture gules, the charges azure, etc.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE FOR THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

RECEPTION-ROOM IN THE BONAPARTE HOUSE AT AJACCIO.



DRAWN BY J. GRIGNY. ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

ROOM IN WHICH NAPOLEON WAS BORN.

draw all the strength they could from a bygone grandeur, easily forgotten by their neighbors in the moderate circumstances of the later day.

No task had lain nearer to Paoli's heart than to unite in one nation the two factions into which he found his people divided. Accordingly, when at his request Carlo di Buonaparte, the single slender stem on which the consequential lowland family depended for continuance, appeared at Corte, the stranger was received with flattering kindness, and probably, as one account has it, was appointed to a post of emolument and honor as Paoli's private secretary. The new patrician, according to a custom common among Corsicans of his class, had already studied at both Rome and Pisa, and in 1769 he was made doctor of laws by the latter university. There are many pleasant anecdotes told to illustrate the good fellowship of the young advocate among his comrades while a student on the mainland. There are likewise mythical narratives of his persuasive eloquence at home and of his influence as a patriot. In short, an organized effort of sycophantic admirers, who would, if possible, illuminate the whole family in order to heighten Napoleon's renown, has invented fables and distorted facts to such a degree that the truth as to Charles's character is almost unrecognizable.

Certain undisputed facts, however, throw a strong light on Napoleon's father. His people were proud and poor; he endured the hardships of poverty with equanimity. Strengthening what little influence he could muster, he at first appears ambitious, and has himself described in his diploma as a patrician of Florence, San Miniato, and Ajaccio. On the other hand, with no apparent regard for his personal advancement by marriage, he followed his own inclination, and in 1764, at the age of eighteen, rashly, perhaps, but gallantly wedded a lowly and beautiful child of fifteen, Letitia Ramolino. Her descent was the reverse of her husband's, although her fortune was quite equal, if not superior, to his. She was of peasant nature to the last day of her long life — hardy, unsentimental, frugal, and sometimes unscrupulous. Yet the hospitality of her little home in Ajaccio was lavish, after the manner of her kind, and consequently famous. Among the many guests who availed themselves of it was Marbeuf, commander in Corsica of the first army of occupation. There was long afterward a malicious tradition that the French general was Napoleon's father. The morals of Letitia di Buonaparte, like those of her conspicuous children, have been bitterly assailed, but her own good name, at least, has always been vindicated. The evident motive of the story sufficiently refutes such an aspersion as it contains. Of the bride's extraordinary beauty there never has been a doubt. She was a woman of heroic mold, like Juno in her majesty, unmoved in prosperity, undaunted in adversity. It was probably to his mother, whom he strongly resembled in childhood, that the famous son owed his tremen-

dous, even gigantic, physical endurance. If in his mother was reproduced the type of a Roman matron, in the son would be recalled the virtues and vigor of an imperator.

After their marriage the youthful pair resided in Corte waiting until events should permit their return to Ajaccio. Naturally of an indolent temperament, the husband was at first drawn into the daring enterprises of Paoli, and displayed a temporary enthusiasm, but for more than a year before the end he wearied of them. At the head of a body of men of his own rank he finally withdrew to Monte Rotondo, and on May 23, 1769, a few weeks before Paoli's flight, the band made formal submission to the two French generals, Marbeuf and Vaux, explaining through Buonaparte that the national leader had misled them by promises of aid which never came, and that, recognizing the impossibility of further resistance, they were anxious to accept the new government, to return to their homes, and to resume the peaceful conduct of their affairs. It was this precipitate naturalization of the father as a French citizen which made his great son a Frenchman. Less than three months afterward, on August 15, his fourth child, Napoleone di Buonaparte, was born in Ajaccio.

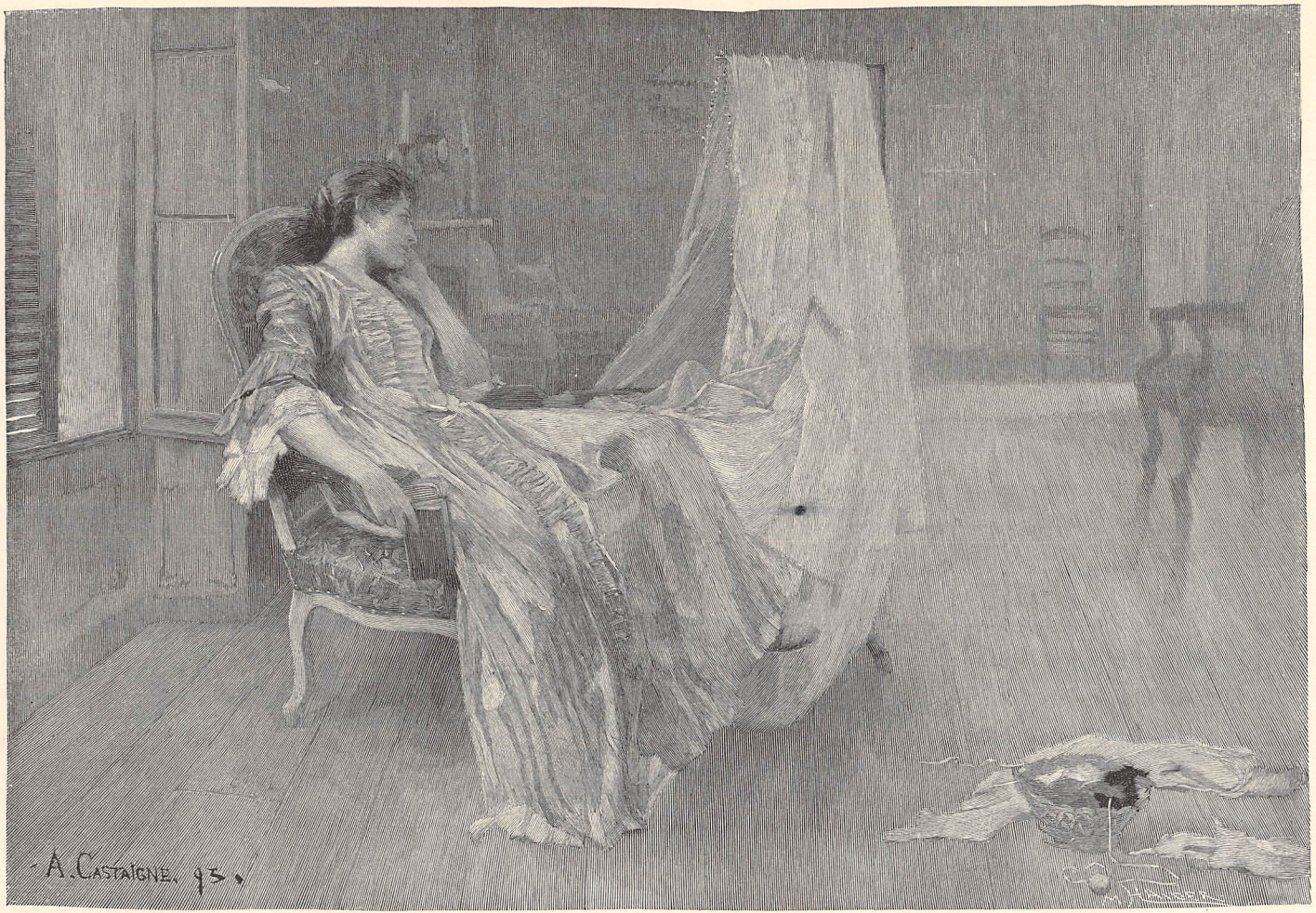
The resources of the Buonapartes, as they still wrote themselves, were small, although their family and expectations were large. An only child, Letitia had inherited her father's little home and his vineyards in the suburbs, for her mother had married a second time. Her stepfather had been a Swiss mercenary in the pay of Genoa. In order to secure the woman of his choice he became a Roman Catholic, and was the father of Mme. di Buonaparte's half-brother, Joseph Fesch. Charles himself was the owner of lands in the interior, but they were heavily mortgaged, and he could contribute little to the support of his family. His uncle, a wealthy landlord, had died childless, leaving his domains to the Jesuits, and they had promptly entered into possession. According to the terms of his grandfather's will, the bequest was void, for the fortune was to fall in such a case to Charles's mother, and on her death to Charles himself. Joseph, his father, had wasted many years and most of his fortune in weary litigation to recover the property. Nothing daunted, Charles settled down to pursue the same phantom, virtually depending for a livelihood on his wife's small patrimony. He became an officer of the highest court as assessor, and was made in 1772 a member, and later a deputy, of the council of Corsican nobles.

The peasant mother was most prolific. Her eldest child, born in 1765, was a son who died in infancy; in 1767 was born a daughter, Marie-Anne, destined to the same fate; in 1768 a son, known later as Joseph, but baptized as Nabulione; in 1769 the great son, Napoleone. Nine other children were the fruit of the same wedlock, and six of them — three sons, Lucien, Louis, and Jérôme, and three daughters, Élise, Pauline, and Caroline — survived to share their brother's greatness. Charles himself, like his short-lived ancestors, — of whom five had died within a century, — reached only early middle age, dying in his thirty-ninth year. Letitia, like the stout Corsican that she was, lived to the ripe age of eighty-six in the full enjoyment of her faculties, known to the world by the sobriquet of Madame Mère.

NAPOLEON'S BIRTH AND INFANCY.

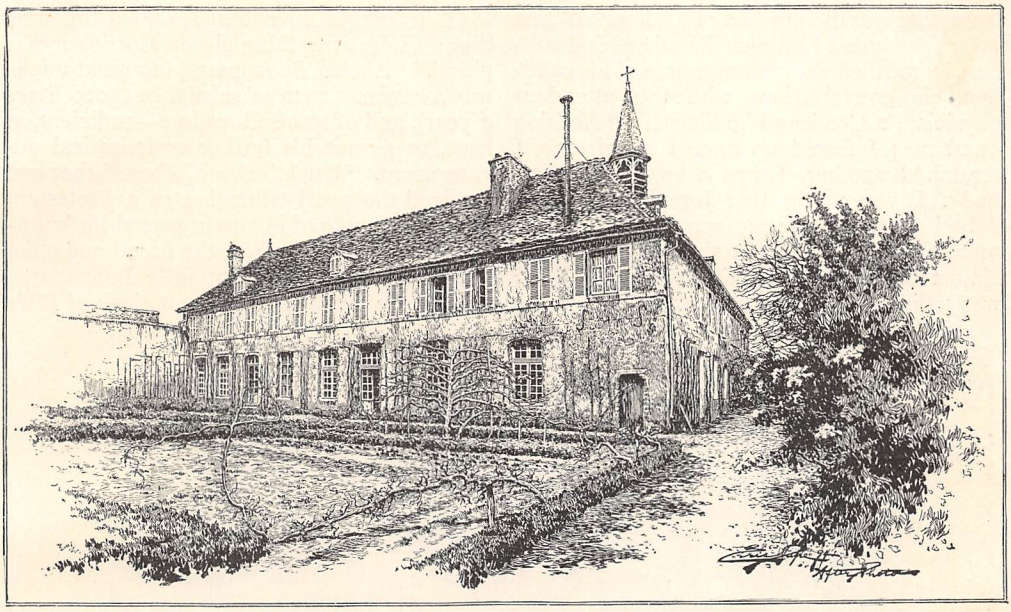
THE trials of poverty made the Buonapartes most clever and adroit. Suspicions of shiftiness in small matters were developed later on, and led to an over-close scrutiny of their acts. The opinion has not yet disappeared among reputable authorities that Nabulione and Napoleone were one and the same, born on January 7, 1768, while Joseph was really the younger, born on the date assigned to his distinguished brother. The earliest documentary evidence consists of two papers, one in the archives of the French War Department, one in those of Ajaccio. The former is dated 1782, and testifies to the birth of Nabulione on January 7, 1768, and his baptism on January 8; the latter is the copy of an original which declares the birth, on January 7, of Joseph Nabulion. Neither is decisive, but the addition of Joseph, with the use of the two French forms for the name in the second, destroys much of its value, and leaves the weight of authority with the former. The reasonableness of the suspicion is further heightened by the fact that Napoleon's certificate of marriage gives the date of his birth as February 8, 1768. Moreover, in the marriage contract of Joseph, witnesses speak of him as born at Ajaccio, not at Corte.

But there are facts of greater weight on the other side. In the first place the documentary evidence is itself of equal weight, for the archives of the French War Department also contain an extract dated July 21, 1771, from the one original baptismal certificate, and this extract gives the date of Napoleone's birth as August 15, 1769. Charles's application for the appointment of his two eldest boys to Brienne has also been found, and it contains, according to regulation, still another copy from the original certificate. It is dated June 23, 1776, and also gives what is now generally accepted as the correct date. This quite explodes the old story that Napoleon's age was falsified by his father in order to obtain admittance for



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE INFANT NAPOLEON IN THE ROOM OF HIS BIRTH.



THE BUILDINGS OF THE MILITARY SCHOOL AT BRIENNE, THAT WERE STANDING AT THE TIME NAPOLEON WAS A STUDENT.

him to the military school. The application was made in 1776 for both boys, in order to secure admission for each before the end of his tenth year. It was the delay of the authorities in granting the request which, after the lapse of three years or more, made Joseph ineligible. The father could have had no motive in 1776 to perpetrate a fraud, and after that date it was impossible, for the papers were not in his hands. The charge was made during Napoleon's lifetime. His brother positively asserted the fact, as it is now substantially proved to be, and Bourrienne, who had known his emperor as a child of nine, was of the same opinion. In the walk of life to which the Buonapartes belonged, the fixity of names was not as rigid as it later became. There were three Marie-Annes in the family first and last, one of whom was later called Élise.

As to the given name Napoleon, there is a curious though unimportant confusion. We have already seen the forms Nabulione, Nabulion, Napoleone, Napoleon. Contemporary documents give also the form Napoloeone, and his marriage certificate uses Napolione. On the Vendôme column stands Napolio. Imp., as if to recall Neopolus, a sainted martyr. The irreverent school-boys of Autun and Brienne gave the nickname "straw nose"—*paille-au-nez* — to the brothers. The pronunciation, therefore, was probably as uncertain as the form, Na-paille-au-nez being probably a distortion of Napouilloné. The chameleon-like character of the name corresponds exactly to the chameleon-like character of the times, the man, and the lands of his birth and his adoption. The Corsican noble and French royalist was Napoleone di Buonaparté; the Corsican republican and patriot, who was always present under the mask, was Napoleone Buonaparté; the French republican, Napoleon Buonaparte; the victorious general, Bonaparte; the emperor Napoleon. There was likewise a change in his handwriting analogous to the change in his nationality and opinions. It was probably to conceal a most defective knowledge of French that the adoptive Frenchman, republican, consul, and emperor abandoned the fairly legible hand of his youth, and recurred to the atrocious one of his childhood, continuing always to use it after his definite choice of a country.

Stormy indeed were his nation and his birth-time. He himself said: "I was born while my country was dying. Thirty thousand French, vomited on our shores, drowning the throne of liberty in waves of blood — such was the horrid sight which first met my view. The cries of the dying, the groans of the oppressed, tears of despair, surrounded my cradle at my birth."

Such were the words used in 1789 by the child when addressing Paoli. They strain chronology a little for the sake of rhetorical effect, but they truthfully picture the circumstances under which he was conceived. There is a later myth, which recalls in detail that when the pains of parturition seized his mother she was at mass, and that she reached her chamber just in time to deposit, on a piece of embroidery representing the young Achilles, the prodigy bursting so impetuously into the world. To the man himself, and to the world,

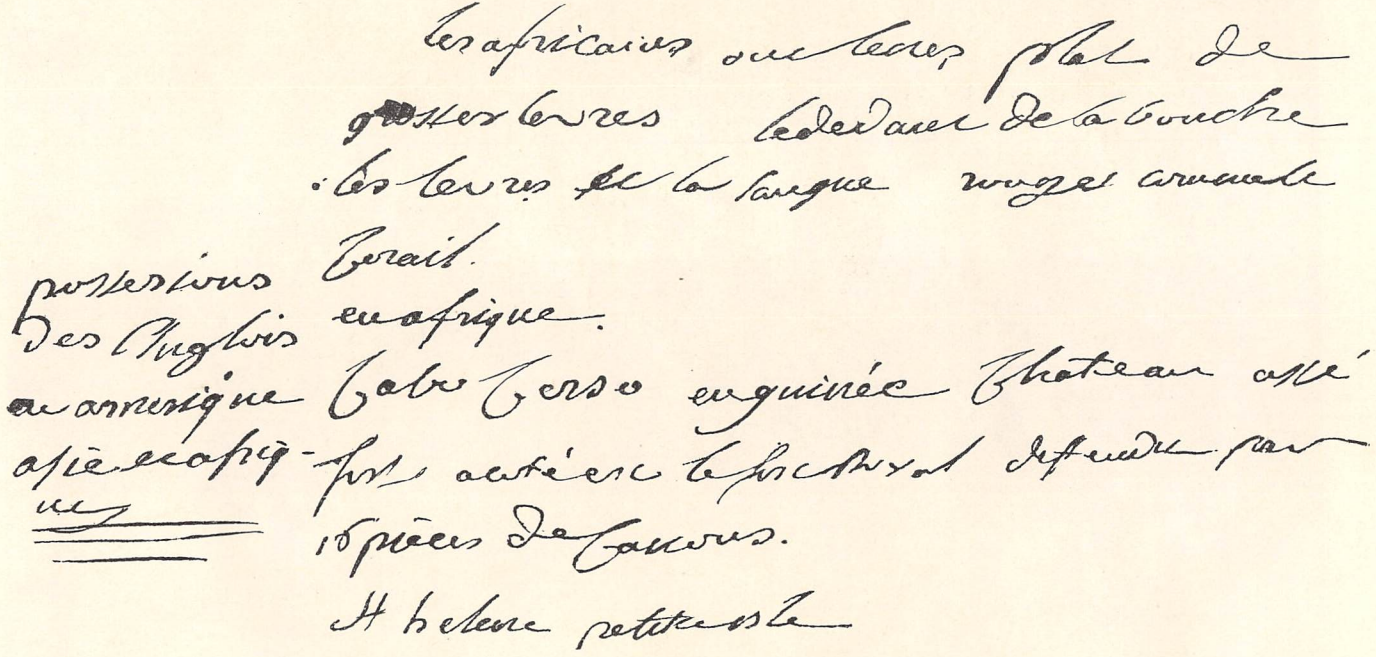
his nature was the product of his hour. When in banishment at Longwood, and on his death-bed, he recalled the circumstances of his childhood in conversations with the attendant physician, a Corsican like himself: "Nothing awed me; I feared no one. I struck one, I scratched another, I was a terror to everybody. It was my brother Joseph with whom I had most to do: he was beaten, bitten, scolded, and I had put the blame on him almost before he knew what he was about; was telling tales about him almost before he had begun to know himself. I had to be quick: my mama Letitia would have restrained my warlike temper; she would not have put up with my defiant petulance. Her tenderness was severe, meting out punishment and reward with equal justice; merit and demerit, she took both into account."

Of his earliest education he said at the same time: "Like everything else in Corsica it was pitiful." Lucien Buonaparte, his great-uncle, was a canon, a man of substance (5000 livres a year), and of some education—sufficient, at least, to permit his further ecclesiastical advancement. "Uncle" Fesch, whose father had received the good education of a Protestant Swiss boy, and had in turn imparted his knowledge to his own son, was the friend and older playmate of the turbulent little Buonaparte. The canon taught him a few notions of Bible history, and, doubtless, also the essential catechism; from his eleven-year-old uncle he learned his alphabet. In his sixth year the child was sent to a dame's school. The boys teased him because his stockings were always down over his shoes, and for his devotion to the girls, one named Giacommetta especially. He met



ENGRAVED BY HORACE BAKER. DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE FOR THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

AVENUE OF TREES AT BRIENNE. A FAVORITE WALK OF BONAPARTE.



FACSIMILE OF THE LAST PAGE OF BONAPARTE'S EXERCISE-BOOK AT SCHOOL.

ORIGINAL IN THE LAURENTIAN LIBRARY AT FLORENCE. THE LAST SENTENCE IS, "ST. HELENA, LITTLE ISLE."
FOR AN ACCOUNT OF THIS DOCUMENT, SEE "OPEN LETTERS."



ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

FROM A PAINTING BY REALIER-DUMAS.

BONAPARTE, THE NOVICE, AT THE SCHOOL OF BRIENNE.

their taunts with blows, using sticks, bricks, or any handy weapon. According to his own account, he was fearless in the face of superior numbers, however large. Of French, he knew not a word; he had lessons at school in his mother tongue.

This scanty information is all we possess. It is substantially Napoleon's own account of himself in that last period of self-examination when, to him, as to other men, consistency seems the highest virtue. He was, doubtless, striving to compound with his conscience by emphasizing the adage that the child is father to the man—that he was born what he had always been.

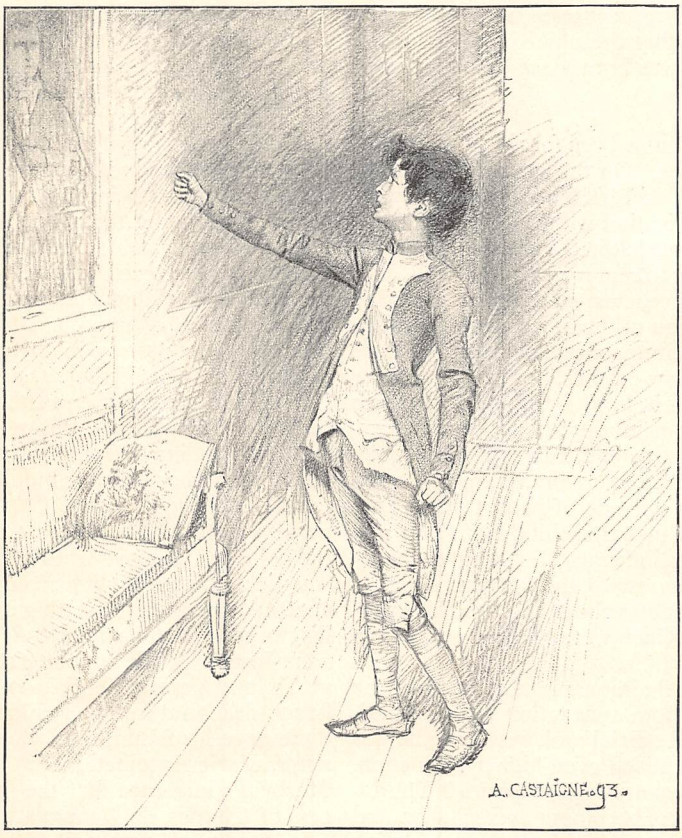
CORSICA had now been for six years in possession of France. On the surface all was fair. However, Paoli and his banished friends were still in communication with the little remnant of faithful patriots left in the island. The royal cabinet, seeking to remove every possible danger of disturbance, even so slight a one as lay in the disaffection of the few scattered nationalists, and in their unconcealed distrust of their conforming fellow-citizens, began a little later to make advances, in order, if possible, to win at least Paoli's neutrality, if not his acquiescence. All in vain: the exile was inexorable. From time to time, therefore, there was a noticeable flow in the tide of patriotism. There are indications that the child Napoleon was conscious of its influence, listening probably with intense interest to the sympathetic narratives and anecdotes about Paoli and his struggles for liberty which were still told among the people.

As to Charles de Buonaparte, some things he had hoped for from annexation were secured. His nobility and official rank were safe; he was in a fair way to reach even higher distinction. But what were honors without wealth? The domestic means were becoming ever smaller, and expenditures increased with the accumulating dignities and ever-growing family. He had made his humble submission to the French; his reception had been warm and graceful. The authorities knew of his pretensions to the estates of his ancestors. The Jesuits had been disgraced and banished, but the property had not been restored to him; on the contrary, the buildings had been converted into schoolhouses, and the revenues diverted into various channels. Years had passed, and it was evident that his suit was hopeless. How could substantial advantage for the part he had taken be secured from the king? His friends, General Marbeuf in particular, were of the opinion that he could profit to a certain extent at least by securing for his children an education at the expense of the state. The first steps were soon taken, and in 1776 the formal supplication for the two eldest boys was forwarded to Paris. Immediately the proof of four noble descents was demanded. The movement of letters was slow, the red tape of officials even slower, and the delays in securing copies and authentications of the various documents were long and vexatious.

Meantime Choiseul had been disgraced, and on May 10, 1774, the old king had died; Louis XVI. now reigned in his stead. The inertia which marked the brilliant decadence of the Bourbon monarchy was finally overcome. The new social forces were partly emancipated. Facts were examined, and their significance considered. Bankruptcy was no longer a phantom, but a menace of the most serious nature. Retrenchment and reform were the order of the day. Necker was trying his promising schemes. There was, among them, one for a body consisting of delegates from each of the three estates, nobles, ecclesiastics, and burgesses, to assist in deciding that vexatious question, the regulation of imposts. The Swiss financier hoped to destroy in this way the sullen, defiant influence of the royal intendants. In Corsica the governor and the intendant were both too shrewd to be trapped. They chose, and had appointed, from each of the Corsican estates men who were their humble servants and tools. The needy suitor, Charles de Buonaparte, was to be the delegate at Versailles of the nobility. They knew their man; his vanity was tickled, and, though nearly penniless, he accepted the mission, setting out in 1778 with his two sons Joseph and Napoleon. With them were Joseph Fesch, appointed to the seminary at Aix, and Varesa, Letitia's cousin, who was to be sub-deacon at Autun. In Florence the grand-duke gave his friend, the father, a letter to his sister, Marie Antoinette. But it was really to Marbeuf's influence that the final partial success of Charles de Buonaparte's supplication was due; to the general's nephew, bishop of Autun, Joseph, now too old to be received in the royal military school, and later Lucien, were both sent, the former to be educated as a priest. It was probably Marbeuf's influence also which caused the heralds' office finally to accept the documents attesting the Buonapartes' nobility. On April 23, 1779, Napoleon was admitted to Brienne, and it was to Marbeuf that in later life he attributed his appointment.

On New Year's day, 1779, the Buonapartes arrived at Autun. For three months the young Napoleone was trained in the use of French. Prodigy as he was, the difficulties of that elegant and polished tongue were scarcely reached; it was with a most imperfect knowledge of their language, and a sadly defective pronunciation, that he made his appearance

among his future schoolmates at Brienne. There were 150 of them, although the arrangement and theory of the institution had contemplated only 120, of whom half were to be foundationers. The instructors were Minim priests, and the life was as severe as it could be made with such a clientage, under half-educated and inexperienced monks. In spite of all efforts to the contrary, however, the place had an air of elegance; there was a certain



BONAPARTE, AT BRIENNE, INSULTS A PORTRAIT OF CHOISEUL.

school-boy display proportionate to the pocket-money of the young nobles, and a very keen discrimination among themselves as to rank, social quality, and relative importance. Those familiar with the ruthlessness of boys in their treatment of one another can easily conceive what was the reception of the newcomer, whose nobility was unknown and unrecognized in France, and whose means were of the scantiest.

It appears that the journey from Corsica through Florence and Marseilles had already wrought a marvelous change in the boy. Napoleon's teacher at Autun described his pupil as having brought with him a sober, thoughtful character. He played with no one, and took his walks alone. But he was apt, and vain of his aptitude. In three months he learned the rudiments of French, to use common phrases with some fluency, and to write easy exercises. The boys of Autun, says the same Abbé Chardon, on one occasion brought the sweeping charge of cowardice against all inhabitants of Corsica, in order to exasperate him. "If they had been but four to one," was the calm, phlegmatic answer of the ten-year-old boy, "they would never have taken Corsica; but when they were ten to one. . . ." "But you had a fine general — Paoli," interrupted the narrator. "Yes, sire," was the reply, uttered with an air of discontent, and in the very embodiment of ambition; "I would much like to emulate him." The description of the untamed faun as he then appeared is not flattering: his complexion sallow, his hair stiff, his figure slight, his expression lusterless, his manner insignificant. Moreover, he spoke broken French with an Italian accent.

During his son's preparatory studies at Autun the father had been busy at Versailles with further "supplications"; among them one for a supplement from the royal purse to his scanty pay as delegate, the other for the speedy

settlement of his now notorious claim. The former of the two was granted not merely to M. de Buonaparte, but to his two colleagues, in view of the "excellent behavior"—otherwise subserviency—of the Corsican delegation at Versailles. When, in addition, the certificate of Napoleon's appointment finally arrived, and the father set out to place his son, with a proper outfit, in his new school, he had no difficulty in securing sufficient money to meet his immediate and pressing necessities; but more was not forthcoming.

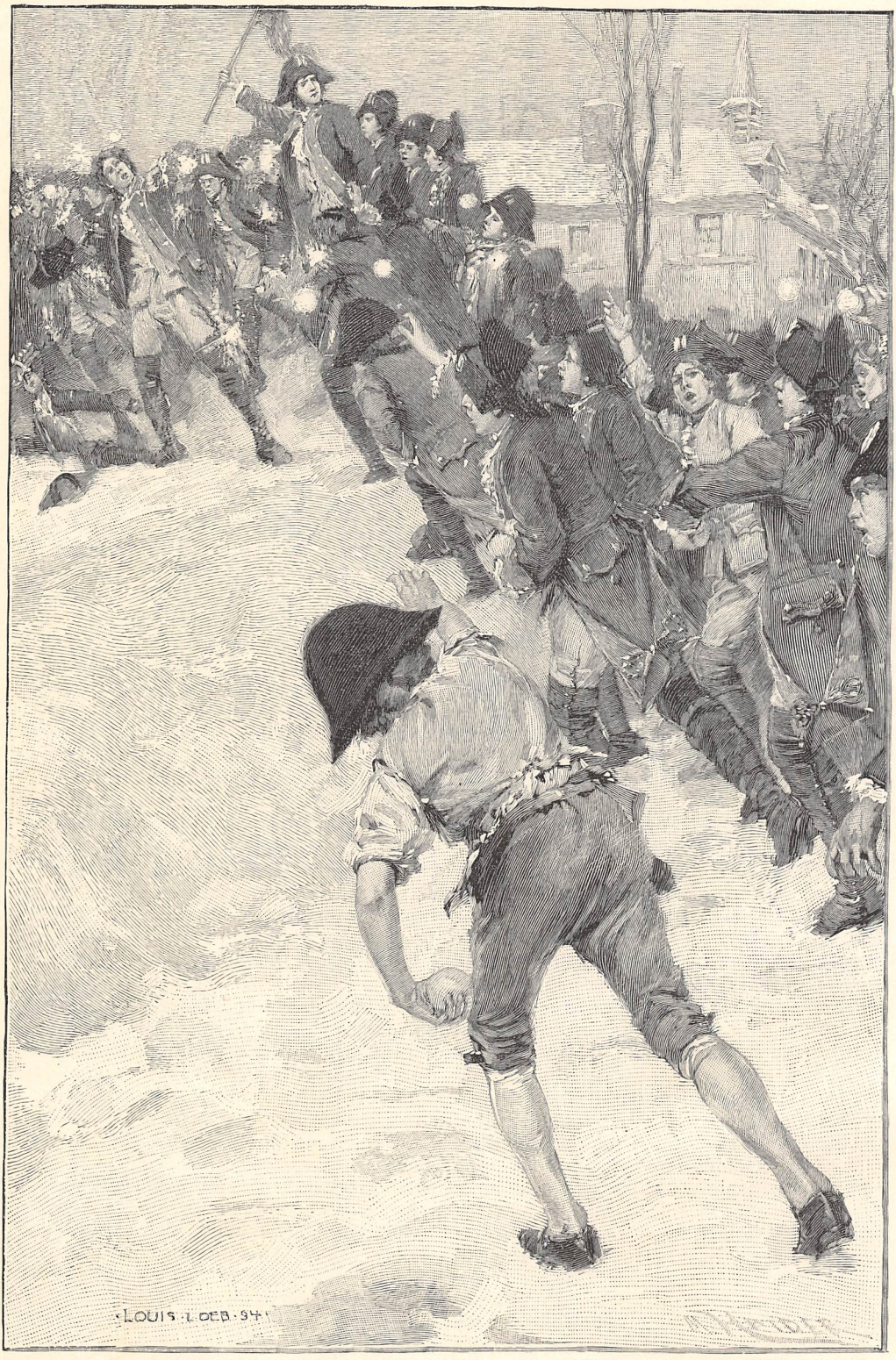
NAPOLEON'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

It was an old charge that the sons of poor gentlemen destined to be artillery officers were bred like princes. Brienne, with nine other similar academies, had been but recently founded as a protest against the luxury which had reigned in the military schools at Paris and La Flèche. Both the latter were closed for a time because they could not be reformed; that at Paris was afterward reopened as a finishing school. Various religious orders were put in charge of the new colleges, and instructed to secure simplicity of life and manners, the formation of character, and other desirable benefits, each one in its own way in the school or schools intrusted to it. The result so far had been a failure; there were simply not ten first-rate instructors to be found in France for the new positions in each branch; the instruction was therefore much impaired, and with it declined the right standards of behavior, while the old notions of hollow courtliness and conventional manner flourished as never before. Money and polished manners, therefore, were the things most needed to secure kind treatment for an entering boy. These were exactly what the young foundation scholar from Corsica had not. The ignorant and unworldly Minim fathers could neither foresee nor, if they had foreseen, alleviate the miseries incident to his arrival under such conditions.

At Autun Napoleon had at least enjoyed the sympathetic society of his mild and unemotional brother, whose easy-going nature would smooth many a rough place. He was now entirely without companionship, resenting from the outset both the ill-natured attacks and the playful personal allusions through which boys so often begin, and with time knit ever more firmly, their inexplicable friendships. To the taunts about Corsica which began immediately he answered coldly, "I hope one day to be in a position to give Corsica her liberty." Entering on another occasion a room in which unknown to him there hung a portrait of the hated Choiseul, he started back as he caught sight of it and burst into bitter revilings; for this he was compelled to undergo chastisement. Brienne was a nursery for the qualities first developed at Autun. Dark, solitary, and untamed, the new scholar assumed the indifference of wounded vanity, despised all pastimes, and found delight either in books or in scornful exasperation of his comrades when compelled to associate with them. There were quarrels and bitter fights, in which the Ishmaelite's hand was against every other. Sometimes in a kind of frenzy he inflicted serious wounds on his fellow-students. At length even the teachers mocked him, and deprived him of his position as captain in the school battalion.

The climax of the miserable business was reached when to a taunt that his ancestry was nothing, "his father a wretched tipstaff," Napoleon replied by challenging his tormentor to fight a duel. For this offense he was put in confinement while the instigator went unpunished. It was by the intervention of Marbeuf, who came in person, that his young friend was at length released. Bruised and wounded in spirit, the boy would gladly have shaken the dust of Brienne from his feet, but necessity forbade. Either from the talk Napoleon had with his protector, or through a dramatic but unauthenticated letter purporting to have been written by him to his friends in Corsica and still in existence, Marbeuf learned that the chiefest cause of all the bitterness was the inequality between the pocket allowances of the young French nobles and that of the young Corsican. The kindly general displayed the generosity of a family friend, and gladly increased his gratuity, administering at the same time a smart rebuke to the boy for his readiness to take offense. He likewise introduced his young charge to Mme. de Brienne, whose mansion was near by. This noble woman became a second mother to the lonely child; his vacations and holidays were passed with her; her tenderness softened the rude nature, the more so as she knew the value of tips to a school-boy, and administered them liberally and judiciously.

Nor was this the only light among the shadows in the picture of these early school-days. Each of the hundred and fifty pupils had a small garden spot assigned to him. Buonaparte developed a passion for his own, and, annexing by force the neglected plots of his two neighbors, created for himself a retreat, the solitude of which was insured by a thick and lofty hedge planted about it. To this citadel, the sanctity of which he protected with a fury at times half insane, he was wont to retire in the fair weather of all seasons with whatever books he could secure. In the companionship of these he passed happy, pleasant, and fruitful hours. His youthful patriotism had been intensified by the hatred he now felt for French



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

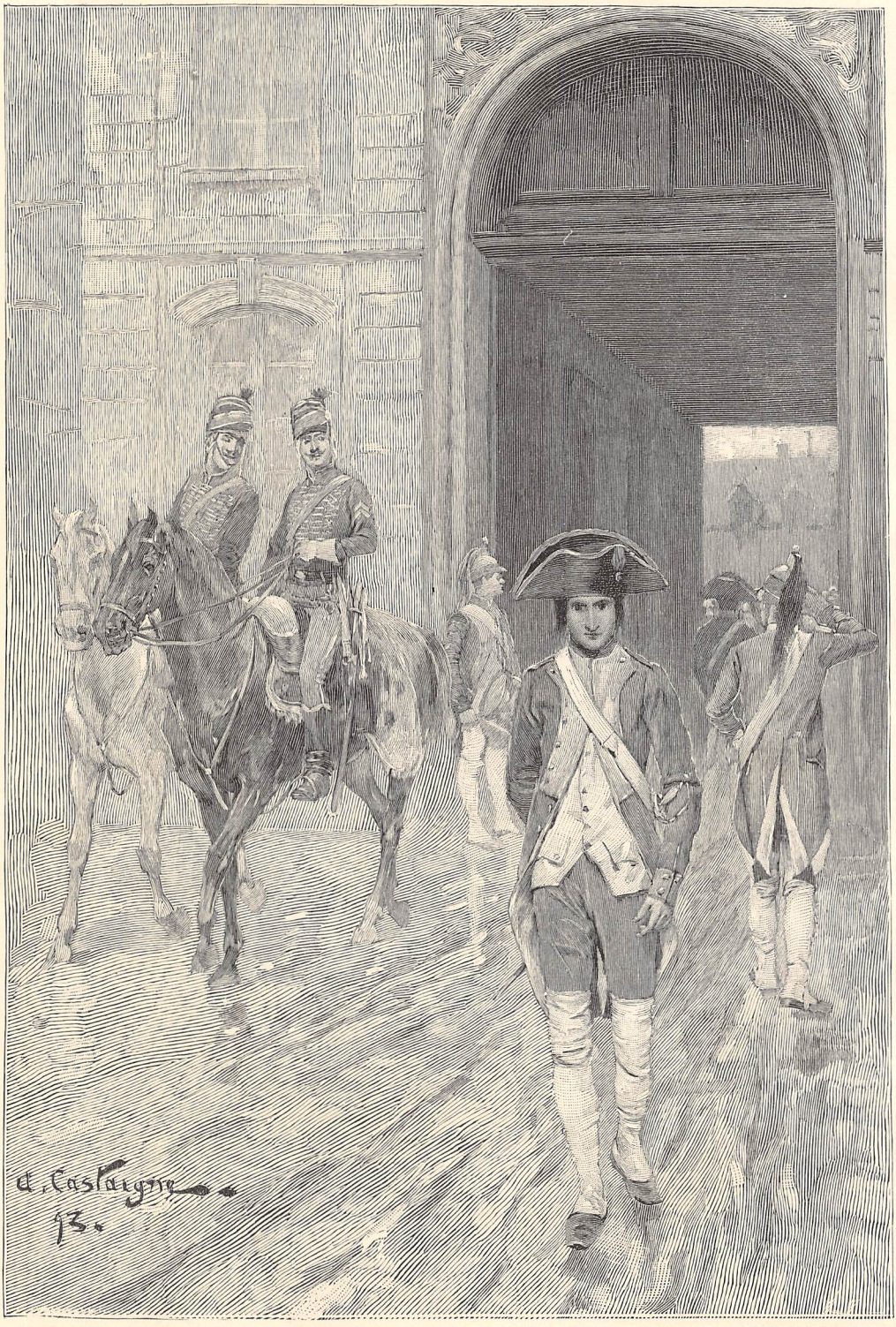
BONAPARTE ATTACKING SNOW FORTS AT THE SCHOOL OF BRIENNE.

school-boys, and through them for France. "I can never forgive my father," he once cried, "for the share he had in uniting Corsica to France." Paoli became his hero, and the favorite subjects of his reading were the mighty deeds of men and peoples, especially in antiquity. Such matter he found abundant in Plutarch's "Lives." Moreover, his degradation by the school authorities at once created a favorable sentiment among his companions, which not only counteracted the effect of the punishment, but gave him a sort of compensating leadership in their games. The well-known episode of the snow forts illustrates the bent of his nature. When driven by storms to abandon his garden haunt, and to associate in the public hall with the other boys, he often instituted sports in which opposing camps of Greeks and Persians, or of Romans and Carthaginians, fought until the uproar brought down the authorities to end the conflict. On one occasion he proposed the sport, common enough elsewhere, but not so familiar then in France, of building snow forts, of storming and defending them, and of fighting with snowballs as weapons. The proposition was accepted, and the preparations were made under his direction with scientific zeal; the intrenchments, forts, bastions, and redoubts were the admiration of the neighborhood. For weeks the mimic warfare went on, Buonaparte, always in command, being sometimes the besieger and as often the besieged. Such was the aptitude, such the resources, and such the commanding power which he showed in either rôle, that the winter was always remembered in the annals of the school.

It is a trite remark that diamonds can be polished only by diamond dust. Whatever the rude processes to which this rude nature were subjected, the result was remarkable. Latin he disliked, and treated with disdainful neglect. His particular aptitudes were for mathematics and for history, in which he made fair progress. In all directions, however, he was quick in his perceptions; the rapid maturing of his mind by reading and reflection was evident to all his associates, hostile though they were. The most convincing evidence of the fact will be found in a letter written in 1783, when he was fourteen years old, to Joseph Fesch concerning family matters. His brother Joseph had gone to Autun to be educated for the Church, his sister (Marie-Anne) Élise had been appointed on the royal foundation at Saint-Cyr, and Lucien was, if possible, to be placed like Napoleon at Brienne. The two younger children had already accompanied their father on his regular journey to Versailles, and Lucien was now installed near by, to be in readiness for any vacancy. All was well with the rest, except that Joseph was uneasy, and wished to become an officer too. The tone of Napoleon is extraordinary. Opening with a little sketch of Lucien such as any elder brother might draw of a younger, he proceeds to an analysis of Joseph both searching and thorough, explaining with a fullness of reasoning and illustration how much more advantageous from the worldly point of view both for Joseph and the family would be a career in the Church: "the bishop of Autun would bestow a fat living on him, and he was sure of becoming a bishop." As an *obiter dictum* it contains a curious expression of contempt for infantry as an arm, the origin of which feeling is by no means clear. There is an utter absence of loose talk, or enthusiasm, or even allusion to principle and sentiment. It is the work of a cold, calculating, and dictatorial nature. There is a poetical quotation in it, very apt, but very badly spelled, and while the expression throughout is fair it is by no means such as might be expected from a person capable of such thought, who had been studying French for three years, and using it exclusively in daily life.

In August Buonaparte and Bourrienne shared the first prize in mathematics, and soon afterward, in the same year (1783), a royal inspector, M. de Keralio, arrived at Brienne to test the progress of the king's wards. He took a great fancy to the little Buonaparte, and declaring that, though unacquainted with his family, he found a spark in him which must not be extinguished, wrote an emphatic recommendation of the lad, couched in the following terms: "M. de Bonaparte (Napoleon), born August 15, 1769. Height, 4 pieds, 10 pouces, 10 lignes (1 mètre, 59 centi., 73 millim.), of good constitution, excellent health, mild (*soumis*) disposition. Has finished the fourth form. Straightforward (*honnête*) and obliging (*reconnaissant*). His conduct has been most satisfactory. Has always been distinguished for his application to mathematics; is fairly acquainted with history and geography; is weak in all accomplishments — drawing, dancing, music, and the like. This boy would make an excellent sailor; deserves promotion to the school in Paris." Unfortunately for the prospect of a place in the navy, M. de Keralio, who was a powerful friend, died very soon afterward.

By means of further genuflections, supplications, and wearisome persistency, Charles de Buonaparte at last obtained favor not only for Lucien, but for Joseph also. Deprived unjustly of his inheritance, deprived also of his comforts and his home in the pursuit of the ambitious schemes rendered necessary by that wrong, the poor diplomatist was now near the end of his resources and his energy. Napoleon had been destined for the navy. Through the favor of



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

BONAPARTE AT THE MILITARY SCHOOL, PARIS, 1784.

the school director who had just died, he was to have been sent to Paris, and thence assigned to Toulon, the naval port in closest connection with Corsica. There were so many influential applications, however, for that favorite branch of the service that the department must rid itself of as many as possible; a youth without a patron would be the first to suffer. The agreement, therefore, was that Lucien might continue at Brienne while Joseph could go thither or to Metz in order to make up his deficiencies in the mathematical sciences and pass his examinations to enter the royal service along with Napoleon, on condition that the latter would renounce his plans and choose a career in the army.

The letter in which the boy communicates his decision to his father is as remarkable as the one just mentioned. The anxious and industrious parent had finally broken down, and in his feeble health had taken Joseph as a support and help on the arduous homeward journey. With the same succinct, unsparing statement as before, Napoleon confesses his disappointment, and in commanding phrase, with logical analysis, lays down the reasons why Joseph must come to Brienne instead of going to Metz. There is, however, a new element in the composition—a frank, hearty expression of affection for his family, and a message of kindly remembrance to his friends. But the most striking fact, in view of subsequent developments, is a request for Boswell's "Account of Corsica," and any other histories or memoirs relating to the island. "I will bring them back when I return, if it be six years from now." He probably did not remember that he was preparing to strip France of her latest and highly cherished acquisition at her own cost, or, if he did, felt like the archer pluming his arrow from the off-cast feathers of his victim's wing. It is plain that his humiliations at school, his studies in the story of liberty, his inherited bent, and the present disappointment, were all cumulative in the result of fixing his attention on his native land as the destined sphere of his activity.

Four days after writing he passed his examination a second time before the new director, announced his choice of the artillery as his branch of the service, and a month later was ordered to the military academy in Paris. This institution had not merely been restored to its former renown; it now enjoyed a special reputation as the place of reward to which only the foremost candidates for official honors were sent. The choice of the artillery seems to have been reached by a simple process of exclusion: the infantry was too unintellectual and indolent, the cavalry too expensive and aristocratic; between the engineers and the artillery there was little to choose. In neither did wealth nor influence control promotion. The choice seems to have fallen as it did because the artillery had been first mentioned in the fatal letter announcing the family straits, and the necessary renunciation of the navy. On the certificate which was sent up with Napoleon from Brienne was the note: "Character masterful (*dominant*), impetuous (*impérieux*), and headstrong (*entêté*)."

IN PARIS AND VALENCE.

It was the autumn of 1784 when Napoleon went to Paris. He was in the sixteenth year of his age, entirely ignorant of what were then called the "humanities," but well trained in history, geography, and the mathematical sciences. His knowledge, like the bent of his mind, was practical rather than theoretical, and he knew more about fortification and sieges than about metaphysical abstractions, more about the deeds of history than about its philosophy. His defiant scorn and habits of solitary study grew stronger together, finding no vent except in a peevish memorial addressed to the Minister of War on the proper training of youth in French military schools! Nevertheless he found almost if not altogether for the first time a boy friend in the person of Des Mazis, his room-mate, a youth noble by birth and nature, a pensioner, moreover, like himself. He had also the agreeable society of the bishop of Autun, who was now at Versailles, of his sister Élise at Saint-Cyr, and of a family friend, the beautiful Mme. Permon, mother of the future duchess of Abrantès. Although born in Corsica, she belonged to a branch of the noble Greek family of the Comnenii.

It was at her residence at Montpellier that in the spring of 1785 Charles de Buonaparte died. This was apparently a final and mortal blow to the Buonaparte fortunes, for with him went all the family expectations. The circumstances were a fit close to the life thus ended. Feeling his health somewhat restored, and despairing of further progress in the settlement of the Odone succession by legal methods, he had determined on still another journey of solicitation to Versailles. With Joseph as a companion he started; but a serious relapse occurred at sea, and ashore the painful disease continued to make such ravages that the father and son set out for Montpellier to consult the famous specialists of the medical faculty at that place. It was in the hospitable mansion of his childhood's friend, now married to a wealthy army-contractor, that the wayworn, disheartened, and unsuccessful father breathed his last. Having learned to hate the Jesuits, he had come to abhor all religion, and died an infidel, repelling with his last exertions the kindly services of



ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE IN 1785, AGED SIXTEEN.

FROM SKETCH IN TWO CRAYONS ON BLUE PAPER; DRAWN BY A COMRADE. ORIGINAL AMONG UNEXHIBITED MATERIAL IN THE LOUVRE. FORMERLY IN THE MUSÉE DES SOUVERAINS.

Fesch, who was now a frocked priest, and had hastened to his bedside to offer the last consolations of the Church to a dying man. Failure as he had been, he had nevertheless been so far the support of his family in their hopes of advancement. Sycophant as he had become, they recognized his untiring energy in their behalf, and sincerely mourned for him. He had left them penniless and in debt, but he had died in their service. Napoleon's letter to his mother is dignified and affectionate, referring in a becoming spirit to the support her children owed her. As if to show what a thorough child he still was, the dreary little note closes with an odd postscript giving the irrelevant news of the birth, two days earlier, of a royal prince, the duke of Normandy!

Some time before, General Marbeuf had married, and the pecuniary supplies to his boy friend seem after that event to have stopped. Mme. de Buonaparte was left with four infant children, the youngest, Jerome, but three months old. Their great-uncle, Lucien, the archdeacon, was kind, and Joseph, abandoning all his ambitions, returned to be, if possible, the support of the family. Napoleon's poverty was therefore no longer relative or imaginary, but real and hard. Drawing more closely than ever within himself, he became a still more ardent reader and student, devoting himself with an industry akin to passion to the works of Rousseau, the poison of whose political doctrines instilled itself with fiery and grateful stings into the thin, cold blood of the unhappy cadet.

Whether to alleviate as soon as possible the miseries of his destitution, or, as has been charged, to be rid of their querulous and exasperating inmate, the authorities of the military school shortened his stay to the utmost of their ability, and admitted Buonaparte to examination in August, 1785, less than a year from his admission. He passed with no distinction, being forty-second in rank, but above his room-mate, who was fifty-sixth. His appointment, therefore, was due to an entire absence of rivalry, the young nobility having no predilection for the arduous duties of artillery service. He was eligible merely because he had passed the legal age, and had given evidence of sufficient acquisitions. In his certificate he was characterized as reserved and studious, preferring study to any kind of amusement, delighting in good authors, diligent in the abstract sciences, caring little for the others, thoroughly trained in mathematics and geography; silent, fond of solitude, capricious, haughty, extremely inclined to egotism, speaking little, energetic in his replies, prompt and severe in repartee; having much self-esteem (*amour-propre*); ambitious and aspiring to any height: "the youth is worthy of protection."

The two room-mates had both asked for an appointment in a regiment stationed at Valence, known by the style of La Fère. Des Mazis had a brother in it; the ardent young Corsican would be nearer his native land, and might, perhaps, be detached for service in his home. They were both nominated on September 1, but the appointment was not made until the close of October. Lieutenant de Buonaparte was reduced to utter penury by the long delay. It was at his comrade's expense, and in his company, that he journeyed to Valence. Their little store of cash was exhausted at Lyons, and they measured the long leagues thence to their destination on foot.

The growth of absolutism in Europe had been largely due to the employment by the kings of standing armies, and the consequent alliance between the crown, which was the paymaster, and the people, who furnished the soldiery. There was constant conflict between the crown and the nobility concerning privilege, constant friction between the nobility and the people in the survivals of feudal relation. This sturdy and wholesome contention among the three estates ended at last in the victory of the king. In time, therefore, the army became no longer a mere support to the monarchy, but a portion of its moral organism, sharing its virtues and its vices, its weakness and its strength, reflecting, as in a mirror, the true condition of the state so far as it was personified in the king. The French army, in the year 1785, was in a sorry plight. With the consolidation of classes in an old monarchical society, it had come to pass that, under the prevailing voluntary system, none but men of the lowest social stratum would enlist. Barracks and camps became the schools of vice. "Is there," exclaimed one who at a later day was active in the work of army reform — "is there a father who does not shudder when abandoning his son, not to the chances of war, but to the associations of a crowd of scoundrels a thousand times more dangerous?" We have already had a glimpse at the character of the officers. Their first thought was position and pleasure, duty and the practice of their profession being considerations of almost vanishing importance. Things were quite as bad in the central administration. Neither the organization, nor the equipment, nor the commissariat, was in condition to insure accuracy or promptness in the working of the machine. The regiment of La Fère was but a sample of the whole. "Dancing three times a week," says the advertisement for recruits, "rackets twice, and the rest of the time skittles, prisoner's base, and drill. Pleasures reign, every man has the highest pay, and all are well treated." Buonaparte's pay was eleven hundred and twenty livres a year; his

necessary expenses for board and lodging were seven hundred and twenty, leaving less than thirty-five livres (or about seven dollars) a month for clothes and pocket-money. Fifteen years as lieutenant, fifteen as captain, and, for the rest of his life, half pay with a decoration—such was the summary of the prospect before the ordinary commonplace officer in a like situation.

During the first months of his garrison service Buonaparte threw off entirely the darkness and reserve of his character, taking a full draught from the brimming cup of pleasure. The novelty, the absence of restraint, the comparative emancipation from the arrogance and slights he had hitherto been subject to, good news from the family in Corsica, whose hopes as to the inheritance were once more high — all these elements combined to intoxicate for a time the boy of sixteen. The strongest will cannot forever repress the exuberance of budding manhood. There were balls, and with them the first experience of women's society. The young lieutenant even took dancing-lessons. Moreover, in the drawing-rooms of the Abbé Saint-Ruff and his friends, for the first time he saw the manners and heard the talk of refined society — provincial, to be sure, but of the genuine sort. It was to the special favor of Monseigneur de Marbeuf, the bishop of Autun, that he owed his warm reception. The acquaintances there made were with persons of local consequence, who in later years reaped a rich harvest for their condescension to the young stranger. Of his fellow-officers he saw but little, not because they were distant, but because he had no genius for good-fellowship, and the habit of indifference to his comrades had grown strong upon him.

The period of pleasure was not long. It is impossible to judge whether the little self-indulgence was a weak relapse from an iron purpose or part of a definite plan. The former is more likely, so abrupt and apparently conscience-stricken was the return to labor. Even during the months from November to April he had not entirely deserted his favorite studies, and again Rousseau had been their companion and guide. But in the spring it was the Abbé Raynal of whom he became a devotee. At the first blush it seems as if Buonaparte's studies were irregular and haphazard. It is customary to attribute slender powers of observation and undefined purposes to childhood and youth. The opinion may be correct in the main, and would, for the matter of that, be true as regards the great mass of adults. But the more we know of psychology through autobiographies the more certain it appears that many a great life-plan has been formed before ten, and carried through with unbending rigor to the end. Whether Buonaparte consciously ordered the course of his study and reading or not, there is unity in it from first to last.

After the first rude beginnings there were two nearly parallel lines in his work. The first was the acquisition of what was essential to the practice of a profession — nothing more. No one could be a soldier in either army or navy without a practical knowledge of history and geography, for the earth and its inhabitants are in a special sense the scene of military activity. Nor can towns be fortified, nor camps intrenched, nor any of the manifold duties of the general in the field be performed without the science of quantity and numbers. Just these things, and just so far as they were practical, the dark, ambitious boy was willing to learn. For spelling, grammar, rhetoric, and philosophy he had no care; neither he nor his sister Élise, the two strong natures of the family, could ever speak, write, or spell any language with elegance and ease. Among the private papers of his youth there is but one mathematical study of any importance; the rest are either trivial, or have some practical bearing on the problems of gunnery. When at Brienne his patron had certified that he cared nothing for accomplishments and had none.

This was the case to the end. But there was another branch of knowledge equally practical, but necessary to so few that it was neither taught nor learned in the schools — the art of politics.

William M. Sloane.

(To be continued.)

THE MOTHER WHO DIED TOO.

SHE was so little — little in her grave,
The wide earth all around so hard and cold —
She was so little! therefore did I crave
My arms might still her tender form enfold.
She was so little, and her cry so weak
When she among the heavenly children came —
She was so little — I alone might speak
For her who knew no word nor her own name.

Edith M. Thomas.

CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.



ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

NANNA AND ANNETTA.

I.

SUBIACO lies beyond Tivoli, southeast from Rome, at the upper end of a wild gorge in the Samnite mountains. It is an archbishopric, and gives a title to a cardinal, which alone would make it a town of importance. It shares with Monte Cassino the honor of having been chosen by Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica, his sister, as the site of a monastery and a convent; and in a cell in the rock a portrait of the holy man is still well preserved, which is believed, not without reason, to have been painted from life, although Saint Benedict died early in the fifth century. The town itself rises abruptly to a great height upon a mass of rock, almost conical in shape, crowned by a cardinal's palace, and surrounded on three sides by rugged mountains. On the fourth it looks down the rapidly widening valley in the direction of Vicovaro, near which the Licenza runs into the Anio, in the neighborhood of Horace's farm. It is a very ancient town, and in its general appearance it does not differ very much from many similar ones among the Italian mountains; but its position is exceptionally good, and its importance has been stamped upon it by the hands of those who have thought it worth holding since the days of ancient Rome. Of late it has, of course, acquired a certain modernness of aspect; it has planted acacia-trees in its little piazza, and it has a gorgeously arrayed municipal band. But from a little distance one neither hears the band nor sees the trees; the grim mediæval fortifications frown upon the valley, and the time-stained dwellings, great and small, rise in rugged irregularity against the lighter brown of the rocky background and the green of scattered olive-groves and chestnuts. Those features, at least, have not changed, and show no disposition to change during generations to come.

In the year 1844 modern civilization had not yet set in, and Subiaco was within what it still appears to be from without, a somewhat gloomy stronghold of the middle ages, rearing its battlements and towers in a shadowy gorge, above a mountain torrent, inhabited by primitive and passionate people, dominated by ecclesiastical institutions; and, though distinctly Roman, a couple of hundred years behind Rome itself in all matters ethic and esthetic. It was still the scene of the Santacroce murder, which really decided Beatrice Cenci's fate; it was still the gathering-place of highwaymen and outlaws, whose activity found an admirable field through all the region of hill and plain between the Samnite range and the sea; while the almost inaccessible fortresses of the higher mountains, toward Trevi and the Serra di Sant' Antonio,



ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY.

MARIA ADDOLORATA.

offered a safe refuge from the half-hearted pursuit of Pope Gregory's lazy soldiers.

Something of what one may call the life-and-death earnestness of earlier times, when passion was motive, and prejudice was law, survived at that time and even much later; the ferocity of practical love and hatred dominated the theory and practice of justice in the public life of the smaller towns, while the patriarchal system subjected the family in almost absolute servitude to its head.

There was nothing very surprising in the fact that the head of the house of Braccio should have obliged one of his daughters to take the veil in the convent of Carmelite nuns, just within the gate of Subiaco, as his sister had taken it many years earlier. Indeed, it was customary in the family of the princes of Gerano that one of the women should be a Carmelite, and it was a tradition not unattended with worldly advantages to the sisterhood, that the Braccio nun, whenever there was one, should be the abbess of that particular convent.

Maria Teresa Braccio had therefore yielded, though very unwillingly, to her father's insistence, and, having passed through her noviti-

ate, had finally taken the veil as a Carmelite of Subiaco in the year 1841, on the distinct understanding that when her aunt died she was to be abbess in the older lady's stead. The abbess herself was, indeed, in excellent health and not yet fifty years old, so that Maria Teresa — in religion Maria Addolorata — might have a long time to wait before she was promoted to an honor which she regarded as hereditary; but the prospect of such promotion was almost her only compensation for all she had left behind her, and she lived upon it, and concentrated her character upon it, and practised the part she was to play when she was quite sure that she was not observed.

Nature had not made her for a recluse, least of all for a nun of such a rigid order as the Carmelites. The short taste of a brilliant social life which she had been allowed to enjoy, in accordance with an ancient tradition, before finally taking the veil, had shown her clearly enough the value of what she was to abandon, and at the same time had altogether confirmed her father in his decision. Compared with the freedom of the present day, the restrictions imposed upon a young girl in the Roman society of those times were, of course, tyrannical in the extreme, and the average modern young lady would almost as willingly go into a convent as submit to them. But Maria Teresa had received an impression which nothing could efface. Her intuitive nature had divined the possible semi-emancipation of marriage, and her temperament had felt in a certain degree the extremes of joyous exaltation and of that entrancing sadness which is love's premonition, and which tells maidens what love is before they know him, by making them conscious of the breadth and depth of his yet vacant dwelling.

She had learned in that brief time that she was beautiful, and she had felt that she could love, and that she should be loved in return. She had seen the world as a princess, and had felt it as a woman, and she had understood all that she must give up in taking the veil. But she had been offered no choice, and, though she had contemplated opposition, she had not dared to revolt. Being absolutely in the power of her parents, so far as she was aware, she had accepted the fatality of their will, and bent her fair head to be shorn of its glory, and her broad forehead to be covered forever from the gaze of men. And having submitted, she had gone through it all bravely and proudly, as perhaps she would have gone through other things, even to death itself, being a daughter of an old race, accustomed to deify honor and to make divinities of its traditions. For the rest of her natural life she was to live on the memories of one short, magnificent year, forever to be contented with the grim rigidity of conventual life in an ancient cloister surrounded by gloomy mountains. She was to be a veiled shadow among veiled shades, a priestess of sorrow among sad virgins; and though, if she lived long enough, she was to be the chief of them and their ruler, her very superiority could only make her desolation more complete, until her own shadow, like the others, should be gathered into eternal darkness.

Sister Maria Addolorata had certain privileges for which her companions would have given much, but which were traditionally the right of such ladies of the Braccio family as took the veil. For instance, she had a cell which, though not larger than the other cells, was better situated, for it had a little balcony looking over the convent garden, and high enough to afford a view of the distant valley, and of the hills which bounded it, beyond the garden wall. It was entered by the last door in the corridor within, and was near the abbess's apartment, which was entered from the corridor, through a small antechamber, which also gave access to the vast linen-presses. The balcony, too, had a little staircase leading down into the garden. It had always been the custom to carry the linen to and from the laundry through Maria Addolorata's cell, and through a postern-gate in the garden wall, the washing being done in the town. By this plan was avoided the annoyance of carrying the huge baskets through the whole length of the convent, to and from the main entrance, which was also much farther removed from the house of Sora Nanna, the chief laundress. Moreover, Maria Addolorata had charge of all the convent linen, and the employment thus afforded her was an undoubted privilege in itself, for occupation of any kind not devotional was excessively scarce in such existence.

In the eyes of the other nuns the constant society of the abbess herself was also a privilege, and one not by any means to be despised. After all, the abbess and her niece were nearly related; they could talk of the affairs of their family, and the abbess doubtless received many letters from Rome containing all the interesting news of the day, and all the social gossip — perfectly innocent, of course — which was the chronicle of Roman life. These were valuable compensations, and the nuns envied them. The abbess, too, saw her brother, the archbishop and titular cardinal of Subiaco, when the princely prelate came out from Rome for the coolness of the mountains in August and September; and his conversation was said to be not only edifying, but fascinating. The cardinal was a very good man, like many of the Braccio family, but he was also a man of the world, who had been sent upon foreign missions of importance,

and had acquired some worldly fame, as well as much ecclesiastical dignity, in the course of his long life. It must be delightful, the nuns thought, to be his own sister, to receive long visits from him, and to hear all he had to say about the busy world of Rome. To most of them everything beyond Rome was outer darkness.

But though the nuns envied the abbess and Maria Addolorata, they did not venture to say so, and they hardly dared to think so, even when they were all alone, each in her cell; for, in the absence of anything really sinful, the concentration of conventual life magnifies small spiritual sins, and to admit that she even faintly wishes she might be some one else is to tarnish the brightness of the nun's scrupulously polished conscience. It would be as great a misdeed, perhaps, as to allow the attention to wander to worldly matters during times of especial devotion. Nevertheless, the envy showed itself very perceptibly, and much against the will of the sisters themselves, in a certain cold deference of manner toward the young and beautiful nun who was one day to be the superior of them all by force of circumstances for which she deserved no credit. She had the position among them, and something of the isolation, of a young royal princess among the ladies of her queen mother's court.

There was about her, too, an undefinable something, like the shadow of future fate—a something almost impossible to describe, and yet distinctly appreciable to all who saw her and lived with her. It came upon her especially when she was silent and abstracted, when she was kneeling in her place in the choir, or was alone upon her little balcony over the garden. At such times a luminous pallor gradually took the place of her fresh and healthy complexion, her eyes grew unnaturally dark, with a deep, fixed fire in them, and the regular features took upon them the white, set straightness of a death-mask. Sometimes, at such moments, a shiver ran through her, even in summer, and she drew her breath sharply once or twice, as though she were hurt. The expression was not one of suffering or pain, but was rather that of a person conscious of some great danger which must be met without fear or flinching.

She would have found it very hard to explain what she felt just then. She might have said that it was a consciousness of something unknown. She could not have said more than that. It brought no vision with it, beatific or horrifying; it was not the consequence of methodical contemplation, as the trance state is; and it was followed by no reaction or sense of uneasiness. It simply came and went as the dark shadow of a thunder-storm passing between her and the sun, and leaving no trace behind.

There was nothing to account for it, unless it could be explained by heredity, and no one had ever suggested any such explanation to Maria. It was true that there had been more than one tragedy in the Braccio family since they had first lifted their heads above the level of their contemporaries to become Roman barons, in the old days before such titles as prince and duke had come into use. But, then, most of the old families could tell of deeds as cruel, and lives as passionate, as any remembered by Maria's race; and Italians, though superstitious in unexpected ways, have little of that belief in hereditary fate which is common enough in the gloomy North.

"Was Sister Maria Addolorata a great sinner before she became a nun?" asked Annetta, Sora Nanna's daughter, of her mother, one day, as they came away from the convent.

"What are you saying?" exclaimed the washerwoman in a tone of rebuke. "She is a great lady, and the niece of the abbess and of the cardinal. Sometimes certain ideas pass through your head, my daughter."

And Sora Nanna gesticulated, unable to express herself.

"Then she sins in her throat," observed Annetta, calmly. "But you do not even look at her—so many sheets—so many pillow-cases—and good day! But while you count, I look."

"Why should I look at her?" inquired Nanna, shifting the big empty basket she carried on her head, hitching her broad shoulders, and wrinkling her leathery forehead, as her small eyes turned upward. "Do you take me for a man that I should make eyes at a nun?"

"And I? Am I a man? And yet I look at her. I see nothing but her face when we are there, and afterward I think about it. What harm is there? She sins in her throat. I know it."

Sora Nanna hitched her shoulders impatiently again, and said nothing. The two women descended through the steep and narrow street, slippery and wet with slimy, coal-black mud, that glittered on the rough cobblestones. Nanna walked first, and Annetta followed close behind her, keeping step, and setting her feet exactly where her mother had trod, with the instinctive certainty of the born mountaineer. With heads erect and shoulders square, each with one hand on her hip and the other hanging down, they carried their burdens swiftly and safely, with a swinging, undulating gait, as though it were a pleasure to them to move, and would require an effort to stop rather than to walk on forever. They wore shoes because they were well-to-do people, and chose to show

that they were when they went up to the convent. But for the rest, they were clad in the costume of the neighborhood — the coarse white shift, close at the throat; the scarlet bodice; the short, dark, gathered skirt; and the dark-blue carpet apron, with flowers woven on a white stripe across the lower end. Both wore heavy gold earrings, and Sora Nanna had eight or ten strings of large coral beads around her throat.

Annetta was barely fifteen years old, brown, slim, and active as a lizard. She was one of those utterly unruly and untamable girls of whom there are two or three in every Italian village, in mountain or plain, a creature in whom a living consciousness of living nature took the place of thought, and with whom to be conscious was to speak, without reason or hesitation. The small, keen, black eyes were set under immense and arched black eyebrows, which made the eyes themselves seem larger than they were, and the projecting temples cast shadows to the cheek which hid the rudimentary modeling of the coarse lower lids. The ears were flat and ill-developed, but close to the head and not large; the teeth were short, though perfectly regular and exceedingly white; the lips, long, mobile, brown rather than red, and generally parted like those of a wild animal. The girl's smoothly sinewy throat moved with every step, showing the quick play of the elastic cords and muscles. Her blue-black hair was plaited, though far from neatly, and the braids were twisted into an irregular flat coil, generally hidden by the flap of the white embroidered cloth cross-folded upon her head and hanging down behind.

For some minutes the mother and daughter continued to pick their way down the winding lanes between the dark houses of the upper village. Then Sora Nanna put out her right hand as a signal to Annetta that she meant to stop, and she stood still on the steep descent, and turned deliberately till she could see the girl.

"What are you saying?" she began, as though there had been no pause in the conversation—"that Sister Maria Addolorata sins in her throat! But how can she sin in her throat since she sees no man but the gardener and the priest? Indeed, you say foolish things!"

"And what has that to do with it?" inquired Annetta. "She must have seen enough of men in Rome, every one of them a great lord. And who tells you that she did not love one of them, and does not wish that she were married to him? And if that is not a sin in the throat, I do not know what to say. There is my answer."

"You say foolish things," repeated Sora Nanna.

Then she turned deliberately away, and began to descend once more, with an occasional dissatisfied movement of the shoulders.

"For the rest," observed Annetta, "it is not my business. I would rather look at the Englishman when he is eating meat than at Sister Maria when she is counting clothes. I do not know whether he is a wolf or a man."

"Eh! The Englishman!" exclaimed Sora Nanna. "You will look so much at the Englishman that you will make blood with Gigetto, who wishes you well, and when Gigetto has waited for the Englishman at the corner of the forest, what shall we all have? The galleys. What do you see in the Englishman? He has red hair and long, long teeth. Yes — just like a wolf. You are right. And if he pays for meat, why should he not eat it? If he did not pay, it would be different. It would soon be finished. Heaven send us a little money without any Englishman! Besides, Gigetto said the other day that he would wait for him at the corner of the forest. And Gigetto, when he says a thing, he does it."

"And why should we go to the galleys if Gigetto waits for the Englishman?" inquired Annetta.

"Silly!" cried the older woman. "Because Gigetto would take your father's gun, since he has none of his own. That would be enough. We should have done it."

Annetta shrugged her shoulders, and said nothing.

"But take care," continued Sora Nanna. "Your father sleeps with one eye open. He sees you, and he sees also the Englishman every day. He says nothing because he is good. But he has a fist like a paving-stone. I tell you nothing more."

They reached Sora Nanna's house, and disappeared under the dark archway. For Sora Nanna and Stefanone, her husband, were rich people for their station, and their house was large, and was built with an arch wide enough and high enough for a loaded beast of burden to pass through with a man on its back. And, within, everything was clean and well kept, excepting all that belonged to Annetta. There were airy upper rooms, with well-swept floors of red brick or of beaten cement, furnished with high beds on iron trestles, and wooden stools of well-worn brown oak, and tables painted a vivid green, and primitive lithographs of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica and the Addolorata. And there were lofts in which the rich autumn grapes were hung up to dry on strings, and where chestnuts lay in heaps, and figs were spread in symmetrical order on great sheets of the coarse gray paper made in Subiaco. There were apples, too, though poor ones, and there were bins of maize

and wheat, waiting to be picked over before being ground in the primeval household mill. And there were hams, and sides of bacon, and red peppers, and bundles of dried herbs, and great mountain cheeses on shelves. There was also a guest-room, better than the rest, which Stefanone and his wife occasionally let to respectable travelers, or to the merchants who came from Rome on business to stay a few days in Subiaco. At the present time the room was rented by the Englishman concerning whom the discussion had arisen between Annetta and her mother.

Angus Dalrymple, M. D., was not an Englishman, as he had tried to explain to Sora Nanna, though without the least success. He was, as his name proclaimed, a Scotchman of the Scotch, and a doctor of medicine. It was true that he had red hair, and an abundance of it, and long white teeth, but Sora Nanna's description was otherwise libellously incomplete, and wholly omitted all mention of the good points in his appearance. In the first place, he possessed the characteristic national build in a superior degree of development, with all the lean, bony energy which has done so much hard work in the world. He was broad-shouldered, long-armed, long-legged, deep-chested, and straight, with sinewy hands, and singularly well-shaped fingers. His healthy skin had that mottled look produced by countless freckles upon an almost childlike complexion. The large, grave mouth generally concealed the long teeth objected to by Sora Nanna, and the lips, though even and narrow, were strong rather than thin, and their rare smile was genial and gentle. There were lines — as yet very faint — about the corners of the mouth, which told of a nervous and passionate disposition, and of the strong Scotch temper, as well as of a certain sensitiveness which belongs especially to Northern races. The pale but very bright blue eyes, under shaggy, auburn brows, were fiery with courage, and keen with shrewd enterprise. Dalrymple was assuredly not a man to be despised under any circumstances — intellectually or physically.

His presence in such a place as Subiaco, at a time when hardly any foreigners, except painters, visited the place, requires some explanation; for he was not an artist, but a doctor, and had never even been tempted to amuse himself with sketching. In the first place, he was a younger son of a good family, and received a moderate allowance, quite sufficient in those days to allow him considerable latitude of expenditure in old-fashioned Italy. Secondly, he had entirely refused to follow any of the professions known as "liberal." He had no taste for the law, and he had not the companionable character which alone can make life in the army pleasant in time of peace. His beliefs, or his lack of belief, together with an honorable conscience, made him naturally opposed to all churches. On the other hand, he had been attracted almost from his childhood by scientific subjects at a period when the discoveries of the last fifty years appeared as misty but beatific visions to men of science. To the disappointment and, to some extent, to the humiliation of his family, he insisted upon studying medicine at the University of St. Andrew's as soon as he had obtained his ordinary degree at Cambridge. And having once insisted, nothing could turn him from his purpose; for he possessed English tenacity, grafted upon Scotch originality, with a good deal of the strength of both races.

While still a student he had once made a tour in Italy, and, like many Northerners, had fallen under the mysterious spell of the South from the very first. Having a sufficient allowance for all his needs, as has been said, and being attracted by the purely scientific side of his profession rather than by any desire to become a successful practitioner, it was natural enough that, on finding himself free to go whither he pleased in pursuit of knowledge, he should have visited Italy again. A third visit had convinced him that he would do well to spend some years in the country; for by that time he had become deeply interested in the study of malarious fevers, which in those days were completely misunderstood. It would be far too much to say that young Dalrymple had at that time formed any complete theory in regard to malaria; but his naturally lonely and concentrated intellect had contemptuously discarded all explanations of malarious phenomena; and communicating his own ideas to no one, until he should be in possession of proofs for his opinions, he had in reality got hold of the beginning of the truth about germs which has since revolutionized medicine.

The only object of this short digression has been to show that Angus Dalrymple was not a careless idler and tourist in Italy, only half responsible for what he did, and not at all for what he thought. On the contrary, he was a man of very unusual gifts, of superior education, and of rare enterprise; a strong, silent, thoughtful man, about eight-and-twenty years of age, and just beginning to feel his power as something greater than he had suspected, when he came to spend the autumn months in Subiaco, and hired Sora Nanna's guest-room, with a little room leading off it which he kept locked, and in which he had a table, a chair, a microscope, some books, a few chemicals, and some simple apparatus.

His presence had at first roused certain jealous misgivings in the heart of the town physi-

cian, Sor Tommaso Taddei, commonly spoken of simply as "the doctor," because there was no other. But Dalrymple was not without tact and knowledge of human nature. He explained that he came as a foreigner to learn from native physicians how malarious fevers were treated in Italy; and he listened with patient intelligence to Sor Tommaso's antiquated theories, and silently watched his still more antiquated practice. And Sor Tommaso, like all people who think that they know a vast deal, highly approved of Dalrymple's submissive silence, and said that the young man was a marvel of modesty, and that if he could stay about ten years in Subiaco, and learn something from Sor Tommaso himself, he might really some day be a fairly good doctor — which were extraordinarily liberal admissions on the part of the old practitioner, and contributed largely toward reassuring Stefanone concerning his lodger's character.

For Stefanone and his wife had their doubts and suspicions. Of course they knew that all foreigners, except Frenchmen and Austrians, were Protestants, and ate meat on fast-days, and were under the most especial protection of the devil, who fattened them in this world that they might burn the better in the next. But Stefanone had never seen the real foreigner at close quarters, and had not conceived it possible that any living human being could devour so much half-cooked flesh in a day as Dalrymple desired for his daily portion, paid for, and consumed. Moreover, there was no man in Subiaco who could, and did, swallow such portentous draughts of the strong mountain wine without suffering any apparent effects from his potations. Furthermore, also, Dalrymple did strange things by day and night in the small laboratory he had arranged next to his bedroom, and unholy and evil smells issued at times through the cracks of the door, and penetrated from the bedroom to the stairs outside, and were distinctly perceptible all over the house. Therefore Stefanone maintained, for a long time, that his lodger was in league with the powers of darkness, and that it was not safe to keep him in the house, though he paid his bill regularly every Saturday, and never quarreled about the price of his food and drink. On the whole, however, Stefanone abstained from interfering, as he had at first been inclined to do, and from entering the laboratory, with the support of the parish priest, a basin of holy water, and a loaded gun — all three of which he considered necessary to an exorcism; and little by little Sor Tommaso, the doctor, persuaded him that Dalrymple was a worthy young man, deeply engaged in profound studies, and should be respected rather than exorcised.

"Of course," admitted the doctor, "he is a Protestant. But then he has a passport. Let us, therefore, let him alone."

The existence of the passport — indispensable in those days — was a strong argument in the eyes of the simple Stefanone. He could not conceive that a magician, whose soul was sold to the devil, could possibly have a passport and be under the protection of the law. So the matter was settled.

II.

Sister Maria Addolorata sat by the open door of her cell, looking across the stone parapet of her little balcony, and watching the changing richness of the western sky, as the sun went down far out of sight behind the mountains. Though the month was October, the afternoon was warm; it was very still, and the air had been close in the choir during the benediction service, which was just over. She leaned back in her chair, and her lips parted as she breathed, with a perceptible desire for refreshment in the breath. She held a piece of needlework in her heavy white hands; the needle had been thrust through the linen, but the stitch had remained unfinished, and one pointed finger pressed the doubled edge against the other, lest the material should slip before she made up her mind to draw through. Deep in the garden, under the balcony, the late flowers were taking strangely vivid colors out of the bright sky above, and some bits of broken glass, stuck in the mortar on the top of the opposite wall as a protection against thieving boys, glowed like a line of rough rubies against the misty distance. Even the white walls of the bare cell, and the coarse gray blanket lying across the foot of the small bed, drank in a little of the color, and looked less gray and less grim.

From the eaves, high up above the open door, the swallows shot down into the golden light, striking great circles, and reflecting the red gold of the sky from their breasts as they wheeled just beyond the wall, with steady wings wide-stretched, up and down; and each one, turning at full speed, struck upward again, and was out of sight in an instant, above the lintel. The nun watched them, her eyes trying to follow each of them in turn, and to recognize them separately as they flashed into sight again and again.

Her lips were parted, and as she sat there she began to sing very softly and quite unconsciously. She could not have told what the song was. The words were strange and oddly divided, and there was a deadly sadness in a certain interval that came back almost with every stave. But the voice itself was beautiful beyond all comparison with ordinary voices, full of deep and touching vibrations and far

harmonics, though she sang so softly, all to herself. Notes like hers haunt the ears — and sometimes the heart — when she who sang them has been long dead, and many would give much to hear but a breath of them again.

It was hard for Maria Addolorata not to sing sometimes, when she was all alone in her cell, though it was so strictly forbidden. Singing is a gift of expression, when it is a really natural gift, as much as speech and gesture and the smile on the lips, with the one difference that it is a keener pleasure to him or to her that sings than gesture or speech can possibly be. Music, and especially singing, is a physical as well as an intellectual expression, a pleasure of the body as well as a "delectation" of the soul. To sing naturally and spontaneously is most generally an endowment of natures physically strong and rich by the senses, independently of the mind, though melody may sometimes be the audible translation of a silent thought as well as the unconscious speech of wordless passion.

And in Maria's song there was a strain of that unknown and fatal something which the nuns sometimes saw in her face, and which was in her eyes now, as she sang; for they no longer followed the circling of the swallows, but grew fixed and dark, with fiery reflections from the sunset sky, and the regular features grew white and straight and square against the deepening shadows within the narrow room. The deep voice trembled a little, and the shoulders had a short, shivering movement under the heavy folds of the dark veil, as the sensation of a presence ran through her and made her shudder. But the voice did not break, and she sang on louder, now, than she realized, the full notes swelling in her throat, and vibrating between the narrow walls, and floating out through the open door to join the flight of the swallows.

The door of the cell opened gently, but she did not hear, and sang on, leaning back in her chair, and gazing still at the pink clouds above the mountains.

"Death is my love, dark-eyed Death,"

she sang.

"Maria!"

The abbess was standing in the doorway and speaking to her, but she did not hear.

"His hands are sweetly cold and gentle —
Flowers of leek and firefly —
Holy Saint John."

"Maria!" cried the abbess, impatiently. "What follies are you singing? I could hear you in my room!"

Maria Addolorata started and rose from her seat, still holding her needlework, and turning half round toward her superior, with suddenly downcast eyes. The elder lady came forward with slow dignity, and walked as far as the door of the balcony, where she stood still for a moment, gazing at the beautiful sky. She was not a stately woman, for she was too short and stout, but she had that calm air of assured superiority which takes the place of stateliness, and which seems to belong especially to those who occupy important positions in the Church. Her large features, though too heavy, were imposing in their excessive pallor, while the broad, dark-brown shadows all around and beneath the large black eyes gave the face a depth of expression which did not, perhaps, wholly correspond with the original character. It was a striking face, and considering the wide interval between the ages of the abbess and her niece, and the natural difference in coloring, there was a strong family resemblance between the two women.

The abbess sat down upon the only chair, and Maria remained standing before her, her sewing in her hands.

"I have often told you that you must not sing in your cell," said the abbess, in a coldly severe tone.

Maria's shoulders shook her veil a little, but she still looked at the floor.

"I cannot help it," she answered in a constrained voice. "I did not know that I was singing —"

"That is ridiculous! How can one sing, and not know it? You are not deaf. At least, you do not sing as though you were. I will not have it. I could hear you as far away as my own room — a love-song, too!"

"The love of death," suggested Maria.

"It makes no difference," answered the elder lady. "You disturb the peace of the sisters with your singing. You know the rule, and you must obey it like the rest. If you must sing, then sing in church."

"I do."

"Very well, that ought to be enough. Must you sing all the time? Suppose that the cardinal had been visiting me, as was quite possible, what impression would he have had of our discipline?"

"Oh, Uncle Cardinal has often heard me sing."

"You must not call him 'Uncle Cardinal!' It is like the common people who say 'Uncle Priest.' I have told you that a hundred times, at least. And if the cardinal has heard you singing, so much the worse."

"He once told me that I had a good voice," observed Maria, still standing before her aunt.

"A good voice is a gift of God, and to be used in church, but not in such a way as to attract attention or admiration. The devil is

everywhere, my daughter, and makes use of our best gifts as a means of temptation. The cardinal certainly did not hear you singing that witch's love-song which I heard just now. He would have rebuked you as I do."

"It was not a love-song. It is about death — and Saint John's eve."

"Well, then it is about witches. Do not argue with me. There is a rule, and you must not break it."

Maria Addolorata said nothing, but moved a step, and leaned against the door-post, looking out into the evening light. The stout abbess sat motionless in her straight chair, looking past her niece at the distant hills. She had evidently said all she meant to say about the singing, and it did not occur to her to talk of anything else. A long silence followed. Maria was not timid, but she had been accustomed from her childhood to look upon her aunt as an immensely superior person, moving in a higher sphere, and five years spent in the convent as novice and nun had rather increased than diminished the feeling of awe which the abbess inspired in the young girl. There was, indeed, no other sister in the community who would have dared to answer the abbess's rebuke at all, and Maria's very humble protest really represented an extraordinary degree of individuality and courage. Conventual institutions can exist only on a basis of absolute submission.

The abbess was neither harsh nor unkind, and was certainly not a very terrifying figure; but she possessed undeniable force of character, strengthened by the inborn sense of hereditary right and power, and her kindness was as imposing as her displeasure was lofty and solemn. She had very little sympathy for weakness in others, but she was always ready to dispense the mercy of heaven, vicariously, so to say, and with a certain royally suppressed surprise that heaven should be merciful. On the whole, considering the circumstances, she admitted that Maria Addolorata had accepted the veil with sufficient outward grace, though without any vocation, and she took it for granted that with such opportunities the girl must slowly develop into an abbess not unlike her predecessors. She prayed regularly, of course, and with especial intention, for her niece, as for the welfare of the order, and assumed as an unquestionable result that her prayers were answered with perfect regularity, since her own conscience did not reproach her with neglect of her young relative's spiritual education.

To the abbess, religion, the order, and its duties presented themselves as a vast machine, controlled for the glory of God by the Pope. She and her nuns were parts of the great engine, which must work with perfect regularity in order that God might be glorified. Her mind was naturally religious, but was at the same time essentially of the material order. There is a material imagination, and there is a spiritual imagination. There are very good and devout men and women who take the world — present and to come — quite literally, as a mere fulfilment of their own limitations; who look upon what they know as being all that need be known, and upon what they believe of God and heaven as the mechanical consequence of what they know, rather than as the cause and goal, respectively, of existence and action; to whom the letter of the law is the arbitrary expression of a despotic power, which, somehow, must be looked upon as merciful; who answer all questions concerning God's logic with the tremendous assertion of God's will; whose God is a magnified man, and whose devil is a malignant animal, second only to God in understanding, while extreme from God in disposition. There are good men and women who — to use a natural, but not flippant, simile — take it for granted that the soul is cast into the troubled waters of life without the power to swim, or even the possibility of learning to float, dependent upon the bare chance that some one may throw it the life-buoy of ritual religion, as its only conceivable means of salvation. And the opponents of each particular form of faith invariably take just such good men and women, with all their limitations, as the only true exponents of that especial creed, which they then proceed to tear in pieces with all the ease such an undue advantage of false premise gives them. None of them have thought of intellectual mercy as being, perhaps, an integral part of Christian charity. Faith they have in abundance, and hope also not a little; but charity, though it be for men's earthly ills, and theoretically, if not always practically, for men's spiritual shortcomings, is rigidly forbidden for the errors of men's minds. Why? No thinking man can help asking the little question which grows great in the unanswering silence that follows it.

All this is not intended as an apology for what the young nun Maria Addolorata afterward did, though much of it is necessary in explanation of her deeds, which, however they may be regarded, brought upon her and others their inevitable logical consequences. Still less is it meant, in any sense, as an attack upon the conventual system of the cloistered orders, which system was itself a consequence of spiritual, intellectual, and political history, and has a prime right to be judged upon the evidence of its causes, and not by the shortcomings of its results in changed times. What has been said merely makes clear the fact that the characters, minds, and dispositions of Maria Addolorata, and of her aunt, the abbess, were

wholly unsuited to each other. And this one fact became a source of life and death, of happiness and misery, of comedy and tragedy, to many individuals, even to the present day.

The nun remained motionless, pressing her cheek against the door-post and looking out. Her aunt had not quite shut the door by which she had entered, and a cool stream of air blew outward from the corridor and through the cell, bringing with it that peculiar odor which belongs to all large and old buildings inhabited by religious communities. It is made up from the cold exhalations from stone walls and paved floors in which there is always some dampness, of the acrid smell of the heavy, leathern wadded curtains which shut off the main drafts of air, as the swinging doors do in a mine, of a faint but perceptible suggestion of incense which penetrates the whole building from the church or the chapel, and, not least, of the fumes from the cookery of the great quantities of vegetables which are the staple food of the brethren or the sisters. It is as imperceptible to the monks and nuns themselves as the smell of tobacco to the smoker.

It had been very close in the little cell, and Maria was glad of the coolness that came in through the open door. Her eyes were fixed on the sky with a longing look. Again the words of her song rose to her lips, but she checked them, remembering her aunt's presence; and with the effort to be silent came the strong wish to be free, to be over there upon those purple hills at evening, to look beyond, and watch the sun sinking into the distant sea, to breathe her fill of the mountain air, to run along the crests of the hills till she should be tired, to sleep under the open sky, to see in dreams to-morrow's sun rising through the trees, to be waked by the song of birds, and to find that the dream was true.

Instead of that, and instead of all it meant to her, there was to be the silent evening meal; the close, lighted chapel; the wearily nasal chant of the sisters; her lonely cell, with its close darkness; the unrefreshing sleep, broken by the bell calling her to another office in the chapel; then, at last, the dawn, and the day, which would seem as much a prisoner as herself within the convent walls; and the praying and nasal chanting; and the counting of sheets and pillow-cases; and doing a little sewing; and singing to herself, perhaps, and then the being reproved for it—the whole varied by meals of coarse food, and periodical stations in her seat in the choir. The day! The very sun seemed imprisoned in his corner of the garden wall, dragging slowly at his chain, in a short half-circle, from morning till evening, like a watch-dog tied up in a yard beside his kennel. The night was better. Sometimes she could see the moon-rays through the cracks of the balcony door, as she lay in her bed. She could see them against the darkness, and the ends of them were straight white lines and round white spots on the floor and on the walls. Her thoughts played in them, and her maiden fancies caught them, and followed them lightly out into the white night, and far away to the third world, which is dreamland. And in her dreams she sang to the midnight stars, and clasped her bare arms round the moon's white throat, kissing the moon-lady's pale and passionate cheek, till she lost herself in the mysterious eyes, and found herself once more, bathed in cool star-showers, the queen of a tender dream.

There sat the abbess in the only chair, stolid, righteous, imposing—the incarnation and representative of the ninety-and-nine who need no forgiveness, as exasperatingly and mathematically virtuous as a dogma, a woman against whom no sort of reproach could be brought, and at the mere sight of whom false witnesses would shrivel up and die, like jellyfish in the sun. She not only approved of the convent life, but she liked it. She was at liberty to do a thousand things which were not permitted to the nuns, but she had not the slightest inclination to do any of them, any more than she was inclined to admit that any of them could possibly be unhappy if they would only pray, sing, sleep, and eat boiled cabbage at the appointed hours. What had she in common with Maria Addolorata, except that she was born a princess and a Braccio?

Of what use was it to be a princess by birth, like a dozen or more of the sisters, or even a noble, like all the others? Of what use or advantage could anything be where liberty was not? An even plainer and more desperate question rose in the young nun's heart, as she leaned her cheek against the door-post, still warm with the afternoon sun. Of what use was life if it was to be lived in the tomb with the accompaniment of a life-long funeral service? Why should not God be as well pleased with suicide as with self-burial? Why should not death all at once, by the sudden dash of cleanly steel, be as noble and acceptable a sacrifice as death by sordid degrees of orderly suffering, systematic starvation, and rigidly regulated misery? Was not life, life—and blood, blood—whether drawn by drops, or shed from a quick wound in the splendid redness of one heroic instant? Surely it would be as grand a thing, if a mere sacrifice were the object, to be laid down stark dead, with the death-thrust in the heart, at the foot of the altar, in all her radiant youth and full young beauty, untempted and unsullied, as to fast and pray through forty querulous years of misery in prison.

But then there was the virtue of patience.

Therein, doubtless, lay the difference. It was not the death alone that was to please God, but the long manner of it, the summed-up account of suffering, the interest paid on the capital of life after it was invested in death. God was to be pleased with items, and the sum of them. Item, a sleepless night. Item, a bad cold, caught by kneeling on the damp stones. Item, a dish of sweets refused on a feast-day. Item, the resolution not to laugh when a fly settled on the abbess's nose. Item, the resolution not to wish that her hair had never been cut off. Item, being stifled in summer and frozen in winter in her cell. Item, appreciating that it was the best cell, and that she was better off than the other sisters.

Repeat the items for half a century, sum them up, and offer them to God as a meet and fitting sacrifice — the destruction, by fine degrees of petty suffering, of one woman's whole life, almost from the beginning, and quite to the end, with the total annihilation of all its human possibilities of love, of motherhood, of reasonable enjoyment and legitimate happiness — that was the formula for salvation which Maria Addolorata had received with the veil.

And not only had she received it. It had been thrust upon her because she chanced to be the only daughter of the ancient house of Braccio available to fill the hereditary seat beneath the wooden canopy as abbess of the Subiaco Carmelites. If there had been another sister, less fair, more religiously disposed, that sister would have been chosen in Maria's stead. But there was no other; and there must be a young Braccio nun, to take the place of the elder one, when the latter should have filled her account to overflowing with little items to be paid for with the gold of certain salvation.

That a sinful woman, full of sorrows and weary of the world, might silently bow her head under the nun's veil, and wear out with prayerful austerity the deep-cut letters of her sin's story, that, at least, was a thing Maria could understand. There were faces among the sisters that haunted her in her solitude, lips that could have told much, but which said only "Miserere"; eyes that had looked on love, and that fixed themselves now only on the cross; cheeks blanched with grief and hollowed as the marble of an ancient fountain by often flowing tears; hearts that had given all, and had been beaten and bruised and rejected. The convent was for them; the life was a life for them; for them there was no freedom beyond these walls, in the living world, nor anywhere on this side of death. They had done right in coming, and they did right in staying; they were reasonable when they prayed that they might have time, before they died, to be sorry for their sins and to touch again the hem of the garment of innocence.

But even they, if they were told that it would be right, would they not rather shorten their time to a day, even to one instant, of aggregated pain, and offer up their sacrifice all at once? And why should it not be right? Did God delight in pain and suffering for its own sake? The passionate girl's heart revolted angrily against a Being that could enjoy the sufferings of helpless creatures.

But then there was that virtue of patience again, which was beyond her comprehension. At last she spoke, her face still to the sunset.

"What difference can it make to God how we die?" she asked, scarcely conscious that she was speaking.

The abbess must have started a little, for the chair creaked suddenly several seconds before she answered. Her face did not relax, however, nor were her hands unclasped from each other as they lay folded on her knees.

"That is a foolish question, my daughter," she said at last. "Do you think that God was not pleased by the sufferings of the holy martyrs, and did not reward them for what they bore?"

"No, I did not mean that," answered Maria, quickly. "But why should we not all be martyrs? It would be much quicker."

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed the abbess. "What are you thinking of, child?"

"It would be so much quicker," repeated Maria. "What are we here for? To sacrifice our lives to God. We wish to make this sacrifice, and God promises to accept it. Why would it be less complete if we were led to the altar as soon as we have finished our novitiate, and quickly killed? It would be the same, and it would be much quicker. What difference can it make how we die — since we are to die in the end without accomplishing anything except dying?"

By this time the abbess's pale hands were unclasped, and one of them pressed each knee, as she leaned far forward in her seat with an expression of surprise and horror, her dark lips parted, and all the lines of her colorless face drawn down.

"Are you mad, Maria?" she asked in a low voice.

"Mad? No. Why should you think me mad?" The nun turned and looked down at her aunt. "After all, it is the great question. Our lives are but a preparation for death. Why need the preparation be so long? Why should the death be so slow? Why should it be right to kill ourselves for the glory of God by degrees, and wrong to do it all at once, if one has the courage? I think it is a very reasonable question."

"Indeed, you are beside yourself! The devil suggests such things to you, and blinds you to the truth, my child. Penance and prayer, prayer and penance — by the grace of Heaven it will pass."

"Penance and prayer!" exclaimed Maria, sadly. "That is it — a slow death, but a sure one."

"I am more than sixty years old," replied the abbess. "I have done penance and prayed prayers all my life, and you see — I am well, I am stout."

"For charity's sake, do not say so!" cried Maria, making the sign of the horns with her fingers to ward off the evil eye. "You will certainly fall ill."

"Our lives are of God. It is our own eyes that are evil. You must not make horns with your fingers. It is a heathen superstition, as I have often told you. But many of you do it. Maria, I wish to speak to you seriously."

"Speak, mother," answered the young nun, the strong habit of submission returning instantly with the other's grave tone.

"These thoughts of yours are very wicked. We are placed in the world, and we must continue to live in it as long as God wills that we should. When God is pleased to deliver us, he will take us in good time. You and I and the sisters should be thankful that, during our brief stay on earth, this sanctuary has fallen to our lot, and this possibility of a holy life. We must take every advantage of it, thanking Heaven if our stay be long enough for us to repent of our sins, and obtain indulgence for our venial shortcomings. It is wicked to desire to shorten our lives. It is wicked to desire anything which is not the will of God. We are here to live, to watch and pray — not to complain and to rebel."

The abbess was stout, as she herself admitted, and between her sudden surprise at her niece's wholly unorthodox — not to say blasphemous — suggestion of suicide as a means of grace, and her own attempt at eloquence, she grew rapidly warm, in spite of the comparatively cool draft which was passing out from the interior of the building. She caught the end of her loose over-sleeve, and fanned herself slowly when she had finished speaking.

But Maria Addolorata did not consider that she was answered. There, in the cell of a Carmelite convent, in the heart of a young girl who had perhaps never heard of Shakspere, and who certainly knew nothing of "Hamlet," the question of all questions found itself, and she found for it such speech as she could command. It broke out passionately and impatiently.

"What are we? And why are we what we are? Yes, mother — I know that you are good, and that all you say is true. But it is not all. There is all the world beyond it. To live, or not to live — but you know that this is not living! It is not meant to be living, as the people outside understand what living means. What does it all signify but death, when we take the veil, and lie before the altar, and are covered with a funeral pall? It means dying — then why not altogether dying? Has not God angels in thousands to praise him and worship him, and pray for sinners on earth? And they sing and pray gladly, because they are blessed, and do not suffer as we do. Why should God want us, poor little nuns, to live half dead, and to praise him with voices that crack with the cold in winter, and to kneel till we faint with the heat in summer, and to wear out our bodies with fasting and prayer and penance, till it is all we can do to crawl to our places in the choir? Not I, — I am young and strong still, — nor you, perhaps, for you are strong still, though you are not young. But many of the sisters, — yes, they are the best ones, I know, — they are killing themselves by inches, before our eyes. You know it, I know it, they know it themselves. Why should they not find some shorter way of death for God's glory? Or, if not, why should they not live happily, since many of them could? Why should God, who made us, wish us to destroy ourselves — or if he does, then why may we not do it in our own way? Ah, — it would be so short, — a knife-thrust, and then the great peace forever!"

The abbess had risen, and was standing before Maria, one hand resting on the back of the rush-bottomed chair.

"Blasphemy!" she cried, finding breath at last. "It is blasphemy, or madness, or both! It is the evil one's own doing! Forgive her, good God! She does not know what she is saying! Almighty and most merciful God, forgive her!"

For a moment Maria Addolorata was silent, realizing how far she had forgotten herself, and startled by the abbess's terrified eyes and excited tone. But she was naturally a far more daring woman than she herself knew. Though her face was pale, her lips smiled at her good aunt's fright.

"But that is not an answer — just to cry 'blasphemy,'" she said. "The question is clear —"

She did not finish the sentence. The abbess was really beside herself with religious terror. With almost violent hands she dragged and thrust her niece down till Maria fell upon her knees.

"Pray, child! Pray, before it is too late!" she cried. "Pray on your knees that this possession may pass before your soul is lost forever!"

She herself knelt beside the girl upon the stones, still clasping her and pressing her down. And she prayed aloud, long, fervently, almost wildly, appealing to God for protection against a bodily tempting devil, who, by his will, and with evil strength, was luring and driving a human soul to utter damnation.

III.

"It is well," said Stefanone. "The world is come to an end. I will not say anything more."

He finished his tumbler of wine, leaned back on the wooden bench against the brown wall, played with the broad silver buttons of his dark-blue jacket, and stared hard at Sor Tommaso, the doctor, who sat opposite to him. The doctor returned his glance rather unsteadily, and betook himself to his snuff-box. It was of worn black ebony, adorned in the middle of the lid with a small view of Saint Peter's and the colonnades in mosaic, with a very blue sky. From long use each tiny fragment of the mosaic was surrounded by a minute black line, which indeed lent some tone to the intensely clear atmosphere of the little picture, but gave the architecture represented therein a dirty and neglected appearance. The snuff itself, however, was of the superior quality known as Sicilian in those days, and was of a beautiful light brown color.

"And why?" asked the doctor, very slowly, between the operations of pinching, stuffing, snuffing, and dusting. "Why is the world come to an end?"

Stefanone's eyes grew sullen, with a sort of dull glare in their unwinking gaze. He looked dangerous just then, but the doctor did not seem to be in the least afraid of him.

"You, who have made it end, should know why," answered the peasant, after a short pause.

Stefanone was a man of the Roman type, of medium height, thick-set, and naturally melancholic, with thin, straight lips that were clean-shaven, straight black hair, a small but aggressively aquiline nose, and heavy hands, hairy on the backs of the fingers, between the knuckles. His wife, Sora Nanna, said that he had a fist like a paving-stone. He also looked as though he might have the constitution of a mule. He was at that time about five-and-thirty years of age, and there were a few strong lines in his face, notably those curved ones drawn from the beginning of the nostrils to the corners of the mouth, which are said to denote an uncertain temper.

He wore the dress of the richer peasants of that day, a coarse but spotless white shirt, very open at the throat, a jacket and waistcoat of stout dark-blue cloth with large and smooth silver buttons, knee-breeches, white stockings, and heavy low shoes with steel buckles. He combined the occupations of farmer, wine-seller, and carrier. When he was on the road between Subiaco and Rome, Gigetto, already mentioned, was supposed to represent him. It was understood that Gigetto was to marry Annetta—if he could be prevailed upon to do so; for he was the younger son of a peasant family which held its head even higher than Stefanone, and the young man, as well as his people, looked upon Annetta's wild ways with disapproval, though her fortune, as the only child of Stefanone and Sora Nanna, was a very strong attraction. In the mean time Gigetto acted as though he were the older man's partner in the wine-shop, and, as he was a particularly honest, but also a particularly idle, young man, with a taste for singing and playing on the guitar, the position suited him admirably.

As for Sor Tommaso, with whom Stefanone seemed inclined to quarrel on this particular evening, he was a highly respectable personage in a narrow-shouldered, high-collared black coat with broad skirts, and a snuff-colored waistcoat. He wore a stock which was decidedly shabby, but decent, and the thin cuffs of his shirt were turned back over the tight sleeves of his coat, in the old fashion. He also wore amazingly tight black trousers, strapped closely over his well-blacked boots. To tell the truth, these nether garments, though of great natural resistance, had lived so long at a high tension, so to say, that they were no longer equally tight at all points, and there were, undoubtedly, certain perceptible spots on them; but, on the whole, the general effect of the doctor's appearance was fashionable, in the fashion of several years earlier, and judged by the standard of Subiaco. He wore his hair rather long, in a handsome, iron-gray confusion; his face was close-shaven, and, though he was thin, his complexion was somewhat apoplectic.

Having duly and solemnly finished the operation of taking snuff, the doctor looked at the peasant.

"I do not wish to have said anything," he observed, by way of a general retractation. "These are probably follies."

"And for not having meant to say anything, you have planted this knife in my heart!" retorted Stefanone, the veins swelling at his temples. "Thank you. I wish to die if I forget it. You tell me that this daughter of mine is making love with the Englishman. And then you say that you do not wish to have said anything! May he die, the Englishman, he, and whoever made him, with the whole family! An evil death on him and all his house!"

"So long as you do not make me die, too!"

exclaimed Sor Tommaso, with a rather pitying smile.

"Eh! To die — it is soon said! And yet people do die. You, who are a doctor, should know that. And you do not wish to have said anything! Bravo, doctor! Words are words. And yet they can sting. And after a thousand years they still sting. You — what can you understand? Are you, perhaps, a father? You have not even a wife. Oh, blessed be God! You do not even know what you are saying. You know nothing. You think, perhaps, because you are a doctor that you know more than I do. I will tell you that you are an ignorant!"

"Oh, beautiful!" cried the doctor, angrily, stung by what is still almost a mortal insult. "You — to me — ignorant! Oh, beautiful, most beautiful — this! From a peasant to a man of science! Perhaps you, too, have a diploma from the University of the Sapienza —"

"If I had, I should wrap half a pound of sliced ham — fat ham, you know — in it for the first customer. What should I do with your diplomas! I ask you, what do you know? Do you know at all what a daughter is? Blood of my blood, heart of my heart, hand of this hand. But I am a peasant, and you are a doctor. Therefore, I know nothing."

"And meanwhile you give me 'ignorant' in my face!" retorted Sor Tommaso.

"Yes — and I repeat it!" cried Stefanone, leaning forward, his clenched hand on the table. "I say it twice, three times — ignorant, ignorant, ignorant! Have you understood?"

"Say it louder! In that way every one can hear you! Beast of a sheep-grazer!"

"And you — crow-feeder! Furnisher of grave-diggers! And then — ignorant! Oh — this time I have said it clearly!"

"And it seems to me that it is enough," roared the doctor, across the table. "Ciociaro! Take that!"

"Ciociaro? I? Oh, your soul! If I get hold of you with my hands!"

A "ciociaro" is a hill-man who wears "cioce," or rags, bound upon his feet with leathern sandals and thongs. He is generally a shepherd, and is held in contempt by the more respectable people of the larger mountain towns. To call a man a "ciociaro" is a bitter insult.

Stefanone in his anger had half risen from his seat. But the wooden bench on which he had been sitting was close to the wall behind him, and the heavy oak table was pushed up within a few inches of his chest, so that his movements were considerably hampered as he stretched out his hands rather wildly toward his adversary. The latter, who possessed more moral than physical courage, moved his chair back, and prepared to make his escape if Stefanone showed signs of coming round the table.

At that moment a tall figure darkened the door that opened upon the street, and a quiet, dry voice spoke with a strong foreign accent. It was Angus Dalrymple, returning from a botanizing expedition in the hills, after being absent all day.

"That is a very uncomfortable way of fighting," he observed, as he stood still in the doorway. "You cannot hit a man across a table broader than your arm is long, Signore Stefano."

The effect of his words was instantaneous. Stefanone fell back into his seat. The doctor's anxious and excited expression resolved itself instantly into a polite smile.

"We were only playing," he said suavely. "A little discussion — a mere jest. Our friend Stefanone was explaining something."

"If the table had been narrower, he would have explained you away altogether," observed Dalrymple, coming forward.

He laid a tin box which he had with him upon the table, and shook hands with Sor Tommaso. Then he slipped behind the table, and sat down close to his host, as a precautionary measure in case the play should be resumed. Stefanone would have had a bad chance of being dangerous if the powerful Scotchman chose to hold him down. But the peasant seemed to have become as suddenly peaceful as the doctor.

"It was nothing," said Stefanone, quietly enough, though his eyes were bloodshot, and glanced about the room in an unsettled way.

At that moment Annetta entered from a door leading to the staircase. Her eyes were fixed on Dalrymple's face as she came forward, carrying a polished brass lamp with three burning wicks, which she placed upon the table. Dalrymple looked up at her, and seeing her expression of inquiry, slowly nodded. With a laugh which drew her long red-brown lips back from her short white teeth, the girl produced a small flask and a glass, which she had carried behind her and out of sight when she came in. She set them before Dalrymple.

"I saw you coming," she said, and laughed again. "And then — it is always the same. Half a foglietta of the old, just for the appetite."

Sor Tommaso glanced at Stefanone in a meaning way, but the girl's father affected not to see him. Dalrymple nodded his thanks, poured a few drops of wine into the glass and scattered them upon the brick floor, according to the ancient custom, both for rinsing the glass and as a libation, and then offered to fill the glasses of the two men, who smiled, shook their heads, and covered their tumblers with

their right hands. At last Dalrymple helped himself, nodded politely to his companions, and slowly emptied the glass, which held almost all the contents of the little flask. The foglietta, or leaflet, of wine is said to have been so called from the twisted and rolled vine-leaf which generally serves it for a stopper. A whole foglietta contained a scant pint.

"Will you eat now?" asked Annetta, still smiling.

"Presently," answered Dalrymple. "What is there to eat? I am hungry."

"It seems that you have to say so!" laughed the girl. "It is a new thing. There is beefsteak or mutton, if you wish to know. And ham — a fresh ham cut to-day. It is one of the Grape-eater's, and it seems good. You remember, Sor Tommaso, the — speaking with respect to your face — the pig we called the Grape-eater last year? Speaking with respect, he was a good pig. It is one of his hams that we have cut. There is also salad, and fresh bread, which you like. And wine — I will not speak of it. Eh, he likes wine, the Englishman! He comes in with a long, long face — and when he goes to bed, his face is wide, wide. That is the wine. But, then, it does nothing else to him. It only changes his face. When I look at him I seem to see the moon waxing."

"You talk too much," said Stefanone.

"Never mind, papa! Words are not pennies. The more one wastes, the more one has!"

Dalrymple said nothing; but he smiled as she turned lightly with a toss of her small dark head and left the room.

"Fine blood," observed the doctor, with a conciliatory glance at the girl's father.

"You will be wanted before long, Sor Tommaso," said Dalrymple, gravely. "I hear that the abbess is very ill."

The doctor looked up with sudden interest, and put on his professional expression.

"The abbess, you say? Dear me! She is not young! What has she? Who told you, Sor Angoscia?"

Now, "Sor Angoscia" signifies in English "Sir Anguish," but the doctor, in spite of really conscientious efforts, could not get nearer to the pronunciation of Angus. Nevertheless, with Northern persistency, Dalrymple corrected him for the hundredth time. The doctor's first attempt had resulted in his calling the Scotchman "Sor Langusta," which means "Sir Crayfish" — and it must be admitted that "Anguish" was an improvement.

"Angus," said Dalrymple. "My name is Angus. The abbess has caught a severe cold from sitting in a draft when she was overheated. It has immediately settled on her lungs, and you may be sent for at any moment. I passed by the back of the convent on my way down, and the gardener was just coming out of the postern. He told me."

"Dear me, dear me!" exclaimed Sor Tommaso, shaking his head. "Cold — bronchitis, pleurisy, pneumonia — it is soon done! One would be enough! Those nuns, what do they eat? A little grass, a little boiled paste, a little broth of meat on Sundays. What strength should they have? And then pray, pray, sing, sing! It needs a chest! Poor lungs! I will go to my home and get ready — blisters — mustard — a lancet — they will not allow a barber in the convent to bleed them. Well — I make myself the barber. What a life, what a life! If you wish to die young, be a doctor at Subiaco, Sor Angoscia. Good night, dear friend. Good night, Stefanone. I wish not to have said anything — you know — that little affair. Let us speak no more about it. I am more beast than you, because I said anything. Good night."

Sor Tommaso got his stick from a dark corner, pressed his broad catskin hat upon his head, and took his respectability away on its tightly incased black legs.

"And may the devil go with you," said Stefanone, under his breath, as the doctor disappeared.

"Why?" inquired Dalrymple, who had caught the words.

"I said nothing," answered the peasant, thoughtfully trimming one wick of the lamp with the bent brass wire which, with the snuffers, hung by a chain from a ring by which the lamp was carried.

"I thought you spoke," said the Scotchman. "Well — the abbess is very ill, and Sor Tommaso has a job."

"May he do it well! So that it need not be begun again."

"What do you mean?" Dalrymple slowly sipped the remains of his little measure of wine.

"Those nuns!" exclaimed Stefanone, instead of answering the question. "What are they here to do in this world? Better make saints of them — and good night. There would be one misery less. Do you know what they do? They make wine. Good! But they do not drink it. They sell it for a farthing less by the foglietta than other people. The devil take them and their wine!"

Dalrymple glanced at the angry peasant with some amusement, but did not make any answer.

"Eh, signore!" cried Stefanone. "You who are a foreigner and a Protestant, can you not say something, since it would be no sin for you?"

"I was thinking of something to say, Signore Stefanone. But as for that, who does the business for the convent? They cannot do it for themselves, I suppose. Who determines the

price of their wine for them? Or the price of their corn?"

"They are not so stupid as you think. Oh, no! They are not stupid, the nuns. They know the price of this, and the cost of that, just as well as you and I do. But Gigetto's father, Sor Agostino, is their steward, if that is what you wish to know. And his father was before him, and Gigetto will be after him, with his pumpkin head. And the rest is sung by the organ, as we say when mass is over. For you know about Gigetto and Annetta?"

"Yes. And as you cannot quarrel with Sor Agostino on that account, I do not see but that you will either have to bear it, or sell your wine a farthing cheaper than that of the nuns."

"Eh — that is soon said. A farthing cheaper than theirs! That means half a baiocco cheaper than I sell it now. And the best is only five baiocchi the foglietta, and the cheapest is two and a half. Good-by, profit — a pleasant journey to Stefanone! But it is those nuns. They are to blame, and the devil will pay them."

"In that case, you need not," observed Dalrymple, rising. "I am going to wash my hands before supper."

"At your pleasure, signore," answered Stefanone, politely.

As Dalrymple went out, Annetta passed him at the door, bringing in plates and napkins, and knives and forks. The girl glanced at his face as he went by.

"Be quick, signore," she said, with a laugh. "The beefsteak of mutton is grilling."

He nodded, and went up the dark stairs, his heavy shoes sending back echoes as he trod. Stefanone still sat at the table, turning the glass wine-measure upside down over the tumbler to let the last drops run out. He watched them as they fell, one by one, without looking up at his daughter, who began to arrange the plates for Dalrymple's meal.

"I will teach you to make love with the Englishman," he said slowly, still watching the dropping wine.

"Me!" cried Annetta, with real or feigned astonishment; and she tossed a knife and fork angrily into a plate, with a loud, clattering noise.

"I am speaking with you," answered her father, without raising his eyes. "Do you know? You will come to a bad end."

"Thank you!" replied the girl, contemptuously. "If you say so, it must be true. Now, who has told you that the Englishman is making love to me? An apoplexy on him, whoever he may be!"

"Pretty words for a girl! Sor Tommaso told me. A little more, and I would have torn his tongue out. Just then the Englishman came in. Sor Tommaso got off easily."

The girl's tone changed very much when she spoke again, and there was a dull and angry light in her eyes. Her long lips were still parted, and showed her gleaming teeth, but the smile was altogether gone.

"Yes. Too easily," she said, almost in a whisper, and there was a low hiss in the words.

"In the mean while it is true — what he said," continued Stefanone. "You make eyes at him. You wait for him and watch for him when he comes back from the mountains —"

"Well? Is it not my place to serve him with his supper? If you are not satisfied, hire a servant to wait on him. You are rich. What do I care for the Englishman? Perhaps it is a pleasure to roast my face over the charcoal, cooking his meat for him. As for Sor Tommaso —"

She stopped short in her speech. Her father knew what the tone meant, and looked up for the first time.

"O-è!" he exclaimed, as one suddenly aware of a danger and warning some one else.

"Nothing," answered Annetta, looking down, and arranging the knives and forks symmetrically on the clean cloth she had laid.

"I might have killed him just now in hot blood, when the Englishman came in," said Stefanone, reflectively. "But now my blood has grown cold. I shall do nothing to him."

"So much the better for him." She still spoke in a low voice as she turned away from the table.

"But I will kill you," said Stefanone, "if I see you making eyes at the Englishman!"

He rose, and, taking up his hat, which lay beside him, edged his way out along the wooden bench, moving cautiously lest he should shake the table and upset the lamp or the bottles. Annetta had turned again, at the threat he had uttered, and stood still, waiting for him to get out into the room, her hands on her hips, and her eyes on fire.

"You will kill me?" she asked, just as he was opposite to her. "Well — kill me, then! Here I am. What are you waiting for? For the Englishman to interfere? He is washing his hands. He always takes a long time."

"Then it is true that you have fallen in love with him?" asked Stefanone, his anger returning.

"Him or another. What does it matter to you? You remind me of the old woman who beat her cat, and then cried when it ran away. If you want me to stay at home, you had better find me a husband."

"Do you want anything better than Gigetto? Apoplexy! But you have ideas!"

"You are making a good business of it with Gigetto, in truth!" cried the girl, scornfully. "He eats, he drinks, and then he sings. But

he does not marry. He will not even make love to me — not even with an eye. And then because I love the Englishman, who is a great lord, though he says he is a doctor, I must die. Well, kill me!" She stared insolently at her father for a moment. "Oh, well," she added scornfully, "if you have not time now, it must be for to-morrow. I am busy."

She turned on her heel with a disdainful fling of her short, dark skirt. Stefanone was exasperated, and his anger had returned. Before she was out of reach, he struck her with his open hand. Instead of striking her cheek, the blow fell upon the back of her head and neck, and sent her stumbling forward. She caught the back of a chair, steadied herself, and turned again instantly, at her full height, not deigning to raise her hand to the place that hurt her.

"Coward!" she exclaimed. "But I will pay you — and Sor Tommaso — for that blow!"

"Whenever you like," answered her father, gruffly, but already sorry for what he had done.

He turned his back, and went out into the night. It was now almost quite dark, and Annetta stood still by the chair, listening to his retreating footsteps. Then she slowly turned, and gazed at the flaring wicks of the lamp. With a gesture that suggested the movement of a young animal, she rubbed the back of her neck with one hand, and leisurely turned her head first to one side and then to the other. Her brown skin was unusually pale, but there was no moisture in her eyes as she stared at the lamp.

"But I will pay you, Sor Tommaso," she said thoughtfully and softly.

Then turning her eyes from the lamp at last, she took up one of the knives from the table, looked at it, felt the edge, and laid it down contemptuously. In those days all the respectable peasants in the Roman villages had solid silver forks and spoons, which have long since gone to the melting-pot to pay taxes. But they used the same blunt, pointless knives with wooden handles which they use to-day.

Annetta started as she heard Dalrymple's tread upon the stone steps of the staircase, but she recovered herself instantly, gave a finishing touch to the table, rubbed the back of her head quickly once more, and met him with a smile.

"Is the beefsteak of mutton ready?" inquired the Scotchman, cheerfully, with his extraordinary accent.

Annetta ran past him, and returned almost before he was seated, bringing the food. The girl sat down at the end of the table, opposite the street door, and watched him as he swallowed one mouthful of meat after another, now and then stopping to drink a tumbler of wine at a draught.

"You must be very strong, Signore," said Annetta, at last, her chin resting on her doubled hand.

"Why?" inquired Dalrymple, carelessly, between two mouthfuls.

"Because you eat so much. It must be a fine thing to eat so much meat. We eat very little of it."

"Why?" asked the Scotchman again, between his mouthfuls.

"Oh, who knows? It costs much. That must be the reason. Besides, it does not go down. I should not care for it."

"It is a habit." Dalrymple drank. "In my country most of the people eat oats," he said, as he set down his glass.

"Oats!" laughed the girl. "Like horses! But horses will eat meat, too, like you. As for me — good bread, fresh cheese, a little salad, a drink of wine and water — that is enough."

"Like the nuns," observed Dalrymple, attacking the ham of the "Grape-eater."

"Oh, the nuns! They live on boiled cabbage! You can smell it a mile away. But they make good cakes."

"You often go to the convent, do you not?" asked the Scotchman, filling his glass, for the first mouthful of ham made him thirsty again. "You take the linen up with your mother, I know."

"Sometimes, when I feel like going," answered the girl, willing to show that it was not her duty to carry baskets. "I only go when we have the small baskets that one can carry on one's head. I will tell you. They use the small baskets for the finer things — the abbess's linen, and the altar-cloths, and the chaplain's lace, which belongs to the nuns. But the sheets and the table linen are taken up in baskets as long as a man. It takes four women to carry one of them."

"That must be very inconvenient," said Dalrymple. "I should think that smaller ones would always be better."

"Who knows? It has always been so. And when it has always been so, it will always be so — one knows that."

Annetta nodded her head rhythmically to convey an impression of the immutability of all ancient customs, and of this one in particular.

Dalrymple, however, was not much interested in the question of the baskets.

"What do the nuns do all day?" he asked. "I suppose you see them sometimes. There must be young ones among them."

Annetta glanced more keenly at the Scotchman's quiet face, and then laughed.

"There is one, if you could see her — the abbess's niece. Oh, that one is beautiful! She seems to me a painted angel!"

"The abbess's niece? What is she like? Let me see, the abbess is a princess, is she not?"

"Yes, a great princess of the princes of Gerano, of Casa Braccio, you know. They are always abbesses. And the young one will be the next when this one dies. She is Maria Addolorata in religion, but I do not know her real name. She has a beautiful face and dark eyes. Once I saw her hair for a moment. It is fair, but not like yours. Yours is as red as a tomato."

"Thank you," said Dalrymple, with something like a laugh. "Tell me more about the nun."

"If I tell you, you will fall in love with her," objected Annetta. "They say that men with red hair fall in love easily. Is it true? If it is, I will not tell you any more about the nun. But I think you are in love with the poor old 'Grape-eater.' It is good ham, is it not? By Bacchus! I fed him on chestnuts with my own hands, and he was always stealing the grapes. Chestnuts fattened him, and the grapes made him sweet. Speaking with respect, he was a pig for a pope."

"He will do for a Scotch doctor, then," answered Dalrymple. "Tell me, what does this beautiful nun do all day long?"

"What does she do? What can a nun do? She eats cabbage, and prays like the others. But she has charge of all the convent linen, so I see her when I go with my mother. That is because the princes of Gerano first gave the linen to the convent, after it was all stolen by the Turks in 1798. So, as they gave it, their abbesses take care of it."

Dalrymple laughed at the extraordinary historical allusion compounded of the very ancient traditions of the Saracens in the South, and of the more recent wars of Napoleon.

"So she takes care of the linen," he said. "That cannot be very amusing, I should think."

"They are nuns," answered the girl. "Do you suppose they go about seeking to amuse themselves? It is an ugly life. But Sister Maria Addolorata sings to herself, and that makes the abbess angry, because it is against the rules to sing except in church. I would not live in that convent—not if they should fill up my apron with gold pieces."

"But why did this beautiful girl become a nun, then? Was she unhappy, or crossed in love?"

"She? They did not give her time! Before she could shut an eye and say, 'Little youth, you please me, and I wish you well,' they put her in. And that door, when it is shut, who shall open it? The Madonna, perhaps. But she was of the princes of Gerano, and there must be one of them for an abbess, and the lot fell to her. There is the whole history. You may hear her singing, sometimes, if you stand under the garden wall, on the narrow path, after the Benediction hour, and before Ave Maria. But I am a fool to tell you, for you will go and listen, and when you have heard her voice you will be like a madman. You will fall in love with her. I was a fool to tell you."

"Well, and if I do fall in love with her, who cares?" Dalrymple slowly filled a glass of wine.

"If you do?" The young girl's eyes shot a quick, sharp glance at him. Then her face suddenly grew grave, as she saw that some one was at the street door, looking in cautiously. "Come in, Sor Tommaso!" she called down the table. "Papa is out, but we are here. Come in and drink a glass of wine!"

The doctor, wrapped in a long broadcloth cloak with a velvet collar, and having a case of instruments and medicines under his arm, glanced round the room and came in.

"Just a half-foglietta, my daughter," he said. "They have sent for me. The abbess is very ill, and I may be there a long time. If you think they will remember to offer a Christian a glass up there, you are very much mistaken."

"They are nuns," laughed Annetta. "What can they know?"

She rose to get the wine for the doctor. There had not been a trace of displeasure in her voice nor in her manner as she spoke.

(To be continued.)

F. Marion Crawford.

A HALLOWE'EN REFORMATION.

LADY MERRIWEATHER sat alone in the "great room," as the reception-room was called. It was Hallowe'en, and the good woman turned at times from the black cat that lay purring on the floor to the old mahogany clock that stood in the shadows in the corner. The clock had been associated with strange traditions and histories, and had a spectral look in the shadows.

"If he had been older when he was younger, he might have been wiser." She shook her gold snuff-box, and took a stimulating pinch of snuff after this charitable remark. "Some people are like babies," she added. "They find it hard to get used to the world. I hope that he won't come again to-night. But he always keeps Hal-

lowe'en with me. This is the night when they say that the dead visit the world. Let me stir the fire! Would that something might appear to *him!*"

The fire on the hearth caused the brass dogs to glimmer as a puff of wind came down the chimney from the roof.

"He said," she continued, musing, "that a brave heart never is daunted,— tut, tut!— that he never doubted anything, nor feared the face of clay,— tut, tut!— and that if ever I found cowardice in his heart he would leave me, but never before — tut, tut! Oh, Captain Tuttle, Captain Tuttle, I am tired of your 'tut, tut'!"

The black cat lay on the floor. Her eye fell upon it, and she said, "You blessed cat!" Then she lifted her eyes to the apostles' clock.

The house was old and grand. It was built of stone, and stood on the corner of Salem and Charter streets in Boston town. The ancient burying-ground now known as Copp's Hill was then a common, and commanded a beautiful view of the blue and restless harbor by day, and the lights on the churning rocks and windy sea by night. Soon after the fall of Quebec the masts and spars of old ships, and forty-five tar-barrels and fifty pounds of powder, had been used one night on this common to express the joy of the people. Under this illumination, and seen from the sea, Christ Church stood out on the hill like a ghost.

The house had once been occupied by Sir William Phips and his lady, and was known as "the old stone house on the faire greene lane of Boston town." Did not every school-boy of old Boston know that Sir William was one of a family of twenty-six unlettered children, born in a hut among the pines of Maine? That he courted a lovely widow much older than himself, and promised her that if she would marry him she should one day live in a house in "the faire greene lane of Boston town"? That the good woman believed him, and taught him to read? That he went in search of a sunken Spanish treasure-ship among the Bahamas, under the patronage of the Duke of Albemarle, and found it petrified among the deep-sea rocks, and fished up nearly a million dollars in gold? That he honestly returned with this treasure to the duke, and received a fortune for his own share? That he was knighted, and made one of the ten royal governors? That he built this tall stone house for his lady, who afterward came to own the high, windy mansion that was purchased for the Province House, the viceregal court of vanished lords and knights and heroes? What true tale of any land could more than equal this? Boys circled by the old stone house with open mouths and eyes, and women walked slow in "the faire greene lane," and looked up to the windows, and held on to their calashes when the wind blew from the sea.

Lady Merriweather was thinking of old Captain Tuttle of Louisburg fame. This local hero had sought her hand for many years, and he used to boast that he would never cease his attentions until he had won her heart. He usually came to visit her on Hallowe'en, one of his excuses for that special yearly call being his desire to talk about the lost Albemarle cup of gold, and see the midnight wonders of the apostles' clock.

For when the Duke of Albemarle had enriched Sir William, he had also sent to the sea-rover's wife a cup of gold. The king knighted the treasure-finder, so that the latter not only returned to Boston with a fortune for himself and a cup of gold for his wife, but he brought to the admiring dame the title of Lady, and she became known in "the faire greene lane of Boston town" as "my Lady Phips."

But after she died the gold cup disappeared. There was a whispered rumor that Lady Merriweather knew where the gold cup was, and there was a suspicion that she had hidden it somehow or somewhere in the apostles' clock that had belonged to Sir William.

Captain Tuttle had long visited Lady Merriweather — for years and years. She received him kindly at first as a suitor, and she seemed about to give him her hand when she learned that he was periodically given to "spells" of intemperance. She then informed him that she could receive him only as a friend. He promised reformation.

"Any one can reform if he have a sufficient motive," said Lady Merriweather. "If *I* am not a sufficient motive for your reformation, I must remain single. If your love for me will not reform you now, what could I expect after marriage?"

"Tut, tut!" said Captain Tuttle; "if I will remain sober for a year, will you take me then?" He looked up at her inquiringly, and pounded on the floor with his cane.

"Yes; if you will swear to remain sober ever after. A man who could remain sober for a single year could do so for life. I tell you, Captain Tuttle, that a man can do anything he chooses if he have the sufficient motive."

So promise was made, and it was Hallowe'en.

"Lady Merriweather, this is Hallowe'en, when cats yowl, and ghosts are abroad, and shutters bang — there goes one now! I shall come to see you and renew my proposals every year on Hallowe'en night until I reform."

"But, Captain Tuttle, why do you not reform now?"

"Tut, tut; it takes time, Lady Merriweather; it takes time. No one can be perfect all at once. But I 'll come round to see you just the same. Keep the apostles' clock always wound for Hallowe'en. There 's treasure there, I suspect — eh, Lady Merriweather?"

My lady was silent.

"They say ghosts walk on Hallowe'en nights; the dead all come back — eh, Lady Merriweather? Suppose Sir William Phips were to come back, what would he find in that clock-case — eh, Lady Merriweather? Maybe we will own it together some day; then I 'll know. I should think if the old witch-hunters appeared anywhere it would be here; of all the ghostly places in this windy town this is the ghostliest. Hark! Hear the shutters bang!"

Captain Tuttle claimed to have accomplished a wonderful feat in his day, and the story of it was a popular tale in old inns and ordinaries.

He had had firm faith that the fortress of Louisburg could be taken when the provincial officers at Boston laughed at the idea and plan. His name was Gideon, and he had gathered great inspiration from the Hebrew narrative which that name suggested. The biblical phrase, "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," had seemed to have a prophetic meaning and message for him. He had been told that there was a chapel inside of the fortress of Louisburg which was surmounted by an iron cross. As this cross was the only object of which he had heard *inside* of the fortress, he fixed his mind upon it, and aspired to capture it, and bring it to Boston as a trophy.

Captain Gideon Tuttle had ships at sea, and these were menaced by the stately fortress that had cost France millions of money and the labor of thirty years, and that afforded a safe harbor for the cruisers of the fleur-de-lis. His ships could never be safe in wars between France and England while this fortress stood.

So Captain Gideon had read his Bible, and thoroughly learned the tale of the "lamps and pitchers," and imbibed its confident spirit.

"Brethren," he said at a patriotic conference in the old South Church, "a man of faith can do anything. Do you see this right hand that has held the rudder and turned the wheel on the sea amid storms and hurricanes? It is the hand of Gideon. This hand shall one day bring down the iron cross from the French chapel in the fortress of Louisburg. The patriots are with me in this thing. We are going to buy a hatchet, and carry it about with us until we do; it shall be to us a sign, and we will be a sign unto this people. There can be no peace in these English colonies while that fortress stands; no safety on land or sea. Louisburg must fall. Let us select a band of men who can 'lap water,' and then break our pitchers, and let our lights shine."

Captain Gideon and his band purchased a new hatchet, and carried it about with them as a witness of their vow, and Gideon became a "sign" unto the people. On his return from the siege of Louisburg they brought back the iron cross. It may be seen to-day at Harvard University, over the door of the Gore Hall Library, one of the most curious relics of any of the old New England legends.

Soon after this patriarchal event, Captain Gideon had offered his heart, hand, ships, and fame to Lady Merriweather. She was a loyal Episcopalian, a firm believer in apostolic succession, and she did not find herself altogether in sympathy with this patriarch who received his commissions straight from the skies. She occupied her Sunday pew in Christ Church, in the quiet corner where the mysterious bust of Washington now stands — a bust that Lafayette pronounced the most lifelike of any that he had ever seen. There she had prayed for the Georges many years; and when her prayers had failed, she still loved the place where she felt that she had done her duty.

"The hand that brought down the sign of Louisburg shall one day lead that proud old maid to the parson — tut, tut!" said Captain Tuttle. "I never yet yielded my will or gave up my purpose to anybody or anything, and I never yet feared the face of clay. Else I will court her until I die. Her heart cannot be harder than the fortress of Cape Breton. Reform for a year? Of course I can. Is Gideon Tuttle a slave? *Next* year — *that* is the year that I will reform. Faith and time do all things. I did n't win at Louisburg to be defeated by a woman. I carry the hatchet yet, and her pride shall come down, down, down! I can wait." And he added "tut, tut!" many times over in a lower and lower tone until his voice was gone.

At the word "down" he had pounded his gold-headed cane on the floor. Captain Tuttle had his special words and manners of emphatic assertion. Most people did in those vigorous times. When he wished to make a positive expression,— and he was a very positive man,— he said "tut, tut!" and, lifting his gold-headed cane to the level of his eyes, brought it down to the floor with a report like a blunderbuss; and when he had thus ended, he felt that there was nothing more to be said — the final decision had been made. He also used the same expression "tut, tut!" to silence an opponent. It was usually effective, but failed when he made his first proposal to Lady Merriweather.

In his second proposal to the lady of the old stone house of "the faire greene lane," his "tut, tut!" was no more successful in turning aside her objections. But on this long-remembered occasion he brought to bear the special emphasis of his gold-headed cane.

"Lady Merriweather," said he — "Lady Merriweather, listen! If you should ever find my courage to fail in any situation of life, I will

leave you, as a cowardly heart ought to leave a noble woman like you. But, Lady Merriweather, I never yet feared the face of clay, and while my heart is brave I will never cease to seek your confidence. Remember Louisburg!"

He lifted his gold-headed cane to the top of his wig, and brought it down on the heavy oak floor with a bang; then added, "There!"

Lady Merriweather remembered Louisburg. It haunted her. It was the one rift of cloud in her serene life. She wished that Captain Tuttle would either reform, or else that he could be made to violate his vow in regard to fear, and so give up his patient purpose. She had often wondered if in the captain's nature there was not some secret avenue for fear to enter, and she once said she would give half a fortune, if she possessed it, to see the self-sufficient captain unmanned by some surprise or unexpected fright.

But the captain's conduct always sustained his words except his promise of reformation.

Only once had Lady Merriweather observed the slightest change in his nervous attitudes. There was a young officer in Phips's company at the time of the finding of the Spanish treasure-ship who had gone mad at the sight of the bursting sacks that the divers had brought up from the sea, as the gold coins covered the deck. This man had once lived in the old stone house in "the faire greene lane," and a report had gone out that his spirit still visited it, and caused discordant noises. Once, during a call on a gusty November evening, when the clouds were scudding over the moon, a hall door had blown open with a shrieking draft and a force that caused the floor to tremble. Captain Tuttle had started a little, and said with a voice of hollowness and mysterious awe:

"What 's that—the madman?" But immediately he became calm again, and added: "I never fear anything. A man who does right, and is sincere with the heavens, has nothing to alarm him in this world. A quiet conscience is stronger than Louisburg, as the Psalmist said."

The apostles' clock? It was a marvelous piece of mechanism, and had belonged to Sir William Phips. It had an enormous mahogany frame, and filled a corner of the high reception-room. Its weights were ponderous; it struck the hours like a bell, very slowly; and its face was a miniature heaven, in which were the sun, moon, and planets, and the signs of the zodiac. The figures on the dial-plate were made of ebony and gold.

Over the dial was a broad surface of polished mahogany, on which was a gilt picture of the head of Father Time, with a scythe gleaming like a crown above it. There were two open holes in the place of the eyes, which had been made for effect in the ticking and striking of this marvelous chronicle.

This strange structure had been presented to Governor and Lady Phips by some Boston merchants, and was called the miracle-clock at the time that the gift was made. One of the miracles that the patriarchal structure performed was to cause a procession of the twelve apostles in effigy to appear at midnight in a little balcony just over the face and open eyes of Father Time.

There was a feature of Lady Merriweather's miracle-clock that was particularly attractive to the children. After the clock had struck, and the row of apostles had passed over the little bridge, a silver cock on the top of the case opened his bill, and crowed. The mimic chanticleer had a secret spring that rasped upon some bits of internal machinery which produced this mimicry when the works within caused the bill to open. Lady Merriweather was fond of children, and she entertained them generously; and merry was the Christmas night when she invited them to witness the midnight miracles of the apostles' clock.

It was a gusty night. The window-blinds flapped around Garden Court, and it was only occasionally that a step was heard on the half-frozen street. The first cold "snap" of fall had come before the Indian-summer days. There was a great fire on the hearth, but the frost crystals formed on the diamond window-panes. Lady Merriweather was not alone. She had in the earlier part of the evening in Christ Church entertained some steeple-jacks for an hour after the service, and had made them presents, and sent them away. Hallowe'en was not much remembered in Boston at this time, outside of a few English families associated with Christ Church.

These families had loved to keep the remembrance of the old superstitions, and to pretend to believe that the dead return to their late habitations on that one night of the year, and mingle with the people as they used to do. They filled great tubs with water and floating apples, and tried to secure the apples with their teeth, and so bobbed their heads into the water. They hung sticks from the ceiling, with a burning candle on one end of them and an apple on the other, and twisted them, and tried to catch the apple in their teeth, and received smutches from the candle. They threw apple-parings over their shoulders that these might form the initial letters of their lovers' names. They combed their hair before looking-glasses in lonely chambers that their future husbands might appear and look over their shoulders. They told ghost-stories of castle life in old England, and sang ballads, the same as people now read Barns's "Hallowe'en," or Poe's "Black

Cat," or William Morris's tale of the Northern knight who visited Elsie with "his coffin on his back." The gift of pieces of cake on which were rings or sibyl-like poems and prophecies ended the merriment at midnight.

Apart from the rattling wind, the old stone house was very still. It is sweet to sit alone with a quiet conscience after deeds of charity, and Lady Merriweather was enjoying such a rest. A chimney breeze would anon cause the embers to glow again, and she recalled her faded years. Once, when the brightened fire flashed over the room, the black cat rolled over in the warm glow, and Lady Merriweather said again:

"You blessed cat!"

The cat had a great aversion to Captain Tuttle. She knew his step, and would run and hide when she heard it, and glance in at the windows or down the staircases to see if he had gone. She seemed to have caught the spirit of her mistress, and held him an unwelcome visitor.

It was half-past ten. Men were going home from the inns with quick step and jolly laughter.

Suddenly the cat gave a pitiful cry, jumped as if smitten, and ran around the chairs, casting a pitiful look behind her. Lady Merriweather listened. The hinges of the gate creaked. There was a step on the pavement, and presently there would be a rap on the door. Captain Tuttle was coming again.

Lady Merriweather arose, and went to the clock, opening the door and looking in. Why she did it she probably did not know. She was nervous, and felt that she must do something before the expected rap came. While she stood looking at the clock, the black cat ventured into the open room again, and hid herself under the folds of her mistress's dress.

There was a loud call from the brass knocker at the door — four heavy raps that echoed through the house. The cat vanished — where, Lady Merriweather did not know. Our lady went with nervous haste to answer the knock, leaving the door of the clock still partly open; and when she returned she closed the door of the timepiece.

It was Captain Tuttle, surely. There was a great bluster in the hall, and a loud pounding with the cane.

"Lady Merriweather," said the captain, "I 'm in time. I 've come to see if you have done your duty and wound the clock,— tut, tut! It is a mighty scary night — shutters banging, cats a-running, and clouds a-flying. In old Cotton Mather's days, when people's minds roosted in the air, they used to see witches on such a night as this. My mother used to know a woman who could fly; but that 's neither here nor there. Seems like old times to be here,— natural like,— this side of the skies of the long ago, as it were, Lady Merriweather."

The captain blustered along amid the still shadows of the reception-room, and stood under the astral adjusting his stock.

"This stock chokes me up," said he. "Makes me feel as though I was being hung. Just you fix it, and give it a twist, won't ye, Lady Merriweather? It takes two to tie a stock."

"I don't quite comprehend you, Captain Tuttle."

"Tut, tut! yes, yes, you do. The cart should n't get rid of the horse unless it 's going down hill. I 'm speaking in a figure now, like one of the old prophets. I 've got a sort of undercurrent of poetry in me, if it does all run to hollyhocks. The cart was made for the horse, and the horse for the cart, and the cart won't go right without the horse, unless it 's going *down* hill. You see, I 've brought a parable to ye, Lady Merriweather. There are some things we know that we rather speak in parables, Lady Merriweather. Now, let me set down here by the fire and talk of old times — old times, Lady Merriweather. This fire seems proper good. It 's a rough night on the sea, tut, tut!"

The captain faced the hard-wood fire until his cheeks grew red. There came a puff of the night wind down the chimney again, and he said, "Sho!" Then he walked the great armchair into the middle of the room, near Lady Merriweather, and looked up at the apostles' clock.

The pendulum swung slowly with a deep, hollow tick. It could be heard in all the rooms of the house on a still winter night. When there came a silence in the conversation in the room, the occupants were made to feel that time was passing. The case was made large for the purpose of lending a sounding tone to the pendulum and the bell.

There was a sudden break in the ticking of the great clock as Captain Tuttle gazed. He noticed it, but did not speak of it. Lady Merriweather seemed to be aware of the interruption, but indicated her interest only by a very perpendicular position and attentive ears.

The break in the measured sound came again. Each listened in silence. The captain said "Hal —" Then followed a low musical vibration of the bell.

Captain Tuttle looked at Lady Merriweather. How handsome she appeared! He only added "tut, tut!" and pounded his cane in an uncertain way.

There followed a little knocking inside the clock-case. The captain said, "Something — oh, tut, tut!" Each seemed to feel that there was something awry about the historic time-

piece, and each hesitated to speak about it. A nervous atmosphere began to fill the room. The captain pounded the floor again, and said, "Tut, tut!"

The silence became painful, and the captain was the first to speak. "What scenes that clock has seen! It has told the hours of a whole generation in the old stone house. I 've been around here myself nigh on to twenty year. It is almost winter with me; it is snowing in my hair now." He ran his hand through his hair, over his broad forehead, and continued: "How many weddings and funerals that old clock has timed! I can see them now. The people are comin', still-like, in black, and lookin' at the face of the dead, and wondering at the mystery of it all. We shall get there at last, Lady Merriweather, every one of us; and we are goin' on pretty fast, especially *us* — the horse without the cart, and the cart without the horse. How often I 've heard that clock strike *one* at the funeral, and seen the tall parson rise up slowly, and lift his gold-bowed spectacles, and say in a voice as hollow as the tomb, 'Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.' These words are mighty solemn, Lady Merriweather, when a man's voice is 'way down in his boots. But it is so, Lady Merriweather; to-day we are here, smart as pepper-grass, and to-morrow where are we? Where are the sparks that fly around? It behooves us to improve the time, Lady Merriweather; the clock will strike *one* for us all at last. I thought of that as I came by the hearse-house to-night. An awful lonesome kind o' place that old hearse-house is; but the slow carriage will come round for us, and it is time to be up and doin', Lady Merriweather. Don't the world begin to look lonesome to you, after all these changes, funerals, and things?"

"No, Captain Tuttle; I am in love with my quiet life in this old stone house. It is afternoon with me —"

"Tut, tut! Afternoon? I should think it was! It will all grow dark and chilly soon, and you 'll need some one to lead you down into the shadows. I 've laid siege to the old stone house, and I 'm growin' gray. Lady Merriweather, don't you think that it is about time that Louisburg surrendered?"

He looked at her aside from under his tufted eyebrows. Lady Merriweather sat in silence.

"Your heart can't stand the siege forever," said the captain. "The stars are ag'in' ye, Lady Merriweather; you are not as young as you once were,— that anybody can see with half an eye,— and I told you years and years ago that I would never give up hope until my heart ceased to be brave and I became a coward; and, Lady Merriweather, I was not brought up in these rocky parts to lose my courage at the hoot of an owl — tut, tut! I did n't mean to call you an *howl*, Lady Merriweather!"

The captain started.

"Land o' massy! What was *that?*"

There was a strange mingling of sounds in the clock-case. One of the heavy weights had mysteriously struck against the mahogany frame.

"See the case tremble," said the captain. "What do you suppose *it* is?"

They sat in silence. The captain's imagination began to grow.

"You don't think it is the mad sailor, do you?" said he in a slow, low voice. "I 'd hate to see *him*. But, Lor', it were nothin' — tut, tut! Where is my wits gone?"

"There have some strange things happened in this house," said Lady Merriweather. "It makes me gloomy sometimes to think of them, and I am *almost* glad that you came to-night."

"Almost, Lady Merriweather — *almost?* That is the first word of hope that you 've spoken to me of late, Lady Merriweather. It makes me quite happy — I am a happy man. Almost, almost! One step is all the way."

"You misunderstand me, Captain Tuttle. I meant —"

"Oh, tut, tut! You meant — you mean — well, I know what you mean — the heart of Louisburg is goin' to surrender. Let me tell you how it all was with me down to Cape Breton, Lady Merriweather — I never yet feared the face of clay. Let me tell you how it was *there*. Well, Lady Merriweather, it was Whitefield that gave us the motto for the expedition. Listen to it, Lady Merriweather, — I never shall forget it, — '*Nil desperandum.*'"

The captain might have added to it "*Christo duce*," which was needed to complete the legend.

"'Never despair' — that was it, Lady Merriweather. Well, we had a public fast, and then we sailed away three thousand strong. Sir Peter Warren with the fleet joined us at Canso — Great Peter! what was *that?* There it goes again!"

The captain stared at the clock. So did Lady Merriweather. The latter moved her chair up to a point a little nearer the captain. There came a rift of light over his face amid the shadows.

"That 's right," said he; "sit up nearer. Fear seeks companionship."

"But, Captain Tuttle, *you* are not afraid, are you?"

"Tut, tut! No, no; not afraid, but suspicious-like. What *do* you suppose struck the weight of that clock?"

"Go and see."

He hesitated.

"There 's nothing to see. Stands to reason

that there cannot be anybody inside that clock-case. You draw your chair up here, and don't be alarmed. We neither of us have got anything resting on our consciences—I ain't, anyhow (I 'm going to reform *next* year); and you would n't ha' had if ye *had* me. But we 're nervous. 'T is the same draft of wind that comes whisking down the chimney that shakes that there weight. Let me see. Where was I on the way to Louisburg?

"Well, as I was sayin', or goin' to say, we sailed out into the spring waters. The wild geese was honking overhead like so many funeral processions up in the air; the sea was steady and blue as the spring sky; and on the 30th of April, 1795, we came in sight of Louisburg. You should ha' seen it then. If we could take that fortress, mortal men could do anything, Lady Merriweather. The walls were from twenty to thirty feet high and forty feet thick; they were surrounded by a ditch eighty feet wide, and over them were the black mouths of one hundred and eighty-three cannon, besides sixty more in the approaches and lower batteries. What do you think of that, Lady Merriweather? Over two hundred guns! Why, the King of France once said that that fortress had cost so much that he expected to see it from his palace windows rise up and look over the sea. But we took it—and I 'm goin' to do it again, Lady Merriweather! The powers above! What *was* that? I thought I *see* somethin', Lady Merriweather."

"What was it?"

"It was awful. Sit up here. Now you are safe."

"What was it, captain?"

"It was an *eye*." Captain Tuttle crooked his index finger, and pointed it to his own eye.

"Where?" faltered Lady Merriweather. "Where?"

"Oh, we 're both nervous. We ought to be ashamed. You just keep your eyes on the clock, and tell me if you see anything peculiar. Look at the face of old Father Time there, under the scythe. Well, now, about Louisburg. I—oh, the guns!" The eyes of both were riveted on the clock.

"Well, we only had eighteen cannon and three mortars. The fortress could only be taken by there being a foe within it—that foe was *fear*, Lady Merriweather. I never knew what it was to know fear."

Lady Merriweather gave her chair a little jump. The captain seized her hand, and said:

"There it is again, Lady Merriweather. What did *you* see?"

"An *eye*."

"Where, Lady Merriweather?"

"In the eye of Father Time. Watch the clock!"

"That 's what I saw, Lady Merriweather. 'T is gone now."

"You go and see."

"But there 's nothing to see. There can't be anything human inside that clock, and there cannot be an eye there without a body. We have had a fit of the imaginations. I never had one before. Well, well, we laid siege to the town and fortress for six weeks, not five times six years. The worst of all fortresses is a stubborn woman's will and pride. Oh, Lady Merriweather, I have n't any piazza to my name, as you have; but I have n't any debts, and I have ships on the sea, and am an honest man; and this head ordered the iron cross to be cut down from the roof of the chapel of Louisburg, and this heart never felt fear."

Just here the captain leaped and Lady Merriweather started back.

"I saw it again!"

"Oh, captain, *I* did!"

"Two of 'em?"

"Yes."

"Two eyes in the openwork of the face of Father Time on the clock?"

"Yes, captain."

"Living eyes?"

"Yes, captain."

"Just like two balls of fire?"

"Yes, captain."

"And, Lady Merriweather—"

"Oh, captain!"

"It *winked*—it just did, one of *them* eyes!"

"The clock winked—*winked!* Oh, captain!"

"You 're sure, Lady Merriweather, that is no part of the clock's works."

"I never knew of such a thing before, captain."

"But that is a trick clock, and this is—Hallowe'en."

"True, Captain Tuttle; but those eyes were *living*."

"They must be spirits. There can be no living eyes without a body, and there can be no body inside of that clock-case. Let us watch and talk over matters. It is only one of the tricks of the clock on Hallowe'en, and you never discovered it before. That is a miracle-clock, Lady Merriweather."

"It belonged to Lady Phips," said Lady Merriweather. "There is much room in the case outside of the works. I have heard that Lady Phips used to hide her golden goblet in the case, as you said. The clock locks hard."

"The golden goblet, Lady Merriweather?"

"Yes; the one presented her by the crown in honor of the service of her husband. They say that it was worth a thousand pounds."

"Yes; I 've he'rn tell of it. I referred to it before. I wonder what became of it. 'T ain't there now, is it, Lady Merriweather? Maybe

't is *she* that is in there now. 'T is Hallowe'en. They do say awful things happen such nights, when treasures are hid. Is that so, Lady Merriweather? No, no — tut, tut! that can't be. What am I thinkin' of? I 'm gettin' kind o' confused. It was Governor Phips that formed the Court of Oyer and Terminer to try witches."

"And the golden goblet trembled in Lady Phips's hand when *she* was cried down upon as being a witch," said Lady Merriweather.

"Yes; and that was what ended the persecution. It makes people charitable to be accused of the same things that they condemn in others. But Lady Phips always pitied those who were accused of witchcraft, Lady Merriweather. Do you believe in *hants?* There ain't any witches in that clock — do you think there are, Lady Merriweather?"

She did not answer. Her face was white.

"Sho, sho!" said the captain; "we 're just two fools,— beg pardon! — but that is just what we are; and I wish we was only one. Let us reason. There can't be a living eye looking through a keyhole, or the eye of a clock, or the eye of a picture, without there 's a body to it. And there can't be a body inside of that case. Now, that is reasonable. Now, I 've told ye — now there!"

The captain got up nervously. He put his hands behind him, and went and stood by the fire. Over the fireplace was a printed parchment in a great frame. He looked up at it, and read slowly, in a tone of courage, as though indifferent to the strange workings of the clock:

"'Near this place is interred the body of Sir William Phips, Knight' — That means the Church of St. Mary, Woolworth, London. This is a copy of the inscription on Sir William's tomb — 'Who in the year 1687 — '" continued Captain Tuttle, reading.

"You don't see anything now about the clock that is strange, do you?" he said nervously, as a parenthesis.

"'— discovered among the rocks near the Banks of Bahama, on the north side of Hispaniola, a Spanish plate-ship which had been under water forty-four years, out of which he took gold and silver to the value of £300,000 sterling —'

"Massy, good woman, what a haul that was! You don't see anything now, do you?

"'— and with a fidelity equal to his conduct brought it all to London —'

"Honest, wa'n't he?"

"'— for which great service he was knighted by James II. —'

"He was a true son of Gideon."

"'— His lady hath caused this monument to be erected.'

"Lady Merriweather."

There was a deep silence.

"Lady Merriweather, did you know Lady Phips got married again?"

"No, Captain Tuttle."

"Well, she did. She married Peter Sargeant, him that owned the Province House. Lady Merriweather?"

"Well, Captain?"

"She got married *three* times! 'Cause she was a widder when she married him. And *you*, Lady Merriweather— the April skies pity ye!— *you 've* never been married at all."

There was a silence broken only by the loud ticking of the clock.

"And living here all alone among the spirits of dead sailors, and winkin' clocks, and cats, and in the rooms of those who persecuted the witches, too!"

He drew near her chair.

"Lady Merriweather, let us go and look at the portrait of my Lady Phips."

But Lady Merriweather sat as one petrified, with staring eyes. Slowly she raised her white hand, glittering with old jewels, and said:

"Captain Tuttle, look *there!*"

There was a silence. Lady Merriweather at last whispered:

"It is gone."

They sat still again. The spell of the past was upon them. There is something tomb-like in old houses in which the rooms, the pictures, the furniture, the arrangement of everything, are thoughts of a generation departed. The expressions of past life linger on in such places; the tenants of the tombs in the churchyards still live on in their old thoughts, plans, and dreams.

A night-heron swept over the old stone house in the moonlight, uttering a wild, sad cry as it passed. A dog howled on Copp's Hill, and some half-drunken sailors were heard staggering back to the ships near the Battery, singing "Nancy Dawson."

"I feel lonesomer than ever I did in all my life before," said the captain, when the sounds had passed. "This is a shaky world."

Lady Merriweather started.

"Captain Tuttle, Captain Tuttle, look *there!*"

"Tut, tut!" But he arose, and bent forward.

"Stand near me, captain. This *is* a shaky world."

The captain leaned over Lady Merriweather's chair, and stared as one petrified. His mouth opened, his wig bobbed, his ruffles quivered.

Against the eyeholes in the effigy of Time, in the crown of the clock, two living eyes were pressed, and the light in them was like two coals of fire.

"There 's — a — witch — in — the — clock!" he stammered. "I always said there were witches, and people need not laugh at old

Cotton Mather any more. Witches' eyes are coals of fire from the pit — them 's 'em!"

A shutter banged on a neighboring house. The noise seemed almost friendly in the awful silence. The moon could be seen over the top of one of the shutters, and the skeleton clouds flying over the moon.

"Lady Merriweather."

"Captain Tuttle."

"Don't you think that I 'm a very brave man to stand here and protect you, a lone woman, with the eyes of the invisible world searching me through and through? It 's gone!"

"Captain Tuttle, go up to the clock, and look into those eyeholes, and tell me what you see."

"I dare — put your hand on my shoulder, tender and steady-like, and follow me, Lady Merriweather. I 've looked into the cannon's mouth, but my soul never came so near shaking as it does now."

"Captain Tuttle, have you got anything on your conscience?"

"No, Lady Merriweather; no. Only *that* — that 's nothin'. I 'm goin' to reform."

He took one step, and Lady Merriweather followed him.

"The mysteries of life," said he wisely — "the mysteries of life — life's mysteries — are somehow the blossoming of hidden sins and crimes. Life's mysteries?" His mind seemed wandering.

"We 're two fools," he added encouragingly. "A thing that will not be of much account ten years from now is of little account now; but prudence is becoming at all times."

This expression of vague philosophy gave him an excuse to move very carefully, to step slowly in a very military and dignified way, as though inspecting an intrenchment of doubtful strength and force.

"Lady Merriweather, when I gave my head and my hands and my *heels* to my country — no, no — tut, tut! — I never gave my *heels*. I never run from anybody or anything. I meant my *sword* — my head, my hands, and my sword — to my country, Lady Merriweather — what was I saying? I never was shot in my heels. No, I never turned my back on any danger — I mean mysteries and dreadful confusings, Lady Merriweather — my thoughts are mixed. Let us move cautiously. You know Solomon said — "

He hesitated. His mind seemed sorely blurred and unsettled. "I wish that — "

He hesitated again. Lady Merriweather, now all nerves, faintly whispered, "Wish what, captain?"

"That there 'd be an earthquake."

"Oh, Captain Tuttle, let 's go on! Be a Gideon! Remember Louisburg!"

Lady Merriweather put her hand on his shoulder.

"I wish Adonijah Pettibone was here," said Captain Tuttle. "Adonijah never quailed before any battery at Louisburg. He always stood firm, Lady Merriweather. I will get the tongs, and fetch you the shovel. We can't tell what may happen." The captain got the tongs and shovel, returned, and bent forward his head with a cautious look of the eyes, which changed into a fixed stare.

"I can see those eyes in the clock now — 'way back in the case. You look. They are livin'!"

Lady Merriweather looked over the captain's shoulder.

"It is almost twelve," said the captain, "and the clock is going to strike. What do you suppose will happen *then?* They say that the cattle all kneel at twelve o'clock on Christmas night, and the water all turns into wine; and the dead — the dead all come out at that time on Hallowe'en."

"Oh, Captain Tuttle, you are nervous. It may only be our imaginations. I 've suffered as much in my dreams."

"Who did you dream about? I once heard of a man who seized a witch by the head, and she vanished right down into the earth, and left in his hand a lock of her hair."

There was a whir, whir, whir in the machinery of the clock.

"Don't let us go any nearer," said the captain; "it is going to strike. Wait till it *has* struck."

There was a dead silence. Presently the first of the twelve strokes of midnight fell, and echoed through the halls and empty chambers.

"*One*," said the captain, counting. "You count with me; 't will be company." There was a frightful silence.

"*Two*," said they both.

"There comes one of the twelve apostles — Peter, or Abraham, or Nebuchadnezzar, or some of 'em. My mind is all gone on the Scriptures."

There appeared a mimic apostle on the little balcony over the face of the clock, above the picture of Father Time, at each stroke of the clock.

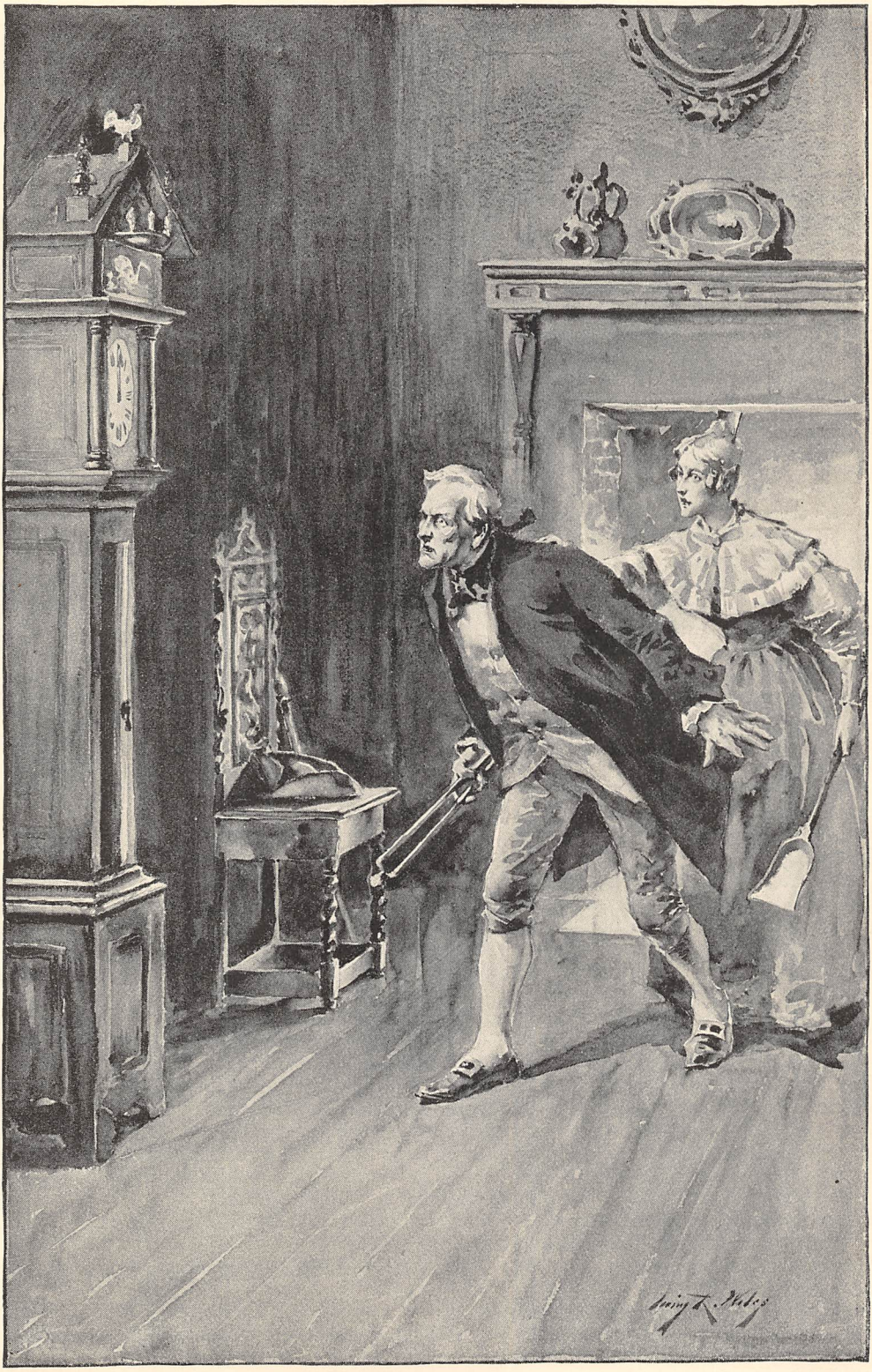
"*Three*," said the two at the third solemn stroke, as a third apostle appeared.

"Can you tell the names of all the apostles?" said Captain Tuttle. "I could when I was a child. That one looks like Ananias. Guess it be *him*."

"*Four*. And then comes another. Hear the clock buzz."

"*Five*."

"Next time 't will be six," said the captain, "and there ain't nothing happened yet."



"THERE WAS A WHIR, WHIR, WHIR."

"*Six.* There, I told you so — and there comes another one!"

"*Seven.*"

"Yeou-ow-ow!" It was a cry of terror and anguish.

"The mighty dead! What 's that?"

"It sounds human! Oh, captain, this is an awful night. I feel as though my hair were turning white. What shall we do?"

The clock-case began to tremble. There was a sound as of scratching within.

"*Eight,*" said Lady Merriweather.

"I can't count any more," said the captain. "That scratching sound all unstrings me."

"*Nine,*" said Lady Merriweather. "What do you suppose will happen when it gets to twelve?"

"Nine of them apostles have come out, and some of 'em are goin' in again. I wish it was mornin' — Je-ru-sa-lem! What was *that?*"

There seemed a struggle going on in the clock-case. The side weight knocked to and fro. Then something fell with a thud, and it was that last startling sound that caused the captain's exclamation.

The clock made eleven strokes, and twelve. The two stood with staring eyes, "like geese going to a funeral," as Lady Merriweather afterward said.

"I believe that the clock is goin' to turn into a human being, face, hands, eyes, and all," said the captain. "It was that wink — that all unstrung me."

Here the clock door seemed to be pushed from the inside.

"Heaven save us now! It 's coming," said the captain.

The catch of the clock door parted with a snap, and the door itself opened and stood still.

"Maybe 't is that mad sailor," said the captain, "or Ann Hibbin, or some other body that old Governor Phips hung. I can feel my wig crawl all around my head."

The door of the clock started again, and slowly opened a little wider.

"Lady Merriweather, this may be the last time. I have a confession to make. I have something on my soul, and I must speak it out. Lady Merriweather, I — *am* — *scared.* Hear my heart beat! I never yet feared the face of clay, but I can't stand these things of the invisible world. Cotton Mather could n't. My heart is weak, and my nerves shaky. I must speak true in the face of all these awful things. One can't afford to be insincere when the heavens are tumbling. Oh, Lady Merriweather — "

The clock door gave a shadowy jerk, as if suddenly shaken by an unseen hand.

"She 's comin'," said Captain Tuttle, in a nervous spasm.

"Who, Captain Tuttle? Who 's coming?"

"Lady Phips. If Cotton Mather was not ashamed to be afraid, why should I be?"

The shadowy door trembled again, like a warning.

"I can't stand this a minute longer. Let us run."

"No, Captain Tuttle."

"Then I will! You *follow!*"

The hero of the lamps and pitchers seized his hat, banged the door hurriedly, and the rapid tap, tap, tap of his cane was heard vanishing in diminuendo down the long street.

Lady Merriweather stood like a statue. A head looked out of the clock door cautiously and inquiringly, and uttered a pitiful, long-drawn, but very familiar cry.

"You blessed cat!" She sank into a chair by the fire. The ghost of the clock-case came to her, purring, and leaped into her lap. "You blessed, blessed cat! How light I do feel — my head and all! My heart is as light as a feather. He has forfeited his claim now. It has been our last Hallowe'en."

Not so, Lady Merriweather.

The night when the dead visit the world came again. Lady Merriweather had been told that year that Captain Tuttle had reformed, that he had had a "visitation from the invisible world" and been under "concern," and that these experiences had wrought a well nigh marvelous change in his character.

Lady Merriweather still lived in the old stone house. The clock, like a sentinel of duty, was still passing on the hours. The prudent cat lay on the rug by the fire.

The old rap came on the door; the old guest took his seat by the fire again.

"Lady Merriweather, I *have* reformed. The powers of the invisible world were too much for me. Stands to reason I don't want to die, and go *there.* Now I am not going to stay until midnight this Hallowe'en to see no apostles nor nothin'. I 'm comin' to business at once. I have been sober for a year, and I am never goin' to drink any more, except the water from the well in Spring Lane. You said in that case you would have me — tut, tut! — you said so — eh, Lady Merriweather?"

"Any man can reform if he have a sufficient reason. But, Captain Tuttle, I was not the cause of your reformation. Love was not. That was not a sufficient reason."

"What was, Lady Merriweather?"

"Fear."

"Oh, Lady Merriweather, that is a sorry word."

"Captain Tuttle, what do you think it was that was in the clock that night — last Hallowe'en?"

"That Phips woman."

"No, Captain Tuttle."

"Well, what was it?"

"The cat!"

Captain Tuttle rose slowly. He was about to bow and say good-by, when he altered his mind on seeing a feline object partly open the unlatched door and look inquiringly into the room.

"Scat!" he thundered. The cat obeyed.

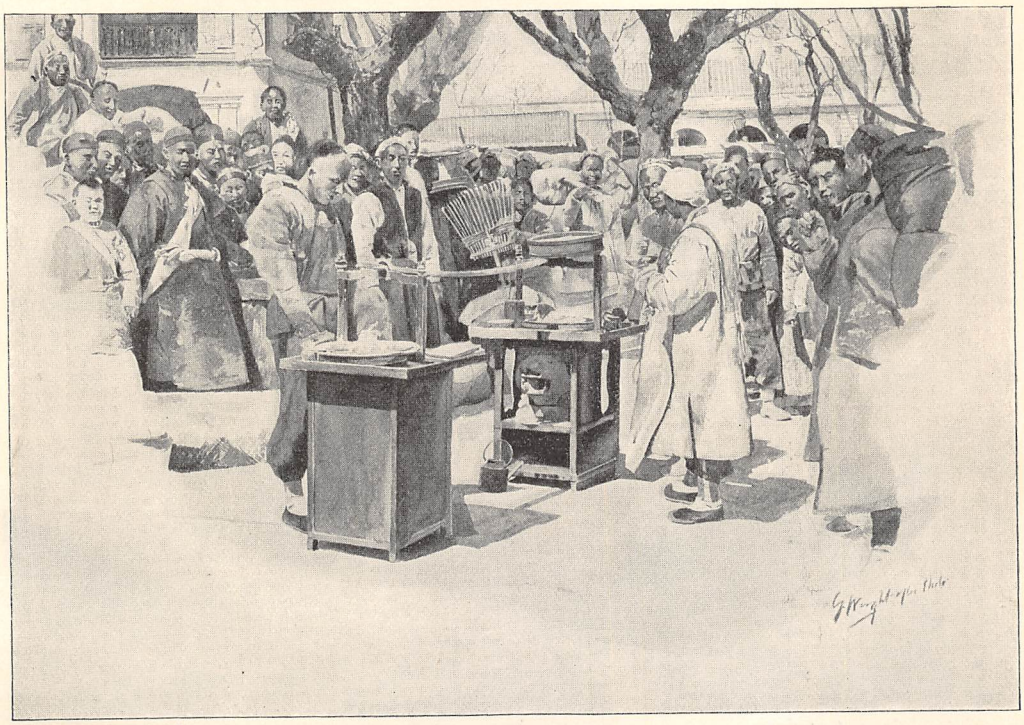
TEN years have passed. The old triangular-wall house is dark now. Captain Gideon and his good wife have kept Hallowe'en together seven times in the old stone house. The apostles have come and gone, and the silver cock has crowed these seven years; but the Albemarle cup has never been found.

"I did reform, did n't I now?" the old captain used to say on the night of the dead. "You used to say that any one could if he had sufficient reasons. You was Lady Merriweather then. Mrs. Tuttle, you were right."

Hezekiah Butterworth.

IN THE CITY OF CANTON.

HOW THE CHINESE WORK AND LIVE.



DRAWN BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

GROUP OF LABORERS AT LUNCH-TIME AROUND A VENDER OF FOOD.

AN ever-moving mass of strange figures, scenes, and colors, a wilderness of untranslatable sights, sounds, and odors; from which nebulæ certain coherent or incoherent forms and recollections have taken shape in my mind. From these impressions I shall endeavor to tell, in shadowy outline, of a great living reality.

In the dim gray of the morning the river steamer, a grand floating hotel, approached the city. The river was muddy, and swiftly flowing between low-lying banks of bright-green, level fields that faded into thin haze. A few Chinese boats lay anchored, or here and there floated with the stream.

A little gaudy-colored toy-junk, decked out with bright paper and tinsel, drifting seaward, passed close to our bows, and disappeared under our great paddle-wheels. It was an offering to joss, an inarticulate prayer for the repose of a dweller in the regions of death.

To the south a tall pagoda rose boldly on the riverside; a graceful column 120 or 130 feet high, built in eight or nine tiers, each

slightly smaller than the one beneath. Birds had carried hither seeds of the banian-tree or thick foliage vines, and from the balconies were festoons of drooping dark-green creepers falling sometimes to the stage below and partly hiding the narrow doors and windows showing in the walls of the tower. Here was another symbol of joss-worship, a sort of constant and automatic prayer for a blessing upon the fields.

As pink and yellow sun's rays were lighting up the sky we drew within sight of a multitude of roofs and buildings. A dull pall of smoke hung over the whole city — smoke risen during the past night and evening from the million fires, the illuminations, and the incense-sticks burning in this huge human ant-hive.

Boat-life soon began to be vigorously animate; hundreds of craft swarmed about us, some plying up-stream, others down-stream. Sometimes, as if his very soul were in jeopardy, a native boatman struggled to cross our bows, and, having succeeded, rested idly, gazing at the ship, and waited until he saw us steam away from him.

Then came to us the clamor of the boat-city. There were apparently millions of people in boats; the water was alive with them. Boat lay against boat — Chinese gunboats, junks, house-boats, sampans, slipper-boats, canoes, all full of busy figures. The great steamer, overshadowing all in size, threaded her way slowly through this endless maze of flotsam humanity. Closer we drew to the city, and the lighter craft gathered around us, full of yelling, gesticulating men, women, and children, all touting for the custom of the hundreds of their countrymen who were passengers by the river steamer. The wharves were built out into the stream, and in the recesses between them lay the slipper-boats, packed together like drift-wood on a quiet eddy of a flooded river, and so named because they resemble nothing in the world so much as an old slipper with a pointed toe.

A Chinese guide speaking English was of course necessary to an English-speaking foreigner; also two chairs, one for the guide, one for me. These chairs — comfortable, deep-seated trays or boxes of wickerwork fixed on the middle of two springy shafts about sixteen feet long — were provided with a high-backed seat and a thick green awning. Two of the chair-bearers lifted the ends of the shafts to their shoulders; two others stepped underneath and between them, and with a strap from shaft to shaft assisted to carry the weight upon the backs of their necks. And then away they trotted merrily down some exceedingly narrow and crooked lanes thronged with rapidly moving people.

I had expected soon to reach the streets, but



DRAWN BY ALEXANDER SCHILLING.

A CREEK, CANTON.

after a while it dawned on me that from the first I had been in the streets, and, what is more, in the principal streets, of the city. Through miles and miles of streets ran the bearers — streets tortuous and winding, which twisted and crossed one another; over rough granite bridges spanning muddy ditches, under granite archways, through walls twenty or thirty feet thick; streets lined on each side with shops, endless shops, interspersed here and there with dwelling-houses or temples; then shops again, and restaurants, and open stalls in wider places, where native artists might be seen plying their trades, and shops where sat more affluent merchants disposing of wares made elsewhere.

Little if any sunlight struck down into these ways. Their narrowness would have prevented the intrusion of any but vertical beams, or those slanting parallel with the street, and, to guard against even these, a shade-loving people had hung matting overhead. This gave the city the aspect of a huge straggling bazaar sheltered beneath a great ragged roof.

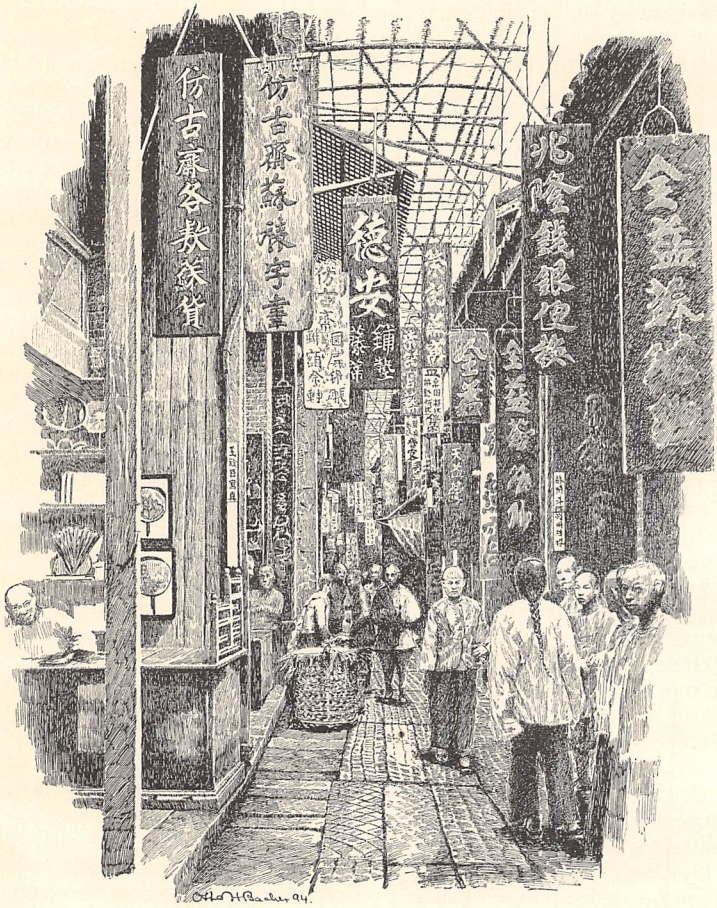
The awning over my chair interrupting vision, I had it removed, and when, as sometimes happened, we came into places where the dazzling sunshine was so fierce as to be almost painful, I held up an ordinary umbrella. But often I had to close the umbrella lest it should catch in the walls or door-jambs on each side of the way. Once or twice when a coolie, wearing his large flat head-gear, passed us, he stopped, and tilted his hat upon one side to prevent its being knocked off by the chair. There was not room for the chair and the hat side by side in the same street.

The thoroughfares in the older portions of the city vary from about four to six or seven feet in width. In the newer quarters there are frequently ten and even fifteen feet of space between the houses on each side.

These narrow ways were thronged with tens of thousands of people; looking along them it seemed almost as if one could walk upon men's heads, so close were they. High and low, rich and poor, all rubbed shoulders. Coolies, naked save for loose drawers rolled high up the thighs, carried, on each end of a six-foot stick, water, firewood, and burdens of various sorts; when an exceptionally heavy load was to be carried, some four coolies bore it, slung on the middle of a bamboo, two at each end of the pole. Peddlers carried their wares in baskets slung at each end of a stick, or in flat trays hung like an old-fashioned pair of scales, with the pole or beam on their shoulders. Carriers thus bore creels of fruit, fish, and all sorts of esculents; live rats, cats, and dogs in wicker baskets; fat pigs in wicker cylinders, sometimes with their legs hanging out; and boxes, bales, and trays of toys. Through the throng exalted Chinamen, fan in hand, in silken gowns, and with queues pendent far down the back, made their slow way in dignity. There were plenty of women and children also in the crowd; some of the women hobbling painfully along on their tortured and distorted feet, which, from the tight binding, were so shrunken and diseased that their shin bones had become fleshless skeleton supports covered with a wrinkled parchment skin, and their legs seemed to be little better than gnarled and knotted stumps. Occasionally an empty chair was seen in this crowd, or a chair in which sat some mandarin, with awning and delicately fashioned lattice-blinds closely drawn, or a man who hawked small wares or sweets for sale, and carried in one hand a little flat metal plate and a string with a small weight tied to one finger. With each twitch of his finger a clear, musical note rang sharply in the air. Ping! ping! ping! sounded his little gong, heralding his approach from a long way off. Who knows? Perhaps from this primitive but artistic appliance has in the course of ages been evolved our muffin-bell — sweet music in the ears of those setting forth in quest of five-o'clock teas. Anon our progress was checked by a funeral procession, which struggled past us amid a blare of discordant trumpets, beating of gongs, and screeching of stringed instruments, the mourners bearing aloft paper and tinsel dolls, bright streamers, or little trays of food and sticks of incense.

The coolies, who had their queues knotted up, wore, for the most part, a hat shaped like a flat lamp-shade about two feet across. A little cup-shaped wicker basket fixed underneath it held this covering over their heads, and it served more as a sun- and rain-shade for the body than an actual head-covering. Clerks, merchants, and well-to-do people carried their queues loose, and were either bareheaded, or covered with a black satin or very fine black wicker skullcap with a coral button on the top.

Every one seemed busy; no one seemed unhappy; each individual was polite, and prepared to make way for another. To keep to the right was the rule of the road, a rule strictly adhered to, without which all progress would have been impossible. As I looked along the crowded way, I could see always two long lines of people in single file, passing one another, and keeping close to their respective right sides. In places the streets so narrowed in that passers-by rubbed shoulders. Every one stood aside for the passage of a funeral or a priestly procession, after which the acknowledged order of precedence was first a chair with a passenger,— though even this moved aside to allow a passage to the lowest-class laborer staggering beneath a heavy load,— then any person carrying a load, and lastly those who were unen-



A CANTON STREET.

cumbered by burdens. A mandarin on foot, or a wealthy merchant with a richly embroidered gown, moved aside to allow the coolie wood-carrier to pass along uninterrupted. There were no policemen at corners to regulate traffic; old-established custom, based on a policy of mutual obligation, took the place of a man in blue.

A very noticeable feature of the street-life was the absence of all such animals as other nations use for draft and burden. Cats, pigs, and dogs were the only lower animals to be seen, the two former being chiefly in baskets for sale. The Cantonese dog is a most remarkable and picturesque creature of the fox type, and about his size, but shorter in the body. He is a little yellow, prick-eared beast with a bushy tail curled over his back. He lolls about lazily, his open mouth with purple-black lips and tongue giving him the appearance of having just finished a feast of ripe mulberries — and of having eaten too much. The horse, the donkey, the mule, or the ox were nowhere to be seen, save for an occasional sad-looking, emaciated specimen tethered close to the brick-work within the archway of one of the gates of the outer walls, where a countryman had left him while he visited the town.

Several canals, or tidal ditches, intersect the city, yet for its protection are kept isolated from it by brick walls some fifteen or eighteen feet high. These walls are faced with brick inside and out, and between the casing, a distance of from fifteen to twenty feet, is earth filling. The stone bridges, which at intervals span the canals, lead at each end into brick archways with granite copings, built from casing to casing through the earthwork between. The gates shutting off the bridges from the town are curious, clumsy old structures of wood, faced with strips of rusty, worn-out hoop-iron or big-headed iron nails. They reminded me of English defenses of many hundred years ago, such as are to be seen at Carisbrook Castle and many old historic keeps in England.

The buildings on each side of the street rarely exceeded twenty feet in height. They were one-storied structures as a rule. Some-

times there was a distinct upper story, but there the ground floor had but a low headway. Frequently balconies ran round inside the open stalls which served as shops, and a half upper floor or loft stretched behind; in fact, when the shops were open, the whole front of the house was taken away. Generally, from the eaves of the buildings light bamboo structures were carried across the streets, and hung with grass matting. Sometimes, however, they were more elaborately covered with a substitute for glazing.

The street-paving was of loose granite slabs laid crosswise, about nine inches broad and six inches through, and as long as the street was wide. Although presenting a somewhat irregular surface, the face of each slab was generally worn smooth by the treading of unshod feet. A drain ran down the center of each street, under the granite slabs, into which, between the joints, percolated rain-water, fluid refuse, and house slops. These liquids ran out into the main tidal canals which intersected the city, and when they did not run, as was not infrequent, the slabs were raised, and the drains cleaned out.

The foul smells of the streets of Canton are to my mind greatly exaggerated. But it is no doubt a city of many odors, strange and various. The houses being generally open to the streets for almost their whole front, and the greater part of the town being roofed in, vapors from cooking continually fill the covered ways. Strictly speaking, few smells from the process of food-preparation are pleasant, and to European nostrils the odors from Chinese cook-pots are certainly unsavory. Imagine Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and Wapping compressed into the narrowest avenues, covered in overhead, with all the houses open at the front, with cookery going on in every house at the same time within a few feet of the pavement where every one walks. Conjure up, as a setting for these culinary vapors, a moist, sweltering heat, an atmosphere heavy with the mingled odors of incense, joss-sticks, opium, sandalwood, Chinese cabbage, strange roots and vegetables, which fill the place of our onions and garlic, wood-smoke and vapors from fried-fish shops, and add to the conglomerate smell thus obtained an occasional reek of a stagnant drain or a public latrine; then possibly it will be understood how in Canton there are strange pervading odors which are perhaps more trying to a foreigner than would be any definite nastiness.

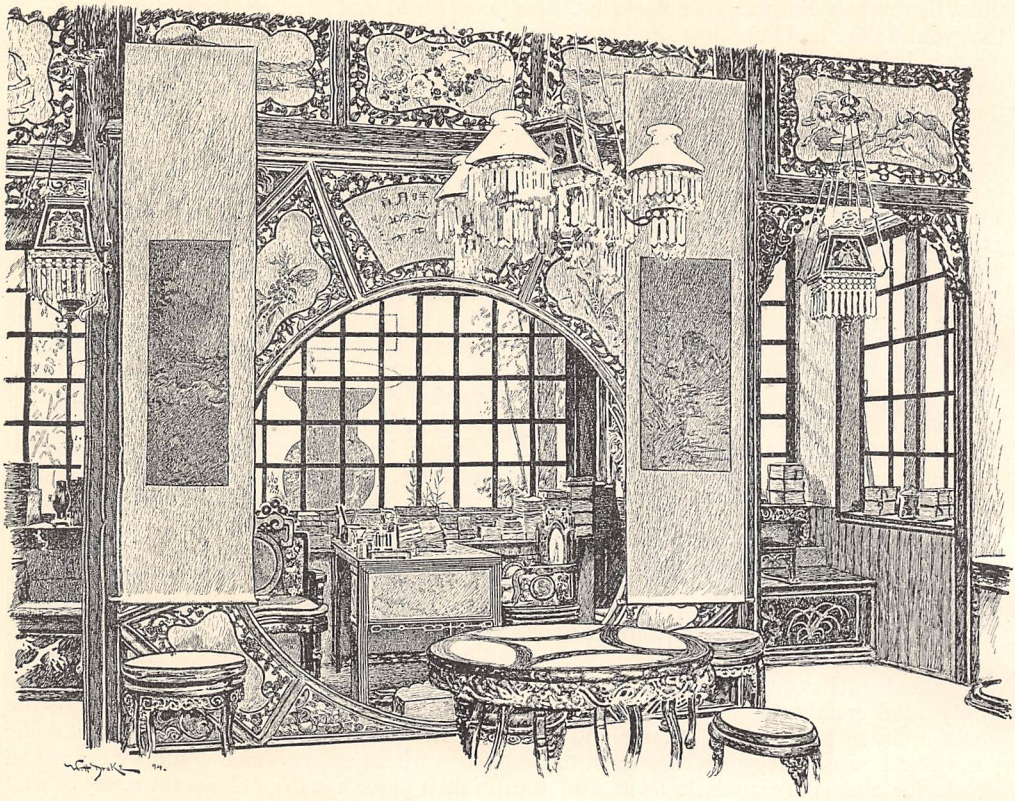
A Chinaman would no doubt find it a difficult task to describe, in a few hundred words, the London shops so that his countrymen who had never seen the like might understand what they really appeared to him to be. But I am convinced that an even more difficult problem faces the writer for an English-speaking public who seeks to sketch in words the streets of Canton, and the inscrutable race of people some of whose customs may there be seen.

The shops were of all sizes. Some were seven or eight feet square, with the back premises closed from sight; some were twenty or twenty-five feet wide, reaching back thirty or forty feet. Perhaps an average-sized shop, in a fashionable neighborhood, was about fourteen feet wide and twenty-two feet deep. It was open, of course, to the street, with no shop-front, but generally there was a counter along one side, and another at the back. There was almost invariably an oblong opening through the roof, to admit light and air, unclosed to the sky in summer, but with provision for a glazed light in winter. In the poorer class of houses this skylight could be shut by drawing a cover over it.

To a certain extent the wares were displayed, but not as in our windows. Pottery and hardware had a better display than soft goods; food was exhibited in open trays, or was hung up. The goods, as a general rule, were made in the shops where they were sold, and workmen were to be seen fashioning the articles in all the stages of their manufacture. There were some shops where no workmen could be seen, and in their place a staff of clerks sat ready to wait upon customers; these were not numerous, and were as a rule shops relying chiefly upon tourist trade.

The Cantonese shopkeepers struck me as being generally fat, sleek, pot-bellied gentlemen. Commonly the only article of clothing worn either by them or by their assistants was loose Chinese drawers fastened round the hips. In winter they don a soft, warm, padded blouse. Placid, unexcitable-looking folk were they, taking life coolly, sitting thus naked to the waist, ceaselessly waving their fans while they waited for custom, for which, however, they did not appear to tout.

Signs of all colors, sizes, and shapes hung out from the shops; from a board ten or twelve inches wide, and six or seven feet long, hanging vertically, to a little strip of wood or paper of about the same proportions in inches. The lettering of these signs was gorgeous — gold letters on a crimson ground, vermilion on a black ground, blue on white, or some other striking contrast. Bright-colored lanterns hung all across the shop-fronts, and around the walls, or were suspended in the center. They were bamboo constructions covered with tough, oiled paper, and painted with signs and hieroglyphics — quite unlike the flimsy forgeries sold in Europe as Chinese lanterns. At night these were lighted, the Chinese being very fond of illu-



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

SITTING-ROOM AND LIBRARY OF THE COMMISSIONER OF CUSTOMS, CANTON.

minations. All sorts of oils were used — fish-oil, tallow, vegetable-oils, kerosene, of which last over one million gallons of the American variety are burned yearly in the city. At the time of my visit the authorities were introducing electric lighting for their streets, and for the better-class shops and houses.

When everything was well alight, the sight was very fine. Even in the daytime the effects of color were novel, pleasing, and warm. Black and brown lacquered-work cabinets, metal-bound; ebony tables inlaid with ivory, marble, and mother-of-pearl; deep blue and maroon colored pots, gray and gold ware, yellow and green; gold dragons embroidered on black satin gowns, blue and silver wraps, and cloaks of vermilion and purple; richly cut carvings in quaint fantastic shapes — a blaze of color that was bewildering, a variety that was endless.

In the less fashionable quarters the trades were generally somewhat centralized: five or six fish-shops stood close together; and so it was with bakers, ironmongers, glass-blowers, silk-weavers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, coffin-builders, blacksmiths, fruit-shops, restaurants. Where one of a trade was located, there was generally found several fellows.

The food purveyors made a most striking display; the fruiterers exposed on flat trays bananas, pineapples, melons, figs, pears (the latter, beautiful to the sight, but hard and tasteless), together with many Chinese fruits whose shapes and tastes were familiar to me, but whose names I knew not. Some of these fruits were most artistically peeled, pineapple peeling being quite an art. A great variety of vegetables was offered for sale. Among them were the white shoots of the bamboo, which seemed to be a favorite article of diet. But to what use, indeed, may not this wonderful grass be put! From it Chinamen make almost everything conceivable: hats, cloaks, sheets, carpets, roofs, buildings, baskets, chairs, carrying-poles, fishing-tools — the list might be prolonged *ad infinitum*. And then they eat it as well.

Preserving ginger in many forms was a noticeable trade. The roots were washed and left in water, as an English cook treats potatoes before boiling them. A number of men and women holding a two-pronged fork in each hand sat around a table with the tubs of peeled ginger beside them: they picked ginger roots out of the water, and, laying them on the table, pierced them all over very rapidly with both forks until quite soft. The pierced roots were

then put into another tub, where they were boiled in syrup. The ginger went through various other minor processes until eventually it was packed in the earthenware jars in which it is sold in European shops. The whole process was certainly a clean one, and the smell of the aromatic root in preparation was both grateful and pleasant.

In the bakers' shops I saw nothing corresponding to our European loaf: solid-looking little yellow patties, slabs of flabby brown cakes, emblematic of concentrated dyspepsia; scones, or an equivalent, apparently of fried batter; and great flakes of milk-white, slippery-looking paste not above an eighth of an inch thick — to be rolled up and deftly sliced with a cleaver-shaped tool into long strings like macaroni. These foods were to be seen everywhere in the city, but nothing light and open. To my eyes the breadstuffs seemed sad, solemn, soddened, and bilious.

In Canton the fishmonger's is a most important trade. The Chinaman is a born fisherman; he also has for ages past cultivated a system of artificial breeding and rearing of live fish for the market. In the shops were displayed live and dead fish, fish fresh and salted, smoked and preserved. One variety was like whitebait, in baskets, graded from tiny things not half an inch long to what appeared to be the same fish grown to eight or nine inches in length. These were sold fresh, salted, and smoked. Shark-fins are a delicacy. There were fish mottled and barred, bright and dull, fish of quaint and (to us) unknown shapes; but foremost, above all, and everywhere to be seen, were the artificially grown live fish.

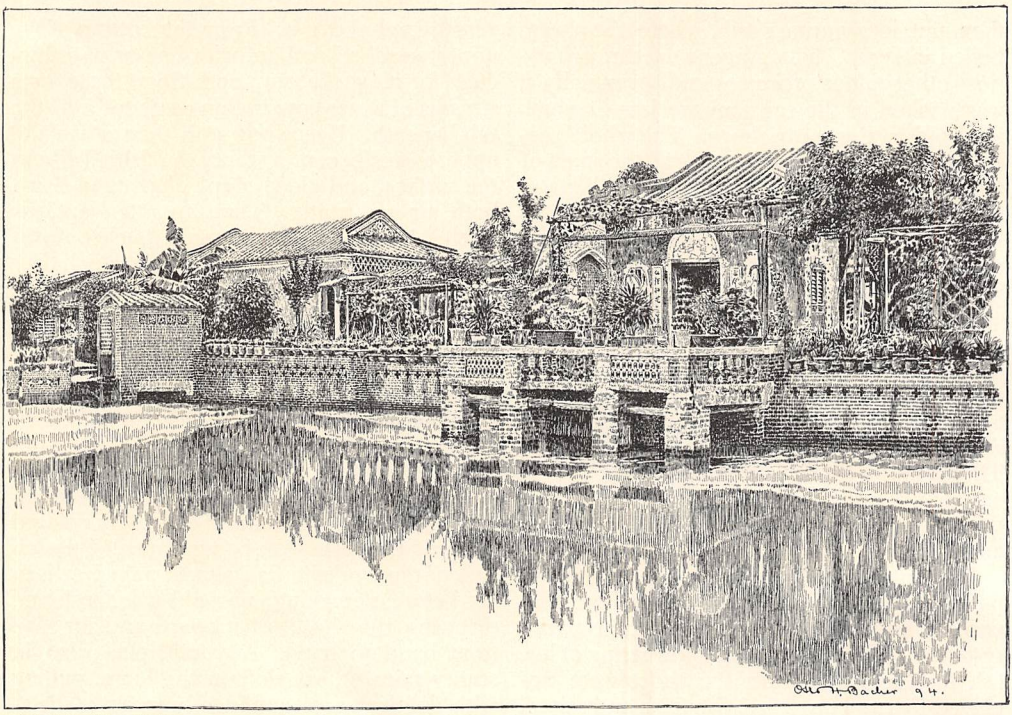
A wonderful creature was this, always appearing to suffer from heat, gasping at the surface of the water for breath, and recalling Verdant Green's fish, that were beginning to sweat and complain. They were as tame as domestic animals, seemingly careless of being knocked about, thrown from ponds into boats, from boats into tubs, from tubs into buckets, and then back into tubs again. They were used to being handled and inspected, and, if disapproved, put back into the water; to be sold alive if bought whole, or cut to pieces while living and sold in bleeding chunks. A thick, short fish is this, of the mullet shape, averaging about fifteen inches in length, and weighing about three pounds, but sometimes longer, and running up in weight to as much as four or even five pounds. When cut up they bleed like pigs, and to show how freshly they are killed, the salesman is in the habit of slicing a live one into pieces, and with the blood smearing all the pieces for sale, so that they look reeking and horrible to European eyes. To keep them alive in the shops, they are always placed in a large tub with a smaller vessel fixed above it. From the bottom of the upper vessel a bamboo, with one or two saw-cuts in it, sticks out, and from these cuts streams of water flow in thin cascades into the tub beneath. Every now and then when the upper vessel becomes empty the fish all rise to the surface, and glop! glop! glop! take down both air and water. Then an attendant, attracted by the noise, plunges a bucket down among them, and from the water in which they swim fills the upper vessel full again.

To attempt to do justice to the thousand trades and arts that supply the wants of this wonderful people, and help to satisfy the needs and desires, and soothe the luxurious, artistic tastes, of Western nations, would demand much greater space than could be granted to a descriptive paper.

In a grimy, ill-lighted shop with an earthen floor the most beautiful and delicately colored silks and brocades were being woven. On each side of the workshop an almost naked artisan sat before a creaking, ages-old wooden loom, throwing the shuttles backward and forward from hand to hand. A youth, clad also in scanty raiment, sat aloft in the loom, pulling with his fingers most confidently a mass of seemingly tangled and crossed threads — upon the correct manipulation of which depended the wonderfully accurate and complicated patterns he and his companion were weaving. Between the looms two or three women were moving about, knotting up a thread here and there, replacing empty shuttles with full ones, and performing other tasks that I did not understand. In the background a number of young children sat before spinning-wheels, like those of the fairy-tales shown in our childhood's picture-books, and from wet and dirty-looking little wads of material wound out upon the wheels beautiful gossamer skeins of glistening silk, which they then transferred to the bobbins and shuttles. One family seemingly did all the work at one loom, and two families made a factory.

Farther along the streets were the ivory-carvers, all working in sight of the passers-by. Men shaped from a dingy-coated elephant's tusk objects of living wonder and beauty — sprites and goblins, gods and devils, caricatures of human form, things unlike anything on the earth, or in the waters beneath, or in the heavens above. Animals, birds, and creeping things grew out of this dead ivory to take shape and live in almost noisy gambols around the spiral tusk. Paper-knives, -weights, combs, backs for brushes, ornaments, hair-pins, cunningly carved globes within globes, toys, and many strange things had birth in these quaint and primitive workshops.

Near by were the wood-carvers, sitting on the floor of their booths, and holding with



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

PUBLIC GARDENS AT WHAMPOA, NEAR CANTON.

their feet the timber from which they chopped out, and with chisels graved, dragons, scrolls, flowers, birds, signs for shops, figureheads for boats, chair-backs, marvelously carven cabinets, and curiously fanciful objects. Every workman chipped away as if his life depended upon his industry, and seemingly developed each design as he worked, from the inner consciousness of his weird imagination. I could see no prearranged design for any piece of carving, nor were there any models to be seen in the ivory-shops.

The silver-worker hammered away at his pots, and reptiles and flying things, manikins, elementals, giants, and legendary personages grew out of his labors. He also skilfully wove wires together, which took shape as delicate filigree forms; or he joined tiny leaf-like plates with filigree scrolls, and with the beautiful sheeny feathers from a kingfisher's breast inlaid the plates in brilliant and unfading tints.

The gold-worker displayed cunning workmanship of like nature. The gold-beater in his open shop, two or three feet back from the passing streams of people, hammered away at ingots, bars, and plates until the thin leaf for gilding was obtained. Two workmen had an anvil placed on the ground between them; the sheets of gold were divided by dark-brown tissue, and, with a very wide-faced hammer fixed upon a very thick, straight handle, they beat away blow after blow in turn. Behind each beater stood a boy with a large feather fan, whose duty it was to fan the laborer while he toiled.

The stone-carvers, like most other craftsmen, sat above their work. Unlike the Westerners, whose hammer-faces are hard and chisel-heads soft, the Chinese stone-cutter uses a soft-iron hammer — a round, mop-like lump of iron with a handle through the center. The chisel is of iron, with steel point and head; the round, hard-steel head wears in a short time a cup-shaped hole or socket in the hammer, and it seems almost a marvel that a true blow can be struck with such a tool. The stone-cutter uses long hand-saws, and sits to his work. With one hand he pushes the saw, with the other he moves in the opposite direction a little water-mop to keep the saw-cut clear.

The blacksmiths, fitters, file-cutters, iron-founders, and iron-workers were all to be seen laboring away in their little shops. File-cutters sat, and, holding with their toes an untempered file-iron in a grooved anvil, notched it, using a little steel cutting-tool and hammer with amazing rapidity.

Chinamen boil their rice in flat vessels shaped like deep saucers. From twenty to thirty inches across and from six to nine inches deep is the usual size of these utensils, which are cast wonderfully thin, the metal rarely exceeding an eighth of an inch in thickness. The blast-furnaces are shaped like large, squat lamp-chim-

neys, and fuel and metal are fed through the narrowed opening at the top. The frugal Chinaman while he works also uses his furnace-fire to cook his evening meal. The forge-bellows are like an engine-cylinder; a boy, sitting down, works like a rower, and pulls the piston in and out. Frequently imposing pieces of iron-work are turned out from these primitive shops, and often engines, boilers, shafting, etc., of European manufacture are repaired there, or almost entirely renewed. Charcoal serves mainly for fuel, though in some cases European or Australian coal is used.

Jade is the article most highly prized for jewelry by the Chinese. A jade bangle in Canton would fetch a higher price than one of diamonds and gold. The jade is cut by tools worked with a reciprocating motion driven by a rocking foot-treadle. I saw no rotary lathes in Canton; they may be used, but are certainly uncommon. Some of the small alternating spindle-drills worked by encircling cords are very pretty and most effective, but so far as I could see the Chinaman has not yet reached the stage of rotary tools.

Cloth-weaving, glazing, corn-grinding, rice-husking, as carried on to-day in Canton, must surely bring us face to face with the selfsame methods employed when our civilization was yet undreamed of. Still more primitive than that used in producing silk fabrics is the loom of the cloth-weaver. The dyers had establishments near by, and the most striking feature connected with their work was the manner of glazing cloth after its removal from the dye-tubs. This process was most interesting.

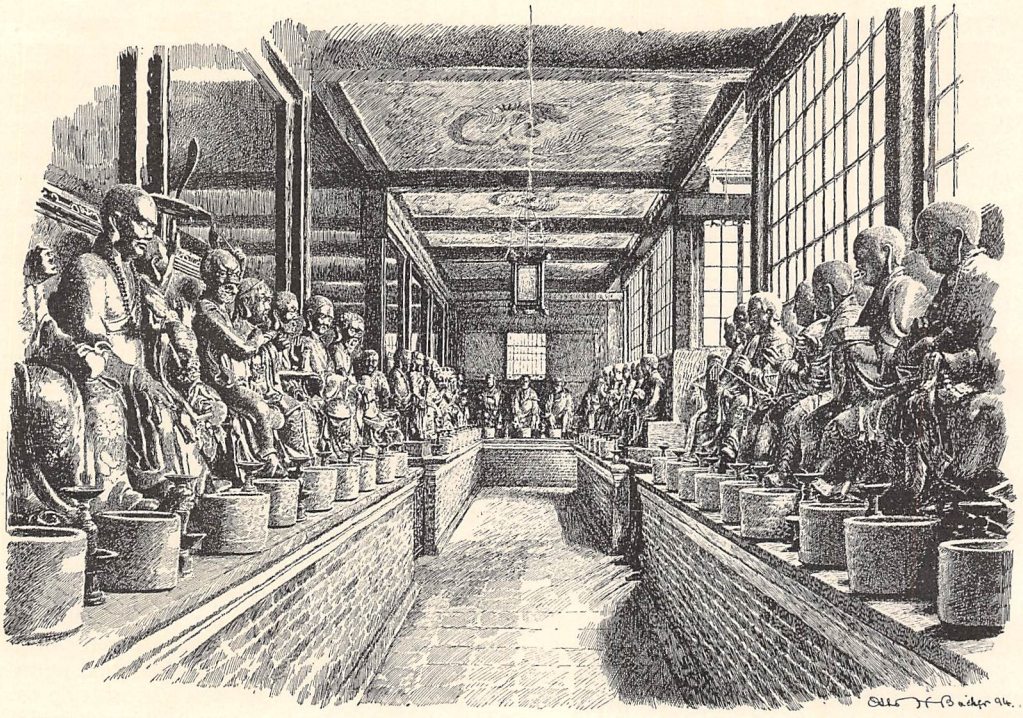
In a half-moon-shaped wooden trough fixed in the ground was laid the cloth, wound upon a hard wooden roller, and a block of granite shaped like a huge boat-cleat was laid upon the roll. Then a boy jumped upon the stone, with one foot on each end, and catching hold of two bamboo handles above him, he began to rock the stone from end to end across the cloth. Presently the momentum became very great, the stone block flew backward and forward up and down the roll and across it; standing straight up and pirouetting upon its extreme end for one instant each time, when from side to side the stroke was changed; while the boy, like a marionette figure, looked all arms and legs hung on a wire. The speed was allowed to die down till boy, stone, and roll of cloth became recognizable once more as separate objects; then it was stopped, the block of stone tilted to one side, and a yard or so of cloth pulled off the roll so that a fresh surface might be exposed, and the performance began anew. In this way, length by length, millions of yards of stuff are glazed every year.

One flour-factory that I visited was a place about fourteen feet wide and one hundred and fifty long. There was the little front shop screened off to a depth of about twelve feet, whence a short narrow passage led to where the mill-stones were worked, and behind this was stabling space where some twenty or thirty oxen were tethered in a long row in front of an open rack filled with sweet-smelling green clover and grasses ready for them to eat. The mill-stones were heavy circular slabs of granite laid one on top of the other, pulled round by little blindfolded oxen, which walked round and round for hours at a time. A boy drove them, and at the sound of his voice they either hurried up or stopped. The wheat was fed by hand through a hole in the upper stone, and as the crushed grains escaped from between the surface of the stones, they were collected and put into a second mill, and thence into a third, and finally carried to a primitive sieving-machine.

This was a cupboard in which hung a tray with a sieve bottom; the tray was connected by an elbow-and-arm attachment to a rocking foot-board worked by a boy who stood upon it, who, by throwing his weight from side to side, communicated an astonishingly rapid shaking motion to the tray. The prepared flour fell through the sieve, and was taken as required from the bottom of the cupboard. Besides that manufactured at home, much imported flour is consumed in Canton, California alone contributing over 6000 tons yearly.

Rice-husking was another marvel of patient labor and absence of inventiveness. In front of a long beam, level with the ground surface, there was a series of pots or holes filled with unhusked rice, and into each of these worked a hammer of rough granite fixed on a curved handle about six feet long. About four and a half feet back from the head the handle was pivoted to the long beam in front of the rice-pots, leaving a little over a foot of its length sticking out. A man or well-grown boy attended to each hammer-handle, and jumped on and off the short end. When he was on it, the hammer rose, when he was off, it fell. All the day long they jumped up and down upon these beaters, the prepared rice being continually removed, and the pots replenished with unhusked grains.

I next paid a visit to some printing-works, where I watched the striking-off of some Government proclamations. The process was as primitive as it was tedious. The face of both sides of a wooden block about three quarters of an inch thick was all cut away with the exception of the letters, and these stood up about three sixteenths of an inch. The printer laid



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

WOODEN IMAGES IN THE TEMPLE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED GODS, WEST SUBURBS OF CANTON.

this block before him on a table, and rubbed it over with an inked brush of cocoanut fiber. Then he laid a sheet of paper face downward upon it, and rubbed the back of the paper several times across with a dry pad of fiber. How the work was carried out in book and newspaper productions I had not time to investigate.

In Canton, by the way, is produced the only independent Chinese newspaper printed in the empire. Others printed in Hong Kong, which is out of the jurisdiction of the emperor, sometimes criticize his majesty's government most severely, and use terms which, if employed within his dominion, would probably result in the proprietors, the editor, the staff, the compositors, together with their families, being put to death, with various approved, though inelegant, gradations of Tatar barbarity. I had a long interview with Mr. Kwong Ki Chiu, the proprietor and editor of the "Kwong-Pao" (News of Canton), who initiated me into many of the details of Chinese newspaper publications. This paper has a daily circulation of over 3000, and is posted to Chinamen in all parts of the world for a subscription of $8 yearly.

I found native book-stalls in the wider parts of some of the streets. On the ground lay the books in rows, small red-and-yellow paper-covered volumes. They appeared to be slim pamphlets rather than books, and were very poor productions. A number of natives are always squatting round these stalls, enjoying a cheap read.

It may be noticed that I have said nothing as yet about beggars. This is for the reason that I saw none, or next to none; there were a few about the temple — chiefly children. In Canton there is not the faintest approach to the scenes daily enacted in the cities of Spain, Italy, Egypt, India, or Ceylon. I have seen more beggars or beggars in thinly veiled disguise in London, or even in Sydney or Melbourne, in one day, than I saw in Canton. Returned from sight-seeing, I was commenting upon their noticeable absence to a friend,— resident in the city for many years,— who told me that my experience was not invariable. When a party of globe-trotters or Cook's tourists swept through the city, scattering brass "cash" with lavish, undiscriminating hands, beggars appeared in swarms. They seemed almost to spring from the stones underfoot, from the walls, even from every gutter. Word was passed round the Cantonese Alsatia, and the beggars came forth from their hiding-place, and lay in wait for their prey. But apparently begging from their own countrymen does not pay, and it is from people, self-supporting at other times, that a following is improvised for these occasions, as a necessary attendant upon the progress of our civilization.

The Cantonese virtually live and work in

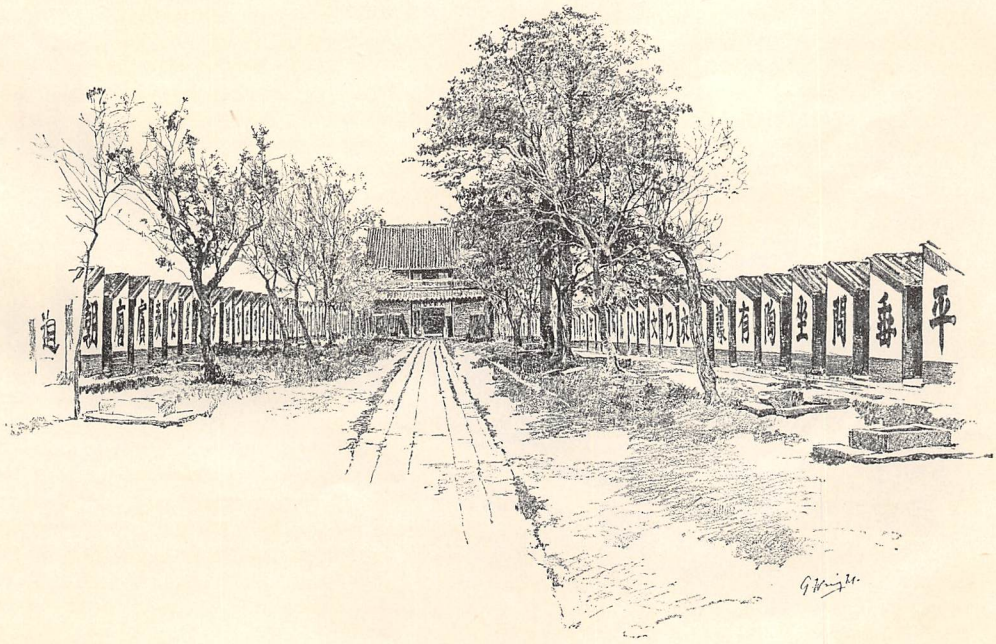
the open air. All their industrial and domestic arrangements are as open to the world as are their drains. But as they do not suffer from the mephitic influences around them, it may be assumed that this mode of life makes them better able than we are to dispense with the blessings and other adjuncts of what is called sanitary science, the absence of which in China is so loudly deplored by Europeans.

The water-supply of the city is entirely drawn from wells. So far as I could see there was one to each house. These wells were merely round holes about fifteen inches in diameter cut in a granite slab flush with the floor, and provided with a small bucket fastened to a bamboo for drawing the water, which appeared to be never more than from four to six feet below the well-stone. I imagine that the absence of continual diphtheria and typhoid fever, which such a water-supply naturally suggests, may be accounted for by the fact that fecal matter is not permitted to accumulate in the city, and that little, if any, water is drunk which has not been previously boiled. Then the fact of the houses being always open must of course insure their thorough ventilation.

The Chinese manner of living is well adapted to their climate. Their scanty furniture is plain and unpadded, and they use comparatively few hangings and curtains. In the sweltering heat, a Chinaman comfortably stretched upon a flat wooden couch, with a wood or wickerwork pillow under his head, obtains a much more refreshing sleep than that vainly sought by a European upon a soft bed with a still softer pillow. Yet Europeans in the East almost invariably cling to their Western views as to bed and bedding, with the effect of insuring a state of continual sweat throughout the hours of repose. Yet in a hot climate it requires but little time to become reconciled to a hard couch. The Chinese dress, too, is to be highly commended: all their garments are soft and loose.

The houses of Canton are built of wood, earth, and brick, those of the latter class being chiefly noticeable. An eleven-inch brick about two inches deep is used; some of the work is very perfect; in face work their joints become simply thin straight lines; the joints in some of the granite work are also beautifully executed. The Chinaman does not appear to understand the need of a system of constant repairs. Houses, temples, palaces, and pagodas, built up gorgeously and at a great cost, are allowed gradually to tumble down for lack of attention; then they are built up again.

The manner of window-glazing generally used is remarkable. From the street it is very like the old-fashioned diamond-pane windows still to be seen in many parts of England; but instead of diamonds pointing up and down, the panes are cut square, and instead of glass, the shell of some bivalve of the oyster family is used. This shell, which is dressed quite flat to about the thickness of an ordinary playing-card, presents a pearly opalescent appearance, and,



DRAWN BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

THE EXAMINATION-HALL AT CANTON, WHICH CONTAINS 7500 CELLS.

though not transparent, is yet not sufficiently opaque to interfere noticeably with the passage of light.

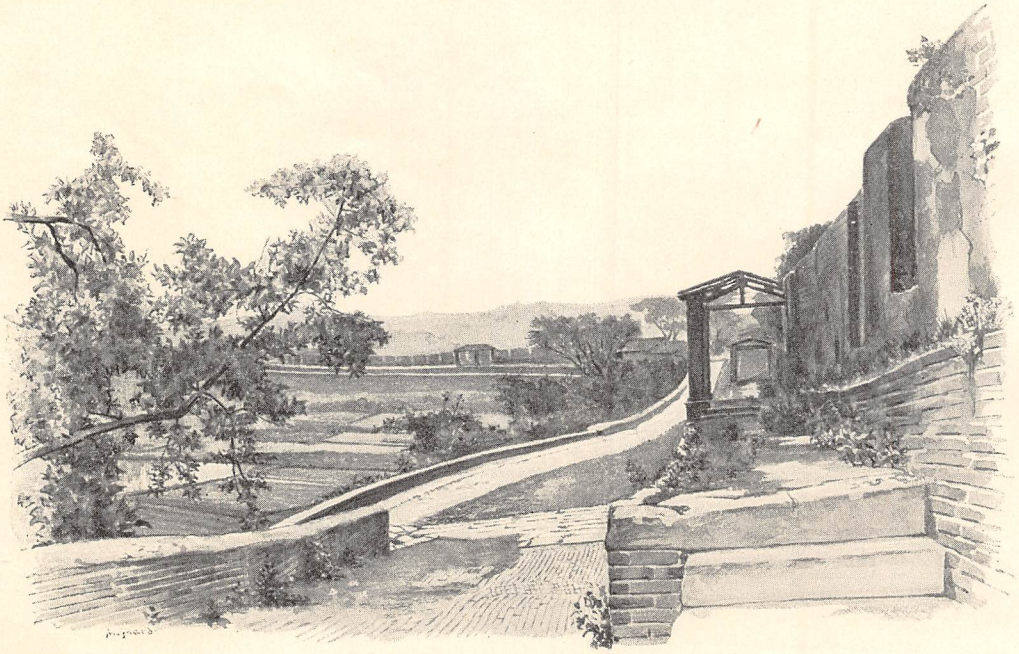
Among the Canton houses there are occasional exceptions to the general one-storied or low constructions. Some of these are built like square towers four or five stories high, with no outside windows save at a considerable distance above the ground, and no outside projections by which thieves might climb up. These establishments are called pawnshops, but they appeared to me more to resemble our banks, where we place deeds and other valuables for safety. I understand it is usual among the Chinese to deposit their possessions of value, when not in use, in these establishments. The people also store there during summer their winter clothing, and loans may be obtained against the goods stored. To have dealings with a pawnshop is in no way considered derogatory to a Chinese gentleman's dignity.

In another tower, reached by a flight of rickety stairs, is the water-clock that has measured time for the Cantonese for nearly six hundred years. Four copper pots, crusted and dingy with age, stand raised on steps, each one above and slightly behind the other. In the base of the three upper pots are lips over which from a pinhole outlet the water filling the top vessel trickles drop by drop, and passing through each of the first three drips finally into the fourth, or lowest. Through a slit in the cover of this vessel is seen a graduated brass scale attached to a float below, which rises with the increasing volume of water. Every twenty-fourth hour the water accumulating in the lowest pot is transferred to the uppermost, and the scale sinks down with the float, only to rise again with the hours as the vessel slowly fills up.

Every third year Canton sees many strange visitors from remote quarters of the empire, when the students flock there by thousands to endeavor to compete successfully in the public state-examinations. During the time of the examination between eleven and twelve thousand of them are lodged in the examination-hall or -court, each in a little cell. The cells measure five feet six inches deep by three feet nine inches wide, and are about six feet six inches high; they are open to the front, and ranged in long rows. In one of these each student has to remain during his stay, to write essays upon chosen subjects, such as classical poems, historical or philosophical treatises, while all the time the strictest watch is kept to prevent either intercommunication between students or reference to books or memoranda.

It is said that the works of the chief Chinese classical masters are printed in books minutely small, and these are frequently secreted by students in their hair and in all manners of ways about their persons, so as to crib assistance for their tasks. If discovered, however, in such practice, expulsion follows, which is considered a very severe punishment.

The reward for success in these examinations is very great, being, I am told, for the first examination an appointment to civil offices, and

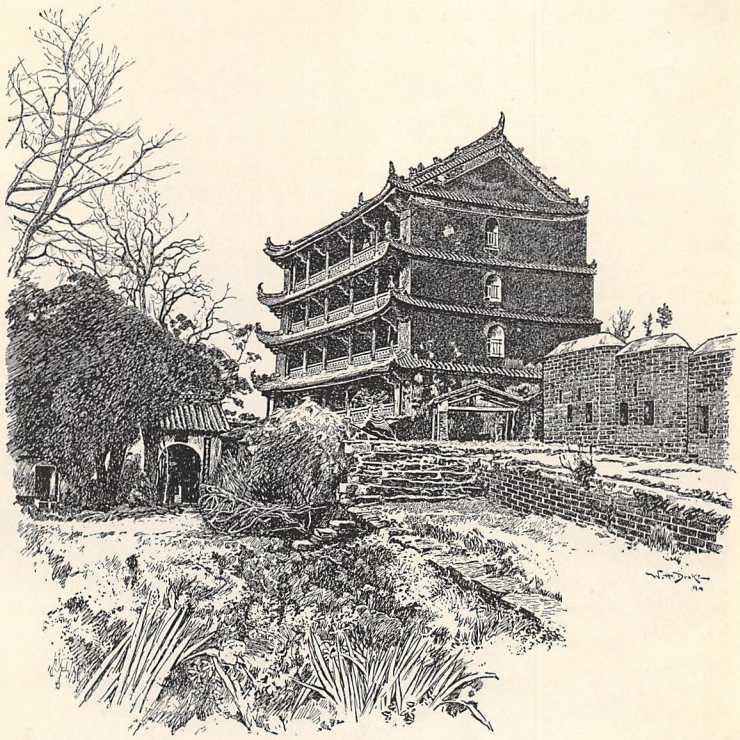


DRAWN BY GEORGE W. MAYNARD.

A PART OF THE WALL OF CANTON, INSIDE THE BATTLEMENTS.

if success continues through the second and third examinations (held in Pekin), high official position and mandarin rank. It is open to the sons of the most humble persons to compete for these degrees.

These cells are unused except during examination-time, when two rows of movable boards are put into them, which serve for table, chair, and sleeping-floor for the occupants. Within the hall are also offices for servants, officials, examiners, a governor, and other functionaries. The size of the examination-court is said to be 1380 feet long by 650 feet wide.



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

FIVE-STORIED PAGODA ON THE NORTH OF THE CITY OF CANTON.

I wished to be above the houses so that I might look down upon them. Along the outer wall, said the guide, we could get such a view. This was the old wall, and the great wall of the city. It was some thirty or forty feet thick, constructed by facing an embankment with brick, and its perpendicular face to the outside rose thirty, forty, and sometimes fifty feet above the surrounding country. On the top was a covering of deep grass, and all the brickwork had fallen into ill-repair, and specially on the inside was much broken down. Here and there, sheltered behind a thin parapet, sometimes under cover, were guns, frowning through embrasures. Such wonderful guns — such old-fashioned frowns! Many of English and French casting bore dates of the last century; many, still older and more wonderful, were undated and unmarked. They looked like the pictures of the ordnance in use during the wars of the Black Prince. All the cannon, whether old or new, were out of repair; many were dismantled, and not one of them was of value for defensive purposes.

Toward the north, as we walked along the wall, higher and higher rose the ground, while the great city gradually unfolded itself like a map beneath us. At last we reached the five-storied pagoda. The fifth floor, fully sixty feet above the top of the wall upon which the building stands, is the highest point in the immediate vicinity of Canton.

After climbing to this height, I sat resting, sheltered from the blazing sun, enjoying the soft breeze. Afar off, to the north, lay the White Cloud Mountains. On the plains below, radiant, emerald-green fields of "paddy" stretched away into the distance, while the river on its way to the sea twined in and out amid the fields like a broad streak of sheeny silver. Here and there on the hills or riversides slender pagodas, festooned with trailing vines, looked like feathery spires. Closer still on the hillsides were the stone horseshoe hollows that the Chinese make for their graves, and, studding the graveyards, roughly carven images of Buddha. To the south, inside the walls, rested the great city, wonderful, almost mysterious. But strangest of all was the absolute stillness. No dull, ceaseless roar uprose from the streets, as from a city of the Western world. No sign of life was visible; all was as quiet as death. Yet there must be with the beholder an ever-present consciousness of a teeming, shoeless throng; hurrying, laboring, sweating, joyously or sorrowfully treading those narrow ways beneath, unseen and unheard.

Florence O'Driscoll.



"MARION CAME AT ONCE."

[*BEGUN IN THE JULY NUMBER.*]

A BACHELOR MAID.

By Mrs. Burton Harrison,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," "Belhaven Tales," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY IRVING R. WILES.

X.

APRIL had come, and winter, lingering in the lap of spring, found in the household of Judge Irving hardly a realization of expectations so fondly cherished by the newly married pair upon entering into their bond. Over the master of the house, indeed, had passed a change that was patent and consoling to his domestic staff. In the tart language of old Ann, an Irish-American citizen who had been long a resident under his roof, "He was that bruk in sperit, praise the saints! 't was a joy to see him around the house." The new mistress, who had been regarded at first with considerable doubt, had succeeded in planting her banner triumphantly upon the kitchen citadel. The servants, one and all, swore by her, enjoyed her liberal reign, her love of luxury, and the stir and vivacity her presence had brought into the previously dull house.

For, although Mrs. Romaine and other ladies of Marion's acquaintance had somehow not yet found it entirely convenient to pay their respects to the judge's bride, there had not been lacking a following to the representative of his name and fame. It is curious how, in a large society, such a following is formed. It is gathered from unexpected quarters; it presents to casual view a very fair imitation of a select original whose doings are constantly upon its lips; and yet, turn it as one may, the hall-mark is nowhere to be found. And Mrs. Irving had not by any means intended to frequent a society that had not the hall-mark. What she aimed for was to leave behind forever the debatable land, and to come out into a region of unshadowed respectability. She even hated some of the people she had drawn into her circle, so dubious did she feel them to be. But, all told, she did not hate them as much as she did the people of Mrs. Romaine's set, who resented the unseemly haste of her marriage with Marion's father, and, although they could extract no word in blame of her from Marion, were persuaded that Sara had ventured among them out of her place.

Everything is forgotten or lived down in six months in New York, Sara had heard it said, and with that she was obliged to be content. In the mean time she was not going to live exclusively dependent for companionship upon a vain, pragmatical man, whose demand upon her for approval and compliment was practically without limit. Why, this would be worse than the boarding-house in Washington, with the old ladies knitting, and speculating over the society columns of newspapers! Luckily the hours were long in which her lord kept himself and his sponge-like appetite for praise down-town; and there was Marion's carriage for her to drive in, and Marion's vogue in the big shops, that she had once so much envied, to draw upon. But even this, and the obsequiousness of shopmen who did not know the difference between herself and the "real thing," became in due time a bore. Her eager intellectual spirit cast aside the acquirements of material wealth as heartily as it had aspired to them. The safe haven of conventionalism, now hers — for she had little fear that her Nemesis would ever rise up to hound her out of it — seemed to her already at times a prison.

To do Sara justice, the governing impulse of her discontent was repudiated love. As well as she could love any two beings, she had loved Gordon and Marion — Gordon, fiercely, imperiously, with a first passion unsupported by reasonable hope; Marion, fiercely, jealously, and, withal, with a certain reverence for her regnant quality of womanly purity of thought and word and deed. Sara could not tell whether she would rather have had Gordon return her feeling, and thus alienate her from Marion, or have Marion believe in her and trust her as of old. Now that she had lost that trust, it seemed as if an angel, stooping toward her, had been suddenly snatched away.

In her first resentment of Marion's very natural inclination to shrink away from her father's wife, Sara had tried bravado, had assumed indifference. But in reality she was stabbed to the quick with disappointment. How could she let Marion know that the marriage with the judge had been like a plank to save her from drowning? Upon the episode with Marion's lover Sara chose not to let her memory dwell.

The fact that Gordon also had kept aloof from her since her return as his old friend's wife did not of course surprise her. His visit of ceremony — two cards left one afternoon

when she was sure to be out—had not been followed up, and she had lent her subtle powers to the work of estranging her husband from him. When one considers how easily this process is every day accomplished, in the matter of husbands' friends, by women who have no such good and cogent reasons as had Mrs. Irving, her success is not surprising.

Sometimes, as the days went on, and Marion did not come back to her, Sara sat fretting her heart out in a desire to reclaim the girl's love and respect. From what she could gather here and there, her step-daughter, under the new influence upon her life, had blossomed out to be quite a different being from the recluse of her father's home. Marion was heard of as in demand by society, not of the madly merry variety, but of such cultured and individual folk as Sara would have given her eyes to call her own. And now there had come to Sara's ears a surprising rumor concerning Marion—a rumor she properly judged to require investigation before it was believed.

The story had been brought to her by a certain Miss Boulter, a girl, like herself, on the fringe of a society she yearned to enter, but, unlike Sara Irving, a silly, pushing creature who carried her small wares of gossip like a packman from house to house, and was at no time, in the handling of them, redeemed by the saving grace of wit.

"Is it possible you have n't heard?" said Miss Boulter, with well-simulated surprise. "I thought, as much together as you and Miss Irving are, you — I just admire Marion Irving! She and Mignon Cox were at the play in Mrs. Romaine's box last night, and Baron Strémof was there, too. He 's a beauty, don't you think? Something so aristocratic — I wish you 'd have him at one of those nice little dinners of yours, and ask me. I think he 's ever so much better looking than that ill-mannered Alec Gordon, who undertook to pretend he did n't see me when I bowed in the street the other day. But then blond mustaches are so much prettier than dark ones, don't you think so? Popper says I 'm so gone on foreigners he believes I will end by marrying one myself, and if I do, he 'll not give me a cent. He says they are all make-believe titles and fortune-hunters, every one of 'em. Does Baron Strémof expect to get a lot of money with Marion, I wonder?"

"Baron Strémof is a man of rank, culture, and wealth," said Sara, stiffly. "He is, besides, of a charming temper and manners, and an offer from him would be an honor to any girl upon whom he conferred it. But you will oblige me by not asking me to discuss the affairs of my husband's daughter with an outsider."

"Goodness me!" Miss Boulter had observed, retiring under cover of a spiteful laugh. "I could not suppose it was such a sacred matter, seeing you had n't even heard of it before I told you."

Sara, mentally determining to cross Miss Boulter off her poor little visiting-list, came to a quick resolve. Ordering her carriage, she drove at once to the cream-colored mansion that held her step-daughter enshrined on its seventh floor, and, boldly ascending in the lift, pressed the electric button of the Bachelor Girls' door. A plump little maid, with a butterfly of white muslin soaring above her head in lieu of cap, ushered the caller into Miss Irving's sitting-room, and, taking her card, announced her intention to "see" if Miss Irving was at home.

Marion came at once, a look of alarm upon her face.

"My father—there is nothing the matter with him?" she asked eagerly, holding back perceptibly from Sara's studied smile of greeting.

"So you think nothing short of illness or accident would have brought me?" Sara said with a gentle melancholy in her tone. "I come, my dear, as an envoy from your father. We have heard that your engagement to Baron Strémof is discussed as likely to be, if not already, a fact; and we think common propriety demands that we should know how much of this is true."

"When my father makes such an advance to me as his child deserves," Marion said haughtily, "I shall answer him, not you."

Even Sara's armor was not proof against the look that accompanied this speech.

In one of the revulsions of mood that lent, in its way, an odd attraction to her character, she went over to Marion's side, and took her hand tenderly.

"O Marion, why can't we be friends? If you knew how weary the days are that keep you from me; if you knew how all I have acquired seems as nothing beside the knowledge that you shun and mistrust me! After all, what have I done that another in my situation would not have done? Why should you sit forever in the seat of judgment, and condemn a homeless pauper who accepted such bounty as your father offered me? Put yourself in my place: everything in the world I aspired to do was dependent on means and opportunity—could I refuse them? Marion, Marion, forgive me, and love me as you loved before."

"It is not that I cannot forgive," said Marion, slowly. "I believe, if I know my heart, I have already forgiven you. As affairs stand, it has all turned out for the best. My life is freed of some of its worst crosses. If I am not altogether happy, it is because no one in this world is meant to be happy, I suppose—" she stopped, sighing.

"Take me back into your heart, darling;

make me your confidante as before, and I'll engage to make you 'altogether happy'," cried Sara with her old impulsiveness, throwing her arms around Marion, and kissing her upon the cheek.

But Marion, troubled and unresponding, drew away from her with a movement of repulsion Sara could not mistake — a movement that, while it pierced her with mortification, aroused in her an impulse to repay it in mischief.

"So you will have none of me, eh?" she said in a changed tone. "Well, as you please. But, before we drop the subject, tell me, to clear up mystery, if the grudge you bear me has nothing to do with the little interlude between me and a certain old lover whose place you seem so quickly to have supplied."

Marion started violently. Sara could not now complain of her indifferent exterior.

"You don't answer, but I do not need words. Pray, then, when *you* had no longer a claim upon Gordon, why should you have resented what you supposed to have passed between *us?* Had not I, as well as you, a right to my chance? To tell you the truth — he was so much a man that, had I not realized the match with your dear father had been made for me by heaven, I might, perhaps, by now have been in enjoyment of privileges you cast away."

"Is this true?" said Marion, coming nearer to her.

"What can it possibly matter to you, now?" returned Mrs. Irving, gracefully.

There was a pause. Marion was trying to control the emotion that confused her power of formulating thought into words. Sara was rapidly reviewing contingencies.

"For not only," went on the step-mother, "did you give him up, in the first place, for no reason that anybody could see, but you have chosen entirely to break with him since."

"I did not choose; it was his doing," said Marion, forlornly.

"Indeed?" said Sara, quickly, having thus ascertained exactly what she desired to know. "But, my dear, when you know men as I do, you will understand that, however kindly Gordon may still feel toward you as a friend, it would be natural for him to keep his distance till all these things have become a little more ancient history. Men are not fond of being confronted with their own changes of base."

"He told me," said Marion, impetuously, "that there had never been anything between you and himself that I might not know — only he could not speak. And I believed him. I believe him still."

"Hum! Admirable! Just what I should have expected of him. He belongs really to the age of the *preux chevalier*. *If* you believe him still, my dear girl, then why should you have asked me if what I hinted at were true?"

"You took me by surprise. But now that you have gone so far, you must say all. Tell me what had happened between you the day I came in — the day before your sudden marriage with my father. Had Alec — was it a question whether you should not rather marry *him* — oh, why do I ask that! Don't answer me! I promised to believe him. It is your manner that is trying me beyond endurance. You seem so full of something I must have been blind to — well, then, *do* answer me!"

"I cannot deny that some such question was discussed between us," said Sara, dropping her eyes, "though it is hardly becoming in your father's wife to speak of it to your father's daughter. But I insist, Marion, that you put to me no more of these explosive questions that grate upon my nerves in the most hateful way. Let us talk, rather, of your intended marriage, which you have left me to assume is no idle rumor. As the Baroness Strémof you will have a brilliant position and a husband of an ideally sweet temper. You two will have abundant opportunity to go tilting together at windmills. On the whole, your life will have a great deal more local color in it than it would have had as plain Mrs. Alec Gordon, the wife of a New York lawyer. I almost envy you the opportunity of getting out of this little frog-pond we call New York society."

Then Marion rallied.

"What, already?" she said; and the famous "Déjà?" of Talleyrand did not sting deeper. Sara had actually nothing more to say.

Marion escorted her to the door of the lift, and bade her a courteous "good morning." As the lift sank out of sight with the little richly clad figure, wearing an air almost of dejection, Marion had an impulse to call after her some word betokening regret. But the image of Gordon came between them, and the softened moment passed. She went back into her room and wrote a note; then, ringing for a messenger, despatched it firmly.

Mignon, returning later to the house, found her chum sitting before a wood-fire that was twittering like a chimney full of birds. How long Marion had been there, she herself did not know. As Mignon spoke, she started in a bewildered sort of way.

"Surely you have n't been asleep?" said Mignon, laughing.

"I — I think not. Why, how absurd — of course not! I have been reviewing my whole life, dear — all my opportunities, my aspirations, my disappointments. And I have been wondering whether I can do better with what remains of it than to take up a definite mission to help poor souls in chains, and at the same

time make somebody happy who is fonder of me than I deserve."

"Marion, listen to me," said Mignon, throwing off her jacket and hat, and dropping on a chair at Marion's side. "You don't love Baron Strémof; you are trying to work a mine that has nothing in its veins. Regard, respect, romance are not going to make up to you for the love you do not feel."

"Why, Mignon!" said Marion, regarding her with astonishment.

"I know, you think I 'm a selfish and heartless little cat; and so I was. But this winter, spent for other people, has set my mind to working on many things that did n't occur to me before I was out of leading-strings. I used to take my mother's views as gospel; now I see I have a right to my own. I believe every woman's life is given to her for her very own. I don't mind telling you, now, that if mama had not disliked Lowndes Carleton, and kept disparaging him to me at every opportunity, I should not have parted with him. Mama's own married life was wretchedly unhappy, and I suppose I reap the fruit of it. But it was n't myself I started to talk about. I wonder if you would let me ask you one little question. Are *you* ever sorry you gave your lover up?"

"'*You?*' Oh, Mignon!" said Marion, putting one finger upon her mentor's roseate cheek.

"Never mind. Tell me, Marion."

"It would be no use telling you, if I were. It is he who gave me up, really. Something is between us that is too dark and sad for anything."

"And you are no longer interested in Gordon?"

"Did I say that?"

"Enough, perhaps, to be glad he has got his appointment. I met Mr. Clarkson in the street just now, who told me a telegram has just come from Washington saying that the Senate has confirmed the President's nomination, and that Gordon's friends are all jubilant."

"I am glad," said Marion.

"Really, Marion, I don't know what to make of you. Yesterday you would not have spoken of it in that lifeless way. But no more of Mr. Gordon.

"I will tell you of my visit this morning to my little German woman — the baker's wife, you know — with the week-old baby. I was sorry to find that since I was last there she is not doing so well. The woman who was taking care of her had left, and Mrs. Stromeyer was very restless and miserable, the baby crying, and the place dreadfully upset and dirty. It was that, as much as anything, that worried her, I saw; and so I went to work and had a regular 'clean house' on my own account, aided by a stupid girl I impounded on a lower landing of the house and paid, then and there, to help me. I always liked bringing order out of chaos. And when the rooms were clean, and the husband's breakfast things washed up, we set to work upon the invalid, who besought me to give her baby a good bath. I don't think I ever touched such a young creature before, and I was rather timid; but the mother directed me, and there were clean clothes in a drawer. By and by I had the little thing as fresh and pink as an arbutus bud, and dressed it; and, to stop its wailing, laid its cheek against mine as I walked up and down the floor. Marion, did you ever know how soft and sweet a baby's cheek is, and its little fuzzy head? I wanted to hug the darling tighter, but it would not stay quiet with me, and so I laid the little bundle beside the mother, and instantly the crying stopped — such a funny little gobbling noise, and the mother radiant over it in spite of maladies, dire poverty, husband out of work, she quite unfit to nurse her child! I stopped at our hospital, coming back, and made arrangements to get her in there till she is well again. Marion, that baby really felt and smelled like a rose-leaf! I shall never marry, of course; but I had a sort of a little thrilling feeling of what motherhood must be. It is so strange, you can't imagine — no one can imagine — till a baby is left all alone in one's arms to care for. I could have stayed there for hours, for the pleasure of feeling its warm body upon my heart. I wonder if Mrs. Stromeyer does n't have that to balance some things you and I have, Marion. Oh, dear! there are all those circulars to address and get out this afternoon. And here comes Mary with a note for you. No answer, Mary? Then you may go and serve luncheon at once. Now, Marion, as I live, and breathe, and am a curious girl, that 's Strémof's crest upon the envelop!"

"It is an answer to one I sent him a little while ago," said Marion, coloring deeply as she opened the note. "I think I will leave this with you, Mignon, while I go to prepare for luncheon. But don't comment on it to me afterward, please, dear."

Left alone, Mignon's eager orbs lost no time in possessing themselves of the contents of Baron Strémof's epistle.

"Your word is law to me," it said, "and I leave town this afternoon, for a fortnight in Boston, without attempting to see you. But unless you notify me, there, not to return at all, I shall count the hours before placing myself again and forever at your feet."

Miss Cox made no attempt to overcome the blankness of her feeling. After thinking it over, she rang the bell, and interrogated the maid.

"No one has called this morning, Mary?"

"Oh, no, miss; only the circulars that was left by the Ladies' Suffering man; and the Cruelty Society called for the bundle o' clothes; and Mrs. Irving for Miss Irving, miss."

"*Mrs.* Irving?"

"Yes, miss; a pleasant-spoken lady, in a rich brown velvet suit and hat. I don't think she 's ever called here before now; but I made sure 't was a relation, and let her right in; and Miss Irving saw her right away."

"Yes, Mary. Luncheon, now."

XI.

WHILE Strémof, in Boston, was enjoying a wide variety of discreet hospitalities that went as far as possible toward robbing this especial absence from New York of its sting, Gordon, in the excitement of his honorably won success, felt a sense of something lacking to his satisfaction.

But a short time before, the household to which it would have occurred to him to carry his laurels, for the best kind of congratulation thereupon, would have been the Irvings'. Now that door was closed to him. The judge had, indeed, indited to him a short perfunctory note, expressing his satisfaction at the final action of the Senate in Gordon's case. But it was not a note that referred hopefully to any meeting of the sender and recipient in the immediate future, and Alec could not but feel that it confirmed the previous distance between them. Harder to bear was the absolute silence of Marion. Unreasonably ignoring that it was he who had elected total separation from her as the better part of discretion for him, he worried himself with daily expecting from her a few words of kindness that never came. Many little missives *had* come to him, from fair women with whom he could claim only the passing acquaintance of society. On all other sides the world exposed to him a broadly beaming smile. But from Marion, nothing; absolutely not the ghost of a conventional word of approval.

With an idea, perhaps, of obtaining some tidings of her, he repaired one Sunday afternoon to call upon Mrs. Romaine. As he drew near the familiar front door he even indulged in a hope that he might meet Marion within, and his brain grew dizzy with the fancy. Hear from her, or from somebody, he must, of the progress of Strémof's suit. Strémof absent in Boston, Strémof silent, uncommunicative, did not seem much like a triumphant lover; and yet the uncertainty was intolerable. Gordon had even worked himself up to the point of being afraid to take up a newspaper, lest he should somewhere come upon an announcement of their engagement.

Mrs. Romaine's surroundings, that afternoon, were unsatisfying. There was about the rooms a scattering of the mixed lot of her acquaintances. The hostess, in a robe of gray satin, with big muslin sleeves like a bishop's, sat against a mass of orange cushions, and poured tea. But she seemed distracted, looked wan, talked to make talk, was a trifle more brilliantly vague than usual. On a gilt chair at her side Reggy Poole, her familiar, sat babbling with infinite importance about nothing in particular. He was a well-dressed, fat-faced young man, with a little mustache above a baby mouth; and black hair, parted in the middle, and glued to his head like a priest's cap. In season and out of season, even if nobody listened, Reggy must always talk. He would hold on to his hostess's hand on arriving at a ball, and keep back the stream of people behind him, while he told her a little anecdote of himself last year at Homburg.

On the other side of Mrs. Romaine, who was doing the honors to a foreign ambassador imperfectly acquainted with the English tongue, were two ladies profoundly interested in each other's oracles; that is to say, they were talking for the most part together. By close listening, only, was one able to ascertain that they were exchanging experiences about a new prophetess of faith-cure.

One of these disciples, a long, slim woman with flaxen hair, pale eyes, and a little shining knob upon her long, slim nose, gesticulated a good deal with a pair of long, slim, pearl-colored kid gloves; but her face showed no change of expression. When for a moment she would pause, her companion, a chubby little lady, "greatly infested with beads" in her costume, would dash in eagerly to tell how she had been raised by faith from the bed of unprecedented languor to which she had been abandoned by all the faculty of physic.

Another group enshrined a fashionable woman of letters,— who looked like a Polish princess making her first round of the American republic; two or three of her adorers; an artist of American birth and Parisian residence who had returned to enjoy the fruits of his renown in a brief glimpse of home; and Mrs. Townsend Murray, an agreeable widow, oscillating between two hemispheres, of whom it was claimed that she dined at her own house only when her chef was ordered to provide for a company of invited guests.

Elsewhere people were less interesting. Herr Hofman stood alone beside the mantelpiece on which he had set his cup of tea, dipping into it sweet biscuit, which he afterward absorbed with solemn gusto. There was no trace anywhere of the object of Gordon's search.

Gordon, stopping by the tea-table, shared the privileges of his hostess's conversation with

the foreign ambassador; then, declining to be buttonholed by Reggy Poole, he strolled on to the party to whom Mrs. Townsend Murray was now dispensing animated speech.

"I have signed nothing; I shall join nothing," she was saying with finality. "The only compensation a woman can claim from society for getting on to be fifty years old is the right to be amused by it; and I don't find this woman's suffrage business even amusing. But then I have lived down so many 'movements' in New York. I have been shaken to my center by such a variety of enthusiasms. Long ago there was a society of the 'Crescent and the Cross,' in which what was called the liberality of American thought gave precedence to the Moslem symbol in the title. I believe it was to furnish relief to the hospitals, in the war of Russia against Turkey. At any rate, it nearly disrupted our body social, and there was a dark whisper that all or much of the fund raised was pocketed by remote agents of distribution. Then we had an early dress-reform wave, that was dashed and lost on a question of becomingness. I never even heard what became of that; but we quarreled frightfully while we were getting it up. Then the Centennial agitation, and one can't have forgotten the tantrums *that* raised; and a half dozen others I won't bore you by recalling. There must always be something that women of our class, unconvinced of on one day, will rush into with an absolute rage of conviction the next. And we generally begin proselyting before we acquire the articles of our faith. Vote? No, thank you; I decline. I might be willing to deposit my own vote, but I don't want it to go in and be lost under those of my naturalized French, German, Swedish, Italian, and Irish maidservants. And I don't want them going to the clergy for instructions how to vote."

"Right you are, Mrs. Murray," observed a feeble voice. It was that of young Mowbray Packer, chiefly known as the rapid dispenser of his father's hard-earned millions, and for paying an enormous price to secure an artificially tinted gardenia, fresh every day, for his button-hole. He was small, pale, bald, and had a heart discoverable only because of its occasional rebellion against the incessant smoking of cigarettes. "Can't think what the women mean by undertaking to put themselves on a level with us, you know! Wish people would stop agitatin' things, anyhow. It 's no use. World 's all played out, seems to me."

"That 's lucky for you, don't you think so?" said Mrs. Murray. "Mr. Gordon, you are a man of the future, is it your opinion the world has gone to the dogs?"

"I am too busy in my own part of it to look far away from me, I 'm afraid," said Gordon. "But I think the standard of mankind and womankind keeps up pretty fairly."

"Don't you think the women are a little ahead of the men?" put in a sharp young woman who was under Mrs. Murray's wing. "Has not your race degenerated? One used to hear of men doing gallant deeds, and looking like heroes, but there are n't many such around my way. There are only athletes, now, who perform in public, for universities; and they soon go out and belong to the dead level of men who seem to do nothing but try to make or spend money."

"Allow me to refer you to our late war," said Gordon. "That afforded examples of heroism that ought to be remembered *at least* half a century. But perhaps you will be better able to appreciate something more nearly contemporaneous. Am I allowed one little story of to-day, Mrs. Murray? I promise not to be long. Last year, in the Matabele war in Africa, a party of some thirty Britons went into the bush to intercept and capture bad King Lobengula. Only recently, the story has been published which explains why none of that little company ever came back. A Matabele warrior has told how they met their fate. The Englishmen, surrounded by overpowering numbers, fought till their last cartridge was exhausted — some shooting themselves rather than fall by the hands of the savages. A little handful of the wounded survivors, who had been partly sheltered behind dead horses, then dragged themselves, bleeding, together, and stood shoulder to shoulder in a group facing the foe. 'Then they raised their hats,' the induna is reported to have said, 'and sang that song of your country I have heard the missionaries sing. And as they were singing, our warriors swept down on them like a river, hurling their assagais as they ran, and overwhelmed them, and speared them to death.'"

"And what song did they sing?" asked one of the women.

"It was 'God Save the Queen!' And perhaps you remember a similar incident, when our own flagship, the *Trenton*, was wrecked at Samoa a few years since. The crew, assembled on the quarter-deck, expecting death, sang the 'Star-Spangled Banner' while the old war-ship was driving on the rocks — to destruction, as they believed; though, happily, they were saved to sing another day."

"Quite so!" remarked Mr. Mowbray Packer, strolling away from the group to seek entertainment elsewhere.

"It does seem as if the men have a little showing, still," commented Mrs. Murray upon Gordon's recital, "and as if Odin had n't kept all the heroes of the sagas to himself. I fancy most of the charges that men are degenerate

in our day come from women who for the first time find themselves thwarted by their lords and masters in little schemes of their own. Now, I 'm a free-lance. I have n't any lord and master, so I am lifted above suspicion of truckling in such a matter. I own I like men rather better than women, at most times. And why do the women-suffragists say men have deliberately retarded their efforts? That does not seem to me fair play."

"What men have really done, in this generation and locality," said Gordon, "has been to concede to women everything they have themselves been agreed upon as reasonable or desirable to demand as a right. The indifference of women generally to the claim of a right to vote is what chiefly retards the efforts of the champions of the female suffragists; and the open and avowed opposition of others is the obstacle they cannot overcome. When women all move together in that matter,— or in any other,— Heaven defend those of my poor sex who attempt to stem the current!"

Mrs. Murray and Gordon had been left to themselves.

"I must take this opportunity to tell you, Mr. Gordon," the lady said, "how proud *this* representative of our party is of your having won the prize. You know I am a bit of a politician, unfashionable as that is with us. I have watched you, and know of your progress in affairs. Perhaps, in the sweet by and by, I shall be one of your lieutenants in a campaign to make you President of these United States. Only I am afraid there will then be, as they threaten, a woman Vice-President upon your ticket; and I have long ago sworn never to work again for women."

"Perhaps you yourself will serve on the national ticket with me," said he, smiling.

"Dear me, no; there might, by that time, be the disability of age, among others, for me. I can think of no one woman among the ranks of the suffragists who would do to put forward with you, unless it were that stunning-looking Marion Irving, whom I hardly know — the girl who is living with Mignon Cox — daughter of the judge who married his — type-writer, was n't she? Now that Miss Irving might be made anything symbolical, monumental; but I did hear — it seems to me the ambassador told me a few moments ago — that Baron Strémof is to marry her."

"Is this generally known?" asked Gordon, not a muscle of his face betraying that he had got the death-blow dealt so heedlessly.

"Bless me, I can't tell you! One hears so many things. Old Roncesvalles loves gossip, and must always have a crumb of it to distribute as he goes. Ask him. No; he 's gone. Ask Mrs. Romaine. She 's by way of being intimate with that pair of pretty spinsters. You know Strémof, then? What a dear he is! So refreshingly unaffected in this age of manner; and so full of appreciation of the best there is in us! Why — almost everybody 's gone! I did not know it was so late. Did you happen to see our host come to that middle door just now, and stand for a moment by himself, looking at the people around his wife, and then disappear? He looked absolutely ghastly. I am afraid the poor man is ill, so we had better take ourselves away. Tell my girl over there I am going, please."

When Gordon went up to say good-by, Mrs. Romaine asked him in an undertone to remain until after the others had gone. Struck with an expression of her eyes, as if she were keeping at bay some mortal apprehension, he noted in amazement the absolute self-control with which she fulfilled the last fraction of her duty as a hostess. Then, as the servant let fall the portière held aside for the departing visitors, she motioned Gordon to a seat beside her.

"You are not well? You are in some anxiety that I may relieve?" he said.

"Am I? Perhaps. I did not know that I show it. I kept you to ask if you have heard this story about Marion and Strémof, and if you are going to let the thing go on."

"What can I do?" he replied icily.

"It is a sort of pious insanity on her part, I think. Oh, Mr. Gordon, I have n't the grip on things I once had, or I would stand up and proclaim to young women, nowadays, the gospel of letting true love light the flame on conjugal altars. I begin to think if we called back our talents from the turmoil of out-door affairs, and devoted them to what the Lord gives us for better or worse, at home, we 'd be happier. And why should Marion even contemplate this marriage, when I believe her heart and soul are yours? Go to her; it is never too late to right wrong. Break up this affair."

"How can I?" he asked, flushing, but with his lips still sternly set.

"Oh, I don't know. Everything 's an insoluble problem in these days. There 's that pretty little cousin of mine, Mignon — made to be the joy of some fond husband's life; she 's another devotee to the ideal. But I, who have tried everything, and failed in everything, who am I, to preach to them? They would laugh at me if I told them that in every natural woman's life the need of loving and being loved by man is the immortal impulse, sure to overmaster her some day. Now, I 've prattled enough; you think I 'm an impertinent old woman. Go away, and let me rest for a moment before I dress for dinner."

"There is nothing in which I can personally

serve you?" he said, holding her hand and looking her in the eyes.

"No, no."

"If the moment arises, you will promise to think of me?"

"How good you are! I ought to have had a big strong son like you."

"Is your — is Mr. Romaine's health quite what it should be?"

"I think so. He seems quite the same, only bothered by affairs. Are n't all men bothered by affairs? As a matter of fact, probably, you know more of his concerns than I do. If you ever marry, Mr. Gordon, open your heart to your wife; and let her stand beside you, not apart from you, in interest. Now, good-by, again."

Gordon, pondering on these things, repaired, after his dinner, to his Aunt Effie for a chat. The kind lady, too wholesome to nurse a grudge, did not call him to account for recent neglect of her. She talked, instead, with hearty interest about himself; soothed his ruffled spirit; and finally led him to tell her outspokenly of the wound corroding in his heart.

"I heard it to-day," said Miss Effie, looking blank. "And, my dear, if I were of the crying sort, I 'd have cried — then and there. She 's your girl, Alec, cut out for you in heaven, and I don't understand this sudden, fantastic alliance with a foreigner."

"Strémof is *sui generis*," said Gordon, hastening to do justice to his friend.

"All the same, I don't believe in it. I know very well it 's because I 'm your nearest relative that Marion has kept away from me. I don't resent that — though I 'm sorry. If I could, I 'd stretch out a hand to help you, Alec, boy."

"Help me? What do you mean, Aunt Effie? Do you suppose I am a child, to fret after another's prize. Thank God! I 'm no weakling; and, if I know myself, this is the last time I shall speak to any living being of her personal relation to me. Please to consider that the stone is rolled before the tomb."

Miss Effie had something on the tip of her tongue, but, like the heroic woman that she was, kept it there.

Alec, picking up a new book from her table, fell to discussing that.

After he had gone, Miss Effie opened a compartment of her desk, and, taking out a faded ambrotype of a soldier in uniform, looked at it for a long time.

XII.

In the camp of the Amazons, now threatened with a disbandment so unwelcome to Mignon, had arisen a spirit of determination on the part of that small campaigner which boded ill for the gallant Strémof's hopes to secure an American bride.

Whatever the world might assert upon this subject as final, Mignon knew the matter was not yet closed. She was aware that three days yet remained of the fortnight's probation, at the end of which Strémof might be allowed to claim what he aspired to. She had given up talking about it with Marion, but, by watching narrowly, saw that her friend was every day more nervous. How heartily Mignon wanted to cut the knot of difficulty by the simple process of bringing Gordon and Marion together, only she knew. For days it had absorbed her thoughts almost to the exclusion of her platform and her work of canvassing for emancipated women. Had she lived in the artless days of old, she might have followed the method then pursued by ladies desirous of securing the presence of an unwilling gentleman — hiring bravos to abduct him after dark. But, short of this compelling device, she saw none that would accomplish her desire. The little obstacles of conventionality are surely to blame for the gravest miscarryings of human affairs. Knowing for how long a time Gordon had absented himself from Marion, would Mignon be justified in informing him that Marion was — unconsciously perhaps — as much in love with him as she was repentant of her pledge to Strémof?

Mignon tried to persuade her chum to write to the absent suitor, and tell him frankly she had made a great mistake. But Marion was in an exalted state of devotion to supposed duty. Strémof had convinced her that her life with him would open a broader opportunity for usefulness than any she was likely to find at home. The prospect of living out of New York, and at the same time doing missionary work among those "most interestingly wretched" Russians upon Strémof's estates, kindled in her an excitement she almost mistook for pleasure.

A wise mother, to whom Marion might have carried her case in this exigency, could have demolished its weak points with love and common sense. But what was Marion's only counselor — poor little Mignon, her own head stuffed with distracting aspirations and mistaken aims, with noble fallacies, with puzzling counter-impulses — to advise? Had they not, together, many a time decided that duty to the individual should be subordinated to duty to society at large? Whatever their personal discomfort, must they not, before all things, assist in running the machine of the Brotherhood of Humanity?

But as the days narrowed into hours before Strémof was due to return, Mignon grew unaffectedly desperate to keep him away. In the throes of conflicting feelings she walked over to the hospital to see after her Mrs. Stromeyer,

the wife of the baker out of work, and joint proprietor of the bewitching baby.

Things there were in a bad way for the house of Stromeyer. Not only did poverty still hold the husband hard and fast in its clutches, but the wife was sinking fast. While the baby in another ward slept, all unconscious of his distressed estate in life, the husband, admitted behind the screen around the cot, sat dazed and wretched at the patient's side. The doctors who had just passed on their rounds had told him she would not last out the hour.

Mignon, laying aside the useless cluster of spring blossoms she had brought, stood sorrowful, looking on at this little scene from the drama of every day. Presently the sufferer, opening her eyes, became aware of her visitor, and smiled gratefully.

"That is nice! I am happy," she whispered, her eyes quickly leaving Mignon to seek her husband, her wan hand going out to imprison his.

"Sha'n't I bring the baby?" asked Mignon, seeing the end was near.

Obtaining leave from the head-nurse, she ran away into a far ward, and, returning with the infant in her arms, leaned down to let it touch the mother's lips.

"That is nice! I am happy," repeated the woman. But she did not look a second time toward the child. Her gaze again sought her husband.

And, as Mignon left them, the man's head had fallen forward upon the bed-clothes, the wife's arm was around his neck.

MIGNON went out of the hospital into the broad sunshine of the jocund day, and walked home slowly. In the seclusion of her room she wrote a note, and sent it by special messenger. Just what influence the pitiful scene at the hospital had in shaping this course of hers she did not allow herself to think.

For the remainder of the afternoon she was restless, growing white and red by turns, starting at every ring of the door-bell. She even renounced an important lecture, to stay indoors, seeing Marion go off to it with ill-disguised satisfaction.

"If any one calls, I am at home, Mary, you will remember — at home," she enjoined upon the butterfly maid. And — shall it be told of her? — Mignon then selected from her wardrobe a gown, not of the most recent cut, but undoubtedly enticing to the eye — a gown long hung away under others; and twisted anew her golden locks to place the knot at an angle formerly much admired by interested eyes.

This done, she was wrought up to a pitch of excitement that brought on internal tremblings, ill-masked by apparent calm. She tried to read; tried the piano; she rearranged the flowers, the ornaments on the mantelshelf; then — last resource of expectant woman — changed the position of several pieces of heavy furniture. At length, bethinking her of an unfinished essay for a girls' club that was lying upon her desk, she boldly took up her rubber pen-holder, and dashed into a sentence left incomplete:

"Not, O my sisters, until woman shall cease crying out against her wrongs at the hand of man, and set herself to living as if man were not, shall —"

Here the clock struck five, and Mignon jumped. Dropping her pen, she turned around to interrogate the clock-face, as if trying to persuade herself it was in the wrong. But it was a very well regulated little timepiece, and obstinately held its own. Five o'clock — and she had said she would be at home to him at four!

To Mignon's dismay, two round, bright tears welled in her eyes, to course their way down the rose-bloom of her cheek. It was a crisis at which any girl might have been excused for an expression of temper against things inanimate. The first object Mignon's eyes rested upon was her uncompleted essay; and tearing the page from the pad, regardless of wasted wisdom, she crumpled it viciously in her hand, and threw it into the fire.

Simultaneously there was a ring at the door-bell of the flat — an insistent, energetic ring, short, sharp, and decisive. Mignon's little heart fell to beating so violently she could hardly breathe. She felt herself wondering if such an internal tumult could possibly show *outside*. But she retained sufficient self-control to give a glance into the little mirror above the mantelpiece. The door opened. It was the maid, preceding a gentleman.

"Mr. Carleton," said Mary, secretly pleased that this visitor could not, by any stretch of imagination, be converted into one of those "Ladies' Suffering" men of whom she was beginning to be aweary.

Lowndes Carleton did not smile overmuch when Mignon held out her hand to him. He was, at this period of his career, in the condition of the dog Dr. John Brown tells about, of whom his master averred: "Oh, sir, life is full of sariousness to him. He can never get enough o' fechtin'."

"I received your note about half an hour ago," he said with business-like gravity, "and as it seemed to indicate some matter of importance, I came as fast as I could get up-town."

"You are very kind. But I knew you would be," faltered Mignon, as they sat down on opposite sides of the room. This distance, however, was not so great that Carleton, by extending his long legs, could not easily have

succeeded in covering half its width. He studied the crown of his hat, while she, the ready speaker, the silver-tongued oracle of women's meetings, wondered, now that she had him, what use she could make of her acquisition.

"It is a hard thing to explain to you why I have asked you to take this trouble," she said at last. "I don't know whether it will make it any better if I say it is for another person — other persons — friends of yours and mine, who I think are in great distress that might be remedied if I only knew how to do it."

"I could hardly flatter myself you would send for me on your own account," said he — with unnecessary irrelevancy, Mignon thought.

"It has been so long since we met, I did n't quite know whether you would recall my name," she answered — also going off the track with an unpardonable deviation from facts. "But that is neither here nor there. And, not to take any more of your time than I need, let me tell you at once what I mean."

Carleton now lifted his eyes from the crown of his hat, and looked at her. Then Mignon's eyes drooped; she took a paper-knife from the table, and began playing with it upon her lap.

"We — my friend, Miss Irving, and I — have heard how much your partizanship did for Mr. Gordon in his campaign. I felt sure you admire and appreciate him as all his friends seem to do. And I wanted to ask if you — if you think — would it be possible — if you know whether — he is in town," she broke down lamely.

"He is in town. I saw him to-day at luncheon. He is very well, very busy, overrun with necessary affairs, and one of the best fellows in the world," Carleton's lips said. His thoughts were concerned with their tumultuous recognition of his favorite gown, his favorite mode of hair-dressing. But he did not know quite enough to take these, upon this occasion, as a tribute to himself.

"I ought to tell you, I think," Mignon went on, warming to her subject, "that, after I wrote to you, I was frightened to death lest I had done what Marion's delicacy would take offense at. You know — maybe you don't know — she is one of the most fastidious girls I ever met. But the only thing, in such a case, is to apply it to one's self — and I —"

Mignon stopped, appalled. She ventured a glance at Carleton, to see what effect her slip had had upon him; but his face gave her no satisfaction.

"Won't you go on with your statement?" he said, returning to his hat, she to the paper-knife.

"It would be better to ask you what you would think of a pair of people — who, I believe, truly love each other — getting apart for no really good reasons (though they seemed so at the time), and then not being able to come together again."

"Well?" he said eagerly, his eyes kindling with sudden hope.

"Suppose the girl had never been truly happy since their parting, and it was *not known* that the man had — er — formed any other attachment —"

"Of course he had n't," Carleton blurted out.

"You really think so?" cried Mignon, ecstatically.

"Think? I know it. By Jove! where would he have found a girl that could hold a candle to her, even if she did play the mischief with his feelings?"

"But she did not mean to, and she has been wretched ever since — perfectly wretched almost all the time."

"Mignon!" he exclaimed, making an abrupt movement by which his stick, entangled with the fire-irons, knocked them over with a crash.

"Why, Lowndes, how awkward you always are!" she said quite naturally, stooping to put the poker and tongs in place. "Yes, wretched; though she would n't have had anybody know it for the world. And now that a crisis has come in her affairs —"

"A crisis?" he said, turning pale.

"Yes; she has given a conditional promise to another man to marry him. And to-morrow the other man is coming; and, if nothing interferes, she will be bound forever. And, oh! how I can look on and see my poor dear mistaken Marion —"

"Marion?" he thundered.

"Lowndes, don't be so noisy! The servants will hear you in the kitchen. You would never do in a flat."

"But you frightened the very life out of me with your hypothetical heroine, don't you see?"

"I don't know what you mean," she answered, overcome by the old familiar methods into which they had involuntarily fallen. The sound of his voice seemed to her as joyous and inspiring as a bugle. To be near him stirred in her an old delight in living she had quite forgotten.

"You are acting in a very odd way," she said reprovingly; "and unless you sit down again quietly in your chair, I can't finish what I began to say."

"You need n't finish; I understand," he interrupted breathlessly. "You are for showing me there 's a chance for Alec Gordon to get his sweetheart back; and, to satisfy you, I 'll promise now that I won't leave a stone unturned till I bring him here, dead or alive, this evening. Losing her just took the salt out of

his life. And whatever has happened between them since, if he thinks she will have him again, he will come fast enough."

"I don't know that she would like him to think exactly that," cried Mignon, rather alarmed. "A girl could n't well ask a man to come and just talk things over, could she, no matter whether any good is to come out of it? But no, no! I have no authority to say that Marion wants to see him."

"You think it likely?"

"Ye-es," she said finally, laying hold, as upon an anchor, of the paper-knife.

"You believe there is a moment in a true, honest girl's life when she is ready to put aside nonsense and affectation, and own to the man she has wounded that she is ready to make him forget it all in an eternity of bliss."

"Oh, Marion would never forgive me saying *that!*" she exclaimed, her face dyed with innocent blushes.

"Let Marion go, Mignon. Let Gordon go. For this little minute think of yourself and me; and tell me if all you 've been saying for *her* does n't apply to *you* too, dear."

"But *I 'd* never have sent for *you*," she cried, on the verge of tears. "Never, never; and you know it! If my mother were here, it would be different."

The sight of the poor little Bachelor Maid breaking down in a fit of crying in her chair appealed to the best manhood in her lover, and took him, at two strides, across the room away from her.

"I shall go, now, dear," he said, with his hand upon the knob. "Don't fear I will presume on your generosity to her. But it 's given me hope; and after I 've succeeded — as I shall, I promise you — in doing what you want, perhaps you 'll not forbid me to come back on my own account."

Mignon wiped her eyes, and took courage.

From that moment dated her conviction, since unshaken, that whatever life-work a woman has to do, she does it better for sharing it with man.

MRS. ROMAINE came to dine with the girls that evening, saying that her husband had sent word from his office that he might be detained till late. Neither she nor Marion could account for the extraordinary rise in the barometer of Mignon's spirits. The little maiden was transformed into a creature full of tricksy merriment, her joy bubbling, in spite of her, into all she said and did. Marion, whose wings were tipped with lead, could not follow her friend's flights. In her heart she thought Mignon for the first time a little flippant. Mrs. Romaine, also, was grave and preoccupied. It was a dull banquet, between them; and as they sat afterward around the fire in the drawing-room, even Mignon's gaiety flagged. From time to time she glanced at the clock, and sighed.

"What ails you, dear?" said Marion, finally. "One would think you were bewitched."

"You and I are brakes upon her wheels," said Mrs. Romaine, rousing herself from painful abstraction. "Come, Marion, give me something pleasant to think of. Tell Mignon and me if to-morrow is really to see you promised to be the future Baroness Strémof."

"I have asked for another day," replied Marion, blushing deeply.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Mignon, clapping her hands.

Mrs. Romaine could not resist a shaft of her old forging:

"Reprieve at the final moment? The prisoner mercifully spared for further consideration of her offense? My dear girl, you know your own affairs, but, for Heaven's sake! let a thousand Strémofs be disappointed rather than do yourself the wrong of going into this with any uncertainty."

"But I am certain," said Marion, proudly.

"Then, in that case, I retire."

"I am certain of so many things that make others seem less important," the girl went on more gently. "Dear Mrs. Romaine, have confidence in me. I have not found life so full of sunshine that I am likely to rebel if I sometimes wander into shadow in the future."

"What a way for a girl to talk, in anticipation of her married life!" Mrs. Romaine thought; but she did not speak this thought. Instead, she looked at Mignon, and was surprised to see that young lady's recent exaltation of spirit succeeded by a look almost woebegone.

"What 's in us all?" said Mrs. Romaine, shrugging. "Depend on it, girls, this is what it will be like when we have finally downed our tyrant man, and undertake to get on without him."

There was a ring, and Mignon's color came back into her pretty face. Her eyes shone, her cheeks dimpled.

"Let us agree, then, if these are some of the said tyrants come to call, to make them welcome — no matter who they may be," she exclaimed saucily.

"Judge Irving, for Miss Irving," was the altogether astonishing announcement brought to them.

Marion's face was pale, and her lips were firm, as she walked across the entry into her own sitting-room.

She found her father wandering about the tiny place in his top-coat, having forgotten to remove his hat. He looked shrunken, careworn — denuded of dignity, of importance.

Marion, smitten by these facts with compunction, offered to kiss him; but the judge seemed hardly aware of that overture of friendship.

"She has gone away from me, Marion," he said, without preamble. "I don't know for how long. I shall never be sure she does n't mean to come back. She has long shown me she was tired of my life — tired of me. Yes; she 's been restless a good while. But I was not prepared for her leaving me."

"I am — sorry," Marion began to say, and paused.

"That is not the worst. I believe she is going on a lecturing tour in Canada and the Northwest! She showed me a letter from an agent — and a poster, Marion, calling her 'Mrs. Judge Irving of New York'! It is rough on me, though I 've got nobody to thank but myself. She 's been making it very hard to live with her, my dear. There are two women in that one; you 've never seen the worse. And it will be hardly possible to tell when she may not be coming back."

He sank into a chair, so dejected and crestfallen that Marion could scarcely believe her eyes.

"I am sorry, father," she said again presently, going over to lay her hand upon his shoulder. "Don't think I blame you for what has kept us apart. We both made mistakes. It seems to me life is all mistakes."

"There 's another thing I came to say to you, my dear. From something she let fly, in a fit of anger with me, I think she flatters herself she has helped to keep Alec away from you. If she said anything against him to you, Marion, I 'd — I 'd take it with a grain of salt. She has not scrupled at falsehoods. And I could see there was some angry feeling in her boast of this to me."

"You believe he was never in love with her?" she cried eagerly.

"Never, my dear. On the contrary, he did everything in the world to warn me against her, for your sake. All he did was always for your sake, Marion. I did hope you and Alec might forgive bygones, and be friends with me again — and with each other. He 's a safe fellow to trust both you and the books to after I 'm gone; and there 'll be a good lot of money. But *she* said you are going to marry the Russian. Is this true, Marion?"

"I believe so, father," she said, in a low tone, her hands straining one within the other.

A tap on the door. Mignon was there, a radiant look upon her face.

"I would n't disturb you, dear; but here is some one who wants to see you, and your father too, on very particular business. Please go in, Mr. Gordon; Mrs. Romaine and I will take care of Mr. Carleton!"

A FEW moments later the judge went away from his daughter's door, and walked dejectedly down a long avenue, to bring up at his club. He slept there that night, and, after he was in bed, tried to remember just what had passed before he had left his daughter standing hand in hand with Alec Gordon. He had an idea that Gordon, on entering the room, had taken Marion at once into his arms, and that Marion had seemed more than content to let him do so. But to his Honor all minor events were swallowed up in the flood of mortified vanity and crushed pride that had overwhelmed him.

MRS. ROMAINE, yawning over a magazine in the dining-room, remained at her post as chaperon of four happy people as long as she could keep awake. Then, breaking up the ball, she ordered the men away, asking Gordon to accompany her in her brougham as far as her own door.

It was only a short distance to her house, and Gordon had hardly begun to tell her of his capture by Lowndes Carleton, who had pursued him half over town in a cab before finally coming upon him at dinner with a friend, when the brougham stopped.

A servant, evidently in waiting at the front door, ran down the steps to meet them. He begged Mrs. Romaine to go at once up-stairs to her husband, who had entered the house but a short time before themselves, looking so ill that the man had wanted at once to send for a doctor. This having been forbidden peremptorily, Mr. Romaine had shut himself in his own room, whither nobody had yet dared to follow him.

"Let me wait and keep the carriage, in case you should need a doctor," suggested Gordon, startled not so much by the news as by the look of apprehension upon Mrs. Romaine's face.

"Thank you. Perhaps it will be best," she said; and he saw that her thoughts had flown before her up the stairs.

"Does she care for him so much?" the young man wondered, entering the library, and sitting down to ponder on his own surprising fortune. With Marion's kiss upon his lips, Marion's plea for pardon in his ears, the affairs of other people could not seem to him of the first importance then.

Before long he had a message from Mrs. Romaine, praying him to go up to her husband's room.

"Mr. Romaine is better, I hope?" he said to the butler, who preceded him.

"Can't say, I 'm sure, sir. I did not see Mr. Romaine himself," the man answered imperturbably.

What was it? Gordon felt a sense of uncom-

fortable anticipation, as he followed along the corridor, and tapped at a door indicated to him.

It was opened by Mrs. Romaine, who, drawing him inside, shut and locked it. Gordon looked at her in dismay. In the brief time since their parting a terrible change had been wrought upon her face.

"My dear lady!" he exclaimed in a shocked voice.

"He is there — in his own room — you will see him presently," she said in a lifeless voice. "Sit here a moment, first. I must tell you what soon every one will know. My husband is not only a ruined man — he tells me he is disgraced. He says he has ruined so many others that, after this, men will always speak of him as a thief!"

"Good God!" cried Gordon.

"There is more. When I got up-stairs, a few minutes ago, I was just in time. Another minute — there would have been — *this*." She faltered, and with a shaking hand lifted a pistol from the folds of her dress.

Possessing himself of the weapon, Gordon made haste to unload it, and to place the wretched woman in a chair, where, dropping her head upon a table, she gave way to a burst of sobs and tears.

"But I must tell you all," she said, when again able to articulate. "No, how can I tell you, when I myself don't know particulars? For weeks I have seen that some awful cloud was over him; but God knows I never dreamed of this. Of all the chances of misfortune, this would have been the last for me to expect. I always believed in his integrity among men — always — always. But he has told me now, everything — freely, fully. Oh, would to God I had shown him long ago what he is to me, and he might have confided in me when there was yet time to save him and his victims! He did n't mean wrong, Mr. Gordon; I 'd swear to it. See how generous he has always been to me, to every one! It was that mad rage for speculation. It has overwhelmed him and all who trusted him. And now that, like a child, he has opened his heart to me — what shall I do to comfort him, my love, my poor darling!"

Another storm of despair swept over her. Gordon, standing beside her, kept his hand upon her shoulder tenderly, firmly.

"When he thought of dragging me down in the disgrace that will be known everywhere tomorrow, his impulse was to get out of life — anyway, he said. He supposed, oh, God! that I would be *relieved* — relieved of my husband, the lover of my youth — my poor husband, weighed down with sin and care! Think of that, Mr. Gordon! Think I let him believe so! It breaks the poor remnant of my heart. But I 've saved him from the worst — I saved him. He is mine, still, to comfort, to stand by — no matter what 's to come!"

There was silence, broken only by a fresh burst of her uncontrollable love and sorrow. Gordon spoke at last.

"You are quite sure he will make no other attempt to —" He glanced significantly at the pistol still in his hand.

"No, no. He has promised to live for me. He is in there, lying across his bed, not stirring. He has given me leave to speak to you."

"My dear lady, this is inexpressibly painful to me," began the young man. "Perhaps you will tell me what you would have me do?"

"Do?" she cried, springing to her feet, with a look of dauntless resolve in her haggard eyes. "There is but one thing to do — thank God we are childless! As I have told my poor darling, we must face it — and meet the punishment — together!"

When Gordon, late that night, found his way from the rooms in which he had undergone a most distressing experience, he passed unobserved through the lower hall deserted by the servants, who scented disaster.

As he let himself out of the stately portal, and stood for a moment in the vestibule, he lifted his hat toward the door.

"To the Higher Woman," he murmured, then strode with a sad heart from the house around which shadows deeper than those of night had forever closed, into the brightness of his own steadfast way.

In the contemporaneous aspect of their affairs it is possible to give only a few facts in disposing of the other people with whom this episode has had to deal.

Just yet it is hard to say what effect Strémof's disappointment has had upon him. He met it, assuredly, with an admirable bearing, sailing shortly afterward, with the remark that he will return to pursue his studies of American sociology.

The junior member of our firm of Bachelor Maids very soon became an utterly devoted Mrs. Carleton. As they were giving up the flat on May 1, and her mother was remotely heard from as still upon her travels, with no intention of abandoning her pursuit of change of scene, Mignon decided that she could do no better with herself than be married from the house of her sister, Mrs. Clyde. Lowndes, as soon as he had secured his individual share of female suffrage, stopped fulminating against it, and was spoken of by his wife's friends as "an ardent sympathizer, only not quite ready to speak out." The worst recorded against him was a query to his wife whether, on the whole, she considered that she would have done better by

defeating nature than in letting nature defeat her. But, as Mrs. Clyde observed, it is hardly worth while remembering the foolish things men say when they are trying to make you think they feel themselves your equals.

Marion, while awaiting her own marriage, fixed for the early days of June, had returned to her father's house. She there told Alec and Miss Effie that, in thinking over her winter's experience, she had come to regard the woman question as one involving the whole, not half, of the human race.

"So do I," said Miss Effie. "I regard our emancipation as an inevitable development awaiting us, but one in which men are equally concerned."

"You are willing to let us think that, in helping you out, we are working for our own regeneration?" asked Gordon. "Well, be it so. I recall those lines of Tennyson:

> The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
> Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:
> For she that out of Lethe scales with man
> The shining steps of Nature, shares with man —

Here my memory fails me. What comes next, Aunt Effie?"

"I can remember only this," she answered, looking at the two with eyes brimful of satisfied pride:

> "Till at the last she set herself to man,
> Like perfect music unto noble words."

THE END.

Constance Cary Harrison.

THE HAWTHORNES IN LENOX.

TOLD IN LETTERS BY NATHANIEL AND MRS. HAWTHORNE.

THE immediate cause of my father's sojourn in Lenox was his removal from the surveyorship of the Salem Custom House, and I therefore begin the following records connected with his Lenox life by giving several of my mother's letters during their last weeks in Salem, when they were looking about for a desirable hillside or meadow space where they might make their new home; for they were tired of city streets and the hurrying prisoners upon them.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER FATHER.

(Written in an excited hand.)

8th of June, 1849.

MY DEAR FATHER: Mr. Hawthorne received news by telegraph to-day that he is turned out of office headlong. I have written to mother, and told her, fearing she would hear of it accidentally. We are not cast down at all, and do not be anxious for us. You will see by my letter to mother how we are hopeful and cheerful about it, and expect better things. The cock is crowing the noon of night, and I must to bed. I have written a long letter to mother. We are all well. Your affectionate daughter,

SOPHIA.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER MOTHER. 1849.

The telegraph to-day brought us news that would have made the cottage house particularly acceptable, because we could have lived there upon our own responsibility — for the old General has turned Mr. Hawthorne out of the surveyorship. Do not be troubled, for *we* are not. Mr. Hawthorne never liked the office at all, and is rather relieved than otherwise that it is taken out of his hands, and has an inward confidence that something much better and more suitable for him will turn up. As for me, you know I am composed of Hope and Faith, and while I have him and the children I feel as if Montezuma's diamonds and emeralds were spiritually in my possession. But we look forth with a kind of rapture to the possibility of now going into the country somewhere this summer, and setting Una down in *a field*, where she so pines to go. Meantime, the newly appointed surveyor's commission has not arrived, and so Mr. Hawthorne is not yet out of office.

I have not seen my husband happier than since this turning out. He had felt in chains for a long time, and being a MAN, he is not alarmed at being set upon his own feet again,— or on his *head*, I might say,— for that contains the available gold of a mine scarcely yet worked at all. As Margaret [Fuller] truly said once, "We have had but a drop or so from that ocean." We are both perfectly well, too, and brave with happiness, and "a credence in our hearts, And esperance so absolutely strong, as doth outvie the attest of eyes and ears." (So Shakspere somewhere speaks for us, somewhat so — but not verbatim, for I forget one or two words.)

Above all, it has come in the way of an inevitable providence to us (whatever knavery some people may have to answer for, who have been the agents in the removal), and I never receive inevitable providences with resignation

merely; but with *joy*, as certainly, undoubtedly, the best possible events that can happen for me — and immediately I begin to weave the apparent straw into gold, like the maiden in the fairy-tale.

Good-by now, dear mother. Do not be anxious. I should not have told you this *now*,— fearing you might be troubled,— but I was afraid you might see the removal in the papers, or hear of it; and I thought it best to let you know just how it is with us, so that you might not have a shock.

Give my love to aunt Tyler, and tell her there is no one to whom I would so willingly intrust you as to her, and to Mary and Amelia. My love to them, too, and to Charles. Ask him if he remembers my visit to Brattleboro', and how friendly was our intercourse. And if George come, tell him I always liked him better than any of his brothers, excellent and worthy as they may be; and that I have not yet ceased to regret that he did not receive my answer to his beautiful, eloquent, and touching letter of long ago, by which was proved to me in syllables what I always believed of him — that he had a soul of delicate and noble temper, with a pure, unworldly, generous tone.

Good night. I hope you took your great, knitted shawl, for cold evenings and mornings. Be careful, careful; for your life is very precious to us. Your most affectionate child,

SOPHIA.

June 10th, 1849. Sunday.

MY DEAR FATHER: Here is a pretty business, discovered in an unexpected manner to Mr. Hawthorne by a friendly and honorable Whig. Perhaps you know that the President said before he took the chair that he should make no removals except for dishonesty and unfaithfulness. So that all who voted for him after that declaration pledged themselves to the same course. You know also, doubtless, that there has never been such a succession of removals of honorable and honest men since we were a nation as since the accession of President Taylor — not even under Jackson — who, however, always removed people because they were Whigs, without any covert implication of character. This has been Democratic conduct — to remove for political reasons. This conduct the Whigs always disapproved, and always said no one ought to be removed but from disability or dishonesty. So that now when any one is removed, they imply that the person is either a shiftless or a dishonest man. It is very plain that neither of these charges could be brought against Mr. Hawthorne. Therefore a most base and *incredible* falsehood has been told — written down and signed and sent to the cabinet in secret. This infamous paper certifies among other things (of which we have not heard) that Mr. Hawthorne has been in the habit of writing political articles in magazines and newspapers.

This he has never done, as every one knows, in his life — not *one word* of politics was ever written by him. His townsfolk of course know it well. But what will surprise you more than this fact is to hear who got up this paper, and perjured his soul upon it — who followed his name with their signatures, and how it was indorsed. It was no less a person than Mr. ——— — ———!! who has thus proved himself a liar and a most consummate hypocrite; for he had always professed himself the warmest friend. He certifies the facts of the paper, and *thirty* other gentlemen of *Salem* sign their names, among whom are ——— ——— and young ——— ———, and Mr. ——— ———. Can you believe it? Not one of these gentlemen knew this to be true, because it is *not* true, and yet, for party ends, they have all perjured themselves to get away this office, and make the President believe there were plausible pretexts — they had no idea it could be found out. But the district attorney *saw* the paper. He is a Whig, but friendly to Mr. Hawthorne, on literary grounds; and the district attorney told a Salem gentleman, also a Whig and a *personal* friend of Mr. Hawthorne. Thus, the "murder" is out, through better members of the same party.

Mr. Hawthorne took the removal with perfect composure and content, having long expected it on account of his being a Democrat. But yesterday, when he went to Boston and found out this, the lion was roused in him.

Your aff'te child, SOPHIA.

June 17th, 1849. Sunday.

MY BLESSED MOTHER: Your most welcome and beautiful letter of the 11th I very gladly received. You take our reverse of fortune in the way I hoped you would. I feel "beyond the utmost scope and vision of calamity" (as Pericles said to Aspasia) while my husband satisfies my highest ideal, and while the graces of heaven fill the hearts of my children. Everything else is very external. This is the immortal life which makes flowers of asphodel bloom in my path, and no rude step can crush them. I exult in my husband. He stands upon a tableland of high behavior which is far above these mean and false proceedings with which a party of intriguers are now concerning themselves, and covering themselves and each other with the hopeless mud of Dante's "Inferno." The more harm they try to do, deeper down they plunge into the mire; and I doubt if ever in this world some of them will be able to wash their faces clean again.

June 21st. Thursday.

MY OWN DEAR MOTHER: I am truly disappointed that you have not had this letter before; but the tide of events has hurried me away from it. Now I must write a few words. You never heard of such a time about any one as there has been about Mr. Hawthorne. The whole country is up in arms, and will not allow Mr. Hawthorne to be removed. And now I have the good news to tell you that his removal is *suspended* at Washington, and he is either to be reinstated, if he will consent — or to be presented with a better office. At Washington the government was deceived, and were not told that the person to be removed was *Mr. Hawthorne* — so secret and cunning were these four gentlemen of Salem, Mr. ———, Mr. ——— ———, Mr. —— ———., and Mr. ——— ———!!!! I cannot tell you all the abominable story now, and it is no matter, since they are caught in their own toils, and defeated. Mr. Hawthorne's name is ringing through the land. All the latent feeling about him now comes out, and he finds himself very famous. Mr. Sam'l Hooper has been very active for him. Mr. Howes has done nothing else for ten days but go back and forth to Boston and Salem, and to come here to see my husband, upon the subject. It has wholly aroused him out of his deep affliction for the death of Frederic (his brother), for whom he feels as if he was acting now, so deep was Frederic's love and admiration for Mr. Hawthorne.

When I see you, I will tell you this long story about the removal, which has proved no removal, as Mr. Hawthorne has not left the Custom House, and the commission of the new officer has not arrived.

Your loving child, SOPHIA.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER FATHER.

July 4th, 1849. Wednesday, Salem.

MY DEAR FATHER: Will you be kind enough to go to Charles M. Ellis, Esq., State St., and ask him whether Rockwood Hoar has yet drawn upon him for the money due to Mr. Hawthorne from the Brook Farm estate? We want it.

Mr. Hawthorne still remains undisturbed, but has not yet received a proper official notice from Washington of a change of purpose. So we are still in a suspended position. But all good people are sure it will go well or better.

In a letter to Mr. Horace Mann, soon afterward, Hawthorne wrote: "My surveyorship is lost, and I have no expectation nor any desire of regaining it. My purpose is simply to make such a defense to the Senate as will insure the rejection of my successor, and thus satisfy the public that I was removed on false or insufficient grounds."

FROM GEO. S. HILLARD TO HAWTHORNE IN SALEM.

On the envelop my father has written Hillard's name and "The Scarlet Letter," showing with what interest he preserved this friend's criticism and praise. On the other side of the envelop is written, "Foi, Foi, Faith." No one ever was more faithful to, and consequently ever had more faith in, his friends than my father.

BOSTON, March 28th, 1850.

MY DEAR HAWTHORNE: You have written a most remarkable book; in point of literary talent, beyond all your previous efforts; a book full of tragic power, nice observation, delicate tact, and rare knowledge of the human heart. I think it will take a place in our literature among the highest efforts of what may be called the tragic muse of fiction. You are, intellectually speaking, quite a puzzle to me. How comes it that with so thoroughly healthy an organization as you have, you have such a taste for the morbid anatomy of the human heart, and such knowledge of it, too? I should fancy from your books that you were burdened with some secret sorrow; that you had some blue chamber in your soul into which you hardly dared to enter yourself; but when I see you, you give me the impression of a man as healthy as Adam was in Paradise. For my own taste, I could wish that you would dwell more in the seen, and converse more with cheerful thoughts and lightsome images, and expand into a story the spirit of the Town-pump. But while waiting for this, let me be thankful for the weird and sad strain which breathes from the "Scarlet Letter," which I read with most absorbing interest.

Yrs. ever, GEO. S. HILLARD.

To go from Salem to Lenox was to contrast very forcibly the somewhat oppressed spirits of historical association with the healthy grandeur of nature. The books my father wrote in Lenox embrace this joy of untheoried, peaceful, or gloriously perturbed life of sky and land. Theory of plot or principle was as much beneath him as the cobblestones; from self-righteous harangues he turned as one who had heard a divine voice that alone deserved to declare. He taught as nature does, always leading to thoughts of something higher than the dictum of men, and nobler than their greatest beauty of action. He said it was difficult for him to write in the presence of such a view as the "little red house"[1] commanded. It certainly must have been a scene that expressed otherwise unutterable sublimity. But if my father struggled to bring his human power forward in the presence of an outlook that so reminded him of God, he did bring it forward there, and we perceive the aroma and the color which his work could not have gained so well in a town or a village covert.

[1] The "little red house" belonged to Mr. Tappan, and was let by him to my father. Mrs. Tappan wrote to my mother, describing the cottage, and drawing a ground-plan of it.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER MOTHER.

LENOX, August 1st, 1850.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: . . . Yes; we find kindest friends on every side. The truest friendliness is the great characteristic of the Sedgwick family in all its branches. They seem to delight to make happy; and they are as happy as summer days themselves. They really take the *responsibility* of my being comfortable, as if they were mother, father, brother, sister. We have fallen into the arms of loving kindness, and cannot suffer for any aid or support in emergencies. This, I know, will give you a reposeful content concerning us. Upon Caroline also one can rest as upon a law; and Mr. Tappan is a horn of benefits. He seems to have the sweetest disposition, and his shy, dark eyes are always gleaming with hospitable smiles for us. We could not be in more agreeable circumstances, very well — only I feel rather too far from you all.

Last Saturday night who should appear but Mr. O'Sullivan! The last we had heard of him was that he had the yellow fever at New Orleans, and that he was arrested for some movements with regard to Cuba. He is now on bail, and will return to be tried in December. . . . He returned to Stockbridge that night, and on Monday came in a double carriage and took us there, to the house of Mrs. Field, an old friend of his mother. We were received with the most whole-hearted hospitality, and Una and I stayed all night. And Mr. O'Sullivan brought Mr. Hawthorne and Julian back, because Mr. Hawthorne did not wish to stay. I stayed ostensibly to go to a torchlight festival in an ice glen; but I wished more to see the O'Sullivans than the festival. We had a charming visit.

Mrs. Field carried me to the scene of the sacrifice of Everell in "Hope Leslie," for it is upon her estate — a superb hill covered with laurels — and this sacrifice rock near the summit, and the council-chambers beneath. That was where the noble Magawesca's arm was stricken off. . . . Mr. O'Sullivan took me to see Mrs. Harry Sedgwick in the evening — a noble woman, with a gleam in her face. There I also saw Mrs. Robert Sedgwick, and the Ashburners, who called upon us at Highwood. We went to a bridge where we could see the torchlight party come out of the ice glen, and it looked as if a host of stars had fallen out of the sky, and broken to pieces; so said the Count O'S. [Mr. O'Sullivan was called "the Count," in humorous recognition of a certain air about him.] We waited till they arrived to us, and then we saw Mrs. Charles Sedgwick and her pretty school-girls embark in an endless open omnibus for Lenox. They were all lighted up by the burning torches, and were dressed in fantastic costumes of brilliant colors, scarlet being predominant. Those girls looked like a bouquet of bright flowers, as they sat waving farewells, and receiving with smiles the cheers of all the young gentlemen, who raised their torches, and shouted, "Hurrah!" Poor, dear Mrs. Charles — she looked so warm, and so flushed — just like a torch, herself — and so lovely, kind, and happy, in the midst of her living roses. Above serenely shone myriads of pale stars in the clear sky; around the horizon heat-lightning flashed. The moon was rising in the east, and in the north the aurora borealis bloomed like a vast lily. It was really a rare scene. We returned to Mrs. Harry Sedgwick's. There she stood, receiving the greetings of the members of the party, every gentleman bearing a torch, which lighted up a rosy face at his side. Such happiness as they enjoyed, such spirit and such mirth! It was worth witnessing. I found that everybody of note in Stockbridge dearly loves our friend Mr. O'Sullivan. He is the "pet" and "darling" and "the angelic," with them all, and through him we were known to them. Most affectionately,

SOPHIECHEN.

The two letters from Herman Melville which follow are here printed by the kind permission of his widow. He was then living in Pittsfield near by.

HERMAN MELVILLE TO NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(Upon which the latter writes, "Recd July 24th, 1851.")

Tuesday, Afternoon.

MY DEAR HAWTHORNE: This is not a letter, or even a note — but only a passing word said to you over your garden gate. I thank you for your easy-flowing long letter (received yesterday), which flowed through me, and refreshed all my meadows, as the Housatonic — opposite me — does in reality. I am now busy with various things — not incessantly though; but enough to require my frequent tinkerings; and this is the height of the haying season, and my nag is dragging home his winter's dinners all the time. And so, one way and another, I am not yet a disengaged man; but shall be very soon. Meantime, the earliest good chance I get, I shall roll down to you, my dear fellow, being, we — that is, you and I — must hit upon some little bit of vagabondism before autumn comes. Graylock — we must go and vagabondize there. But ere we start, we must dig a deep hole and bury all Blue Devils, there to abide till the Last Day. . . .

Good-by. his X mark.

PITTSFIELD, Monday afternoon.

MY DEAR HAWTHORNE: People think that if a man has undergone any hardship, he should have a reward; but for my part, if I have done the hardest possible day's work, and then come to sit down in a corner and eat my supper comfortably — why, then I don't think I deserve any reward for my hard day's work — for am I not now at peace? Is not my supper good? My peace and my supper are my reward, my dear Hawthorne. So your joy-giving and exultation-breeding letter is not my reward for my ditcher's work with that book, but is the good goddess's bonus over and above what was stipulated for — for not one man in five cycles, who is wise, will expect appreciative recognition from his fellows, or any one of them. Appreciation! Recognition! Is love appreciated? Why, ever since Adam, who has got to the meaning of his great allegory — the world? Then we pigmies must be content to have our paper allegories but ill comprehended. I say your appreciation is my glorious gratuity. In my proud, humble way, — a shepherd-king, — I was lord of a little vale in the solitary Crimea; but you have now given me the crown of India. But on trying it on my head, I found it fell down on my ears, notwithstanding their asinine length — for it 's only such ears that sustain such crowns.

Your letter was handed me last night on the road going to Mr. Morewood's, and I read it there. Had I been at home, I would have sat down at once and answered it. In me divine magnanimities are spontaneous and instantaneous — catch them while you can. The world goes round, and the other side comes up. So now I can't write what I felt. But I felt pantheistic then — your heart beat in my ribs and mine in yours, and both in God's. A sense of unspeakable security is in me this moment, on account of your having understood the book. I have written a wicked book, and feel spotless as the lamb. Ineffable socialities are in me. I would sit down and dine with you and all the gods in old Rome's Pantheon. It is a strange feeling — no hopefulness is in it, no despair. Content — that is it; and irresponsibility; but without licentious inclination. I speak now of my profoundest sense of being, not of an incidental feeling.

Whence come you, Hawthorne? By what right do you drink from my flagon of life? And when I put it to my lips — lo, they are yours and not mine. I feel that the Godhead is broken up like the bread at the Supper, and that we are the pieces. Hence this infinite fraternity of feeling. Now, sympathizing with the paper, my angel turns over another page. You did not care a penny for the book. But, now and then as you read, you understood the pervading thought that impelled the book — and that you praised. Was it not so? You were archangel enough to despise the imperfect body, and embrace the soul. Once you hugged the ugly Socrates because you saw the flame in the mouth, and heard the rushing of the demon, — the familiar, — and recognized the sound; for you have heard it in your own solitudes.

My dear Hawthorne, the atmospheric skepticisms steal into me now, and make me doubtful of my sanity in writing you thus. But, believe me, I am not mad, most noble Festus! But truth is ever incoherent, and when the big hearts strike together, the concussion is a little stunning. Farewell. Don't write a word about the book. That would be robbing me of my miserly delight. I am heartily sorry I ever wrote anything about you — it was paltry. Lord, when shall we be done growing? As long as we have anything more to do, we have done nothing. So, now, let us add Moby Dick to our blessing, and step from that. Leviathan is not the biggest fish; — I have heard of Krakens.

This is a long letter, but you are not at all bound to answer it. Possibly, if you do answer it, and direct it to Herman Melville, you will missend it — for the very fingers that now guide this pen are not precisely the same that just took it up and put it on this paper. Lord, when shall we be done changing? Ah! it 's a long stage, and no inn in sight, and night coming, and the body cold. But with you for a passenger, I am content and can be happy. I shall leave the world, I feel, with more satisfaction for having come to know you. Knowing you persuades me more than the Bible of our immortality.

What a pity, that, for your plain, bluff letter, you should get such gibberish! Mention me to Mrs. Hawthorne and to the children, and so, good-by to you, with my blessing.

HERMAN.

I can't stop yet. If the world was entirely made up of Magians, I 'll tell you what I should do. I should have a paper-mill established at one end of the house, and so have an endless riband of foolscap rolling in upon my desk; and upon that endless riband I should write a thousand — a million — billion thoughts, all under the form of a letter to you. The divine magnet is on you, and my magnet responds. Which is the biggest? A foolish question — they are *One*. H.

Don't think that by writing me a letter, you shall always be bored with an immediate reply to it — and so keep both of us delving over a writing-desk eternally. No such thing! I sha'n't always answer your letters, and you may do just as you please.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER MOTHER.

September 4, 1850, LENOX.
Wednesday, A. M.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: To-day Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Melville have gone to dine at Pittsfield. Mr. Tappan took them in his carriage. I went to Highwood after breakfast, to ask for the carriage and horses, as you know Mr. Tappan has put them at our disposition, if we will only drive. I found James sitting in state at the gate in the wagon, and concluded, of course, that there was no hope. But behold, Mr. Tappan was just about starting for Pittsfield, himself; and with the most beautiful cordiality of hospitality, he said he would come over to take the gentlemen. This would have been no particular courtesy in some persons; but for this shy dear, who particularly did not wish, for some reason, to be introduced to Mr. Melville, it was very pretty. I have no doubt he will be repaid by finding Mr. Melville a very different man from what he imagines — a very agreeable and entertaining one. We find him so. A man with a true, warm heart, and a soul and an intellect — with life in his finger-tips; earnest, sincere and reverent; very tender and *modest*. And I am sure he is not a very great man; but I have not quite decided upon my own opinion. I should say, I am not quite sure that *I do not think him* a very great man; for my opinion is of course as far as possible from settling the matter. He has very keen perceptive power; but what astonishes me is that his eyes are not large and deep. He seems to see everything very accurately; and how he can do so with his small eyes, I cannot tell. They are not keen eyes, either, but quite undistinguished in any way. His nose is straight and rather handsome; his mouth expressive of sensibility and emotion. He is tall and erect, with an air free, brave, and manly. When conversing, he is full of gesture and force, and loses himself in his subject. There is no grace nor polish. Once in a while his animation gives place to a singularly quiet expression, out of these eyes to which I have objected — an indrawn, dim look, but which at the same time makes you feel that he is at that instant taking deepest note of what is before him. It is a strange, lazy glance, but with a power in it quite unique. It does not seem to penetrate through you, but to take you into himself. I saw him look at Una so, yesterday, several times. He says it is Mr. Mathews who is writing in the "Literary World" the visit to Berkshire. Mr. Mathews calls Mr. Hawthorne, "Mr. Noble Melancholy," in the next number of the paper. You know, what you read was the Introduction only. It is singular how many people insist that Mr. Hawthorne is gloomy, since he is *not*. He is pensive, perhaps, as all contemplative persons must be, especially when, as in him, "a great heart is the household fire of a grand intellect" (to quote his own words); because he sees and sympathizes with all human suffering. He has always seemed to me, in his remote moods, like a stray Seraph, who had experienced in his own life no evil; but by the intuition of a divine intellect saw and sorrowed over all evil.

[Among my mother's early letters to my father, this poem, written in her fine, delicate hand upon old-fashioned fancy note-paper, was evidently her expression of this feeling. "My Dove" was one of my father's names for my mother; he found her a seal with a dove upon it. She several times referred to this title with joy, in talks with me.

THE SERAPH AND THE DOVE.

A SERAPH strayed to earth from upper spheres,
Impelled by inward motion, vague yet strong:
He knew not wherefore he must leave the throng
Of kindred hierarchs for a world of tears:
But, mailed in proof divine, he felt no fears,
Obedient to an impulse clear of wrong:
And so he ceased a while his heavenly song,
To measure his immortal life by years.
His archèd brow uprose, a throne of light,
Where ordered thought a rule superior held;
Within his eyes celestial splendors dwelled,
Ready to glow and bless with subject might,
When he should find why God had sent him here,
Shot like a star from out his native sphere.
He was alone; he stood apart from men:
His simple nature could not solve their ways;
For he had lived a life of love and praise,
And they forgot that God their source had been.
So mused he on the visions of his mind,
Which, wondrous fair, recalled his home above:
He wist not why he was to space confin'd,
But waited, trusting in Omnific love.
Then lo! came fluttering to his arms a Dove,
Which for her foot had never yet found rest:
The Seraph folded her within his breast,
And as he felt the brooding warmth, he conscious, smiled and said:
"Yes, Father! Heaven can only be where kindred spirits wed!"]

As his life has literally been so pure from the smallest taint of earthliness, it can only be because he is a seer that he knows of crime Not Julian's little (no, *great*) angel heart and life are freer from any intention or act of wrong than his. And this is best proof to me of the absurdity of the prevalent idea that it is necessary to go through the fiery ordeal of sin to become wise and good. I think such an idea is blasphemy and the unpardonable sin. It is

really abjuring God's voice within. We have not received, as we ought to have done, the last Saturday's number of the "Literary World." I have a great curiosity to read about "Mr. Noble Melancholy." Poor aunty! [Her aunt Pickman.] I really do not believe Shakspere will be injured by being spoken of in the same paper with Mr. Hawthorne. But no *comparison* is made between them, though there is no reason why one great man may not be compared to another. There is no absolute difference in created souls, after all; and the intuitions of genius are identical, necessarily; for what is an intuition of genius but God's truth, revealed to a soul in high communion? I suppose it is not *impossible* for another Shakspere to culminate. Even I — little bit of a tot of I — have sometimes recognized my own thought in Shakspere. But do not tell aunt Pickman of this. Not believing in an absolute source of thought, she would pronounce me either irrecoverably insane, or infinitely self-conceited.

Here is John — no more. SOPHIA.

MR. HAWTHORNE TO MRS. FOOTE.

LENOX, May 25th, 1851.

DEAR MRS. FOOTE: Sophia has requested me (and I take great pleasure in it) to announce to you the birth of a little daughter, whom we call Rose — or rather, at the present stage of her development, Rosebud. She made her appearance on Tuesday morning last, and seems to be an excellent baby. Her mother is as well as possible, and sends her best love to you. You will probably see both mother and child in the course of a few months, as Sophia intends visiting your part of the country before autumn.

With my kind regards to yourself and Mr. Foote, Very truly yours,

NATHL. HAWTHORNE.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER SISTER, ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

July 10th, 1851, LENOX.

MY DEAREST LIZZIE: What a sumptuous present, or budget of presents, you are making me! I am affronted, if they come in the way of return for the pitiful hospitality you received. You not only had no bed to sleep on, and no room to sleep in, but nothing to eat, besides sewing all the time, and washing your own clothes!!!! I was very unhappy about it all, but thought I would not add to the trouble by complaining, as I did not see how I could remedy the matter. I never intend to have a guest again for so long as father stayed, on Mr. Hawthorne's account. It fairly destroys both his artistic and his domestic life. He has no other life — never visiting, and having nothing to do with the public. I do not know as any one but myself can estimate the cost to him of having a stranger in our courts, especially in these narrow ones. A week or so does very well, but months will not do at all. . . . You know that he has but just stepped over the threshold of a hermitage. He is but just not a hermit still.

I rejoice in the strawberries and the garden-plot. . . . I am getting Una *rounded* in again, by a little conversation and intercourse. She is a most satisfactory child to deal with when I really have possession of her. She is almost fierce in her perfect freedom; but she will obey the "golden bit," and soften to love and harmony at the right reining. When she went to bed last night the baby was asleep, and she asked me to talk to her as I used to do at twilight, always. I sat down upon the foot of her bed, and for a while there was no talk in me. Observing my silence, she began to sob. She felt removed from me, and as if we could not meet — such a pile of naughtiness between. I asked her whether she had forgotten Jesus Christ. His name was like opening the door of a fair and vast temple. We entered in, and had a beautiful conversation. Her tones were like those of the softest lute, her face as sweet as in infancy. She is certainly the divinest as well as the naughtiest child that ever was born.

The children long to see you; but Una says she does not think father "imaginative enough"!!!!!! Is not that funny — that such a child should be consciously annoyed by matter-of-factedness? [Una was nine.]

FROM HAWTHORNE TO HIS WIFE, WHILE SHE WAS ON A VISIT TO HER MOTHER.

LENOX, August 8th, 1851.

OWNEST PHŒBE: I wrote thee a note yesterday, and sent it to the village by Cornelius; but as he may have neglected to put it in, I write again. If thou wilt start from West Newton on Thursday next, I will meet thee at Pittsfield, which will answer the same purpose as if I came all the way.

Mrs. Tappan requests that thou wilt bring ten pounds of ground rice for her, or a less quantity, if thou hast not room for so much.

Julian is very well, and keeps himself happy from morning till night. I hope Una does the same. Give my love to her.

I shall be most gladdest to see thee.

Thine, N. H.

August 9th, Saturday. I received yesterday thy note, in which thou speakest of deferring thy return some days longer. Stay by all means

as long as may be needful. Julian gets along perfectly well, and I am eager for thy coming only because it is unpleasant to remain torn asunder. Thou wilt write to tell me finally what day thou decidest upon; but unless I hear further, I shall go to Pittsfield on Saturday, a week from to-day. But if thou seest reason for staying longer, do so, that nothing may be left at loose ends.

Julian and I had a fine ride yesterday with Herman Melville and two other gentlemen.

Mrs. Peters is perfectly angelic.

Thinest, N. H.

Mrs. Peters, a negress of the dignified type, was the general house-servant, an aged, forbidding, harmlessly morose soul, often recalled by my mother in her references to Lenox, when talking, as she did most easily and fascinatingly, to us children of the past. The picturing of Mrs. Peters always impressed me very much, and she no doubt stood for a suggestion of Aunt Keziah in "Septimius Felton." She was an invaluable tyrant, an unloaded weapon, a creature who seemed to say, "Forget my qualities if you dare — there is one of them which is fatal!" As my parents possessed the capacity to pay respect where it could be earned, the qualities of Mrs. Peters were respected, and she found herself in a sort of heaven of courteous tolerance.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER MOTHER.

Aug. 19th, 1851. LENOX, Tuesday.

MY DEAR MOTHER: Baby was exemplary all the way; but she was rather heavy to hold without intermission, and I thought sometimes of depositing her on the floor. At Springfield a young man, who had two children — one just able to stand — and a wife with him, — and therefore experienced in the humanities of life, if he chanced to be reflective; and also poor in worldly goods — this young man got for me a tumbler of milk. And thus, with Mary's sandwiches, I got along very well with respect to food. It was a pleasanter carful of people than we had going east, and we arrived at Pittsfield at 3 o'clock. Upon getting out of the car I looked searchingly for the kingly head of my husband, and, not seeing it, accosted a coatless individual, and asked him to whom I should give my checks for my luggage. When, behold, instead of the face of Apollo, there came suddenly to view close to my eyes the hugely ugly but very friendly countenance of Mr. Steele, who, after shaking hands like an intimate friend, as Americans are so apt to do, announced the deplorable news that Mr. Hawthorne had not come, but had commissioned him to fetch me home. So I went into the ladies' saloon, and there he kept me waiting from three till after four. Then I got into his wagon, with endless expresses and packages, and three passengers, and we drove home, where we arrived about six, having to stop at almost every house to leave some budget. In the village, while waiting, Miss Catherine Sedgwick passed, and greeted us for a few moments. Una was very tired, and her eyes looked as cavernous as Daniel Webster's till she saw the red house; and then she began to shout, and clap her hands for joy.

Mr. Hawthorne came forth with a thousand welcomes in his eyes, and Julian leaped like a fountain, and was as impossible to hold fast. But I was rather too tired to know how glad I was.

I found that Mr. Hawthorne had written a minute account of his and Julian's life from the hour of our departure. He had a tea-party of New York gentlemen one day, and they took him and Julian a long drive; and they all had a picnic together, and did not get home till eight o'clock. Mr. Melville came with these gentlemen, and once before in my absence. Mr. Hawthorne also had a visit from a Quaker lady of Philadelphia, Elizabeth Lloyd, who came to see the author of "The Scarlet Letter." He said that it was a very pleasant call. Mr. [G. P. R.] James also came twice, once with a great part of his family, once in a storm. Julian's talk flowed like a babbling brook, he writes, the whole three weeks, through all his meditations and reading. They spent a great deal of time at the lakes, and put Nat's ship out to sea. I wish it had brought home for Nat the mines of Golconda. Sometimes Julian pensively yearned for mama, but was not once out of temper or unhappy. There is a charming history of poor little Bunny, who died the morning of the day we returned. It did not appear why he should die, unless he lapped water off the bathing-room floor. But he was found stark and stiff. Mrs. Peters was very smiling, and grimly glad to see me. On Sunday Mr. Samuel P. Ward came to see us, and wondered why I did not come to Lenox with the Minots Thursday. He said he told Nat I could come with them. He came himself on Friday, and presumed I was already here, and was very sorry I came alone. I forgot to say that in the village Mr. Farley came to the wagon, and brought Mr. Burrill Curtis. And Mr. Ward on Sunday gave me an excellent drawing of Highwood Porch for the "Wonder Book," which he said he had asked Burrill Curtis to draw. We have sent it to Mr. Fields. On Monday Mr. Curtis called. He is taking sketches all about, and is going back to Europe this autumn. Just now Dr. Holmes and Mr. Upham's son Charles drove up. They came in a few moments. First came Dr. Holmes, to peep at the lake thro' the boudoir window — for he was afraid to leave the horse, even tied — then he went out for Charles to come

in; and Mr. Hawthorne insisted upon holding the horse, and having them both come in. When Dr. Holmes went back, he laughed to see Mr. Hawthorne at his horse's head, and exclaimed, "Is there another man in all America who ever had so great an honor as to have the author of 'The Scarlet Letter' hold his horse?" My love to your lovely household. Your most affectionate child, SOPHIA.

The following letters were evoked by one of those entanglements concerning the petty matters of existence which will sometimes occur in the most enchanting web and woof of good feeling and high thought. A luxuriant fruit-garden, attached to the "red house," seems to have suddenly cast a spell over its original mistress, and around this humorous tragedy my father throws some gleams of mirth and sense, as follows:

MR. HAWTHORNE TO MRS. TAPPAN, FROM LENOX.

Sept. 5th, 1851.

DEAR MRS. TAPPAN: As questions of disputed boundary are very ticklish ones, whether between nations or individuals, I think it best to take the diplomatic correspondence, on our part, into my own hands; and I do it the more readily as I am quite an idle man nowadays, and shall find it rather agreeable than otherwise; whereas Sophia is exceedingly busy, and, moreover, is averse to any kind of a dispute. You will be kind enough to give me credit for writing in a spirit of undisturbed good humor and friendly courtesy; and this being the case, I shall feel myself safe in writing with, likewise, the most perfect frankness.

In the first place permit me to notice the question which you put to Sophia, whether she would not prefer to receive kindness rather than assume rights. I do not know what would be her reply; but for myself, in view of the infirmities of human nature in general and my especial infirmities, and how few people are fit ever to receive kindnesses, and how far fewer are worthy to do them, I infinitely prefer a small right to a great favor. It was this feeling that made me see the necessity of a sum stipulated in the way of rent, between Mr. Tappan and myself. The little difficulty in which we now find ourselves merely serves to confirm me in my principle, and will instruct me in all future cases to have my rights more sharply defined than they are now.

Undoubtedly, by consenting to receive money from me, Mr. Tappan did invest me with certain rights, and among the most evident of them I consider the property in the fruit. What is a garden without its currant-bushes and fruit-trees? Last year no question of this nature was raised; our right seemed to be tacitly conceded, and if you claimed or exercised any manorial privileges, it never came to my knowledge. This season when Mr. Tappan inquired what part of the garden I wanted to cultivate, I supposed he wished to know in order that he might send Cornelius to plow it — as he very kindly did. It never came into my mind that I should lose the most valued part of the demesne by failing to plant it. If the fruit-trees have suffered by my neglect, this was reasonable ground for remonstrance on Mr. Tappan's part, but would hardly justify him in so summary a measure as that of taking the property out of my hands at once, and without a word of explanation, or either informing me of the fact. Nor do I conceive that he had any purpose of doing so.

At all events, Sophia and I supposed ourselves to be in full possession of that part of the garden, and in having a right of property over its products more extensive than that of Adam and Eve in Eden, inasmuch as it excluded not a single tree. Such being our view of the matter, you meet Mary Beekman, carrying a basket of fruit. You stop her, look at the contents of the basket, and inquire as to its destination. You ask her (at least so she averred to Mrs. Peters, altho' she has since qualified her statement) whether it had been given away or *sold*. You conduct this examination in such a mode as to make it evident to our servant-girl that you consider Sophia and Mrs. Peters as combining in a depredation on your property.

You follow this up with a note of remonstrance to Sophia, in which you take her to task not merely for giving away some of the fruit, but for presuming to choose her own time to gather it for our own use. Now let us suppose the perfectly parallel case, that Mrs. Ward should take upon herself to pursue the same course in regard to the fruit of Highwood. Would Mrs. Tappan have responded to Mrs. Ward by a gentler assertion of right than Sophia's to yourself? I think not. I do not see how you could. And if you did so, it would be purely out of your own abundant grace and good nature, and would by no means be due to any propriety in the supposed behavior of Mrs. Ward.

Finally in your note of last evening, you give us very clearly to understand that you look upon us as having no rights here whatever. Allow me to say that this is precisely the crisis which I contemplated when I felt it essential to be understood that I had *bought* my rights, even from persons so generously disposed as yourself and Mr. Tappan. The right of purchase is the only safe one. This is a world of bargain and sale and no absurdity is more certain to be exposed than the attempt to make it anything else.

As regards the apples of discord (meaning thereby the plums, pears, peaches, and whatever besides), we sincerely hope you will take as many of them as you please, and on such grounds as may cause them to taste most agreeably. If you choose to make a raid, and to seize this fruit with the strong hand, so far from offering any armed resistance, we shall not so much as remonstrate. But would it not be wiser to drop the question of right, and receive it as a free-will offering from us? We have not shrunk from the word "gift," although we happen to be so much the poorer of two parties, that it is rather a suspicious word from you to us. Or, if this do not suit you, you can take the fruit in humble requital of some of the many favors bestowed in times past, and which we may perhaps remember more faithfully than you do.

And then the recollection of this slight acidity of sentiment, between friends of some years' standing, may impart a pleasant and spirited flavor to the preserves and jams when they come upon your table. At any rate, take what you want, and that speedily, or there will be little else than a parcel of rotten plums to dispute about.

With kind regards to Mr. Tappan,

Very truly yours, N. H.

Mrs. Hawthorne writes to her sister, Miss E. P. Peabody:

Feb. 20th, 1852.

I send you Mr. Tappan's answer, so noble and beautiful. Mr. Hawthorne wrote him a beautiful note in reply, in which he said: "My dear Sir, I trust you will not put more weight than it deserves upon a letter which I wrote rather to relieve Sophia of what might have disturbed her than because I look upon the affair in a serious light. Your own letter is of a character to make one ashamed of any narrower or ignobler sentiment than those of universal beneficence and good will; and I freely confess that the world will not deserve to be called a world of bargain and sale so long as it shall include men like yourself.

"With much regard truly yours,

"N. H."

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER MOTHER, FROM LENOX.

Sept. 7th, 1851. Sunday.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: It is heaven's day to-day, and the Lord's day, and now baby sleeps and Una is at Highwood and Julian at play, and I will begin at least to answer your sweet, patient, wise, and tender letters. Yesterday and to-day have been tropical in heat and richness and expansiveness, and I feel as if it is on such days only that we really live and know how good is God. I wish I knew that you enjoy such warmth and are not made languid by it. You will perhaps remember that I am always strongest at 98 Fahrenheit. I delight to think that you also can look forth as I do now upon a broad valley and a fine amphitheater of hills, and are about to watch the stately ceremony of sunset from your piazza. But you have not this lovely lake, nor, I suppose, the delicate purple mist which folds these slumbering mountains in airy veils.

Mr. Hawthorne has been lying down in the sunshine, slightly fleckered with the shadows of a tree, and Una and Julian have been making him look like the mighty Pan by covering his chin and breast with long grass-blades, that looked like a verdant, venerable beard. I walked down to them a moment, leaving baby asleep, and while there, Una exclaimed: "Oh, how I wish Georgie was here!" [George C. Mann, her cousin.] Thus the dear little boy harmonizes with the large and dreamy landscape, so that his presence would only help the beauty of this peerless day. I never heard Una wish for any one before, when enjoying elemental life *and her father*. Baby Rose has had a carriage for a week or more, and we took her one day down to the lake. I wish you could have seen her in the wood, when I held her in my arms. She smiled and smiled and smiled, at the trees and the lake and the woodland sounds, till she transported mama out of the proprieties. "To kiss her to pieces," "to hug her to death," "to devour her," were processes to which she rendered herself fearfully liable. How wonderful is this love for which there is no mortal expression, but which we can only shadow forth by death and destruction! Julian has begun to speak to the baby now. He exclaims: "Oh, you darling," and holds her on his lap, with such a look of bountiful and boundless tenderness and care as would charm you to see. I should as soon expect an angel from the sky to descend to a rough scuffle with a desperado as for Julian to disturb or annoy the little Rosebud. Sometimes we go down to the woods near, and baby sleeps in the carriage to the music of the pine-tree murmurs and cricket chirpings, and once in a while of birds, while Una and Julian build piles of tiny sticks for the fairies' winter fuel, and papa and mama sit and muse in the breathless noon. But it is seldom warm enough. These last two days *are* warm enough, and my soul seems to "expand and grow like corn and melons," and I remember all beautiful behavior and noble deeds and grand thoughts and high endeavors; and the whole, vast universe seems to blend in one single, unbroken recognition of the

"higher law." Can there be wrong, hate, fraud, injustice, cruelty, war, in such a lovely fair world as this before my eyes? Cannot cities be abolished, so that men may realize the beauty of love and peace by contemplating the broad and genial spaces where there is no strife? In the country they would see that sunbeams do not wrangle, that forests of trees agree together, that no flower disturbs another flower.

I saw, dear mother, that it was of no use to try to have intercourse with you while baby was on hand. Do you know that you are not only mother in particular, but mother in general, and that your heart cannot rest unless all the mothers under you fasten their eyes and hands with spiritual pins, as well as actually, on their babies and young children? — that you will not let them think of anything or anybody else?

. . . I am glad you can dwell upon my lot "with unalloyed delight"; for certainly if ever there were a felicitous one, it is mine. Unbroken, immortal love surrounds and pervades me; we have extraordinary health, in addition to more essential elements of happiness; my husband transcends my best dream, and no one but I can tell what he must be, therefore. When I have climbed up to him, I think I shall find myself in the presence of the shining ones, for I can only say that every day he rises upon me like a sun at midnoon. And, then, such children; and now the prospect of means to buy bread, and a little cake, too! I have written on, and the sun has set; and the moon has risen, and reveals the fine sculpture of nature. Una and Julian and Baby Rose are all in profound repose. Not a sound can be heard but my pen-strokes, and the ever-welcome voice of the cricket, which seems expressly created to announce silence and peace. If a murderer would compose his ear sufficiently to listen to the chirp of a cricket, do you think he could then go and kill his brother? I believe he could not; but it needs a sense unthickened by outrageous passion to hear God's crickets. It even needs a mind unburthened with care.

Monday morning.— My lamp grew so dim that I could not see to write any more last evening, dear mother. We have had several visits since I came home. One day I was most agreeably surprised by a call from Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Rodman. Mr. Rodman was just as full of life and talk as ever. Last spring I had a very interesting letter from Mr. Rodman about "The House of Seven Gables" and "The Scarlet Letter." We also had a call from Professor West and wife. It is very singular how much more we are in the center of society in Lenox than we were in Salem. And all literary persons seem settling around us. But when they get all established here, I dare say we shall take flight. Last month Mr. Fields wrote to Mr. Hawthorne, quoting from a letter from Miss Mitford about "The House of the Seven Gables." . . . How pleasant it is to have these appreciating words from the gems of old England! Was it not a singularly prophetic intuition that Mr. Hawthorne had when he was a boy — asking his mother in a letter, which I saw, whether she would like to have him a writer, and be read in England?

Our domestic affairs are in famous trim. Mrs. Peters is going to stay with me till next spring at least; and I have Mary Beekman besides, at present.

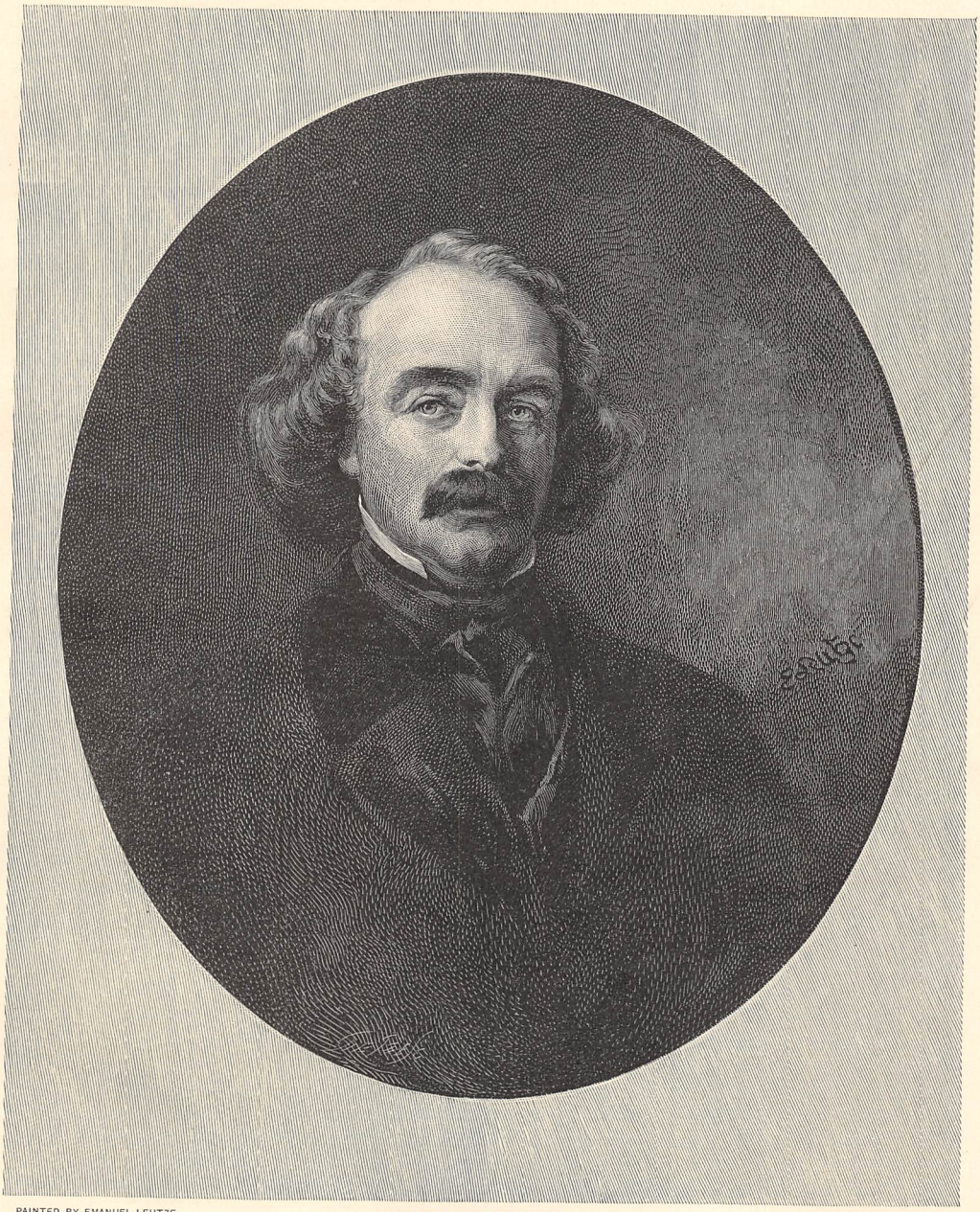
Our present picture is Julian, lying on an ottoman in the boudoir, looking at drawings of Grecian gems; and just now he is filled with indignation at the man who sent Hercules the poisoned shirt, because he is contemplating that superb head of the "Suffering Hercules." He says he hopes that man is dead; and I assure him that he *is* dead, dead, dead, and can send no more poisoned shirts to anybody. It happened to be a woman, however, sad to tell; but I thought I would not reveal to him the terrible story of Deianeira and the wicked Nessus. Una is whittling, but at this instant runs off to help Mary Beekman to do something. Mr. Hawthorne has retired to his study. Baby sleeps. Good-by, dear mother. Love to your household. Your loving child,

SOPHIA.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER FATHER.

LENOX, Autumn, 1851.

. . . Julian waited to speak to his beloved Mr. Tappan. He picked up one sheaf after another, and carried them to him, calling: "Mr. Tappan! Mr. Tappan! Here are your oats!" Mr. Tappan came at last, smiling, and thanked him for his help. The afternoon was so beautiful that every incident seemed like a perfect jewel on a golden crown. The load of yellow sheaves, the rainbow child, the Castilian with his curls and dark, smiling eyes [Mr. Tappan] — every object was a picture which Murillo *could not* paint. I waited for Julian till he ran to me; and when we came into our yard there was Lady Baby in her carriage, in a little azure robe, looking like a pale star on a blue sky. We came into the dining-room, and out of the window there was this grand and also exquisite picture — lake, meadow, mountains; forever new, forever changing; now so rich with this peculiar autumn sunshine, like which my husband says there is nothing in the world. The children enjoy very much this landscape while they eat their supper. Una ate hers, and went up-stairs to see grandmama; and Julian sat on my lap, very tired with play, eating a cold



PAINTED BY EMANUEL LEUTZE. OWNED BY MRS. W. H. OSBORN. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

buckwheat-cake, and gazing out. "Mama! *Mountain! Lake!*" he kept ejaculating. Wise child. What could be added, in the way of adjective, that would enhance? "Thou eye among the blind!" thought his mother. At last he was so weary with travel and sport that he slipped down upon the floor, and lay upon his back till he finished eating his buckwheat-cake. Then I put him to bed. He clasped his blessed little arms so tightly around my neck, with such an energetic kiss, that we both nearly lost breath. One merry gleam from his eyes was succeeded by a cloud of sleepiness, and he was soon with the angels. For he says the angels take him when he goes to sleep, and bring him back in the morning. Then I began this letter. Dear little harp-souled Una — whose love for her father grows more profound every day, as her comprehending intellect and heart perceive more and more fully what he is — was made quite unhappy because he did not go at the same time with her to the lake. His absence darkened all the sunshine to her; and when I asked her why she could not enjoy the walk as Julian did, she replied: "Ah, *he* does not love papa as I do!" But when we arrived, there sat papa on a rock, and her face and figure were transfigured from a Niobe's to Allegra instantly. After I put Julian to bed, I went out to the barn to see about the chickens, and she wished to go. There sat papa on the hay; and like a needle to a magnet she was drawn, and begged to see papa a little longer, and stay with him. Now she has come, weary enough; and after steeping her spirit in this rose and gold of twilight, she has gone to bed. With such a father, and such a scene before her eyes, and *with eyes to see*, what may we not hope of her? I heard her and Julian talking together about their father's smile, the other day. They had been speaking of some other person's smile — Mr. Tappan's, I believe; and presently Una said, "But you know, Julian, that there is no smile like papa's!" "Oh, no," replied Julian. "Not like *papa's!*" Una has such an intuitive perception of spheres that I do not wonder at her feeling about her father. She can as yet hardly tell why she is so powerfully attracted; but her mother can sympathize — and knows very well.

Do not wait an hour to procure the two last numbers of the "Literary World," and read a new criticism on Mr. Hawthorne. At last some one speaks the right word of him. I have not before heard it. I have been wearied and annoyed hitherto with hearing him compared to Washington Irving and other American writers, and put, generally, *second*. At last some one dares to say what in my secret mind I have often thought — that he is only to be mentioned with the Swan of Avon; the Great Heart and the Grand Intellect combined. I know you will enjoy the words of this ardent Virginian as I do. But it is funny to see how he does not know how this Heart and this Intellect are enshrined.

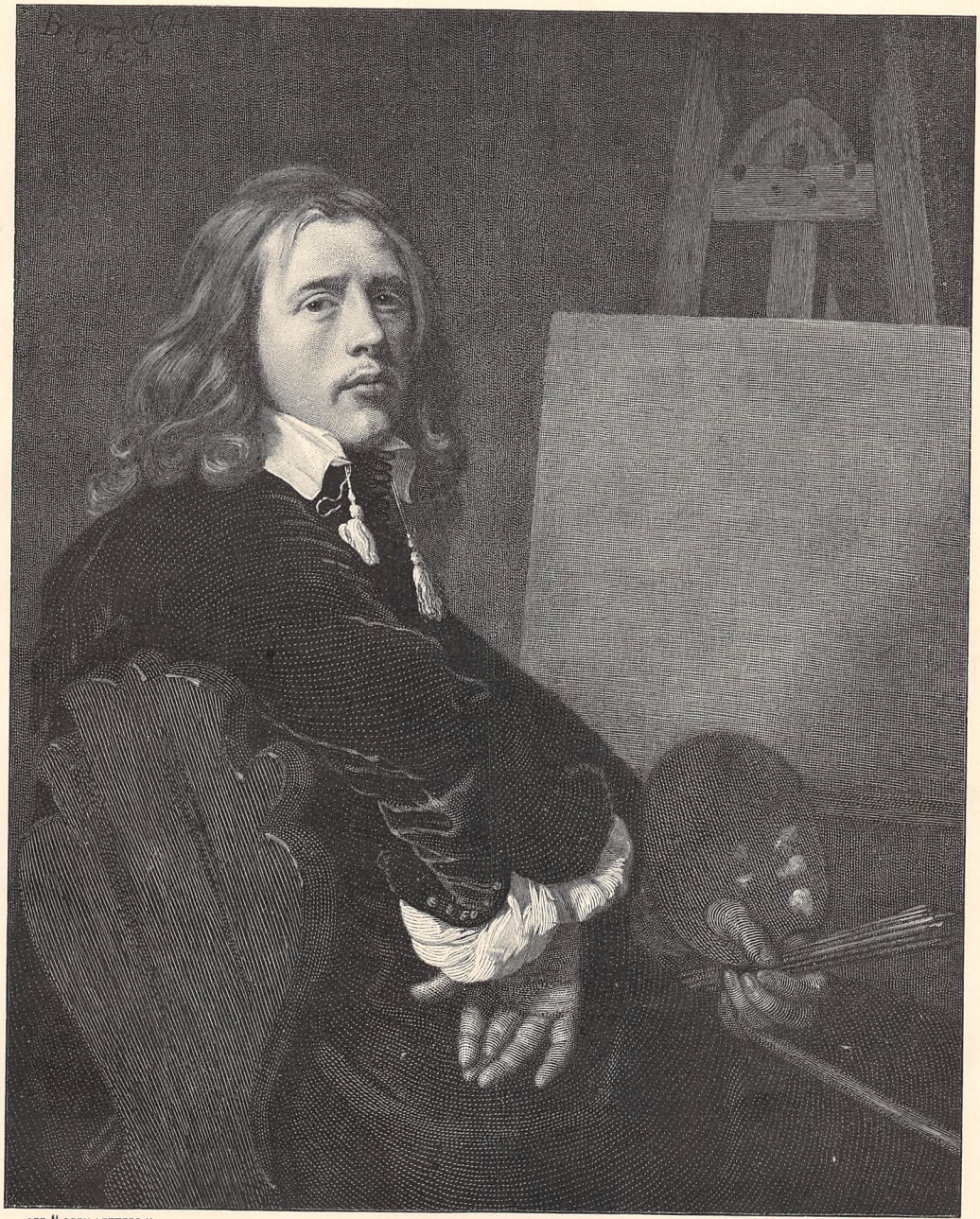
That my mother and father enjoyed their next home at the Wayside, there are immediate letters to prove; but if they had not feasted their eyes upon a vision of beautiful spaces, it might have been less delightful to return to the haunts of friends, and a hollow among hills. One grandeur of the distance they did not leave behind at Lenox — the sunsets to be seen over the meadows between the Wayside and the west are spaciously revealed, and splendidly rich.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

DREAMLAND.

IT is a land not far from us, where souls
May sometimes walk in sleep — a dim, vast land,
Older than Egypt, full of rivers spanned
With mist; broad meads it hath and moon-lit knolls,
Whereon the purple asphodel unrolls,
And many a pale death-flower; wide open stand
Its gates all night, whence dreams in riotous band
Press, thronging to the couch of sleep, till tolls
The matin bell; then, nimble as a thought,
All vanish, save some luckless elf in nets
More fine than Queen Mab's eyelash tripped and caught.
O strange, mad sprites, whom fantasy begets,
Ye bring the dead back, ye do strong hearts break
For some lost treasure, some sweet memory's sake.

William Prescott Foster.



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

T. COLE Sc. MAY. 1894

PORTRAIT OF PAUL POTTER, BY VAN DER HELST.

IN THE GALLERY AT THE HAGUE.



"TWICE A YEAR HE CAME BACK." ENGRAVED BY A. WALDEYER.

JOSSELIN.

A KITWYK STORY.

WITH PICTURES BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

I.

THE Kitwyk windmill overlooked the canal, with its boats and barges laden with grain moored to the banks waiting to be unloaded by the great, creaking pulleys. The mill was a gray old shaft surrounded midway by a balcony reached by a flight of stone steps, each of which had in its day served as millstone. When the balcony door was opened there streamed out the aroma of freshly ground grain; even the miller's eyelashes were powdered with flour, and there was a haze of it on her red cheeks; for the miller of Kitwyk was a young maid.

Many a skipper, waiting for his grain to be ground, had wafted vain sighs to the miller standing in the doorway, her dark-blue skirts pinned about her hips, her sleeves rolled up, and a white handkerchief tied in a knot at her breast, while on each temple, under her muslin cap, stood a bold gold corkscrew, the rock on which many a Dutch idyl has been wrecked.

The Van Gelderns had been millers of Kitwyk for three hundred years, and mighty proud they were of their descent; and there never was a hitch in the lineage until, contrary to all tradition, the last heir to the mill proved to be twins.

It was the girl who adored the mill, with its dim, winding stairs lost in the great black cap that turned so softly in its groove that the wings could catch each breath of the shifting wind.

Maarten, the boy, was slight and dark and dreamy, with wild longings that even strayed beyond where the North Sea beats against the sand dunes, and he hated the old weather-beaten mill, the level fields fading into the hazy distance, and the silence broken only by the tinkling cow-bells.

Kitwyk disapproved of romance, and if it tolerated that fatal quality in young Duymar van Twist, it was because, as the direct descendant of a pirate in the reign of Philip the Second, he was the victim of heredity. However, the last Van Twist was nothing more bloodthirsty than third mate on the *Esperance de Jong*, a merchantman plying between Rotterdam and the Dutch colonies in Batavia. Twice a year he came back to demoralize the



ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

"JOSSELIN, JOSSELIN, I FEAR THIS IS LOVE."

placid youth of Kitwyk, and to see his old parents. But once when he came back the two chairs by the hearth were empty, and he sat alone in his familiar place, his head in his hands. When he went he closed the green blinds, and stood for the last time by his mother's chair, and laid his cheek on the faded chintz cushion against which her frail face had rested; then he locked the door behind him. There was a spider waiting to weave its web across the rusty lock, and it remained undisturbed for many a long year; for now, when he returned to Kitwyk, it was William the Silent who creaked him a dismal welcome.

Kitwyk listened to his marvelous adventures with forbearance until one day he capped the climax to his riotous imagination: he had seen mountains, he said, higher than the Kitwyk church steeple. After that he was avoided: the lie was too barefaced.

However, the stray arrow shot home.

"Josselin, now I know! I mean to be a sailor like Duymar van Twist."

"You will break father's heart, Maarten."

The miller's room, low and smoke-stained, overlooked the canal, and here three centuries of millers had kept their accounts, and watched the coming and going of the boats. The last miller of Kitwyk was a proud and silent man, and Sundays, when he paced up and down before the mill, his gold-headed cane behind his back and his chin well up, he was a very honorable and a very appalling sight. One day the miller's fist came crashing down on the table, and Maarten, the heir, crept out of his presence, his face as white as the best flour ground in the mill.

"Wait till you see me sail a man-of-war up the Zuyder Zee!" he cried to Josselin; but his voice shook.

So the heir rebelled, and one day he disappeared, and his father never uttered his name again, but in one week he became an old man. For ten years they never heard; then a letter came to Josselin. Not a word of sailing a man-of-war up the Zuyder Zee, only that he was second mate on a merchantman, the *Memory of Kragaroe*, bound to Bombay from Rotterdam, and that he had a wife, a little, young thing, and a baby, a sturdy chap as like his grandfather the miller as two peas. But when Josselin wrote, and implored him to bring wife and child to the mill, he never answered. So the miller of Kitwyk was, after all, a girl; for her father's working-days were over before his time, and she had no leisure for romancing, she declared.

Still, her romance came all the same, and sauntered persistently past the mill toward sunset, and one day she found herself looking very intently into a tarnished mirror.

"Josselin, Josselin," she said reproachfully, "I fear this is love"; and so it was.

And, as if Duymar van Twist, whose riotous imagination had led poor Maarten astray, had not done them harm enough, he must lay siege to the miller of Kitwyk, and inconsiderately obtrude his dark face into the serious reckonings of the mill until the miller, who never before had wasted an hour, began to linger on the balcony at sunset, watching the twilight fields, and dreaming. And all Kitwyk but the old miller knew of Josselin's romance, and the first time Josselin wrote a love-letter, and sent it to Rotterdam by *treckschuit*, such imagination as Kitwyk possessed was stirred to its depths. It was rumored that she wrote as many as one letter a week, and Kitwyk realized the mighty power of love when it reckoned up the postage. So slow was the progress of Josselin's love-story that one day, as they strolled along the footpath through the wheat-field, Duymar broke the silence with a question—"How long has my patience lasted, Josselin?"

"Five years, Duymar. But when Maarten returns—"

"But, my God, if he never returns? Have I not been patient? Give me the rest of your life, my Josselin."

There was not a soul in sight; the ripening grain swayed softly about them; a cricket chirped. He put his hands on her strong young shoulders, and looked deep into her eyes.

"You know, Josselin, that I am not always a patient man."

"And what will you do?" she cried in sudden defiance.

"I shall go away and never come back."

She stooped, and picked a blood-red poppy in the yellow wheat, and tore the delicate petals.

"Then go and never come back," and she turned away.

"Josselin, Josselin, for God's sake, listen! I did not mean it!"

She could not speak, for her voice trembled, and she did not look at him, or he would have seen the tears in her eyes. So he walked beside her in moody silence, and doubted her love.

II.

When Duymar again returned to Kitwyk, it was on a winter night. He had a message from the sea. He climbed the mill steps and paused an instant, his hand on the brass knocker. The full moon shone across the fields, and turned to silver fretwork the frost on the stunted willows along the canal. The lights from the scattered houses fell with a red glow across the moonlight; the shadows lay keen and clear-cut on the white roads. The mill door opened.



"THERE CAME TO AN OLD HOUSE."

"Duymar, Duymar, you have come back to me again!"

For a moment Josselin forgot her strength and pride, and clung to him, sobbing, her head on his breast. Suddenly she looked up.

"What has happened?"

"Child, child, I have bad news."

She tore herself from him: he was the messenger of death.

"The *Memory* lost — lost with all on board!" She repeated the words like one dazed, until she saw by his face that some one else had heard.

In the doorway stood the old miller, and for the first time in years he uttered his son's name.

"Maarten, my son?"

"Lost!" There was silence; then the old man laughed, stretched out his hands, and fell senseless to the ground.

KITWYK lay under ice and snow. The canals cut like black ribbons across the meadows and marshes. In Josselin's room, in a cradle in which generations of millers had been rocked, a sturdy little chap lay sleeping peacefully. The little young thing, Maarten's widow, was dead of a broken heart, and one night Josselin had returned from Rotterdam to the mill with her only legacy asleep on her breast.

The wind moaned about the gray tower, and beat against two lonely figures struggling along the highway. Night after night the old miller plodded along in a vain search for the *Memory*, which would never again sail into an earthly harbor. Sometimes he would stop and stare piteously into the darkness where the frozen canal lay between dead reeds and rushes, and cry that there was no ship in sight, until Josselin, with her arms about him, could coax him home. The last time they found a sea-faring man pacing up and down before the mill steps.

"You promised not to come, Duymar!"

"How can I sleep, with you wandering over the country night after night! Josselin, is there to be no end to this?"

The last miller of Kitwyk hobbled up the steps, and the girl clung to his unresponsive old hand as if it could help her.

"Am I to be sacrificed forever, Josselin?"

The anger and impatience in his upturned face gave her strength.

"No."

"Josselin!"

"Duymar, I will not bring into your life the burden of a sick old man and a helpless child who have no one in all the world but me." There was no sound but the rise and fall of the wind. The old miller was staring into vacancy.

"I give you back your word, Duymar." The wind creaked the still wings of the mill.

"Let it be, Josselin; what is of no value is easily returned. Good night — good-by."

THE next morning the miller went to work with a white, worn face, and her blue eyes were very dim. A tow-headed urchin clattered toward the mill carrying a package clumsily wrapped in a piece of sail-cloth. It must be a peace-offering, Josselin thought and smiled as she cut the edges coarsely sewn together. Then her hands sank at her sides, and she stared before her: in her lap lay a heap of letters, and the writing was her own. He had taken her at her word, and sent back the old love-letters into which she had poured her heart and soul. She sprang to her feet, and they fell to the ground.

"I will go to him; he must forgive me!" But as she reached the door a baby 's fretful wail stopped her. Josselin paused. "I had forgotten! What have I to do with love? God help me!"

She went back, and picked up the letters one by one.

"He will never know how much I loved him!"

As for Duymar van Twist, he was on his way to Rotterdam, where the *Esperance de Jong* lay at anchor beside the *Boompjes*.

HE kept his promise, for he never returned,— at least not for thirty-five years, which is never, — and when he did, the tow-headed urchin who had carried back his old love-letters to Josselin was burgomaster — Burgomaster Defregge, and a very mighty man; while the mill baby, Maarten's son, had in turn become miller of Kitwyk. He was also a worthy married man, and the parent of twins who, at the age of seven, were old in the ways of mischief.

The twins had no reverence for any one, but they had a mighty opinion of Great-aunt Josselin. Once, in school, the dominie turned his spectacles upon them, and propounded an awful theological question:

"Who created heaven and earth?"

It was a terrible moment, but the twins were strong in the consciousness of knowledge.

"If you please, sir," they piped as one man, "Great-aunt Josselin."

III.

THERE was once a man who was a nine-days' wonder, but he was an exception. There came to an old house in Kitwyk, which had been closed for more than a generation, an ancient man who limped and whose clothes were shabby. No one welcomed him but a company of beetles that scurried across the deserted hearth, and the spiders that lived over the keyhole.

There was a damp and musty smell when the door was opened and the sunshine fell across the heavy air.

A tumble-down bench stood in front of the house under a cherry-tree. He lighted his pipe and sat down, his elbow on his knee. Across the fields, where the grain swayed gently, he could see the old windmill, and nothing had changed but the years and he. On the *Esperance de Jong* there had been no time for regrets. It was indeed whispered that the last Van Twist had been true to tradition, and that he had sailed the high seas as a very successful pirate. At all events, he was the only hero of Kitwyk, and it was a great blow for the placid youth of the town to discover their hero in a shabby old man who scraped carrots before the residence of the Van Twists: they were reconciled only when they saw the wonderful toys he could make. One day the twins brought to Great-aunt Josselin a basket carved out of a cherry-stone, with two tiny spoons inside. There was a startled look in her eyes as the toy lay in her broad palm, and when she was alone at last, she took out of her chest of drawers a bit of silver paper, and in her hand lay another cherry-basket, and the only difference between the two was thirty-five years.

The pirate hardly ever emerged out of his garden-patch, for he was poor and shy and bitter; so one day the dominie knocked at his door, to lure the unregenerate one to church. Whereupon he discovered that the only thing the matter with the pirate's theology was his coat, which was painfully shabby. The dominie went in search of his mainstay in all trouble, Great-aunt Josselin. She dropped her knitting as he told his story, and looked away from him across the hazy fields.

"So poor!" and her eyes grew so dim that she had to wipe them on her big linen handkerchief. "You see," she explained, for the dominie stared hard, "he was once a — a — friend of mine."

As a result of this interview, the pirate of Kitwyk was requested by the dominie to give private geography lessons, at a penny a head, to such infants whose parents felt this sum to be well invested, and Aunt Josselin at once immolated her own grand-nephews. These unwilling victims were led to the sacrifice three times a week by the miller's boy; for they had a great aversion to knowledge. The amazing artfulness with which Aunt Josselin questioned them on their return! Did they love their teacher? "No!" they roared, until they found that this was the wrong answer.

"So he drinks a cup of coffee at four o'clock. Is it good?" They smacked their lips, for in a temporary absence of the pirate they had tasted.

"How does he look in his new brown coat? Handsome and stately?"

"No!" whereupon Aunt Josselin locked up the red-japanned cake-caddy.

For fear of meeting him, she never ventured over the threshold of the mill, as if the thirty-five years were only a dream; but the old tenderness had to find an outlet, and the twins were the unwilling channels of anonymous gifts. The pirate never inquired the name of the donor, but his unerring instinct told him when a jug of cream had diminished on the road, just as he discovered, with a prophetic eye, that a string of twelve sausages had in its transit been reduced to eleven.

"Who ever heard of eleven sausages!" and the twins quailed under his spectacles, whereupon he bent on them his long, thin nose. They burst into a paroxysm of coughing — the fatal secret was out — they smelled of garlic.

"I am deeply grieved," said the pirate; and he thrashed them.

So the twins suffered because of that old romance of Great-aunt Josselin's.

One late autumn day their sufferings reached a climax — the pirate announced his approaching birthday.

Now, when Aunt Josselin heard it was the pirate's birthday, she invaded the mill kitchen for the first time for years, and, with a flush on her handsome old face, she mixed a cake which for bulk and richness caused the cook to clasp her hands in ecstasy. When it emerged from the oven it was a circular, nutty structure, rich with raisins and citron, on the expansive, deep-brown bosom of which was inscribed, in fat letters of white sugar, "To Our Faithful Teacher."

How Aunt Josselin had pondered over that dedication, and lingered blushing over each letter! She had even a vague hope that the pirate might suspect. Whereupon she wrapped it in a sheet of white paper, which she had saved for a great occasion, and tied it with a white ribbon, a relic of her girlhood. Then the precious burden was confided to the unwilling care of the twins, and she watched them until they were out of sight.

It was a chilly afternoon, and there was enough heat left in the cake to strike through the paper, along with a heavenly smell that made them both sniff with longing. They crunched the fallen leaves with their wooden shoes; the innocent cake became a veritable instrument of torture. They had just reached a musty outhouse,— the temporary shelter of stray fowls and pigs,— when, as if moved by one impulse, they sat down on the deserted doorstep, with the cake on their knees. The rich perfume was so penetrating that they rubbed their noses several times up and down the paper, which, if agreeable and warming,

was unsatisfactory. There was a neat white bow on top on which Aunt Josselin had expended a world of thought; to give a tug at this bow, leaving the imprint of a grimy forefinger, was the work of one reckless second, and before they realized the enormity of the crime the paper flew open, and before their enchanted vision lay the cake. It was with great difficulty, which necessitated the outlining of the fat letters with their black forefingers, that they spelled out the inscription.

More than indignant, they were hurt. That a constant birching of their own tender persons should result in such a reward was not what they had expected from Great-aunt Josselin. Their eyes and fingers went on a vain tour of discovery over the cake to see if any culinary accident had resulted in a kind of wart which could be removed without suspicion. Their disappointed eyes reconnoitered the inscription. How much sugar had been wasted on those fat letters, "To Our Faithful Teacher"!

"To," they finally decided, was quite unnecessary, and if they were to pick it off no one would be any the wiser. So "To" disappeared, and the twins licked their chops and meditated. The result was that "Faithful Teacher" was decided to be fully as convincing as "Our Faithful Teacher." "Our" disappeared. They contemplated the vacant space, and sucked their fingers, and agreed that "Faithful" was superfluous; for if "Teacher" was left, the "Faithful" could be readily understood — besides, the pirate did n't deserve it. So they picked off the "Faithful," but when they stood face to face with the lonely "Teacher," it looked so lopsided and forlorn, on one side of the cake, that a terrible fear seized them. It might be better to eat off the "Teacher," and to consider the cake as a rich but unornamented dish. And this they did, but with misgivings.

In the mean time the white paper had been scuffled about under their feet. They picked it up, and wrapped it about the cake as well as they could, and tied the dirty ribbon in a hard knot. Then they hoped for the best, what with the days growing dim, the pirate's eyesight failing, and the joyful emotions presumably active in his bosom because of the day.

The pirate had made mighty preparations as they crept meekly in. A smell of coffee issued from the bedroom, the door of which was garlanded with evergreen, as if the pirate, whose work it was, was very glad that he had been born. In the other room a table was prepared for gifts, to which the twins added the cake, but placed it modestly in the background. Then the pirate appeared, looking so smiling and benevolent that they were filled with remorse, which was further increased as he generously helped the eight geographical sufferers to the most delicious coffee and cream, slabs of raisin-bread, and apple-jam, thick and gold-brown.

The twins basked in his smiles; the evil day seemed far off. "Now," the pirate said at last —"now I will see what your honored parents have so unexpectedly bestowed on me. It is not so much the gift as the spirit."

The twins were in turn summoned out of a dark corner, where they had taken refuge under the pirate's clarinet, when the fatal cake was reached. The unsuspecting pirate invited them to approach, and they could have howled with remorse as he patted their heads. Twilight was falling, and his eyesight had been sharper, but he was evidently staggered by the eccentric appearance of the offering. He coughed, raised his eyebrows, but, admitting that it was not the without but the within, attacked the ribbon with renewed confidence. Then the pirate fell back as if he had been shot, until, as if doubting his own eyesight, he planted his spectacles more firmly on the end of his nose, and took one long, comprehensive look: a surface plowed through by grooves to which still clung ragged bits of sugar, the whole proclaiming the sentiment "To Our Faithful Teacher," not by what was there but by what was not.

Then it was that the benevolence faded out of the pirate's horn spectacles as he lowered them upon the culprits, and then it was that their innocent confidence in human benevolence was indefinitely shattered. With a prophetic instinct of woe they fled, pursued—such was their bad conscience—by a pirate of abnormal proportions, who attempted their destruction by hurling at them a gigantic cake on which the fatal inscription "To Our Faithful Teacher" burned in letters of fire.

IV.

AUNT JOSSELIN sat at the window that afternoon, and watched in vain for the twins. Twilight came, but not a sign of them. Suddenly the bell gave a spasmodic peal, and she opened the door. She stood transfixed, for she knew him at once; but it was hard to reconstruct a young Duymar van Twist out of this limping old man, who carried in his arms a big crumpled package that looked strangely familiar. Her cheeks flushed as she stared first at him and then at his fatal burden.

"My God, Josselin!" and he sank on the wooden settle outside; and though he had not thought of her for twenty-five years, he bowed his head over the ruined cake and sobbed.

"Duymar!"

But at the touch of her hand he leaped to

his feet, and the cake, whose destiny was woe, fell between them with an awful thud; and without a word Duymar limped down the mill steps. Then Aunt Josselin picked up the familiar package, and sank on the settle as she contemplated the wreck; and there she sat and cried till "To Our Faithful Teacher" was outlined in tears.

As for the two culprits, they emerged from the mill-cap, where they had taken refuge, and crept past Aunt Josselin's door, and saw her reading by the light of a candle, and the sacred chest of drawers was open, and it was flooded by a pile of old, old love-letters, the letters Duymar had sent back thirty-five years before.

It was the holy eve of St. Nicholas.

There was a threatening of snow in the low December sky, and the wind cut like a lash as it swept over the frozen meadows. The very night to crowd about the fire and in whispers to tell blood-curdling tales, until through the moaning of the wind could be heard a ghostly tread down the dim corridor—St. Nicholas himself, with a deep, celestial voice (singularly familiar) and supernatural information about the most trifling misdeeds. Then, children, for a good conscience!

Kitwyk was ready for St. Nicholas, and what scrubbing and polishing could do had been done, and early lights were beginning to twinkle in the windows. The wings of the windmill hung black and still, and in Great-aunt Josselin's room—according to immemorial custom—the twins were imprisoned to keep them out of mischief. But for the first time in seven checkered years a blight had fallen on them, and they were so subdued that Aunt Josselin tried in vain to revive their drooping spirits with barley-candy, quite unconscious how they clutched each other for secret support whenever she opened her chest of drawers. If St. Nicholas knew everything,—as the twins never doubted,—they had reason enough for forebodings.

In the village all work had ceased, only out of Mynheer Veenix's shop there streamed the delicious aroma of baking, and customers still shuffled through the withered chestnut leaves, piled high to the door, to fetch the afternoon rusks; and so it happened that the pirate found himself standing behind the cook from the mill.

He took his parcel, and trudged home, put the rusks on the table, and stirred the peat fire. It was too early to light the lamp, and the tea-kettle was not yet boiling, so he took his clarinet and piped up a bit, though his heart was heavy, so old he felt and forsaken. Old and forsaken, and it was the eve of St. Nicholas! With a groan he flung the clarinet on the table so that the rusks fell out of their stiff, meager wrapping. There he sat, and stared before him, when slowly three words seemed to lift themselves out of the paper Mynheer Veenix had utilized in his commerce. They seemed to leap out of the yellow page, and to clutch at his heart: "My darling Duymar—"

"My God!" and he grasped it, "what is this?"

And the small yellow sheet was one of the old love-letters he had sent back to Josselin, and his eyes were so dim with tears that it was long before he could read. By the last flicker of daylight he strained his eyes across the yellow page, and at last, with a sob, he buried his face against the words as if they could make him forget life and its sorrows.

Suddenly he remembered that the old letter had been wrapped about his rusks.

"My God, I must know!" and he tore out of the house without hat or cane, and he never paused until he shot into the Kitwyk shop, and there he fell back, for, before the counter, with just such another sheet in her hand, stood Josselin.

Paper, Mynheer Veenix was explaining to her, was a rare and precious article which he purchased, when offered, at a penny a pound.

"But these are my letters, and I must know where you got them!" and there was an excited flush on her old cheeks. "They were wrapped about my rusks."

"May I see, Jufrow van Geldern?"

But she waved him off, and her eyes filled with tears as she thought how all the rusks of Kitwyk had been wrapped in her old love-letters; and just then the door burst open, and there stood Duymar with a letter in his hand which she had written him thirty-five years before. She recognized it at once, and with a sense of grief and shame, as if the love and the letter were of yesterday, she sank on a keg of brown sugar and hid her face in her hands.

He came straight toward her.

"Josselin, this letter—it was wrapped about my rusks—did you care so little—"

The look she gave him!

She would have been out of the shop if something of the old and impetuous Duymar van Twist had not returned, and he barred her way.

"Mynheer Veenix," he said sternly, "where did you get these letters?"

Mynheer Veenix's answer had the ring of conscious rectitude.

"The paper was sold to me by the twins, who reinvested the proceeds in barley-candy. I can hardly say that it was worth a penny a pound—"

Josselin fled into the street, the fatal letter still in her hand. She had been lighter on her feet, and Duymar overtook her.

"Josselin!" He too had been younger, and he was out of breath.

The wind crackled the chestnut branches, and blew across his bare head, and he shivered. She stood still, the tears rolling down her old cheeks.

"Josselin," and he stretched out his hand, "give me that letter. It will comfort me when I am lonely, for then I shall remember that once you did love me, you dear, splendid woman."

Great-aunt Josselin spoke very softly, "And do you still care, Duymar?"

"I care? O Josselin! Give me the letter."

"There is no need, Duymar. Why read in those old letters what you shall read in my life day by day, God willing?"

The tears fell down her cheeks, though she smiled.

"I must begin to take care of you, dear. Go home and fetch your coat and hat, and come to the mill. The children are waiting, for to-night is St. Nicholas. You will not leave me? Then we must go together."

AND so it was really St. Nicholas, modestly aided by the twins, who brought back her old lover to Great-aunt Josselin. As for the two culprits, she just took them in her arms and kissed their round, unworthy cheeks, and her eyes were full of tears, happy tears.

O tender and faithful Josselin!

Anna Eichberg King.

THE MAKING OF THIEVES IN NEW YORK.

By the Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "The Children of the Poor," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY W. H. DRAKE.



SHORTLY before the last vacation I paid a visit to the old Chrystie Street School in New York city. In the paper on "Playgrounds for City Schools" in THE CENTURY for September, I referred to this visit, and to the crowded condition of the class-rooms. In two of them the pupils who sat nearest the door—in fact, right up against it—had to get up before we could enter: their legs blocked the way. While I waited for the commotion caused by our coming to subside, I remarked to the principal that at least her benches were filled. She smiled a little sadly. "Indeed, yes," she said; "and we have a waiting-list of two hundred."

I looked at that stuffed class-room, and thought that the two hundred would have to wait a long while if they expected to crowd in there. "Where are they now?" I asked, with a vague sort of hope that they might have given it up, and gone elsewhere.

"In the street, learning to become thieves," she said.

It was a disagreeable way of putting it, but I happened to know that she was more than half right. My errand there had reference to this very matter. I had come to see for myself what were the conditions that were making thieves at an unusually rapid rate of the children of a people heretofore reproached only with poverty, and with the meanness bred of oppression, but whose domestic virtues made them a standing rebuke to their Gentile neighbors. There was a time, not so long since, when they boasted, and justly, that there were very few Jewish criminals, and no beggars of their faith; but now for several years it had been apparent that some agency was at work on this crowded East Side that was producing a new type of precocious depravity. Children of tender years were taken up as pickpockets so constantly as to give occasion for periodic yarns about some East Side Fagin whose pupils made Grand street and its big stores unsafe. The streets of the Jewish quarter were overrun with little vagabonds. There was evidence that the corruption of young womanhood kept step with the lawlessness of the street. I had been inclined to lay most of the blame upon the tenement as the destroyer of home love, the sound kernel around which all the Jew's virtues crystallize. Taking it with the atheistic and anarchical drift of the day over there, I had made it out a case of what the Frenchman described as the natural result of similar crowding in the slums of Paris, "the exasperation of the tenant against society." Certainly, if ever exasperation was justified, it seemed justified there. Yet, not quite satisfied with my own diagnosis, I had set out to make a closer study of the matter, when this teacher came with her testimony, supplying the missing Fagin.

Her school was one of fifteen in the district

south of Rivington street and east of the Bowery, the sweater's district, with its teeming crowds. Their pupils come from the poorest Jewish homes. It appeared upon examination that in September of last year 1527 children who sought admission to these schools had been sent away because room could not be made for them even on the Chrystie street plan. As that was about one fifth of the whole number



SHOOTING CRAPS.

(7353) turned away from the city's schools that month, while the district comprises only a tenth of the population, it seemed that in this also it had the worst of it. No new public schools having been built since,—in fact, one of those in that region has been condemned by the Health Board, and its nine hundred pupils may yet be unwilling idlers with the rest,—and all the charity schools being crowded, the 1527 had, as the teacher put it, practically been referred to the street for such education as they could pick up there. That they were hard at it, the police records gave daily assurance. It was of no use to them that there was a half-empty school-house, or a dozen, across town in a ward of which they had never heard. They did not go there. They were in a sense official truants. It was compulsory education after a fashion, but not the fashion contemplated by the law.

For whether it is among the poor Jews in the Tenth ward, or among the Italians in the Twelfth, where 2880 children were crowded out of the schools last year, or in the Nineteenth, half-way between "Little Italy" and "Jewtown," where they had to refuse 1250, the street is not slow in responding when it is installed as master. I have made special mention of Jewtown because the teacher there unwittingly supplied a direct answer to the question that was in my mind; but it is the same all over.

There has surely been of late a very great and significant increase in the number of child criminals that are brought to our police courts. There are more of them, and they are much younger than they used to be, and they are vastly "tougher." Their manner shows plainly that the street has been their teacher, and that they have been apt pupils. Its method is simple, and varies in Hell's Kitchen and in Jewtown only in the opportunities offered. To begin with, the boy idler in the street during school hours is there in defiance of law, whether the fault is his own or not, and he knows it. He is in the attitude of opposition, the normal attitude of the street. The policeman is his enemy, and the policeman stands for the established order of things. Thus the groundwork is laid for whatever mischief comes along. It is not long in coming, rarely longer than the dinner-hour of the first day. The boy is hungry. He wants something to eat. A boy's hunger is not like a man's, which can be appeased with promises. He wants something at once. If he is playing hooky, he does not want to go home to get it. Anyway, there is no need to do so. The street can show him an easier way. A grocer's stand is handy, or a pie-wagon. Better still, a soda-water wagon: the bottle is worth so much cash at the junk-shop. The driver's back is turned; the boy "swipes" one. It is not a very great crime, but it is the stepping-stone to many greater. A horse-blanket or a copper-bottomed boiler may be the next thing. It is the first step that costs an effort, and that not a very great one, with the clamor of a hungry stomach to drown the warning voice within him that whispers of the policeman and the lock-up. The friends he makes in the street soon help him to contempt for the one and a secret pride in the other. Then he is a thief; and if before he was of the "don'ts," he now joins the "won'ts,"



A CURE FOR TRUANCY: DRILLING IN MULBERRY STREET.

and is a truant by choice, not by circumstance.

By the "don'ts" and the "won'ts" I mean the two kinds of truants. The "won'ts" are the real truants, who prefer the street, and have to be driven to school. That was never a common kind, until recently, in Jewtown. Of the "don'ts" — those whom poverty, or the treadmill of unceasing grind in which they find their step so early, keep out of school — there were always many, but how many no one can tell. The truant-officer technically should be able to, of course, but under the circumstances what is the use of his bothering himself about it? This much we do know, that 1527 were added last year whose parents were not to blame. Generally they are, and it is the parents it is proposed to reach with the new law which goes into effect on January 1. Thereafter a parent keeping his child away from school can be fined five dollars for the first and fifty for every succeeding offense. *Shall be* says the law, which makes of his failure to school his child a misdemeanor; but what sense is there in punishing a father for not sending his child to school when there is no school to send it to? There would be some, to my mind, in fining the persons whose business it was to provide the school, and who had failed to do it. It is clear that no compulsory-education law, however excellent, can compel anything until the school-board has first been compelled to do its duty. The appointment of a dozen, or of two dozen, additional truant-officers is not going to help the matter. A truant-officer may be, and ought to be, a very useful official, but unless he can build schools and provide seats where there are none, it is hard to see of what use he is going to be where the children are turned away for lack of room.

For how many room will have to be found I shall not discuss here. Opinions vary about that, partly on account of the confusion wrought by the different sets of census-men who have counted noses in New York since 1890. According to the Federal census, there should have been in 1891 fewer children between five and fourteen years of age in this city than actually sat in its schools[1] that year, although, as a matter of fact, the usual number were turned away; while certain other computations that I have seen figured out more than a hundred thousand children of school age roaming the streets. In that year I satisfied myself by a very careful examination of the facts, which was afterward verified by a partial school census taken by the Board of Education, that there were 50,000 children in New York city whom the school did not reach, and I believe that to be practically the situation to-day. If anything, the number of children in the street has increased since. Superintendent Jasper has taken official cognizance of the fact in his last report by the somewhat remarkable statement that "the appearance of many children of school age upon the streets during the daytime would seem to indicate that the law is not enforced as successfully as it should be; but investigations carefully made have proved that the in-

1 Counting public, private, parochial, and corporate schools.



IN THE TOMBS.

ference is far from correct." What the nature of these careful investigations was I have been unable to learn. I know from Mr. Jasper himself that they were made by the truant-officers, and satisfied them, and him, that only five per cent. of the children of school age were non-attendants, "except," as he added in telling me, "in some districts where we make no attempt to enforce the law. We could n't."

These districts, as we have seen, are the very ones where its enforcement is most needed. They are the neighborhoods where the crowds are greatest; and the greatest crowding means usually the greatest poverty and the greatest danger from the street that is the alternative of the school. "Crime," said a German judge, "bears an exact proportion to the cubic space of our dwellings." "In all my career on the bench," said a police justice in New York, this last summer, "I have never seen so many cases of boy thieves and burglars. Hardly a day passes but that there are from two to six or seven boys arraigned, charged with some kind of crime, all of them under fifteen years old. In a great measure, I am sure, the responsibility lies with the way our poor live crowded together in their tenements." He saw another cause — immigration. But immigration, while it might be troublesome, would not be dangerous, if we could get hold of all the children, and make sure that they went to school, as for our own protection we certainly should. That we cannot do. The law is not enforced. We have seen one of the reasons why it is not, but it is not the only one. Even with schools enough, we should be unable to fill them without a school census to guide us; and with schools and school census supplied, the apparatus would still be incomplete and ineffective for the want of truant-schools. As matters are in New York, our compulsory-education plan has neither beginning nor end, and for the want of them the middle is useless except to breed mischief. The best law that was ever made is not going to change that. It is all very well to fine the father for the boy's sin. If it was his fault that the boy played hooky, it may change his mind; if it was the boy's, it will likely get him a flogging that may help him to change his. But a boy who runs away from school is not therefore a criminal to be jailed. I have my own ideas about boys who never wished to go fishing — school or no school — on a sunshiny day, when the birds were singing and the fish were jumping in the stream: I think they can't amount to much. I know I wished to when I was a boy, and I see to it that my little lads get a day off once in a while, in remembrance of it, as an insurance against that sort of thing. Of course I don't encourage truancy. I say "wished to go" purposely. All the more credit to them if they did n't go. What I protest against is the notion that a boy who plays hooky should be put in jail with thieves, and kept there as if he were a dangerous criminal. That is what we do in New York, so far as we do anything with him beyond exercising a very weak sort of moral suasion. A worse outrage was never perpetrated upon defenseless childhood. Superintendent Jasper never seemed half so wise a man to me as when he said indignantly, in answer to my question why there were so many truants in the streets, and so few in safe-keeping, "Do you think I would run such a risk as that?"

The risk was that of the Juvenile Asylum and the Protectory, the two institutions in New York that are designated by law as the proper places to send truants. Both are prisons. They are not only designated by law as truant-homes, but as the jails to which every kind of rapscallion under sixteen years is to be sent until his record becomes so bad that he is fit for the House of Refuge. In theory the last is a sort of juvenile penitentiary, the other two reformatory schools. In practice the House of Refuge is quite as much of a truant-home as the others. Of the "cases" received there last year, 44 per cent. were committed for crime, 56 for vagrancy, disorderly conduct, and truancy. Most of them, however, were from out of town. The Juvenile Asylum and the Protectory are for the use of New York city only, the former for Protestants, the latter for prisoners of the Catho-



A PICKPOCKET AT THIRTEEN.[1]

lic faith. To them are sent burglars, pickpockets, vagrants, beggars,—in short, all the precocious scum of the city's life,—to mingle with truants and homeless and destitute children, for whom, with rare foresight, there has been made room in this choice company. Lest the reader who knows nothing of this "system" think that I have fallen into some grievous error, I will let the report of the Juvenile Asylum speak for itself. This is how it foots up the "cases" of forty-one years, the period of its existence: Unfortunate children (homeless, destitute, etc.), 9206; young thieves, 3246; vagrants, 3219; bad, 1390; beggars, 552; peddlers, 54; disobedient and truant children, 12,219; temporarily committed as witnesses, 52. Total, 29,938. As will be seen, if Superintendent Jasper was unwilling to take the risk, there were others who were less scrupulous. It was generally the boy's father, when the point of rebellion against the treadmill had been reached, and the lad, from being a source of income, had become a burden to him. He was a truant from the shop rather than from the school, and his first introduction to the latter was as a prisoner to the jail. Nearly one third of all committed to the Juvenile Asylum could neither read nor write, and of the remainder more than one fourth could only read. It was the same story at the Protectory. There they are received either as "destitute" or "ungovernable," and there are no statistics to show what the ungovernable had done to earn that name. The last attempt to analyze the record was two years ago. It showed that of the 3123 cared for that year 689 were utterly illiterate, while only about one third of them all could read and write; 739 had never received any religious instruction.

Both of these institutions being under expert management, conducted by Christian men and women who are in no way chargeable with the blunder that makes truant-schools of their reformatories, one might justly expect some attempt at least to classify the children there, to separate the sheep from the goats. Bearing in mind the experience of all who have to deal with the youth gone astray in our cities, that it is weakness rather than wickedness which troubles them, it would seem that there must be special danger in such contact. But the managers have no such concern. They seem to rely implicitly upon the rectitude of their intentions, and upon such moral pressure as they are able to bring to bear upon their charges *en masse* for their reformation. At the Juvenile Asylum they assort their boys according to size — those who are four feet, four feet seven, and over four feet seven! Was there ever such moral classification of a mixed company of thieves, vagabonds, and harmless children? I do not know whether the theory is that the blackness of a boy's soul is in distinct proportion to the length of his body. What I do know is that I read in the last report of the Asylum that there was classification according to character "wherever necessary," as if that was not on the face of it the prime necessity of such a place, and that I went up to see how they did it, and found that they did nothing of the kind. I saw no signs of it anywhere, and was assured by the principal of the school that they never attempted it. I watched the boys in the playground and at their dinner, and I went through their dormitories, and nowhere was there evidence of any restrictions upon their intercourse except such as the dining-hall and the dormitory naturally placed upon it. There was a relief-officer on duty in the playground. I pointed out four or five boys in the crowd, and asked him what they were there for. He did not know in a single instance. How, knowing nothing whatever of the boy's case, he could head off mischief to which it might tend, or have any influence whatever on him, was hard to understand. The principal of the school said candidly that it was a pity, for their "destitute" inmates were usually good children; "they got a lot of vagrants and criminals who ruined them." He added that if a boy became too bad, they packed him off to the House of Refuge, as it seems they had to do with three or four this last year. But the matron of the girls' wing, who was present, said significantly that in her experience as the manager of such children it was then quite apt to be too late.



A HIGHWAYMAN AT SEVENTEEN.

The school in the asylum is part of the public-school system of the city, and, I should judge, quite up to the standard. "The difference," says the principal, "is not one of methods of instruction, but discipline." It seems all the more strange that the one handle of all by which our boys, and such boys particularly, can be caught with success, that of organization, of drill, should have been neglected. At

[1] This portrait and the following are drawn from photographs in the Rogues' Gallery.



A BURGLAR AT SEVENTEEN.

the Protectory they have made much of it, and the boys show it in their bearing and in their brighter looks. The Juvenile Asylum boys, in their repulsive workhouse garb, are a slovenly, ill-looking lot. There are, nowadays, a good many of the Jewish children of whom I spoke among them, and, as everywhere else, they are the most troublesome of them all. I found it so at the Brooklyn Truant Home. It is as if, the patriarchal home-life of the Jew having once been broken up, the whole boy was going to the bad at a rate there was no checking. I counted up the commitments of Jewish children in the twelvemonth ending with last May. They numbered 120. An even score were sent up for stealing; twenty-eight for disobedience; twenty-nine for truancy; seven for staying out nights; eight for vagrancy, which, like truancy, in their case doubtless meant that they were tired of working; and nine for running away from home. There was one burglar in the lot. Of all the 289 truants committed to the asylum in 1893, the school authorities were responsible for only five.

At the Juvenile Asylum praiseworthy effort is made to return to the soil the child whom the city's slum has corrupted, and so to effect his permanent rescue by a changed environment. At the Protectory they follow the opposite plan. They have sold their up-country farm, and with the money built shops, where the boy is taught a trade. They keep him longer, and endeavor to fit him out for a useful career, which, however, he must always pursue amid the temptations of the city. In the management of the children they depend upon a system of constant surveillance and rules which all other prison experience has shown to fail of its purpose. As Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell has aptly pointed out, there is little sense in warning a boy against speaking of his crimes to his new comrades when he is burning with pride in their achievement. He will find a way to boast of them, though ever so closely watched. They put no obstacle in his way by any attempt at classification according to character. In fact, it is carefully avoided, "to maintain social equality."[1] When I pointed out to the brother in charge at the Protectory office that it was not fair to the child who had done no wrong to class him with burglars, I received the astonishing reply, "But would it be quite fair to the burglar to set him apart with that stamp upon him?" The burglar is not an abstract idea at the Protectory any more than he is at the Juvenile Asylum. Particularly during the long religious war over the House of Refuge, now ended by the appointment of a Roman Catholic chaplain, a procession of toughened rascals, who escaped long sentences in State's prison only by the accident of their being under sixteen, found its way to the Protectory in spite of the right of the managers to refuse a boy with "a record," there to mingle, on terms of social equality, with truants and helpless, destitute children. So I am informed by those who were certainly in a position to know, and it was not denied at the Protectory. The brother contented himself with admitting that they too "had had their black sheep."

An institution run on the plan of giving the burglar a show may be an excellent reformatory, if the locks are sound and the windows securely barred, but as a truant-school it is an inconceivable outrage for which the Board of Education is directly and solely responsible. It has not even the miserable plea of a false economy to offer in its defense. A special committee of its own body pointed out three years ago that two truant-schools and a home for incorrigibles could be built for less than the cost of maintaining the city's truants on the present plan. In the year 1890, at the rate of $110 for each inmate per year, the city paid $63,690 to the two institutions on this account. The committee urged that such schools be built at once. Every year, before that and after, Superintendent Jasper has done the same. As long ago as 1888 he said in his report, "The confining in reformatories of children between eight and fourteen years who have committed no crime, but who refuse to obey their parents, and allowing them to associate with older children who have been committed for crime, appears to be a very grave matter. *On this account very few children are committed each year.*" In other words, they were allowed to take the chance of the street as the less evil. If ever there was a grave matter, surely it is this. But six years have passed, and nothing has been done. The only explanation offered is that the board as a board "has not believed in truant-schools." And so there are none; our compulsory-education law remains a dead letter, and half the



A HIGHWAYMAN AT EIGHTEEN.

[1] Address of William J. Fanning, secretary of the Catholic Protectory, at the Conference on the Care of Dependent and Delinquent Children, New York, 1894.

efforts of the children's friends are paralyzed, as Mr. Brace repeatedly pointed out, by a danger that overtops all others in the lives of the poor. I think I should find a way, if it were left to me, of convincing such a board of its error, and it would include terms of social equality with the burglar, until such time as the



A HIGHWAYMAN AT EIGHTEEN.



A MURDERER AND BURGLAR AT NINETEEN.

board should have been taught by the association to believe in truant-schools.

A truant-home, as the case stands in New York, is as necessary to the enforcement of the school law as a prison is to the enforcement of the criminal law; but it is essential that they shall be kept apart. It is above all necessary that the truants shall be kept out of politics. They get there soon enough on the present plan, and make trouble. To provide against this I would put the management of them into the hands of the Children's Aid Society, which has the experience and the patience for such a task, and is, moreover, part and parcel of the city's educational machinery. It gets a good many of them as it is, in its industrial schools, and later in its lodging-houses and its farm-school, and returns a share to the public schools, clothed and in their right mind. Any objection the Children's Aid Society might raise to prison-schools would not necessarily apply. Truant-schools need not be prison-schools. I should myself recommend a flogging any day in preference to the jail for a boy who must have one of the two. Anyway, he would not boast of the flogging. But there should be no need of either. The truant-schools in Superintendent Jasper's oft-advanced plan are not prisons. The burglar is eliminated, and with him the bars. Mr. Jasper's idea is to have two or three special schools set apart to which children who are prone to playing hookey should be sent. They should be allowed to go home every night, but should be carefully watched. For their failure to attend, their parents should be punished until it was demonstrated that the children were really incorrigible. Then, and not until then, for the protection of the community, should they be deprived of their liberty and compelled to learn, besides the three R's, an honest trade. The plan is not only worth trying; it is our bounden duty to try it.

There is another plan that is worth trying while we are about it. The long summer vacation makes idlers of too many city boys. The street has nothing to fill up their time except loafing. The Fresh Air Fund holiday reaches only a small proportion of them. The rest have to stay where they are. Nothing would fill up that gap so well as drill of some sort. Nothing would so cut the ground from under the feet of the tough. The gang is nothing but the genius for organization in our boys run wild. A scheme for organizing the public-school children into a great military body has been broached. Why not extend it to the long vacation, and make a real vacation of this for the boys who need it most by drilling them in camp? The public schools of Paris send their pupils to the sea-shore for a week or a fortnight. We turn ours loose in the street for two months at a time. The man who first organizes them into an army, and marches them off to the mountains to camp under military rule in July or August, will come near to solving the problem, I think, by making truant-schools superfluous and by clearing our police courts of child thieves. And, given the skill and experience necessary to manage such a band, there is no considerable obstacle in the way. In fact a very good beginning has been made by the Baptist Boys' Brigade, with its sea-shore camp. I should be almost willing to accept the burglar classification for boys who could n't be made to come in on that plan.

The public schools of Indianapolis have such a good name that, while busy with the



A BURGLAR AT NINETEEN.



A VAGRANT AND PICKPOCKET AS A CHILD — HANGED FOR MURDER AT FORTY.

preparation of this article, I wrote to the city superintendent out there to find out what they did with their truants. He answered that

they did not have enough to create a problem. They reduced in number those they had, year by year. "In the first place, we try to make the school reasonably pleasant," he explained. That is the way of Indianapolis, and it has earned a good name. In New York we put boys in foul, dark class-rooms, where they grow crooked for the want of proper desks; we bid them play in gloomy caverns which the sun never enters, forgetting that boys must have a chance to play properly, or they will play hookey; we turn them away by thousands from even such delights as these, and in the same breath illogically threaten them with the jail if they do not come. Having done all of which, we pass a law to punish the father for not sending his boy to school, without having any means of bringing either or both to book, there being no school-census to go by. Was ever a worse mess made of a great trust than we have made of ours?

And while we are asking at this end of the line if it would be quite fair to the burglar to shut him off from social intercourse with his betters, the State Reformatory, where the final product of our schools of crime is garnered, supplies the answer year after year unheeded. Of the thousands who land there, barely one per cent. kept good company before coming; all the rest were the victims of evil associations, of corrupt environment. They were not thieves by heredity; they were made. And the manufacture goes on every day. The street and the jail are the factories.

Jacob A. Riis.

WITCH-HAZEL.

THE last lone aster in the wood has died,
And taken wings, and flown;
The sighing oaks, the evergreens' dark pride,
And shivering beeches, keep their leaves alone.

From the chill breath of late October's blast
That all the foliage seared,
Even the loyal gentian shrank at last,
And, gathering up her fringes, disappeared.

The wood is silent as an unswept lute;
Color and song have fled;
Only the brave black-alder's brilliant fruit
Lights the sear deadness with its living red.

But what is this wild fragrance that pervades
The air like incense-smoke?
Pungent as spices blown in tropic shades,
Subtle as some enchanter might evoke.

Not like the scent of flower, nor drug, nor balm,
Nor resins from the East,
Yet trancing soul and sense in such a charm
As holds us when the thrush's song has ceased.

Mysterious, gradual, like the gathering dews,
And damp, sweet scents of night,
Whence is this strange aroma that imbues
The lone and leafless wood with new delight?

And while the questioner drinks, with parted lips,
The mystical draught — behold!
A wondrous bush, beplumed from root to tips
With crimped and curling bloom of shredded gold!

Not even the smallest leaf or hint of green
Is mingled with its sprays,
But every slender stem and twig is seen
Haloed with flickerings of yellow blaze.

What wizard, wise in spells of drugs and gums,
With weird divining-rod
Conjures this luminous loveliness that comes
As if by magic from the frozen sod?

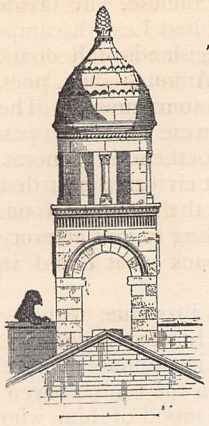
Fearless witch-hazel! braver than the oak
That dares not bloom till spring,
Thus to defy the frost's benumbing stroke
With challenge of November blossoming!

And yet it has an airy, delicate grace
Denied all other flowers,
And lights the gloom as some beloved face
Dawns on the dark of melancholy hours.

Miraculous shrub, that thus in frost and blight
Smilest all undismayed,
And scatterest from thy wands of golden light
A sudden sunshine in the chilly glade.

Sprite of New England forests, he was wise
Who gave thee thy quaint name,
As, threading wind-stripped woods, with awed surprise
He first beheld thy waving fan of flame.

Elizabeth Akers.



THE CHURCHES OF PROVENCE.

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER,

Author of "English Cathedrals," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

A LAND of the South, yet not of the tropical South, Provence should be seen in the spring or the summer-time. It is hot in summer, except when the wild wind called the mistral blows, but not unpleasantly hot if judged by American standards; the air is very pure and dry by day, and always cool at night. Droughts and mosquitos, I was told, come toward the end of August, but earlier than that only the homesick for heaven can quarrel with Provençal weather. Strong, shimmering light and a warm depth of purple shadow are needed to glorify, and at the same time to blend, the colors of these green lowlands and arid yellow hills, to silver the bosoms of their Rhone and their Durance, and to accentuate the cobalt of their sky. And only mellow sunset and moonlit midnight hours can reveal the sociable out-door habits, the merry tempers, the singing voices, of the people of the land.

I.

THIS was the portion of transalpine Gaul first conquered by the Romans, and so they often called it simply The Province — Provincia. Their old title, preserved through so many years and changes, means nothing to-day in a political sense, although much with regard to language and human characteristics; and in medieval days it meant something special in an artistic sense. The titular boundaries of Provence shifted as often and as widely then as under Roman rule; but as an architectural district it extends from Lyons to the Mediterranean, and from the Alps nearly to Le Puy in the northwest and nearly to Narbonne in the southwest, while its most interesting parts lie between Orange and the coast.

Long before Rome was born, the merchants of Phenicia founded colonies near the mouths of the Rhone, and about the year 600 B. C. they were followed by Greeks from Phocæa in Asia Minor. Massilia, now Marseilles, became one of the greatest of Grecian cities, and, in its turn, colonized places as far west as Narbonne and such river-sites as Avignon, Tarascon, and Arles. The civilization thus established remained Greek for centuries; and this long Hellenic possession shows, we may believe, in the features of the modern Provençal no less than in his lively, loquacious temper, and in the character of the art he produced in Roman and again in medieval times.[1]

In the year 154 B. C., some of these Greek cities asked the help of Rome against revolted native tribes. Thus a Roman conquest was begun, and eventually no other portion of Gaul was so radically Romanized, or so splendidly endowed with works of art. When the Visigoths, in the fifth Christian century, established themselves in the south of Gaul, upon the ruins of Roman dominion, they were already Christianized and partly civilized, and the later Frankish conquest of Provence did not affect the character of its population. Its medieval history is very picturesque, but very confused. After the breaking up of Charlemagne's empire, about the year 900, it became an independent kingdom; later it was a practically independent county, although feudal overlordship was claimed by the emperors of Germany as well as by the kings of France; and even after the last count of Provence had resigned his coronet to Louis XI., and the district was formally annexed to the kingdom of France in the year 1486, it was administered as a separate state down to the time of the French Revolution, and the kings of France called themselves counts of Provence also. Moreover, the feudal tangle, everywhere so hard to read, was complicated in Provence by the fact that its greater towns never forgot the municipal rights which Rome had sanctioned, and about the middle of the twelfth century achieved actual independence as municipal republics. In fact, the medieval history of Provence is much more like the corresponding Italian story than like that of the Frankish districts of the North.

In the thirteenth century the cruel religious conflicts called the Albigensian wars or crusades, which may best be told about when I

[1] I have been told that the lingering, dragging accent of the Provençal, so musical in his own language, but less agreeable when he speaks French, is very closely reproduced when a modern Greek speaks French.

take you to Toulouse and to Albi itself, desolated Provence as well as all neighboring Southern lands, and during this century its cities lost their freedom. But our especial interest in them expires before the year 1200. Only their Romanesque churches are wholly and characteristically Provençal.

II.

ONCE very much in and of the world, Provence now seems very much out of the world. To the eastward its coasts have been invaded by shifting winter crowds, recruited from all the nations of the earth; Marseilles is one of the principal cities of France; Nîmes is a big and busy town; Avignon has a certain industrial importance, and agriculture and horticulture flourish along the banks of its rivers. But many of its sea-coast and hilltop towns — lively and truculent enough in medieval times — are moribund to-day, and some of them are actually as dead as empty sepulchers, their buildings still largely preserved, but their inhabitants vanished and forgot. There is not enough death and decay to bid us weep over the past, but there is not enough modern activity to make us forget it. So the breath of the middle ages seems still to pervade Provence, poetically vague traditions of their wars and quarrels mingling with memories of the *gai sçavoir*, and of the minstrels, gallants, and delightful dames who were its devotees. Daudet's "Numa Roumestan" and "Tartarin of Tarascon" will show you certain sides of the modern Provençal character, and you will recognize their truly medieval flavor. Mistral and his singing brethren explain its fairest side — its poetical, musical, laughter-loving, and tender side — in that lovely local tongue which is not a dialect or patois, but the medieval *langue d'oc*, once dominant from the Pyrenees to the Loire. And in Janvier's "Embassy to Provence" these modern troubadours and their picturesque festivities are delightfully painted against the beautiful background of their unmodernized land.

Everything here is on a smaller scale than in Italy — historical facts, as well as those of nature and of art; but thus we are offered a more intimate quality of charm, while we are not saddened by the tragedy of a world-possessing empire gone to wreck. "History meeting legend with a kiss," we feel ourselves happily enchanted as in a land of pure romance; and the beauty and the gaiety of its living people do but complete the illusion. Every foot of this country, every name on its map, is romantically suggestive of Greeks or Romans, Saracens, Visigoths or Franks, Aquitanians or Spaniards, hermits, crusaders, heretics, inquisitors, exiled popes, famous poets, or earliest Christian martyrs. With Petrarch you may go to Avignon and Vaucluse, with Dante to the ancient cemetery called Les Aliscamps in Arles, with Dumas to the islands of the coast, and to Aix with René of Anjou — king, poet, painter, and historian of tournaments. The first monasteries of Gaul were founded upon Provençal islands, and one of them, St. Honorat, long played the prominent civilizing part that was played in Britain by the island of Iona. And Christian legend, calling to you at every step, carries you as far back as it could in Palestine itself.

There is a real town in Provence with the impossibly poetic name of Les Saintes Maries. By the time you reach it on its ultimate point of sea-coast, you should be in the right Provençal mood; and this is the mood of him who saith, "Surely these things are true, else they had not been told."

Just here, we are told, there landed a little company of the friends of Christ, set adrift by their persecutors from the shores of the Holy Land. They were Mary Jacobi, the sister of the Blessed Virgin; Mary Salome, the mother of the apostles James and John; their servant Sarah; Maximin, to whom Christ had restored his sight; Lazarus with his sister Martha; and Mary Magdalene. Where and why they had left behind them Mary, the sister of Lazarus and Martha, or whether Provençal belief confounds her with the erring and repentant Mary — this I could not get explained. But I know that Mary Jacobi and Mary Salome remained at their landing-place, for the beautiful name they bequeathed it is a witness. St. Louis caused their bones to be fittingly honored: you may see their tombs to-day in an ancient church tower, as, in the crypt beneath, the tomb of their servant Sarah; and the medieval pilgrimages still continue, in crowding streams, on an anniversary day in May.

I likewise know that Martha journeyed to Tarascon, between Avignon and Arles, for there she slew the *tarasque*, a terrific dragon that was devouring the land: the name of the town is again a proof, and the name of the old church of St. Martha, the effigy of the *tarasque*, which you may behold, and the festival which year by year is celebrated yet in honor of the prowess of the good housewifely saint. Then at Arles you will learn that Christ himself consecrated for Christian burial the famous pagan Aliscamps (its name is a corruption of *Elysii Campi*), and at Vienne you will be informed that St. Paul brought thither the first Christian tidings when on his way toward Spain, and will be shown a Roman tomb under which the body of Pontius Pilate was laid. And you might just as well have stayed in

America as to doubt that such things, told in such ways for nearly two thousand years, must be veritably true.

III.

THE pagan advanced no farther than the portico of his temple: only the statue, the priests, and the treasures of his god found room within it. The Christian entered his church, and took part in its services, and so the old architectural form could not be fitted to his new needs. But the civic basilica of the Romans, wherein they administered their laws, transacted their business, and listened to displays of oratory, must have seemed as though specially designed for Christian services. When, in the fourth century, Constantine's conversion brought the faithful from their private chapels and subterranean retreats, they took possession of the old basilicas, or imitated them closely in new churches which we call by the same name. Round churches, inspired by the circular temples or mausoleums of the Romans, were also constructed in the West, and certain hybrid forms grew out of the union of the Byzantine and the basilican types. But the latter was the dominant type, the characteristic type, in every Western land; and the most complex plans and forms to be found even in the latest Gothic cathedrals had their germs in the civic basilica—in its nave and aisles divided by colonnades, in the galleries above its aisles, in its tall nave-wall pierced by clear-story windows, its short transept where legal contestants and clerks had sat, and its little apse, prepared for the magistrate's throne.

Of course the magnificence possible in such places as Rome, Ravenna, and Constantinople was not often possible in Gaul, where decline had begun even before the period of barbarian conquest; and after this period, all through the Merovingian time, from the fifth to the ninth century, the art of architecture fell lower and lower. The old pagan buildings furnished for a while quarries of ready-made columns and sculptured decorations; but when these were exhausted, or wherever they could not be found, wood was frequently employed, or low piers of unsculptured stone replaced the columns and bore semicircular arches.

Gregory of Tours, the chief historian of the sixth century, says that the church of St. Martin in his town, built in his time, was 150 feet in length, 60 in breadth, and 45 in the height of its nave; and that it had 52 windows, 8 doorways, and a metal roof. This does not sound very imposing, yet St. Martin's was one of the most famous churches in France, and Gregory's other descriptions suggest no nobler proportions elsewhere. Then, in the northeastern part of France certain little churches, one of them the ancient cathedral of Beauvais, still exist, showing that here, in the sixth or seventh century, the plainest possible fashioning of low piers and arches, without capitals, bases, moldings, or the slightest touch of architectural or sculptural decoration, was all that could be compassed. And the Roman knowledge of vaulting had so nearly died out that only very small areas could be covered with stone; over all wide areas flat wooden ceilings were employed.

When Charlemagne tried to re-civilize the world, in the latter part of the eighth century, he specially encouraged the restoration and construction of churches. But in the North the art had sunk so low that he borrowed the design of his chapel at Aix-la-Chapelle from Ravenna, and brought his architects and his columns from this place and from Rome. His principal achievement was to introduce, to some degree, a knowledge of the skill and taste of Constantinople and the Saracenic lands. But we can scarcely do more than guess about even this part of his work; for, as we shall see, there were other reasons why the art of Byzantium deeply impressed the art of certain parts of France.

In most of their constructions the Romans used the old native Italian scheme of pier and semicircular arch in connection with the Greek scheme of column and horizontal entablature, skilfully uniting them, but not fusing them together—building with piers and arches, ornamenting with columns and entablatures. In some of their late-classic constructions (as in certain basilican interiors) they did indeed support a series of arches on a range of columns; but even then a great decorated feature, plainly revealing itself as a short slice of an entablature, intruded itself between the capital of the column and the foot of the arch.

In a palace built at the end of the third century at Spalato, in Istria, for the emperor Diocletian, columns and arches seem for the very first time to have been combined with frank forgetfulness of the entablature; and the fact is picturesque, for Diocletian was the most determined imperial persecutor of Christians, while his architect's experiment prophesied all the medieval forms of Christian art. It meant the abandonment of the entablature, and thus of the classic accentuation of horizontal lines, and it meant that all classic canons of proportion as well as of relationship had been broken through. Roman pier and Grecian column were alike retained, but with a new freedom to shape and place them as might seem best in a pure system of arched construction. Even in the interests of poetical justice, however, we can hardly believe that all the freedom eventually claimed, all the medie-

val styles eventually developed, sprang directly from the experiment made in Diocletian's palace; for surely many early Christian builders must have been forced rather than persuaded to adopt a similar method of construction — borrowing columns from ancient structures, and, with only small stones or only unskilful chisels at command, starting plain, round arches from their caps. But the main point is that — with the exception of a few Southern examples — any church in which entablatures are used must be called Roman or Gallo-Roman or Early Christian, while any in which piers or columns immediately support the arcades may be called Romanesque.

Tentative for centuries, and more or less alike in all parts of western Europe, Romanesque art began its fully equipped and vigorous career soon after Hugh Capet succeeded the descendants of Charlemagne on their Parisian throne — immediately after the year 1000, when the world awoke from the paralysis caused by its belief that in this year it would utterly be destroyed. Then the Romanesque art of different lands put on different national shapes, developed with splendid energy, and lived for nearly two hundred years.

But there is more than this to be said about it in France. Here it was national in the sense of native — it sprang directly from local Roman roots. But it was not national in the sense of being everywhere the same. It was not French in the modern meaning of the word, for as long as it lived there was no France in the modern meaning. Until the thirteenth century France was a small royal domain, with Paris as its capital; its rulers had a feudal claim upon other parts of the land, but this claim was always disputed, and often with a success which meant absolute independence. In different districts the blood of the people had been compounded, in greatly varying proportions, of Gallic and of Roman blood, and of several dissimilar barbarian Teutonic strains. Of course these ethnological and political diversities affected the development of architecture; upon one district and another the impress of Byzantine art was more or less forcibly set; climate also had conspicuous effects; and thus the architectural history of France, all through the Romanesque period, — all through the reign of the round arch, — must be read by provinces or parts.[1]

In the thirteenth century Gothic art, born and developed in the old *domaine royal*, spread in the wake of political conquest, and the various provincial styles gave way before it. But they had already produced many churches of the greatest interest and beauty. Therefore, as I try, with Mr. Pennell's help, to show you the most characteristic churches of France, I shall more than once be forced to begin afresh at the birth of a Romanesque style. And for our first beginning I have chosen, not the true French district, but Provence, because here the impress of the mother-art of ancient Rome was most forcibly felt and most persistently retained.

IV.

VERY much the best way to approach the heart of Provence is by steamer down the Rhone, leaving Lyons or Vienne in the early morning, and reaching Avignon at sunset. This is no summer sluggard of a stream, like the German Rhine, but a brimming, impetuous Gallic tide, often dashing its clear waters high against very needful dikes of stone. Its shores are everywhere as beautiful as those of the Rhine, and toward the south in a much more wildly picturesque and surprising way. And they bear no ugly modern towns, hotels, or villas, and no half-plausible restorations of ancient church or castle, but a various multitude of sunburned, crumbling churches, ruined castles, and quaint and curious little yellow towns, stretched upon narrow ledges against the steep cliffs, or so compactly built on naked, spiky hilltops that one cannot tell what is native rock and what is masons' handiwork.

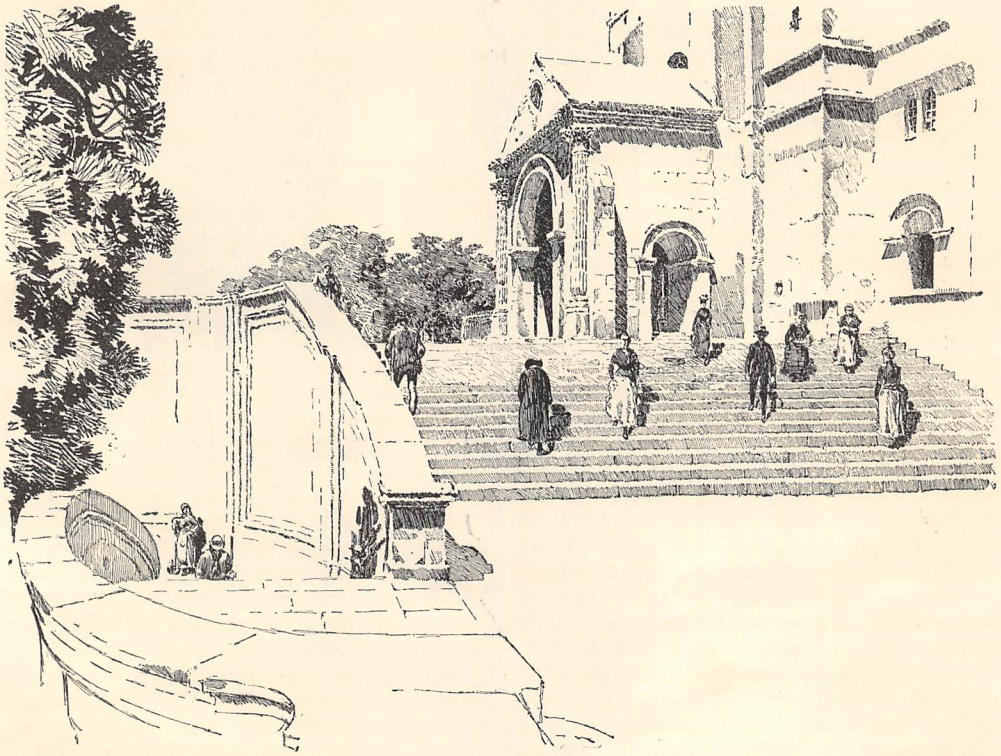
The boat will be filled with trafficking peasants — no tourists at all; at every village almost it will make a landing; every time the whole population will gather, like "supers" at the theater, to behold the process; and their laughing shrieks, with the thunderous protest of the river itself, will make you think that boat and pier are surely to be dashed into bits. But they never will be; you will pass unharmed, with your heart pleasurably in your mouth, through the whirlpools under the many old stone bridges; for ten incomparably swift, exciting hours you will realize your childhood's dream of an uninjured medieval world; and you will see, as in a sliding panorama, the change from Northern to Southern picturesqueness — from river landscapes such as Corot painted, to such as only a Monet or Pissaro could translate.

[1] A map published by the *Société des Monuments Historiques* shows France to have been the home of thirteen provincial styles — the style of the Ile-de-France, or old *domaine royal*, and those of Champagne and Picardy, bordering upon it toward the east; the styles of Burgundy, Provence, and Auvergne; those of Languedoc, Poitou, Périgord, and Saintonge, all included in the old Aquitanian land; the style of Anjou, marking a small district on both sides of the Loire between Aquitaine and Normandy; the Norman style; and that of the borders of the Rhine. Their boundaries are explained, not by sharp lines, but by tints which gradually blend into one another; for of course the influence of each provincial manner of building was felt by its neighbors, and most forcibly in frontier regions.

After a few hours the vegetation grows sparse on the near and towering mountains, but you do not regret the lower, greener hills of the North, for the modeling of the bare rock is too vigorous, its tones of amber, red, and orange-brown are too superb. Blossoming oleanders spring like big pink bouquets, like great pink fountains, from gardens and street-corners; then come glossy fig-trees clambering over walls of pale-hued plaster up to brown, corrugated roofs of tile; and then you know you are indeed in the South — in the *Midi* — when the olive-trees begin to twinkle in long and silvery rows.

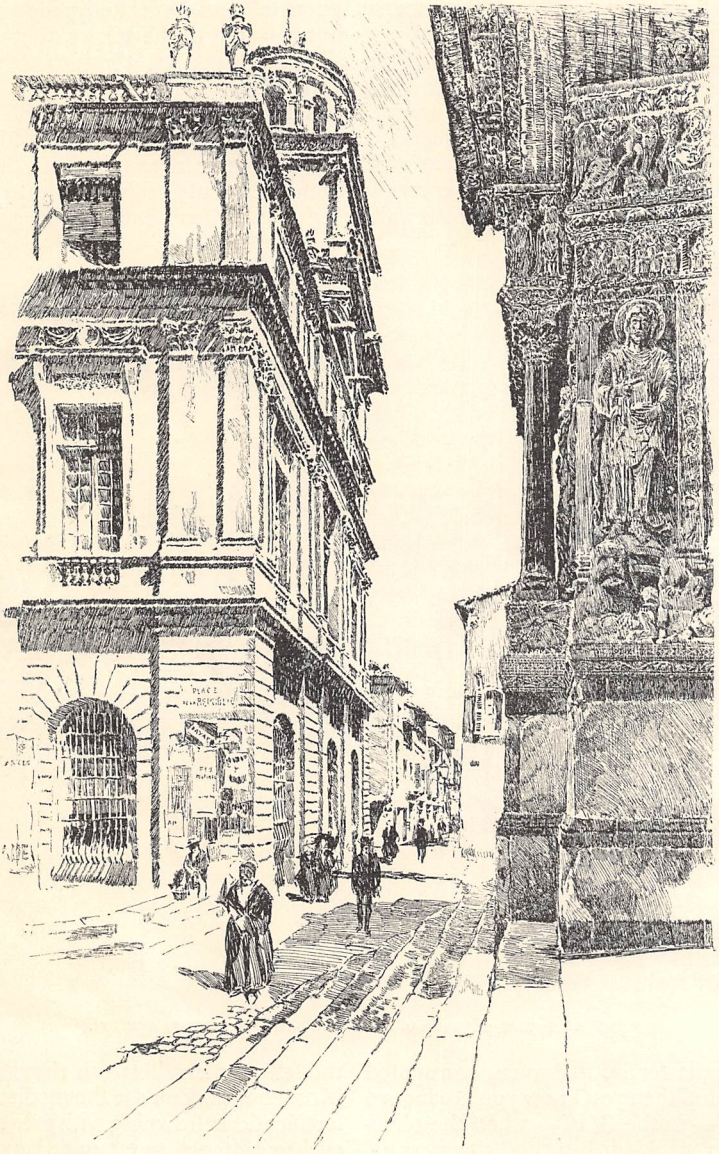
As the landscape changes so does the architecture. The villages look like Italy or Spain, and the churches are Romanesque, with compact square bodies, sturdy central towers, semicircular apses, and round-headed windows and arcades. You cannot look fast enough or long enough, the river carries you so swiftly past so many imposing accidents of nature and ancient devices of art; and yet all this is merely a preparation: the wonderful voyage has a still more wonderful ending. When you sweep around the base of a huge projecting mountain, and — in the middle of a vast golden amphitheater of hills, close above the broad and brilliant ribbons of the Rhone encircling flat, green islands — you see the walls and towers of Avignon, tall and crenelated, yellow at other hours, but rosy red in the sunset, then you may possibly think you are about to arrive at the New Jerusalem.

Your first desire, perhaps, will be to take the night train back to Vienne, so that to-morrow you may once more spin down the stream. But there are plenty of fine things to detain you in Avignon, in Tarascon, in Nîmes, in Arles, and in the lesser towns between these and the coast. Most conspicuous are the medieval castles and fortifications, frowning with great machicolated eyebrows, more numerous than in any other corner of France, and often looking as though they were still in wholly serviceable shape. Did I try to describe them I should merely overwork the adjectives yellow and enormous; and I should need many pages for even a mention of the endless monuments bequeathed by ancient Rome.



PORCH OF THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME DES DOMS, AVIGNON.

If you remember what floods of Teutonic barbarism, what oceans of semi-barbarized indifference, what new floods of Saracenic and of Norman blood and fire, swept over Gaul even in its southernmost parts, what damage was wrought upon classic structures by the zeal of the first Christian missionaries and the needs of early church-builders, and how many centuries have since elapsed with all their vicissitudes

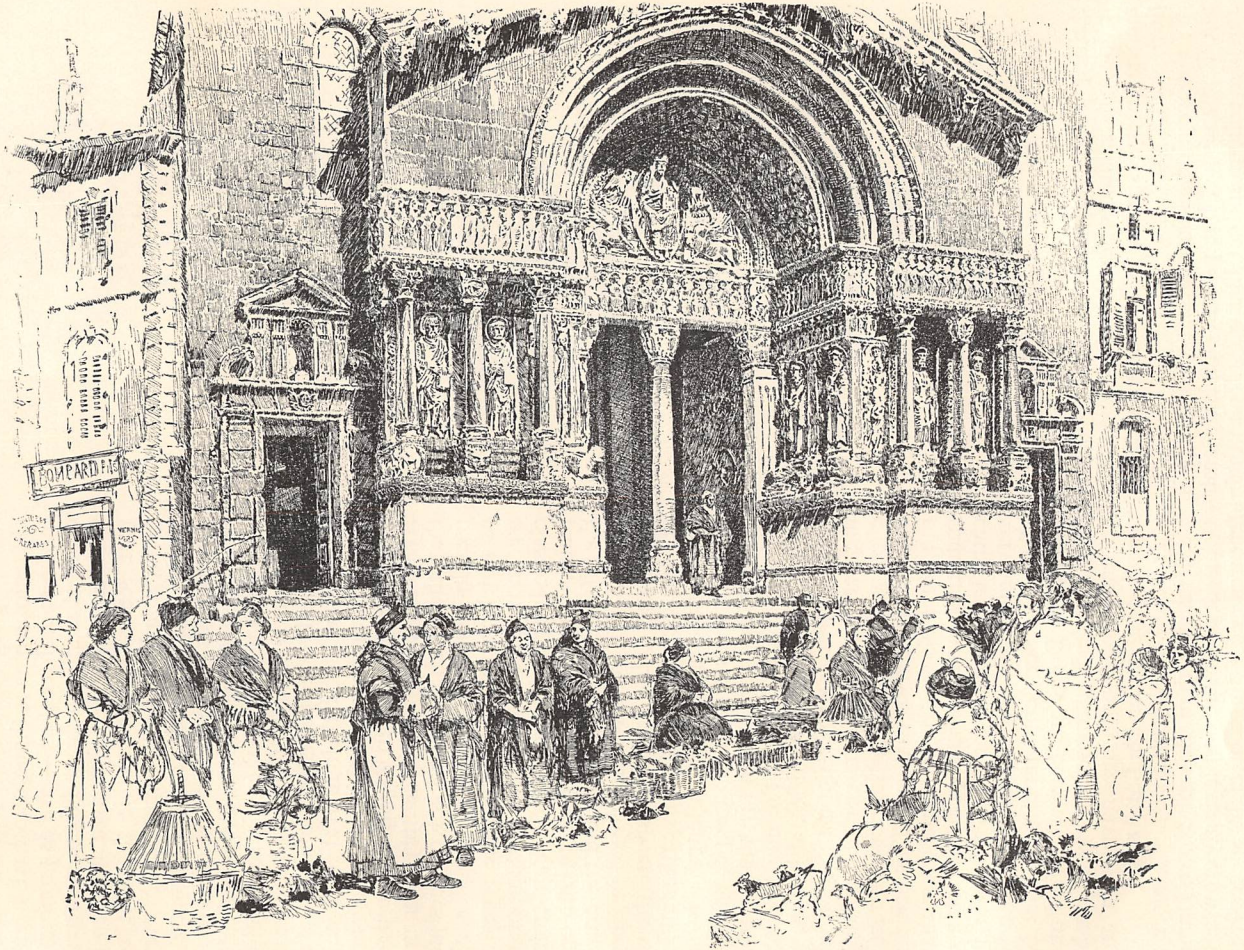


FROM THE PORTAL OF ST.-TROPHIME, ARLES. (RENAISSANCE TOWN HALL.)

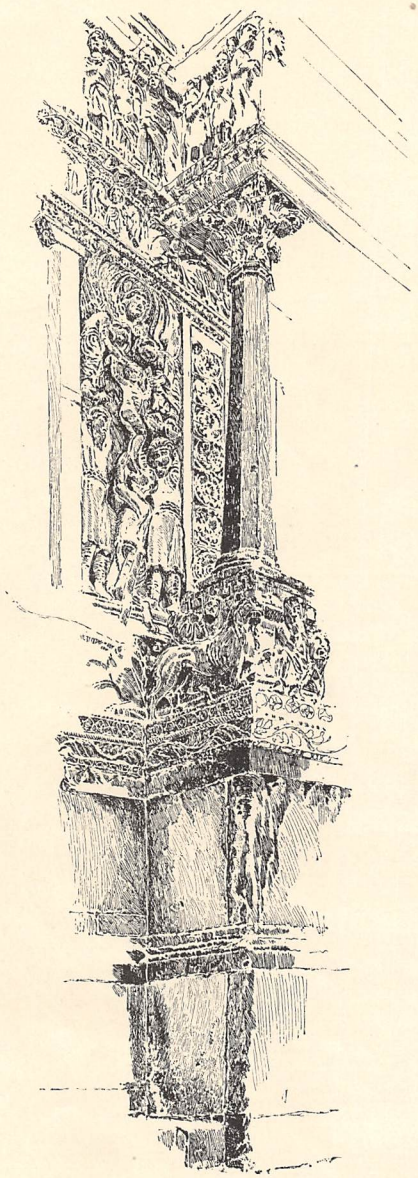
of warfare, covetousness, and neglect, then you are amazed indeed to see how thickly the soil of Provence is bestrewn with the handiwork of Rome — theaters and amphitheaters, temples, baths, and tombs, aqueducts, bridges, fortifications, statues, columns, and triumphal arches, usually injured, often actually ruined, but sometimes astonishingly well-preserved. When you see these, and the fragments which crowd the local museums, you realize why, upon Provençal soil, architecture never forgot the whole of its skill; and you are prepared to meet with a puzzle that does not confront you in the North: you are warned that it may be hard to give dates to Provençal stones, or even to draw a line between Gallo-Roman work and that which, if measured by generally accepted dates, ought to be called Romanesque.

V.

Look at our first illustration, the porch of the cathedral of Notre-Dame des Doms at Avignon. A Roman work, you may say, or, at all events, a quite early Christian work; and many a learned antiquary has said the same, while others have declared for Charlemagne's time. But the most modern criticism puts it at



PORTAL OF ST.-TROPHIME, ARLES.



DETAIL OF THE PORTAL OF ST.-TROPHIME, ARLES.

the beginning of the eleventh century — brings it down to a time when, in other lands, Romanesque styles were well and individually developed.

In conception, as in treatment, this porch is not Romanesque, but pseudo-classical: arch and pier, column and entablature, still play their old Roman rôles. Indeed, one can scarcely doubt that its front was copied, with the omission of some sculptured features and a certain weakening of proportions, from the two slender Roman arches which stand guard over the bridge of St. Chamas on the Provençal coast. The pediment above the porch is classical, too; only the bull's-eye window is a novelty, predicting, with far-away voice, the splendid wheel and rose windows of true Romanesque and of Gothic art.

A number of other Provençal structures — including an entire church at St. Paul-trois-châteaux, which is thought to have been built in the twelfth century — are as pronouncedly classical as this porch; and there, as here, even the direct imitation of Roman art at so late a time seems less remarkable than the refinement, simplicity, and reserve which mark the result. These qualities had by no means been conspicuous in the later works of Rome; but when the Romans built on Provençal soil they sometimes exhibited them in so delightful a way that transmitted Grecian influence seems clear; and to the persistence of the local strain of Grecian blood their revival in these early medieval works may, I think, plausibly be laid.

The cathedral church to which the porch at Avignon admits us is a century later in date than the porch itself, and is Romanesque, not pseudo-Roman, in style; yet it differs almost as widely from the Romanesque types which we know best as from the contemporaneous classic-looking church at St. Paul-trois-châteaux. In the early part of the twelfth century the triforium and clearstory and the cruciform ground-plan were well developed in Northern lands, and noble proportions were the rule in important churches. But this cathedral is only about two hundred feet in length; it had no choir between apse and transept; its apse was small and polygonal; and its narrow transept did not spread beyond the line of the main walls. And it had no aisles, although, as the great buttresses which support its vaulted ceiling were set inside the nave-walls, an aisle-like effect was produced by the range of rectangular recesses between them. This ceiling, and the dome above the transept, show that, despite the small size and primitive plan of his cathedral, the Provençal architect was, in one very important respect, distinctly in advance of his Northern contemporaries. But Notre-Dame des Doms has been so altered and defaced that its Romanesque features can hardly be understood until we have seen another church of a similar kind at Arles.

It would be difficult to fancy a more mutilated interior than this of Notre-Dame des Doms, or one more perplexingly crowded with features and fittings of eight successive centuries. It has now a choir and apse of the seventeenth century. Heavy Renaissance balconies project between the pier-like buttresses of the nave, forming a succession of little galleries which look quite like modern opera-boxes; Gothic chapels have been thrown out on each side; and the windows are blocked,

THE PORTAL OF ST.-GILLES.

so that little light enters except through the dome above the crossing, and obscurity is added to the other elements of confusion.

One hundred and fifty-seven cardinals and prelates are buried in Notre-Dame des Doms; two popes lie in two very magnificent Gothic sepulchers; and in the crypt, on the tomb of Crillon, who was born in Avignon and whom Henri Quatre called *le brave des braves*, you may read a very lordly epitaph: *Passant, l'histoire t'en dira davantage.* But the most interesting object of all is the episcopal chair of white marble, for although it was wrought in the twelfth century, it is extremely classic in general effect and in the handling of its sculptured motives.

Exiled popes and anti-popes lived in Avignon all through the fourteenth century, and one of them actually purchased the town, which remained papal property until the time of the French Revolution. Notre-Dame des Doms played the part of their St. Peter's. I wish that I could tell you how finely it is perched on the high cliffy rock called the Rocher des Doms, and show you the view from the platform in front of it, where the pontiffs used to lift their fingers when the people assembled below to be blessed. You would see the doubled stream of the Rhone and its central islands, the huge castles of Villeneuve on the opposite shore, a splendid landscape beyond them, a circle of golden hills enframing your own side of the alluvial plain, and the broken bridge of St.-Benezet, of which the famous nursery rhyme has told you:

> Sur le pont d'Avignon
> Tout le monde y danse en rond.

But I have no time for all this, or for the still more stupendous castle which the popes erected close to the Rocher des Doms, and which Froissart called the strongest and most beautiful house in the world; or for the lovely gardens on top of the rock itself, the late-Gothic dwellings with warlike towers built by the cardinals who clustered around the popes, the fine Renaissance house which bears the name of Crillon, or the remains of the many churches from which three hundred bells once rang out over Avignon. I have no time even for Petrarch's Laura, who lived here, or for her poet's neighboring Vaucluse, one of the most surprisingly beautiful spots in all the world. I may only say that in the museum there are a number of Greek inscriptions dug from local soil; that I hope it is true that the name of the town comes from its Greek name Aouenion; and that I likewise hope that this Greek term was a version of an earlier Celtic one meaning "sovereign of the waters," because no sea-coast town ever better deserved than this river-side town a name of such fine significance.

VI.

Now we must go down the river, past the point where its branching mouths diverge, and look at the church of St.-Trophime in Arles.

At one corner of the principal square a narrow street brings us suddenly to its portal. This is a perfect flower of Provençal Romanesque, and quite unlike any architectural product of any other land. It seems remarkably, even radically, different from the porch at Avignon; yet little more than a century can lie between them, for it was built soon after the year 1100, and intermediate types may be discovered in other towns. Despite its individuality, we perceive that it is a hybrid flower; another influence has affected it besides the Roman tradition and the impulses common to Romanesque art in general, and this is clearly a Byzantine influence.

Colonies of Syrians had settled in the center and south of France before the time of Charlemagne; some knowledge of Byzantine art must have been introduced by the long-continued Saracenic invasions; there was always commerce between Constantinople and Provence, and pilgrimages to the Holy Land became popular after the year 1000. Moreover, Antioch was captured by the first crusaders in the year 1096, and until 1268 it was the capital of a Syrian kingdom ruled by Western princes; the ports near the mouths of the Rhone were the natural gateways of intercourse between this kingdom and the French lands which were dominant in crusading enterprises; and thus, shortly before the portal of St.-Trophime was built, a greatly strengthened current of Eastern influence had swept directly into Provence.

In a future chapter I shall have to explain the characteristics of Byzantine art, for in some districts south of the Loire it played a more prominently formative part than even in Provence. Now, I need merely say that its crowning triumphs, achieved in Constantinople in the sixth century, had been based upon beginnings made on Syrian soil; and that a direct Syrian influence shows in the architectural conceptions of Provence, while ornamental methods were affected by the delicate flat carvings and the richly ornamented stuffs imported from Constantinople.

In the portal of St.-Trophime[1] Syrian lessons speak from the plentifully repeated moldings of the arch, but the traditions of Gallo-Roman work from their adornment with carvings, and the spirit of a new artistic dispensation from the way in which the architectural and the sculptural motives are combined on the lateral walls. The central column of the door-

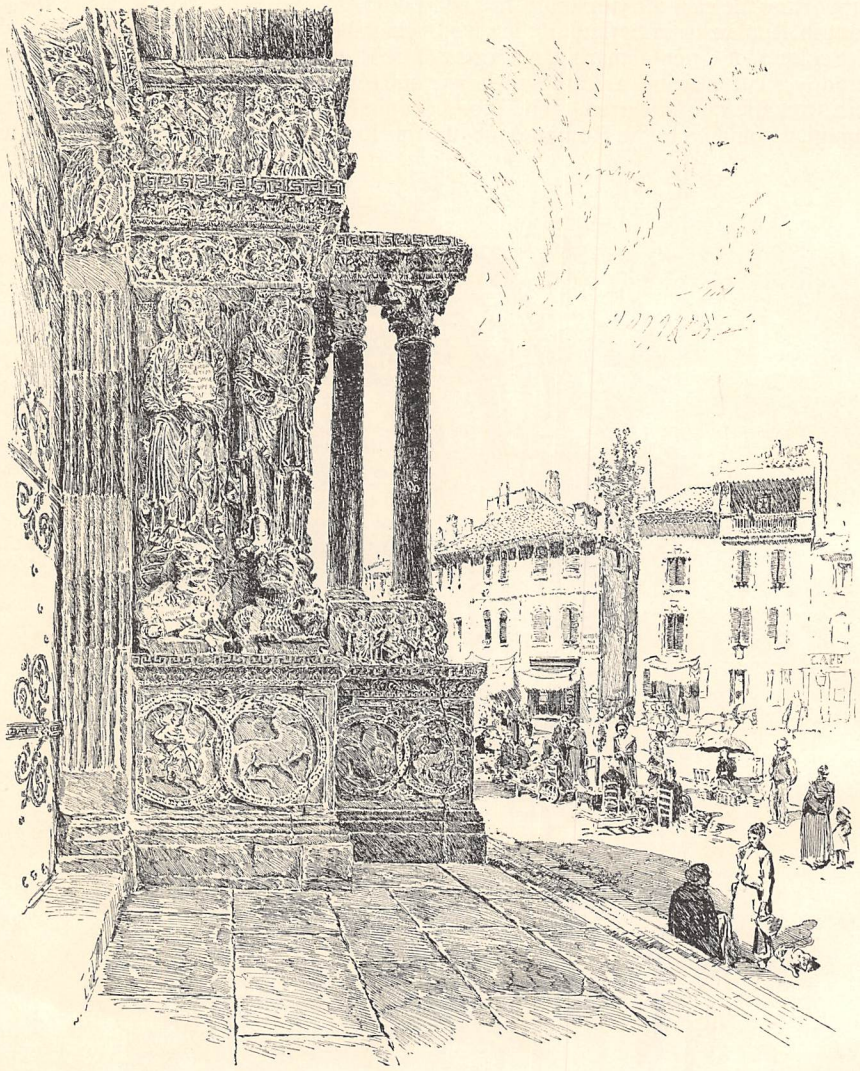
[1] There is a fine little model of this portal in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

way, supporting the carved tympanum, has no precedent in Roman or in Syrian art; but it is a slender column of Oriental marble, not a pier or a stumpy shaft bearing a statue such as Northern Romanesque preferred. The broad lintel, again, is common to the Romanesque of pediment above the portal, while the corbels which bear this cornice are grotesque, and therefore Romanesque, in character. So are the bases and some of the capitals of the colonnade; other capitals are Corinthian; the door-jambs recall the Roman pilaster; and the large figures are



SOUTHERN DOORWAY, PORTAL OF ST.-GILLES.

all countries, but its prolongation, as a sort of frieze above the colonnades, reproduces those bands of figure-sculpture which were often used in late-Roman days, as, for example, on the Arch of Constantine in Rome itself. In the minor enrichments we find Roman-looking leafage, but carved in a sharp, spiky way that reminds us of the East; and we also find more purely classic motives, like the Greek fret and the egg-and-dart, even in the cornice of the distinctly the offspring of Gallo-Roman art — they are pseudo-classic in effect and general treatment, although Byzantinesque details appear in the rich ornamentation of their robes, and a new Christian ideal is expressed in their attitudes and their expression. Long before Romanesque art was born, the iconoclastic revolution had banished statuary from the churches of the East, and those of the Syrian towns show no slightest trace of it. But the

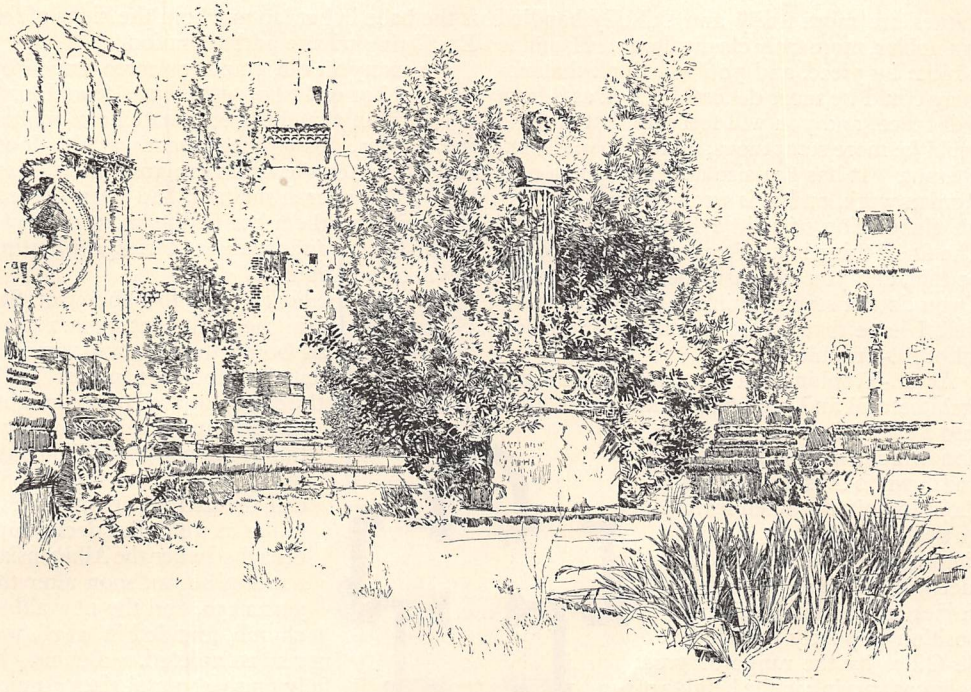


FROM THE CENTRAL DOORWAY, PORTAL OF ST.-GILLES.

Provençal sculptor had teachers enough in the products of his own Romanized soil.

Art alone did not guide the choice or the arrangement of the sculptured motives in a portal like this. The only "Bibles of the poor," their only books of saintly legend and ghostly counsel, medieval figure-decorations of every sort were largely ruled by the interpretative wishes of the Church. These wishes varied from age to age, but at any given time the Church was always of the same mind over the whole of western Europe; and so we may find the general iconographic scheme of this eleventh-century Provençal architect, at least as regards the upper portion of his portal, very closely repeated in the conceptions of his most Northern contemporaries.

This portion represents the hopes and terrors inspired by the prospect of the Judgment Day. Christ the Judge, seated in a glory with uplifted hand, occupies the center of the tympanum, and is encircled by the symbols of the four evangelists. Two tiers of little angels are carved, at half-length, amid the classic ornaments in the soffit of the arch above him. Below, on the lintel, are the twelve apostles. To their right, on what I may call the frieze, is the procession of the blessed dead, received by Abraham, and to their left the naked forms of the wicked, chained together, and dragged by a demon through the flames of hell. Lower down, local devotion to a special class of saints is expressed. In the deep embrasure of the doorway stand large figures of St. Peter, St.



IN THE CHOIR, ST.-GILLES.

John, St. Andrew, and St. Paul, and corresponding figures of other apostolic saints stand behind the colonnades of the front, completing the proof that the Provençal believed the Christianity of his land had spread from the teachings of Christ's immediate followers. There is only one figure with episcopal crook and miter, and this represents St.-Trophime, the special patron of the city of Arles. Bible stories, including scenes from the early life of Christ, are woven into the minor enrichments; but you will notice, the Virgin nowhere plays a symbolical part. And it would be the same were you looking at a Northern portal of this epoch. Not until a later day did the worship of Mary so develop that it almost overshadowed the worship of her Son.

A singular quality of texture and color adds to the charm of this portal. No sharp Northern frosts have split or eaten into it, but centuries of sun and rain have mellowed its contours and surfaces, and, at some far-away time, the sculptures seem to have been rubbed with oil, so that many among them look more like bronze castings than like carvings in a fine-grained stone. All of them are finely monumental in pose and in the classic-looking disposition of their robes. But inexperience shows in the rather undue size of their heads, as well as in technical points. Nor have they the vitality, the energy, which mark the beginnings of an art that is destined to develop along new lines toward maturity of a fresh and individual sort. This wonderful school of Provençal sculpture was at its best when it stood nearest to classic art. It was born full-grown at a time when Northern schools were crudely adolescent, and was born of imitation, not of spontaneous effort. Therefore it died sterile while the Northern schools were ripening fruits more personal and more vigorous than it had produced when in its prime.

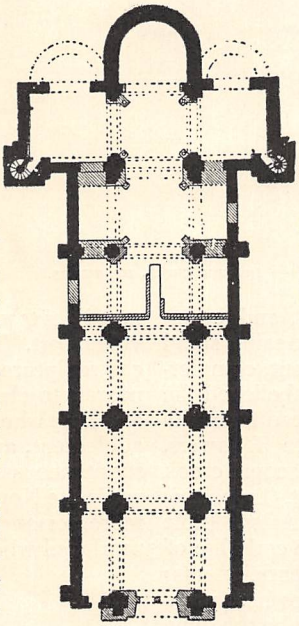
VII.

DRIVE, now, for a couple of hours toward the southwest, across the edges of that vast, moist, grassy, reedy delta of the Rhone which is called the Camargue, they say, because once it was called the Campus Marii. On the way you may catch glimpses of troops of wild-eyed, long-horned cattle, and of those small Provençal horses which, after the romantic fashion of their land, claim descent from the steeds of Saracenic pirates; and then you will arrive at the poor and shabby village of St.-Gilles. Once it was a famous town, and in front of its abbey church, overlooking the market-square, stands a portal that is still one of the most famous in the world.

Its three doorways are three times as striking and splendid as the single one at St.-Trophime; much of its ornamental work is even more exquisite in design and finish, and its large

statues are more freely and skilfully handled in a nobler, more truly classical way. Examine it piece by piece, and you will think that nothing could be more delicate. Look at it from a distance, and you will feel sure that nothing could be more sumptuous, more imperially exuberant. It has the size and stateliness of a Roman work, and it is wrought with the lavish elaboration of a little Byzantine triptych. The finest thing in all Provence, you will often be told, and you will easily believe the verdict if you do not stop to think. But if you do — well, I hope that you may then prefer the portal of St.-Trophime.

At St.-Trophime all the diverse elements, architectural and sculptural, have been fused into a clear, vigorous composition which, from end to end and down to the smallest detail, shows no disconnected feature or weak device. But the bold, simple plinth, bearing its symmetrical colonnade, which solidifies and dignifies this composition is poorly replaced at St.-Gilles by the range of great columns varying in the heights of their bases (evidently because antique shafts had lain ready to hand), and by the projecting plinths which, on each side of the central door, support shorter isolated columns, as shown in the picture on page 128; the external molding of the central arch is continued as awkward bits of cornice, which protect nothing and end nowhere; the carved frieze has also no logical termination, while its lower member is carried on by itself as an inadequate support for the arches of the lateral doors; in certain minor features the same lack of clear coherence in design appears; and thus, if you rate architectural merit higher than all else in a work of architecture, you will not be so dazzled by the lordliness or the lavishness of St.-Gilles that you will rank it above its more modest rival. But, all the same, you will cross yourself with a little prayer that its stately saints may forgive you for your criticisms.



PLAN OF THE CHURCH OF ST.-TROPHIME, ARLES. FROM CORROYER'S "ARCHITECTURE ROMANE."

Here the sculptor's scheme is historical, not symbolical: only the Christ who sits again as judge of the world in the central tympanum is conceived in an imaginative way. The Crucifixion occupies the southern tympanum; and now, in the northern one, the Virgin has been made conspicuous — yet not as the Queen of Heaven, after the fashion of a later day. It is the babe in her lap to whom the kings of the East bring tribute and adoration.

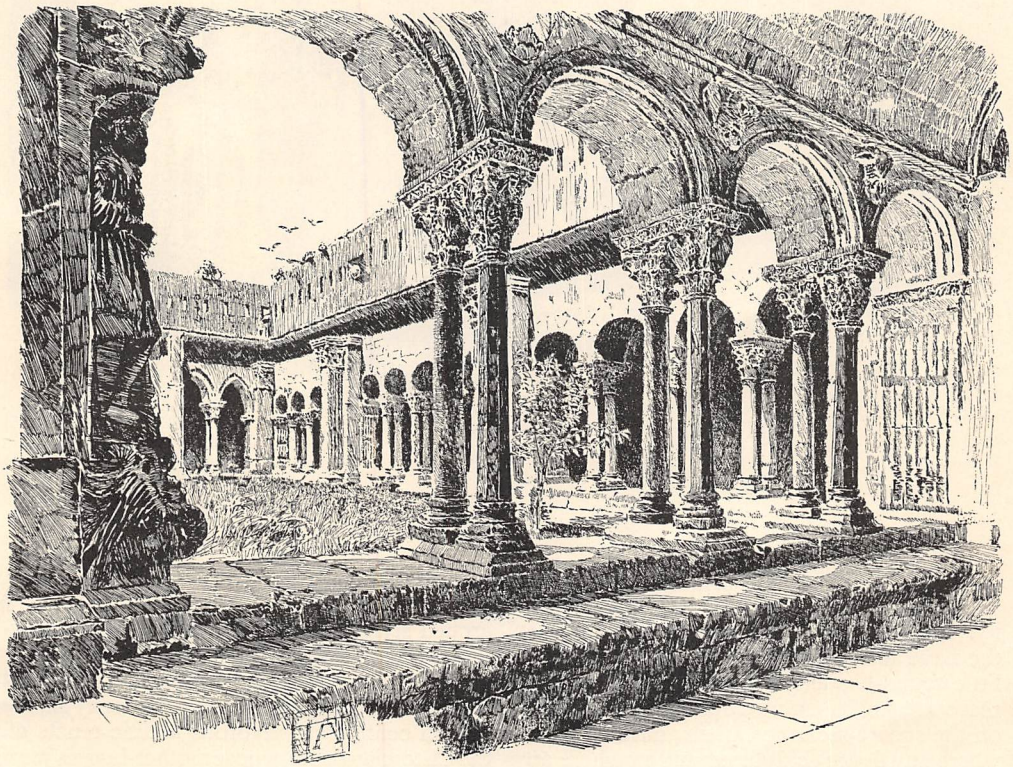
On many an old grant or decree, issued by some abbot or bishop who was a feudal lord, it is written that his words had been spoken *inter leones;* his judgment-seat was the doorstep of the temple, and here great lions, symbols of the church militant, had been carved. You will find them beside the main doorway of St.-Gilles, and again at Arles, supporting the apostolic figures.

In early medieval days the abbey of St.-Gilles, founded in the sixth century in a town which once had borne the Grecian name of Rhode and then the Roman name of Vallis Flaviana, was the chief "house" of the knights of St. John; and in those days the great counts of Toulouse were glad when they could call themselves counts of St.-Gilles as well. But decline approached when the Albigensian heresies began, soon after the year 1150, and the new abbey church, founded in 1116, was never completed. Behind its fully finished portal rises a much narrower field of wall, singularly blank and forlorn-looking, and the church of which this forms the western end is a cheap, weak, and uninteresting makeshift, run up in Gothic days long after the original scheme had been abandoned.

Beneath it, however, is a very fine Romanesque crypt, well lighted, and with a central range of columns; and above ground fragmentary beginnings prove the splendor of the original design. The existing church is far from small, yet its apse does not reach to the end of the intended nave; and to the eastward of it, half buried in the verdure of a little public garden, are beautifully designed and ornamented bases which show where the piers of choir and transept were to rise, portions of the wall of one arm of the transept and of the adjacent aisle, and, in the angle thus formed, a wonderful little spiral staircase. This was so famous all through medieval times that gilds of stone-cutters from far-away lands made pious pilgrimages to behold it, and its nickname, *le vis de St.-Gilles*, was borrowed for all similar constructions. Near by is part of a rich bull's-eye window,[1] representing, probably, the intended fashioning of all the windows of the

[1] This window is shown in the illustration on p. 129. The bust in the center of the picture is a modern memorial placed on a base composed of ancient fragments.

aisles. The passion of the South for ornament shows in the sculptural completeness of each and every stone: the Northern custom was first to build, and then to set the sculptor at his tasks. It is a pity indeed that such beginnings were balked, and that time and vandalism should have left them to us even scanter than they were at first; and a double, a treble pity because there is no other church in Provence to tell us what this one might have been.



THE CLOISTER, ST.-TROPHIME, ARLES.

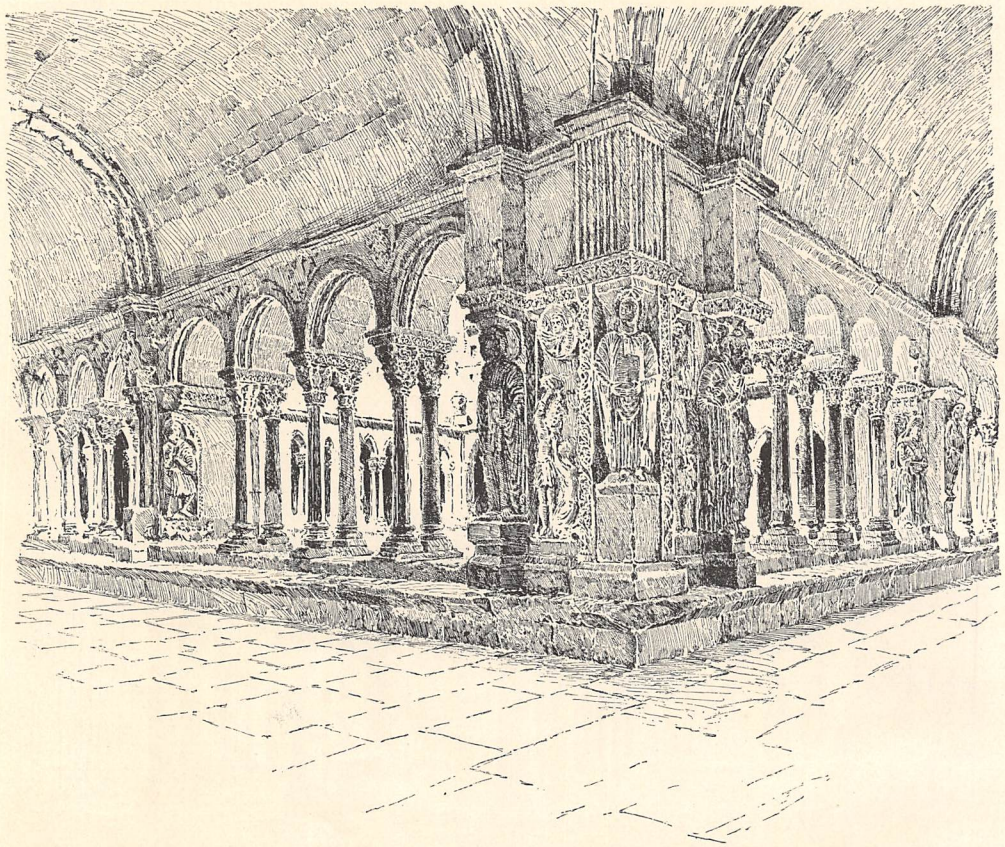
A larger town than St.-Gilles, owning so fine and so peculiar a work of art as its portal, might considerably enrich itself from the tourist's purse, but St.-Gilles is too little and too dirty to keep him overnight. Yet the Provençal sun shines as brightly here as elsewhere, and the Provençal folk seem as lively and content. The portal is so much too grand for its church and its town, and, when the people fill the market-place with their queer vividly colored vegetable wares, they address themselves so wholly to the business of living and bargaining, and take their royal work of art so simply for granted,—as though every shabby village on earth might own one precisely like it, —that, for the moment, it assumes a secondary place in our eyes, too. It grows as unreal, as unsubstantial, as little to be believed in, as a gorgeous piece of theatrical scenery. We fancy that we are about to witness in front of it some mimic drama of peasant life—the woes and tragedies of some new *Santuzza*, perhaps; and that shortly, when the over-bright stage sunshine is extinguished, it will carefully be rolled away. But the gamins who slide, shouting, down the wide, flat balustrades at each end of its steps are real enough, and their "act" is commonplace enough; and the past also seems real, and just as commonplace and human as to-day, when we notice the broad and shallow grooves which have been worn in these balustrades. For what can they possibly mean if not the cheerful friction of many generations of juvenile trouser-seats?

VIII.

TURN back again to Arles, and you will find that the church of St.-Trophime is not at all what the church of St.-Gilles should have been.

Here the upper part of the façade has some form and dignity, but it is plain that the portal evidently does not belong to it,[1] and the interior is plain to the point of extreme sever-

[1] The small doorways beside the portal are, of course, Renaissance reconstructions.



NORTHEASTERN ANGLE OF CLOISTER, ST.-TROPHIME, ARLES.

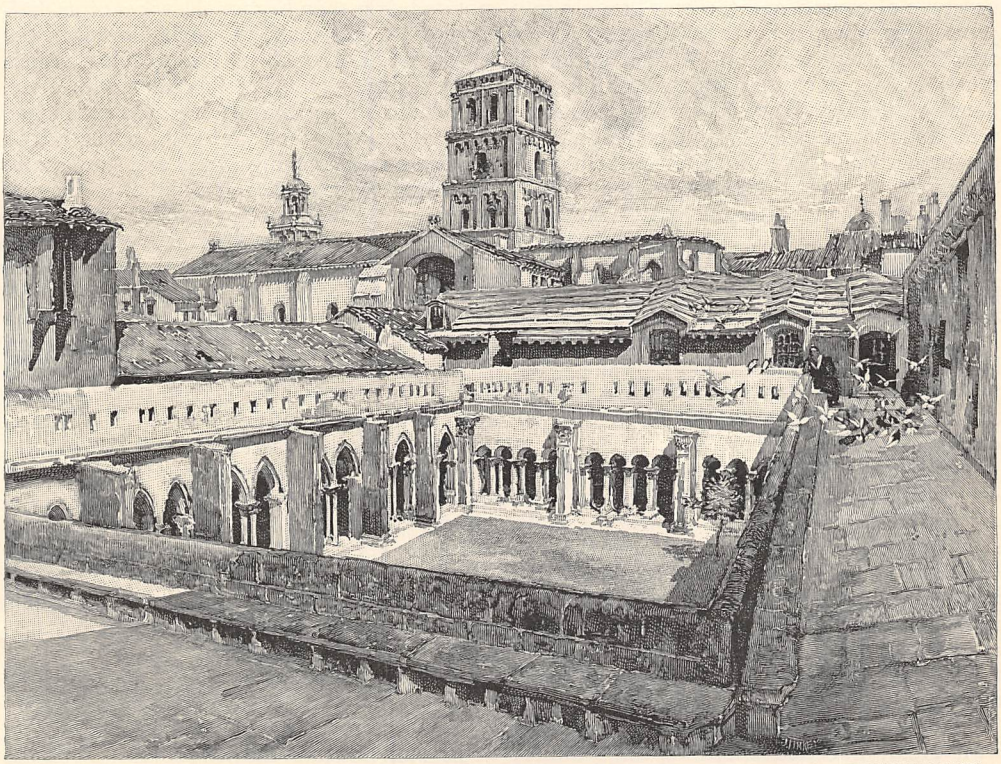
ity. Above the very tall pier-arcade between the nave and its aisles there is only a range of little round-headed windows near the ceiling; there are no bases, no capitals, no moldings on the square-sectioned piers and arches, nowhere any figure-sculptures, and nowhere any ornamental features or details except narrow cornice-strings of classical design, certain little columns which flank the aisle-windows, and others which spring from the top of the lateral members of the piers to support those of the vaulting-ribs. Nevertheless, the design is good and the construction very solid and skilful; this is no makeshift piece of work, and we are told that it was built within the same half-century as the portal which so radically contradicts it in idea and effect. Monastic divergencies explain the seeming puzzle.

In Romanesque times all branches of art were in the hands of monks alone. The thousands of monasteries which sprinkled every part of France, and had been the only repositories of knowledge and skill during the dark ages, conceived and fostered the ideas embodied in Romanesque art, and also trained the men who gave them material form. The ornate round-arched styles translate the ambitious, intellectual, luxury-loving lives of the monks of the great Burgundian abbey of Cluny and its myriad offshoots and dependencies. But early in the twelfth century the rigorous ascetic tenets of the Cistercian order, whose mother-houses were at Cîteaux and Clairvaux, and whose mighty apostle was St. Bernard, began to speak through an architectural gospel of economy, severity, and stern self-denial, especially opposed to that wealth of fantastic figure-sculpture which, St. Bernard declared, had nothing Christian about it. Wherever we find a very plain Romanesque church we may feel pretty sure that Cistercians built it.

The churches at Avignon and Arles are both Cistercian, but each exhibits a local type of construction. The aisleless plan adopted for Notre-Dame des Doms (possibly inspired by the exceptional plan of Constantine's basilica in Rome) persisted in Provence and Languedoc even after the introduction of the Gothic style; and the very lofty aisles of St.-Trophime are still more characteristically Provençal. They forbade a triforium, or even an effective clearstory; but with their vaults in the shape

of quarter-spheres, they strongly buttressed the barrel-vault of the nave; and there is nothing more Provençal than this type of nave-vault, which is shown in Notre-Dame des Doms as well as in St.-Trophime.

In their later works the Romans often used intersecting vaults, but their typical form was the barrel-vault, with or without cross-ribs. Fine examples of Roman cross-ribbed barrel-vaults still exist in Provence, and in early Christian days must have been much more numerous; and their teachings, together with lessons from the East, kept stone-vaulting alive even during the darkest architectural periods. The rudest little Provençal churches, built as early, perhaps, as the seventh century, are unskilfully vaulted, and broad naves were very skilfully vaulted as soon as the teachings of Syrian architecture had been thoroughly absorbed.



ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

THE TOWER OF ST.-TROPHIME, FROM THE CLOISTER, ARLES.

But the cross-ribbed nave-vaults of St.-Trophime and of Notre-Dame des Doms are not semicircular in shape — they are conspicuously pointed; and this, of course, was a variation from the precedents of Byzantium and of ancient Rome. It was a local device, and it was a Romanesque device; it was inspired by purely practical reasons, and had nothing to do with the advent of a consistent Pointed style. Pointed arches had already long been used by the Saracens, likewise with no thought of those methods of construction which characterize the true Pointed styles of a later day in the North. Perhaps from them, perhaps from his own instinct, the Provençal architect learned that a Pointed vault is more easily built and sustained than a semicircular one; moreover, he preferred to lay his outer roof of tiles directly on the exterior of his vault without any framework of wood between, as the Syrians had done with their roofs of stone slabs, and, in such a case, roof and vault may be brought into closer relationship if the latter assumes a pointed shape.

Provençal nave-vaults seem to have assumed this shape at least as early as the end of the eleventh century; and after the year 1100 they were never semicircular, although, until Gothic influences entered from the North in the thirteenth century, the style as such remained Romanesque. Whether we examine it in its florid national or in its stern Cistercian type, we find round arches in the pier-arcades, the portals, the window-heads, and the decorative details, and usually in the aisle-vaults too. The great arch of the portal of St.-Trophime is, indeed, slightly pointed, but so very

slightly, so imperceptibly, almost, that we may lay the breaking of its curve to accident rather than to design. Nor amid this retention of round-arched forms do we see any sign of the advent of Gothic constructional ideas. In the Pointed barrel-vault of St.-Trophime there is no more concentration of weight and thrust upon special points of support than in the round-arched barrel-vault of a Norman twelfth-century church.

No Provençal churches of later date than St.-Trophime demand attention in a sketch like this. Along the sea-coast Saracenic invasions had fostered, in very early days, a fortified type of church, and this was brought into greater prominence by the Albigensian wars and the constant attacks of Mediterranean pirates; even the church which enshrines the bones of the holy Marys has military-looking walls and machicolations. But, common to all the southerly parts of France, fortified churches may best be studied to the westward of Provence; and when Northern Gothic penetrated the land, the attempt to unite its characteristic ideas with Provençal ideas in regard to ground-plan and proportions, produced results which are interesting rather than attractive. The Pointed work of Provence has a distincter local flavor than that of most of the other provinces of France, but it appeals to the lover of architectural history more than to the lover of architectural beauty.

The late-Gothic choir of St.-Trophime is not even interesting. Turn from it as quickly as you can to the cloister which lies against the south side of the church. Here, to your delight, you will find two walks built in those lavish old Romanesque days when Cistercian dogmas had not congealed the Provençal love for beauty, and two built in Gothic days with an exceptional effort to conform to the spirit and effect of the earlier work.

In the north of France Gothic cloister-walks, with great, traceried windows, have almost everywhere replaced the unglazed Romanesque arcades; but these are still numerous in the south; they are even more beautiful; and none of them all is quite as beautiful as St.-Trophime's. In Languedoc you may find examples almost as luxuriant and picturesque, but they are less graceful, less refined, and they lack St.-Trophime's profuse display of figure-sculpture, while the trail of the Cistercian is over most of the other cloisters of Provence itself, and a charming one at Aix is semi-Italian in character.

But there is nothing more thoroughly Provençal than the cloister of St.-Trophime. Mr. Pennell shows you the difference between its Romanesque and its Gothic arcades, and suggests their opulent beauty. But even he could not show all the charm of the varied shafts and storied capitals and subordinate decorations now so classical in spirit and again so quaintly grotesque; could not explain the historic, dramatic, imaginative, or purely artistic interest of the multitudinous figures; and could not hint at the color of the delicately grayish embroidery of stone, based on the green central square and over-arched by a burning blue sky whose snowy cloudlets seem to stoop and break as flocks of snow-white doves swirl swiftly down upon the grass. If one wanted to dream out his days in the soft, slumberous atmosphere of a dead and yet still-living past, and to feed his dreams upon poetry made tangible, he could not do better than beg for the shoes of its doddering old guardian, and shut himself in the cloister of St.-Trophime. Even a conscientious tourist's day, spent in careful examination of the four contrasting arcades, takes on a semblance of poetic reverie when one looks back upon it — seems a medley of things Greek and Roman and Byzantine, Northern and Southern, Romanesque and Gothic, historic, legendary and fantastic, all woven into a magical mesh of loveliness.

The older of the two Romanesque walks (the northern one, which is matched by a corresponding blank arcade against the wall of the church) is the finest of all; for exquisite skill in chiseling it is the very finest thing in Provence, and, I think, the very finest thing of its date in the whole of the Western world. The Gothic walks are inferior to both the others; but when we think how classic was the mood of Provençal sculpture, and how rudely it was checked, how wholly it was suppressed, by the followers of St. Bernard, we wonder only that in after days, and in conjunction with exotic Pointed forms, it should have recovered, in this exceptional case, so large a part of its old Romanesque spirit and skill.

IX.

LISTEN, now, and the doves of St.-Trophime may tell you of the hundred thousand people that Arles contained when, in its port, Cæsar built the galleys with which he conquered Massilia; they may tell you why Ausonius called it the "Little Rome of Gaul"; why Constantine made it the capital of all the Gallic provinces; why, even in Charlemagne's time, a history-writing bishop named it "Arles the opulent"; and why, after commerce and liberty had made it rich and beautiful again in the twelfth century, and religious wars had caused it to languish again, its old prosperity revived when Provence was united to the crown of France. Then, if you can follow them as, with a rush like winds, they fly out of their enchanted cloister, they will show you many things, Roman, medieval, and Renaissance,

which in the wakeful nights of all the rest of your life you will rejoice to remember.

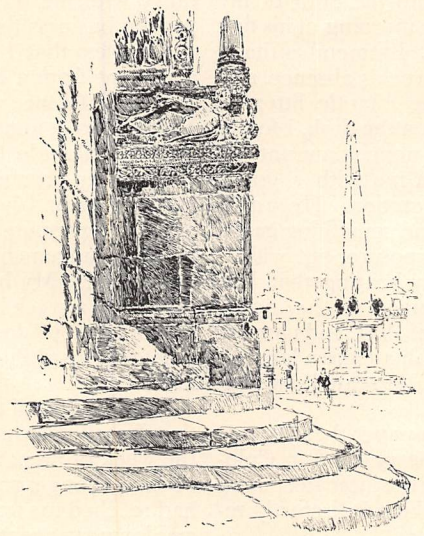
One of the most impressive will be the Aliscamps, with its ranges of poplars, and its rows of tombs once filled by the bodies of thousands of souls which had flitted to the Elysian Fields of the pagan or to the Christian's paradise. Another will be the vast deserted monastery of Mont Majour, baking in hot sunshine on its rocky island in a sun-dried plain, and showing chapels, churches, fortifications, dwelling-places, as early as the rock-hewn cell in which St.-Trophime once prayed, and as late as the palatial halls which were never completed because of the Revolution of 1789. Another, in the city itself, will be the Roman amphitheater, the largest ever built in Gaul; and still another, the ruined Roman theater whence, beyond two magnificent columns which still stand erect, you will see the tower that springs above the crossing of the church of St.-Trophime.

Mr. Pennell shows us this tower from the cloister-roof instead. It is earlier in date than the Cistercian nave of its church, but is less typically Provençal than towers which reproduce the circular shape of Roman sepulchral monuments.[1] In its outline as in its decoration it resembles the campaniles of the so-called Lombard churches of northern Italy, with the addition of a more classic touch in the pilasters encircling its attic story. There is no domical ceiling beneath it, as there is beneath the central one of Notre-Dame des Doms, but, nevertheless, it proves the influence of the East; its form is Italian, but its station is Byzantine. The Roman basilica suggested no towers at all, and when early Christian builders wanted them they sprang up beside the doorway, or, as in Italy, took independent station near the church. But Christian builders in the East conspicuously marked the crossing, even in very early days; and every Western feature which performed this service in medieval times was, directly or indirectly, inspired by their central domes.

When you have seen all these things, and when the doves have gone to bed, you will discover — listening from the window of your hotel to the babble of word and song and laughter that comes up through the moon-lit plane-tree branches which thickly roof a little square — you will discover that, in the summer-time at all events, Arles itself never goes to bed. There is a pump in this square; it regularly begins to clang and spout at three in the morning; and I could not decide whether, to the pumpers, this was a late hour of to-day or an early hour of to-morrow.

But there is one thing in Arles that you will need no guides of any kind to show you. I mean the beauty of its women, who are still naïve or wise enough to wear the little Arlesian cap and voluminous fichu. Of course they have always been famous for loveliness all over the world, yet nothing in other parts of the world will have helped you to imagine them. The type is peculiar to Provence — much more delicate than Italian types, the very dark eyes and hair contrasting with the whitest of skins; a spirited and yet an extremely poetic type, and so refined, so aristocratic, that its charm is not lost in old age. Nevertheless, not the type itself, but the frequency of its perfect presentation is the most surprising, the most delightful fact. Here an ugly woman, a commonplace-looking girl, is the exception; where five or six are gathered together, three at least will be beauties and the others will be comely. Surely, if these people are as Greek as they like to think, the sculptors of ancient Greece needed their imagination less than we are accustomed to think. Scores of times I cried to myself, "This one is the most beautiful of all." But best of all I now remember a girl who, with the true Arlesian face, had unbelievable riches of red hair. She was more beautiful than, in our unequal world, any woman has any right to be. It was bearable to look at her only because one felt that, very likely, every man and woman in Arles, including her splendid self, thought the redness of her hair distressingly unfortunate.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.



ON THE STEPS OF ST.-TROPHIME, ARLES.

[1] One of these, the tower of a little church at Mollèges, likewise built early in the twelfth century, and evidently copied from the famous Roman tomb at St.-Remy, which stood very close at hand, is reproduced in our initial letter.

M'GRAW.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.



M'GRAW.

I NEVER knew anything of his history, nor by what uptossing wave of the social maelstrom he was flung into the door of my office on the morning of his first appearance. I remember that I had just returned from a week's absence, and that, glancing up from the chaotic litter of neglected correspondence on the desk, I found him standing with familiar nonchalance at my elbow, looking down upon me with a good-natured smile of half recognition. He was a giant in height, browned, and something gaunt from outdoor work and exposure, but with a massive frame and an easy bearing that lent a certain air of careless grace to the incongruities of frock-coat, flannel shirt, and narrow-brimmed stiff hat. An Irishman and a laborer, I thought, as I bade him be seated, and inquired his business.

"I saw the notice in the paper that ye were wantin' men to work on the railroad in Coloraydy," he said, drawing up the indicated chair, and handing me a cigar, which I discreetly refrained from lighting.

I assured him that there must be some mistake, suggesting that the advertisement probably referred to the employment office on the ground floor of the building.

"Divil a wan mistake," he replied calmly. "I 've been to see the other felly, an' he 's got nothin' at all on'y the contract to furnish the men at so an' so much a head, they payin' the fare to Coloraydy."

"Well?"

My visitor filled the room with a pungent odor of burning weeds before he removed his cigar, and looked across at me with a shrewd twinkle in his smiling eyes.

"Ye 'll not be this long puttin' wan an' two together," he said. "The other felly has the contract; it 's yerself has got the railroad runnin' to Coloraydy; and I 'm the man to hustle ye a gang of the b'ys."

I hastened to explain that while the railway company which I represented was anxious to secure its share of passenger traffic, it was in no sense philanthropic enough to give free transportation to the laborers for the Colorado Overland.

"Passes, d' ye think I meant? Of course not; but here 's the cinter-line of the whole thing. I 'll hustle a gang of the b'ys that 'll pay wan half the fare down, an' ye 'll be writin' to the contractors in Coloraydy to advance the other half, takin' it off the pay-roll when the b'ys 've worked it out. The felly downstairs 'll divvy with me on his commissions, an' ye 'll get the business for your road, d' ye see?"

I confess that I did not see the force of the argument from a business point of view, but, after a conference with the employment agent, I agreed to communicate with the contractors on the Colorado Overland. Their reply was surprisingly prompt and satisfactory. The labor market had been drained for other fields, and my correspondents were glad to acquiesce in any arrangement which promised to supply their need. My henchman went to work at once, and a week later we left St. Paul with a rather trampish-looking crew of fifty-six men pointed toward the distant mountains of Colorado.

It was not until the journey was fairly begun that I really came to know M'Graw. During the week of preparation I had seen very little of him, though good reports of his diligence had reached me from time to time through the employment agent. He had been represented

as an embodiment of unwearying energy and buoyant activity, going about his business of ransacking the purlieus of St. Paul for recruits with an aggressive earnestness that suffered no luckless laborer possessed of the requisite amount of money to slip through the meshes of his net. Such as he could he had influenced by alluring descriptions of the laborers' paradise in Colorado, supplementing with his clever Irish wit an inventive imagination which was quite unshackled by any recognition of facts; and I had been told that when these arguments failed he had not scrupled to compass his object by less peaceful means, bullying, brow-beating, and abusing the reluctant ones until they were willing to purchase temporary relief by making the required deposit.

It was raining hard when the train steamed out of St. Paul, and I settled myself comfortably in the smoking-compartment of the sleeper, willing to push the anxieties and fatigues of the long journey as many hours as might be into the future. The night-run south was usually heavy at that season of the year, but for some reason my sleeper, the "El Chiquito,"— I am not likely to forget the name,— carried a light load, and I had the smoking-room to myself until I turned from staring into the dripping blackness slipping past the windows to see M'Graw's face thrust in at the door. His democracy was pure and undefiled, knowing no artificial degrees of class prejudice, and I was rather more amused than annoyed when he stumbled into the compartment, and let himself carefully down into the seat opposite me.

"Well, we 're poundin' 'em now," he remarked, with a tentative movement toward his breast pocket which I promptly interpreted and forestalled by tendering him my cigar-case. He helped himself, and, ignoring the convenient match-box, leaned across, and got a light from my cigar. Mingled with the puffs of tobacco-smoke I detected the fumes of bad whisky, and I knew then why he had handed himself so cautiously into his seat.

"You 're sure you got them all aboard, are you, M'Graw?" I asked, wondering why he had chosen to desert his companions in the forward car to come back and bore me.

"Every mother's son of 'em; I 'm the felly that can handle the b'ys to the queen's taste. There was Patsy Hanlon,— he was the wan I had the divil's own time with, gettin' his money,— he turns up as cool as you plaze just when the train 's ready to pull out, with a cock-an'-bull story about his wife bein' took down with a fever. 'Gimme back my money,' says he. 'I 'll see you furder 'n Coloraydy,' says I. 'But the sick woman, man,' says he. 'Sick nothin',' says I; 'chase your feet into that car before I 'll be breakin' ye in two!' An' in he went, just like a lamb. It 's good cigyars ye smoke, Mr. Harold, barrin' they 're a little wake an' tremblin'-like."

"I 'm glad you like them. Take a couple more to smoke when you go forward."

He took the cigars and ignored the hint, and I had settled back in my corner to endure with what philosophy there was in me, when the sleeping-car conductor made his appearance. After taking my ticket he turned to M'Graw, who promptly tendered the fare to the end of the run. I could see that the official was contrasting the physical efficiency of the man with the moral force in the rule instructing him to exclude such persons from his car, and, knowing the stringency of the rule, I was not surprised to see him refuse the money.

"I 'm sorry, sir, but I can 't allow you to ride in this car," he said.

"Ye can't?" M'Graw's smile was rather more than usually good-natured as he asked the question.



PATSY HANLON.

"No; I 'll have to ask you to go up forward."

"An' what 's the reason my money is n't as good as annybody else's?"

"I can't argue the question with you, sir; you 'll have to leave the car."

"I 'm dommed if I do!"

"Then I shall be obliged to put you out."

The conductor rather reluctantly put his lantern down, and I hastened to interpose.

"This man is with me, Parker; he is in charge of a car-load of laborers. If you 'll take his money, I 'll answer for his good behavior."

"Oh, that makes a difference," said the official; and with a very evident sense of relief he hastily made out a berth check, and gave it to M'Graw.

My coadjutor grinned triumphantly when Parker left us. "I 'm always likin' to take them fellies down a peg," he said. "They do be puttin' on too manny airs with their blue coats an' brass buttons an' the like. I 'd a mind to paste him wan for good luck, annyway."

"That would n't do at all, M'Graw; you 'd get us all into trouble that way."

M'Graw's smile was little short of seraphic as he replied: "An' did n't I know that? Just the same, I 'm thankin' ye for standin' up ag'inst wan of Mr. Pullman's rules, for a poor divil of an Irishman, an' Mike M'Graw is n't the b'y to be forgettin' them things, d' ye see?"

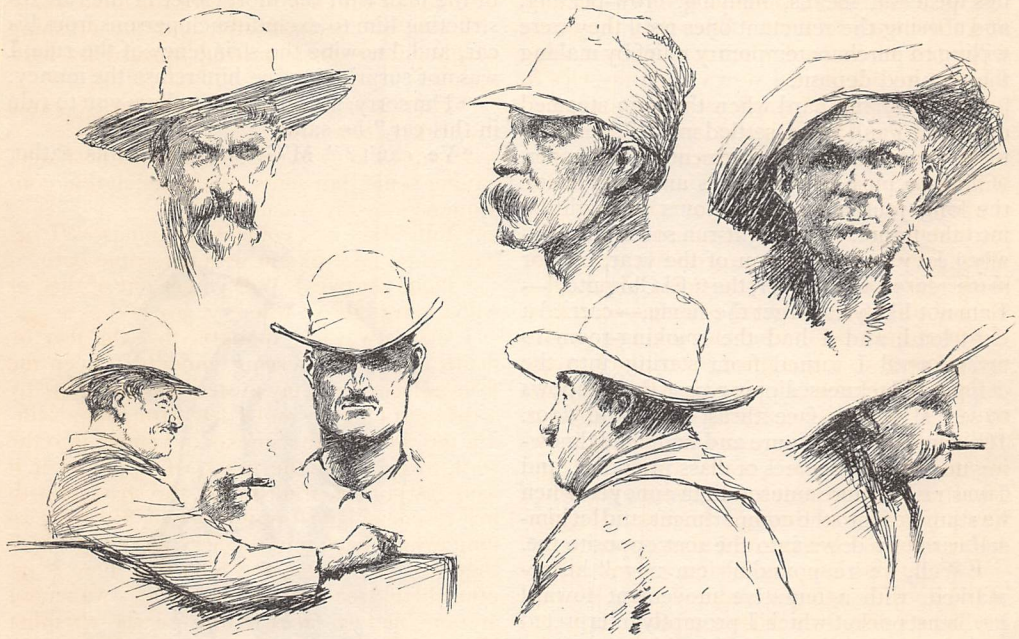
I remember little of the two hours' talk that followed save that M'Graw monopolized it, giving me a circumstantial account of his own sayings and doings — an account that brought so forcibly to mind the employment agent's hints of his inventive genius that I have no hesitation in repeating here the assertion that I know nothing of his past. At a late hour he rose and said, "Well, I guess I 'll be goin' back to the b'ys."

"But you have your berth here; why don't you go to bed?" I inquired.

"Oh, that was on'y a kind of a bluff," he answered, laughing. "I on'y wanted to show the blue-coated felly that my money was as good as annybody's."

After he left me, I sat up long enough to finish my cigar, moralizing the while on the curious outcropping of pride or self-respect, or whatever obscure motive might have prompted my Irishman to purchase two dollars' worth of satisfaction from the representative of the Pullman Company, and musing upon the subsequent monologue, quaint in its very richness of exaggeration and braggadocio, and replete with Falstaffian humor. M'Graw was incontestably a sad liar, and I could not help wondering if he were really the bully that my informant's report made him out to be. The burden of proof was against the supposition. The ability to tyrannize over one's neighbor demands a certain measure of personal courage, at least of the baser sort, and as blows are usually in inverse proportion to boasts, I fancied that M'Graw might safely be set down as a man of large words and little deeds. I had a mania for predictive character analysis, and I confidently expected to see my henchman properly humiliated, doubtless, I said, by the weakest and most inoffensive man in the company of recruits, before the two days' journey was over.

When I went to my berth the storm was still raging, and the swaying of the sleeper gave



"THE B'YS."

certain evidence that the heavy rainfall was beginning to have its effect upon the track. It was a substantial road-bed, however, as Western railway-builders reckon stability, and I gave but a passing thought to the possibilities of disaster as I crept into lower eleven, and fell asleep to dream of Irish Munchausens and impossible adventures in the company of a grotesque figure in a black frock-coat and a narrow-brimmed hat.

It was in the midst of the most fantastic of these dreams that I awoke, to find myself clutching frantically at the bedclothing as the sleeper left the rails and jolted heavily over the ties for a breathless moment before it plunged down the embankment. After that there was a painless blank, and when it came to an end I found myself pinned down upon my face in pitchy darkness. A single struggle convinced me that I was quite helpless, and I waited with what fortitude I could summon for some sign of approaching assistance. The shouts of the rescuers and the dull blows of their axes told me that others were involved, and I shuddered when I thought of the crowded laborers' car in the forward part of the train. After what seemed an endless interval of suspense, a faint gleam of light penetrated the wreckage above me, coming, as I imagined, from the lanterns of those whose voices I heard in welcome proximity. I shouted eagerly to call attention to my helplessness, and a moment later my cries became shrieks when I realized that the light came not from the lanterns, but from a fire which was eating its way through the mass of inflammable material behind and above me.

Even at this late day I cannot think calmly of the horrible agony I endured while the pitiless flames crept toward my prison. It is unnecessary to attempt to set it down in words; it is enough to have borne it. Two facts connected with it stand out clear and distinct in the field of memory. In the increasing light I could see that the way to liberty was open above me if I could but struggle out of the trap of splintered timbers holding me down. That is one of them. The other is the name of the ill-fated car shining in letters of gold on a broken panel just before my eyes — "El Chiquito." The letters were seared into my brain as with a branding-iron, and I have only to close my eyes now to see them flaming before me as I write.

The air was like the breath of a furnace, and the roar of the fire was in my ears, when I heard M'Graw's call in the confusion of voices overhead. Then there was a sickening odor of burning flesh, the rush of a falling body, and the Irishman was flat on his face beside me, thrusting himself under the timbers lying across my back.

"Kape yer nerve, Mr. Harold, till I 'd be gettin' me back under it"; and then — "now, then, if ye 're not kilt entirely, lift for the life o' yez!"

I obeyed mechanically, and the crushing weight of wreckage moved upward by half-inches.

"That 's enough — out with ye!" came the stifled command.

I am glad now to remember that I hesitated, having some dim sense of the inevitable consequences to my rescuer.

"But, Mac, it 's your life or mine —" I began, when he broke in with a terrible oath.

"Dom yer eyes! Will ye get out o' this, or will I sthrangle ye where ye are?"

I shall always be thankful that the fear of death was not unnerving enough to keep me from refusing, but my protest was cut short by a deluge of water, and I felt strong hands lifting me through the smoke and steam into the cool, fresh air of the night. I recall, as if it were part of a fearful dream, the struggle with my rescuers, and my ineffectual attempts to fling myself back into the fiery pit out of which they had drawn me, and after that there is another blank reaching across to an awakening among friendly faces in the guests' chamber of a farm-house near the scene of the wreck.

And M'Graw? It was only yesterday that he sat in my office, smoking his villainous cigars, and recounting his latest besetments in Colorado by fire, flood, and desperate men; and while there was the same familiar ring of unreality in his speech, the livid scars upon his face and hands will always vouch, to at least one listener, for the verity of his most incredible narrative.

Francis Lynde.

RENASCENCE.

I MUSE in shadow, knowing naught
How deep this twilight sad and dark
May gloom before the dawn is fraught
With light for some full-throated lark.

I am content: the night may fall
And brood with more than ebon wing,
But at the appointed time and call
The sun shall rise, the lark shall sing.

John H. Boner.

WASHINGTON IN LINCOLN'S TIME.

BY NOAH BROOKS,

Author of "Abraham Lincoln: A Biography for Young People," "American Statesmen," etc.

THE CAPITAL AS A CAMP — CONVERSATIONS WITH LINCOLN — SOME FAMOUS MEN OF THE PERIOD — CABINET AND EXECUTIVE OFFICERS.

THE CAPITAL AS A CAMP.



I WENT to Washington in 1862 as correspondent of the "Sacramento Union," then the great newspaper power of the Pacific coast. I remained there until after the close of the Civil War, and saw the beginning of the stormy presidential career of Andrew Johnson. During that momentous and interesting period of our national history, I wrote newspaper letters nearly every day; and these, preserved in volumes of scrap-books, with other materials carefully kept, form the basis of these reminiscences.

Several years before the war, while I was a resident of Illinois, I had made the acquaintance of Abraham Lincoln, then regarded as a "rising prairie lawyer," and living in Springfield. I had met him at political assemblages, and he had occasional business errands to the town of Dixon, Lee County, where I lived. We formed an acquaintance which later grew into something like intimacy, although it should be said that Mr. Lincoln did not have intimate friends, unless we except a very few who, like Edward D. Baker, were among his earliest associates and companions.

Naturally, my first thought on arriving in Washington, in 1862, was to see how far the President resembled the Lincoln of Illinois before the war. The change in his personal appearance was marked and sorrowful. On the Sunday after my arrival in Washington, I took a long look at him from the gallery of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church. His eyes were almost deathly in their gloomy depths, and on his visage was an air of profound sadness. His face was colorless and drawn, and newly grown whiskers added to the agedness of his appearance. When I had seen him last in Illinois, his face, although always sallow, wore a tinge of rosiness in the cheeks, but now it was pale and lifeless.

Hearing from a friend that I was in the city, he immediately sent word that he would like to see me "for old times' sake"; and nothing could have been more gratifying than the cordiality and bonhomie of his greeting when I called at the White House. "Do you suppose I ever forget an old acquaintance? I reckon not," he said, when we met.

Washington was then a military camp, a city of barracks and hospitals. The first thing that impressed the newly arrived stranger, especially if he came as I did from the shores of the Peaceful Sea, where the waves of war had not reached, was the martial aspect of the capital. Long lines of army wagons and artillery were continually rumbling through the streets; at all hours of the day and night the air was troubled by the clatter of galloping squads of cavalry; and the clank of sabers and the measured beat of marching infantry were ever present to the ear. The city was under military law, and the wayfarer was liable to be halted anywhere in public buildings, or on the outskirts of the city, by an armed sentry, who curtly asked, "What is your business here?" Army blue was the predominating color on the sidewalks, sprinkled here and there with the gold lace of officers. In the galleries of the Senate and House of Representatives, especially during the cold weather when the well-warmed Capitol was a convenient refuge for idle people, great patches of the light blue of the military overcoats were to be marked among the more somber colors of the groups of visitors. It was contrary to army regulations to supply soldiers with liquors, and in the bar-rooms cards were conspicuous bearing the legend: "Nothing sold to soldiers." At some of the drinking-places, as if to soften the severity of this dictum, was displayed an artistically painted group of the three arms of the military service over which were printed the words, "No liquor sold to."

CONVERSATIONS WITH LINCOLN.

THE President and Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by Mrs. Doubleday (the wife of General Abner Doubleday) and myself, were once visiting the Patent Office hospital, and the two ladies, being a little in advance, left us lingering by the cot of a wounded soldier. Just beyond passed a well-dressed lady, evidently a stranger, who was distributing tracts. After she had gone, a patient picked up with languid hand the leaflet dropped upon his cot, and, glancing at the title, began to laugh. When we reached him, the President said: "My good fellow,

that lady doubtless means you well, and it is hardly fair for you to laugh at her gift."

"Well, Mr. President," said the soldier, who recognized Mr. Lincoln. "How can I help laughing a little? She has given me a tract on the 'Sin of Dancing,' and both of my legs are shot off."

President Lincoln, who loved to hear stories of the soldiers and their humorous pranks, told me of a soldier who was being carried to the rear in a great engagement seriously wounded, and likely to die. He espied a sutler-woman with leathery-looking pies, driving her trade on "the devious verge of battle fought." The bleeding soldier grinned at the woman and said: "Say, old lady, are those pies sewed or pegged?"

It is impossible in these days, so remote from the excitements of the Civil War, to give readers of the later generation any adequate idea of the uneasiness that pervaded Washington, or of the morbid sensationalism which characterized the conversation and conduct of the loyalists who were constantly haunted by suspicions of secret plotting all about them. One evening, while I was sitting with the President in his cabinet, Professor Henry, then in charge of the Smithsonian Institution, came in for a social chat with the President. The conversation ran upon various unimportant themes, and presently a card was brought in by the doorkeeper, who said that the man in waiting was extremely urgent to see the President, as he had matters of pressing importance to communicate. He was brought into the room, and proved to be a modest shopkeeper whose home was not far from the Smithsonian Institution. Glancing uneasily at the President's two visitors, whom he evidently did not know, he said his business was very important and should be kept secret. The President assured him that Professor Henry and myself were to be trusted with any business of state, however secret it might be, and genially encouraged his visitor to speak out without fear of being betrayed in case the weighty matter which he carried in his mind was of an explosive character. The man then went on to say that he had frequently observed lights shown from one of the towers of the Smithsonian Institution late at night. He had noticed that these lights invariably made their appearance about the same time (at midnight) and he was confident that the person displaying them was carrying on a contraband correspondence with the rebels by means of signals. The President, with great gravity, closely examined the witness, but elicited nothing more from him than the fact that the lights were actually shown.

The President said, "Do you suspect anybody in the Smithsonian Institution?"

"No," replied the witness, "I do not know anybody inside of that institution. But I have heard that Professor Henry is a Southern man and a rebel sympathizer."

With that the President turned to Professor Henry and, with admirable command of countenance, said, "This is Professor Henry; perhaps he will be able to answer for himself." The look of dismay on the countenance of the visiting witness was so grotesque that the President could not restrain his laughter. Professor Henry, who was somewhat disturbed by this expression of suspicion on the part of the well-meaning but mistaken Unionist, very briefly disposed of his tale. He explained that the scientific instruments used to ascertain the direction and force of the wind, temperature, etc., were examined at certain hours of the day and night for the purpose of taking their record, and that the supposed signal-light in the Smithsonian tower was the lantern carried to the observatory at midnight by the attendant who made those observations. Somewhat crestfallen, the visitor withdrew, the President thanking him for his vigilance and well-meant promptness in reporting this incident, and adding, as the man departed, "If you should see any indications of a rebel conspiracy in Washington, you will do the country real service by reporting at once to headquarters."

The frequent appearance in Washington of paroled rebel officers, who usually wore their own uniform with evident pride and pleasure, and sometimes with a swagger, generally threw loyalists into a fever of excitement. More than once I saw ultra-loyal newsboys or boot-blacks throw a lump of mud, or a brickbat, at the passing Confederate. One of these officers, a Lieutenant Garnett, being on parole, sent in his card to Representative Wickliffe, of Kentucky, and was by him introduced upon the floor of the House, where he attracted attention, as well as indignation, from the members present. Presently a wave of excitement seemed to sweep over the galleries, the spectators being visibly affected by the appearance of an officer in full Confederate uniform sitting on one of the sofas of the House of Representatives! This was intensified when a doorkeeper spoke to the visitor, who rose from his seat, gave a profound and sweeping bow and withdrew to the outer corridor. It appears that the doorkeeper had told the Confederate that it was contrary to the rules of the House for him to be present.

One of the most interesting side incidents of the war during the winter of 1862, in Washington, was the court martial that tried General Fitz-John Porter for alleged disobedience of orders. Another interesting and attractive military tribunal was that convoked at the request of General McDowell to inquire into the

conduct of that officer after General McClellan assumed command of the Army of the Potomac. The little mean room in which the court of inquiry was held was usually crowded whenever any prominent general officer was summoned before it. About the middle of December, 1862, General McClellan, who not long before had been relieved from command of the Army of the Potomac, was a "star witness" before the court. There was a great rush of sightseers, anxious to see "Little Mac," to hear his voice, and to feel the magnetism of his presence. So great was the crowd of visitors that the single orderly who kept the door was at his wit's end to provide a channel of ingress for the ex-commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac. When he finally arrived, McClellan, who wore an undress uniform and a short military cloak, slipped in through the crowd without attracting much attention, and great was the disappointment of the mob at the door when they found that they had missed seeing him. General McClellan was rather dapper, trimly built, with round, full outlines of face and figure, light hair and mustache, and an easy and gracious manner. He answered the questions put to him in a quick, clear, low voice, keeping his light-gray eyes intently fixed upon the questioner; and his mouth almost constantly wore a pleasant and winning smile. Every one in the crowded and uncomfortable court-room seemed to feel the attractiveness of his face and manner, and it was curious to note the admiring, half-loving, half-pitying expression which moved over the unconscious countenances of the intently gazing spectators as they bent forward to catch the slightest look and intonation of the ex-commander. The progress of business in the McDowell court of inquiry was tediously slow. McDowell wrote each of his questions on a slip of paper. The clerk took it from him, and read it to the witness, who answered it; then the clerk wrote down the answer, and question and answer were wafered on a sheet. McDowell, who sat opposite McClellan, had a full face, a commanding military figure, and certainly was "the General," so far as looks were concerned, compared with McClellan. McDowell's manner was dignified, decisive, and at times almost solemn.

Just before the battle of Chancellorsville, I visited the Army of the Potomac, its headquarters being then at Falmouth, in President Lincoln's company. We were detained *en route* by a storm, and spent one night on board the steamer anchored in the Potomac. In the course of conversation that evening, the President, was communicative and in a confidential mood, and discussed the military situation with much freedom. Speaking of McClellan, he said, "I kept McClellan in command after I had expected that he would win victories, simply because I knew that his dismissal would provoke popular indignation, and shake the faith of the people in the final success of the war." Very soon after the battle of Chancellorsville, and before the battle of Gettysburg was fought, the old rumor of McClellan's recall again got upon its legs, to the great consternation of many of Lincoln's friends in Washington. This report was more than usually vigorous and plausible. Hooker's failure at Chancellorsville, and the blow which his military prestige had suffered in consequence, gave public opinion a decidedly sharp fillip. One evening, while this rumor was gaining strength, I chanced to be in the family sitting-room at the White House, where the President, Mrs. Lincoln, and several callers were assembled, when an indiscreet young lady directly attacked Lincoln with the extraordinary question: "Mr. President, is McClellan going to be recalled to the command of the Army of the Potomac?" The President good-naturedly parried this home-thrust, but gave no satisfactory answer. Afterward joining in the conversation, I intimated to the President that as he had not settled the matter, there probably might be some ground for the general suspicion that McClellan would be recalled. Lincoln, who sat near me, put on a very severe look, and turning, said in an undertone, "And you too?" I instantly recalled our conversation on the steamer, and apologized for my lack of faith. He then added, "I see you remember the talk we had on the *Carrie Martin*."

SOME FAMOUS MEN OF THE PERIOD.

It is curious to note how the names of many of the men who were prominent in the political history of the Civil War have now well nigh vanished from the minds of our people. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, at his post of chairman of the House Committee of Ways and Means, was for a long time the leader of the House, and the most conspicuous figure of the Republican party in that branch of Congress. He was the oldest and the ablest man in congressional life. He was sturdy, well built, with dark-blue and dull-looking eyes, overhanging brow, thin, stern lips, a smooth-shaven face, and wore a dark-brown wig. He walked with a limp, one of his feet being deformed. "Thad" Stevens was never tender-hearted, winning, or conciliatory. He was argumentative, sardonic, and grim. When he rose to speak, it was his usual custom to lock his hands loosely before him, making but few gestures; he spoke with great calmness and deliberation, dropping his sentences as though

each one weighed a ton; his voice was low, but distinct, and he launched his anathemas at his opponents as coolly as if he were bandying compliments. While he wore "the very front of Jove himself," he had a certain repose of manner that was particularly exasperating to his adversaries. Nor did he spare his own political associates if they happened to differ with him. On one occasion, a New York representative, who had a curious way of dividing himself on each side of nearly every question, irritated Mr. Stevens by his perverse conduct, and was thus rebuked by the old leader: "The gentleman from New York has more privileges here than belong to him. He has the advantage of being able to pair off with himself on every question." On another occasion, Mr. Stevens being temporarily in the seat of Vallandigham, heard a Republican member make an appeal to the Constitution of the United States. Rising with grim humor in the place of the distinguished Copperhead from Ohio, Stevens said: "How dare you, sir, mention the Constitution of the United States, in this House?"

Henry Winter Davis was another eloquent and able man, but, except for his record as a persistent and radical critic of Lincoln's reconstruction policy, he has not left any lasting trace of his public career. At that time he was about forty-five years of age, light in complexion, with a round, boyish head, sandy hair, and mustache. He had a high, clear, ringing voice, and a manner of speaking which was peculiar in its sharpness and firmness. He was a brilliant speaker, but not a ready debater; and he had a compact and direct way of putting things which always commanded close attention whenever he spoke. Garfield once said of him that his eloquence was "clear and cold, like starlight." In the Thirty-sixth Congress Davis gave the casting vote which dissolved a tie, and elected Pennington of New Jersey Republican Speaker of the House.

Clement L. Vallandigham of Ohio was the leading spirit in the mischievous Peace faction on the Democratic side of the House. He was well built, and was then about forty years of age, with a small head, regular and somewhat delicate features, and dark hair slightly sprinkled with gray. His complexion was fresh and fair, and his manner was agreeable and prepossessing. He dressed with great neatness and, as he sat at his desk, turning over his papers, occasionally smiling at the petty discussions raised by Holman, the small jokes of Cox, or the grumblings of Wickliffe of Kentucky, he was altogether a personable man. He was a good speaker — smooth, plausible, and polished; and in private life he was a most agreeable and delightful talker. I think of him now with real regret (notwithstanding his political record), as a genial and pleasant companion, a steadfast friend, and a man well versed in literature, history, and politics; he died in the prime of his manhood. When he made a set speech he often became greatly excited, and his face wore an expression at times almost repulsive, and his voice rose to a wild shriek; his hands fluttered convulsively in the air, and the manner of the man underwent a physical transformation. His power over his party in the House was complete when "filibustering" tactics were going on. At a word from him, or a wave of his hand, the Peace Democrats would incontinently scud into the lobbies or cloak-rooms; or his signal would bring them all back when they were needed in their seats.

Fernando Wood succeeded to the leadership of the Peace Democrats in the Thirty-eighth Congress, Vallandigham not having been returned to the House. A more marked contrast between two men can hardly be imagined. Wood was always calm, cool, and collected. His hair and mustache were dyed black, and his thin, spare face, elegant manners, and precise method of speech, gave him the appearance of a refined and scholarly man. He never lost his temper, was always agreeable, polite, and even courtly. He did not like Vallandigham, and on more than one occasion he held long conversations with President Lincoln in regard to the then notorious Ohio Copperhead. He was especially anxious that the President should not make a martyr of Vallandigham, of whom he expressed a most contemptuous opinion, and of whom he said that, if he were let alone, he would speedily sink out of sight.

Another conspicuous representative was James A. Garfield, who came into the House at the beginning of the first session of the Thirty-eighth Congress. He had been chief-of-staff to General Rosecrans, and the day before he was sworn in, when he was introduced to his future associates, he wore a brigadier-general's uniform. The next day he appeared in citizen's garb, and took his seat in the House. His disposition to literary and bookish allusions is well known. Once in a while his colleague, Samuel S. Cox (who then also represented an Ohio district), would rally Garfield on his pedantry, or sarcastically allude to him as "the learned gentleman from Ohio." Garfield's manner was rather boyish, even when in public view. He would sometimes wind his arm round the waist of one of his associates in the House, and walk him up and down in the space behind the seats of the members, apparently oblivious to the fact that hundreds of people were regarding him with amusement.

Schuyler Colfax was a prime favorite with the members of the House, and with the newspaper men. He had a youthful face and manner,

and was somewhat under the medium height. Colfax was versatile, indefatigably industrious, and was one of the readiest debaters on the Union side. He was light-haired and blue-eyed, and usually wore an expression so engaging and genial that unpleasant people sometimes called him "Smiler" Colfax. Before he was elected Speaker, he was chairman of the House Committee on Post-Offices, and in that place he exercised a great influence in the readjustment of the mail service of the country after the secession of the Southern States. It is impossible for any one who knew Colfax intimately to recall his long and prosperous career as a public man without a pang of regret. As I have said, he was a general favorite, and his affability, his readiness to do a good turn for friend and foe alike, his skill and ability in parliamentary usages, commended him to the admiration and esteem of thousands of people. In an evil hour for him, his reputation was clouded, and his personality disappeared from public life. His manner as a presiding officer left something to be desired. He was too rapid to be dignified, and his devotion to the public business often betrayed him into neglect of the proprieties. Ben Perley Poore, the cynical observer of Congress, said that Colfax presided over the House "like an auctioneer"; and it was a cause of mortification to some that when the President's private secretary appeared at the door of the House with a message, he was invariably addressed by the Speaker as "Mr. Sekkertary." Colfax was greatly beloved by his constituents, and was frequently honored with complimentary testimonials of his popularity. He was entertained at a banquet by the newspaper correspondents in Washington on his election to the Speakership, and, at another time, a handsome service of silver was presented to him by his Indiana friends in Washington.

No sketch of the House of Representatives of those days would be complete without a note concerning Thaddeus Morris, the Speaker's special page. When Mr. Orr, of South Carolina, was Speaker, he discovered in this young man, then a mere boy, a remarkable knowledge of parliamentary law combined with an extraordinary memory for names and dates. Orr at once attached Morris to the Speaker's chair, where he kept his place until his death in March, 1864. Probably few strangers ever noticed the tall, slim young man who leaned negligently on a corner of the Speaker's marble desk, apparently but slightly interested in the proceedings of the House, but really regarding all that passed with the most watchful vigilance. The youngster kept track of the mazy confusion of business, and could disentangle for the sometimes bewildered Speaker the most labyrinthine complication. Whenever a knotty question of parliamentary law or precedence arose, Morris would solve the difficulty with amazing facility. While the Speaker was addressing the House in a perfunctory way, stating the question at issue in order to consume the time needed by Morris to gather his authorities, the young man would silently place before the Speaker reference book after reference book, with chapter and verse duly marked, perhaps taken from the records of the earliest years of the government, and collated for use as precedents in just such a case as this under consideration. The mute prompter's hand was the compass that enabled the tempest-tossed Speaker to steer clear of rocks and shoals on which he might have wrecked his reputation as a presiding officer. Morris's death was a real loss to the House, but possibly some of the hair-splitting debaters, who had failed to trip the Speaker when they "rose to a question of order," did not regard with unmitigable grief the place left vacant at the corner of the Speaker's dais.

In the Senate, of course, were many men whose names are as intimately connected with the history of those times as any in the House of Representatives. On the Republican side, Henry Wilson of Massachusetts was conspicuous as the chairman of the Senate Military Committee. He was stout, florid, dark-haired, and of a portly figure. In manner he was entirely unlike his colleague, Mr. Sumner. Wilson was rather loose and ramshackle in his manner of speech; his enunciation was not distinct, his delivery was slipshod, and he was neither precise nor fortunate in his choice of words to express ideas. He impressed one as a man of great mental force not well schooled. Sumner, on the other hand, was a model of forensic elegance, scholarly culture, and precision. His manner of statement was emphatic, even oracular—some of his unfriendly critics said he was dogmatic; and he spoke with a certain fastidiousness in the choice of language which provoked injurious comments. Speaking to me of these comments, which had reached his ears, Sumner once said that when he addressed the Senate, even on matters of mere routine, he thought he ought to be as accurate and as fastidious as if he were engaged in high debate; and he cited an anecdote of Daniel Webster, who, when asked concerning his custom of wearing his best and most elaborate dress on the public platform, reproachfully asked his interlocutor if he should not present his best thoughts, his best manner, his best garb, when he addressed his fellow-men.

Wilson was always genial, conciliatory; Sumner's bearing was apt to be dictatorial and impressive, even on occasions of slight importance. Sumner's figure was tall, well knit, and handsome. He had a noble head, a profusion of

dark-brown hair, which was arranged with an appearance of studied negligence, and his presence was always commanding and dignified. He was one of the few men whom visitors to the Senate galleries first asked to have pointed out for them. He affected a picturesque style of dress, wearing colors brighter than those which predominated in the senatorial togas of the period. His favorite costume was a brown coat and light waistcoat, lavender-colored or checked trousers, and shoes with English gaiters. His appearance in his seat in the Senate Chamber was studiously dignified. He once told me that he never allowed himself, even in the privacy of his own chamber, to fall into a position which he would not take in his chair in the Senate. "Habit," he said, "is everything." This being repeated to jolly Senator Nesmith of Oregon, he said: "I wonder how Sumner would look in his night-shirt?" During the greater part of my stay in Washington, I occupied the rooms on New York Avenue which had previously been tenanted by Mr. Sumner. Mr. Gardner, the aged custodian of the house, whom we facetiously dubbed "The Ancient," once told me that his family always knew when Sumner was preparing to make a set speech in the Senate, weeks before it was known to the general public. In the rear of Sumner's apartment was a gallery from which the interior of the rooms could be viewed. The younger members of the Gardner family, with a curiosity natural to youth, would be attracted by the sound of the senator's magnificent voice rehearsing his speech, and from the gallery they could look in and see him before a pier-glass, fixed between the front windows, studying the effect of his gestures by the light of lamps placed at each side of the mirror. It is very likely that this entirely natural practice of the senator became known to his enemies, who magnified it as Senator Butler of South Carolina did, sneeringly saying that "the senator from Massachusetts was in the habit of rehearsing his speeches before a looking-glass, with a nigger holding a lamp on each side of him."

Sumner excelled all the men I have known in the art of extracting from others and using any fund of knowledge which they might have, and which could be made useful for his own purposes. He would graciously receive and entertain men whose experience or mental acquisitions could be utilized, and when he had, as it were, squeezed dry his prize, he would toss it aside with delightful abandon. A striking illustration of this habit came under my observation after I had left Washington and returned to California. Captain Bulkely, of the United States revenue marine service, then stationed in San Francisco, had had considerable experience in Alaska; and as the purchase of that territory was then under consideration, he was called to Washington by the Treasury Department. Senator Sumner sent for him, and treated him with the most distinguished consideration, inviting him to his house and showing him every possible attention, while collecting the materials on which he conducted his noble and successful work to secure the confirmation of the treaty negotiated for the purchase of Alaska by Secretary Seward. I had given the captain a letter of introduction to the senator, at the same time warning him that he would be a "squeezed orange" when Sumner had done with him. Bulkely returned to San Francisco very much astonished that he had been a favorite guest for a few days at the senator's house, and that Sumner had failed to recognize him when they subsequently met.

"Bluff Ben Wade" of Ohio, as he was familiarly known to his friends and admirers, was one of the most notable figures in the Senate during the war times. He was in person the embodiment of the high qualities that he possessed — manliness, courage, vehemence, and a certain bull-dog obduracy truly masterful. His figure was stout, sturdy, and muscular, a little above the medium height, and indicative of great physical endurance. His iron-gray hair, sharp bright eyes, and firm-set jaw were characteristic of the alert and combative statesman that he was. Nevertheless, Wade was a tender-hearted, gracious, and lovable man. His impatience with the apparent sluggishness of Lincoln's administration betrayed him into frequent exhibitions of bad temper, and his intense radicalism too often hurried him into complications with the more conservative Union politicians in Washington; and he did not always extricate himself from these entanglements with credit to himself.

William Pitt Fessenden of Maine was chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance during the greater part of the war, and before his translation to the chair of the Treasury Department, made vacant by the sudden resignation of Secretary Chase. Fessenden was a tall, spare man, with angular features and figure, and a pale, intellectual face, from which the iron-gray hair was carefully brushed backward. His manner was cold, dry, and severe. His humor was acrid and biting. Remonstrating with a member of the House who had championed a bill for the abolition of the franking privilege, but who wanted it quietly strangled in the Senate, Fessenden grimly said: "My dear fellow, you can't make the reputation of a statesman with fourpence-ha'penny tricks like that." Another politician — a gentleman from Nevada — approached Fessenden to secure his aid in putting through the Senate a bill appro-

priating money to establish a United States branch mint in Carson, Nevada. Among other arguments to move the senator's objection that the Territory was too young and too small to amount to anything, the Nevada man said: "All that the Territory needs to make it a good State is a little more water, and a little better society." "That 's all that hell wants," was the Maine senator's discouraging reply.

"Zack" Chandler of Michigan, tall, saturnine, at times grim and at times jocular, was one of the senators who attracted the attention of visitors to the Capitol; his bold and sometimes reckless audacity, his perfect self-control, and his wonderful familiarity with the ins and outs of politics, made him a most interesting personality in the Senate.

Occasionally a cabinet minister would stray into the sacred precincts of the Senate, or Hooker, Burnside, or Meade would be seen sitting in the corner of the chamber consulting with Senator Wilson, or some other Republican leader identified with the conduct of the war.

CABINET AND EXECUTIVE OFFICERS.

SECRETARY SEWARD was slight and small in stature, light-haired, and oddly hostile to all attempts at taking his likeness. His manner in public was elegant and courtly, and he was one of the few men I ever knew in Washington who made a practice of bowing to apparent strangers who looked at him as if they knew who he was. He usually wore a dark-colored frock-coat and light trousers, and his figure was erect and alert. He was affable and courteous in address, and was seldom excited or outwardly ruffled. Like Lincoln, he was fond of good stories, and he was himself a capital story-teller as well as a good smoker; and his cigars were famous for their high quality. Rightly or wrongly, he was popularly regarded as friendly to McClellan, and for that reason was disliked by Mrs. Lincoln, who would have been glad if the President had put Mr. Seward out of the State Department, and put in his place Mr. Sumner, whom she greatly admired.

Once I saw Secretary Seward engaged in a case before the United States Supreme Court. This was probably his only appearance before that tribunal during his term of office in the State Department. It was in the celebrated Albany bridge case, which had been carried over from a period before Mr. Seward's appointment. His manner at that time was not impressive. He spoke with great deliberation, and he frequently fumbled with a big red silk handkerchief that lay on the table before him, and once in a while he blew a tremendous blast on his very large nose, as if he were in the habit of taking snuff.

Secretary Stanton was not often seen outside the War Department building. He apparently spent his days and nights in that musty old barrack. His customary position in his office was standing at a high, long desk, facing the principal entrance to the room, and open to all who had the right of audience; for he shunned every semblance of privacy in office. From that awful tribunal, so well remembered by all who had occasion to approach the great War Secretary on matters of public importance, were issued many orders of supreme moment. He was opinionated, almost immovable in his judgments, yet absolutely just when not led astray by his impetuous temper, as he was apt to be at times in the prodigious rush of official cares. Unlike nearly all his associates in the cabinet, Stanton was never accused of having any ambitions for a higher place than his own. He lived in handsome style, entertained generously, and was desperately hated by the newspaper men, some of whom appeared to regard him as a fiend incarnate. Certainly, Stanton's terrific earnestness in the prosecution of the war, and the maintenance of the discipline of the military service, made him regardless of many of the minor graces of life which might have endeared him to a generation of men who held him in the highest respect for his patriotism, great public services, and wonderful talent for administration. His spectacled face, with full black whiskers grizzled with gray, and a peculiar silvery streak on the chin, is familiar to thousands of Americans who have seen his portrait on the paper currency of the nation.

Lincoln appeared to have not only a great respect for Secretary Stanton's abilities, but a certain diffidence about any attempt to thwart the Secretary in any way. I doubt very much if he ever said — as was reported of him — that he "had no influence with this administration," the War Department being especially referred to; but I know that he disliked to contradict or interfere with the Secretary if it could be avoided. On more than one occasion, however, the Secretary's iron will had to give way before a decisive order. An amusing, and yet striking, illustration of the qualities of mind of the President and Secretary was afforded in the case of Captain T. T. Eckert, then superintendent of the military telegraph bureau that had been created in the War Department (and now president of the Western Union Telegraph Company). Captain Eckert was a man of indomitable industry, an incessant worker, and he was so overburdened with labor that he seldom left his quarters, where he was "cribbed, cabined, and confined" near the War Department building, even for needful rest and sleep. Much to Eckert's amazement and chagrin, Captain Sanford, also attached to the military service as a special officer (and afterward well known as presi-

dent of an express company), was detailed to take his place as superintendent of the bureau. Captain Sanford was reluctant to displace Captain Eckert, especially as he was not familiar with the practical working of the telegraph. Accordingly, Sanford took occasion to let Eckert know that he was to be displaced "for neglect of duty," by the order of the Secretary of War. An allegation so unjust wounded and surprised the hard-working and harassed officer, who was conscious that he had done his full duty by the government. The upshot of the business was that Captain Eckert, after he had succeeded in sending in his resignation before his order of dismissal could reach him, was permitted to face the War Secretary for the first time since he had been on duty. It appeared that Captain Eckert had originally been ordered to report to General McClellan, and those orders had never been changed or revoked. Stanton had forgotten this, or did not know it; and he had charged to the remissness of Captain Eckert's bureau the currency on the streets of Washington of military intelligence, which had really leaked out from McClellan's headquarters. The Secretary learned for the first time, in reply to questions propounded by him with almost brutal sternness, that Captain Eckert's orders required him to report to General McClellan, and not to the Secretary of War, nor even to the President. While this harsh catechism was going on, the tall form of the President appeared in the doorway behind the captain, and Lincoln, lingering for a moment as he entered, heard some portions of the talk. Then, striding forward, he cheerily addressed Eckert (who, by the way, had been appointed from Ohio) with, "How now, my Buckeye friend, what 's the trouble here?" When he was told that the captain was on the point of being discharged for neglect of duty, the President expressed his amazement, and said that he had long been in the habit of going to Captain Eckert's office for news from the front, for encouragement and comfort when he was anxious and depressed. He had gone there, he said, at all hours of the day and night, — two o'clock in the day, and two o'clock in the morning, at midday, daybreak, and sunrise,— and he had never found the captain absent from his post of duty; and that he should be guilty of neglect of duty was simply incredible. The grim Secretary relaxed his attitude of stern reproach, and Captain Eckert was directed to return to his post with the rank and pay of major, reporting thereafter to the Secretary and the President. In due course of time, Major Eckert was appointed Assistant Secretary of War, and before he resigned his commission at the close of the war, he bore the rank and title of brevet brigadier-general. It was this faithful officer, by the way, who was chosen to carry to the Confederate commissioners at Hampton Roads, later in the war, the President's reply to their appeal, before the President made up his mind, at Grant's suggestion, to go there in person. Lincoln's arrival on the scene when the captain was "having it out" with the headstrong Secretary, was in the nature of a special providence.

Captain Gustavus V. Fox, a man cast in the mold of the indefatigable Secretary of War, but agreeably affable and winning in his manner, was the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and its informing spirit. Once the President requested me to go to the Navy Department, and see what could be done for a young friend of mine who had been in the army, and who desired to reënlist in the navy, in order to keep his promise not to go back into the military service. And as I was discussing the ways and means, the President said, "Here, take this card to Captain Fox; *he* is the Navy Department." Captain Fox, although a hard worker, was rotund and rosy, the very picture of a good liver who took life easy. But he was capable of performing prodigious feats of labor, and he was a complete encyclopedia of facts and figures relating to the naval service and its collateral branches, and was ready to take up and dispose of any of the multitudinous details of the Navy Department at a moment's notice. He was a marvelously self-poised and ready man, and he was the life and soul of the Department.

Secretary Welles was not readily accessible to anybody, civilian or military, and his gentle and courteous manner, when he was reached, was most disappointing to the visitor. He appeared to be vague and shadowy. One energetic and business-like senator (Conness of California) was wont to declare that the Secretary did not have a tangible shape and that one's arm could sweep through his form. It is hardly necessary to add that the Secretary of the Navy was disliked by the newspaper people, and that he suffered accordingly. One of the craft fancied that he saw in Mr. Welles's face and profile a likeness to the ill-fated consort of Louis XVI., as she is painted by one of the Düsseldorf artists, on her way to execution. And "Marie Antoinette" the Secretary was called by the irreverent newspaper men, who had a nickname for every public man.

President Lincoln dearly loved a good story at the expense of any one of the dignitaries of the time, and he was accustomed to relate with much amusement a tale that was told of the Secretary of the Navy by one of the humorous scribes brought forth by the literary opportunities of the war,— "Orpheus C. Kerr." The story ran that a dying sailor in one of the Washington hospitals said he was ready to go if he could see his old grandmother at home before he died; and

the attendant at his bedside, being directed to ask Secretary Welles if he would personate that relative, the Secretary replied that he would do it with pleasure—but he was then busy examining a model of Noah's ark with a view of introducing it into the United States Navy. One autumnal evening, while the President and his family were lingering at the Soldiers' Home, near Washington, where the summer had been passed, a little party from the city was being entertained. Among these was Mr. A—— T——, of New Hampshire. The President, standing with his back to the fire and his legs spread apart, recited from memory the aforementioned invention, appropriately illustrating it with gestures, much to the amusement of those present. When he had finished, he turned to me and said: "Now don't let the Secretary know that I have been telling these stories on him; for he would be dreadfully mortified if he knew it." Probably I showed some surprise and vexation at this implied and unmerited rebuke; and when we were preparing to retire for the night, the other visitors having departed, Lincoln took occasion to explain that he did not for a moment suppose that I would violate any confidence, but he had used me as a friend to hit Mr. T——, who, as he expressed it, was "a leaky vessel," and might go away and tell all that he had heard, unless warned.

Of the other members of the cabinet, Attorney-General Bates was a gentleman of the old school, short in stature, gray-haired, rather shy and reserved in manner, and not much seen in Washington society. Mr. Bates was of a philosophic turn of mind and a close observer of man and nature; and, when one had made his intimate acquaintance, he was found to be a most delightful talker. In his old-fashioned courtliness he resembled Mr. Seward. Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General, was rated as the best-read man in Lincoln's cabinet, and he was well versed in literature ancient and contemporaneous; but his manners were awkward and unattractive. In politics he was a restless mischief-maker, and, like his brother Frank, was apparently never so happy as when he was in hot water or was making water hot for others. He was the stormy petrel of the Lincoln administration. Although Caleb B. Smith of Indiana, Secretary of the Interior, was one of the original members of Lincoln's cabinet, his immediate successor, John P. Usher, from the same State, is generally regarded as the representative man in the Interior Department during that administration: he held office from the time of Smith's resignation in the autumn of 1862 to near the end of Lincoln's life. Secretary Usher was a fair, florid, well-nourished and comfortable man, an able lawyer, a great worker, and generally accessible to the newspaper men, who for that reason always had a good word for the good-natured and kindly disposed Secretary of the Interior. This habit of the gentlemen of the press, who classed public men rather by their personal qualities than by their actual merits, appears to have survived the shock of war.

During the time of his occupying the post of confidential military adviser to the President, General Halleck had his office in the Winder building, near the War Department, and his residence was on Georgetown Heights. General Halleck's figure was tall and well proportioned, though somewhat inclined to portliness. His face was exceedingly grave and saturnine, his complexion sallow and dark, and his habitual bearing was that of a man sure of himself and distrustful of everybody else. But in the privacy of his own house he could relax to geniality; he liked a good story, and could tell one with gusto. Halleck was a close student of human nature, and while his smoothly shaven face was a complete mask for his own emotions and thoughts, his large dark penetrating eyes looked through one with searching thoroughness. It is not true that President Lincoln was ruled completely by General Halleck, as so many ill-informed people used to say. Lincoln liked to "talk strategy" with Halleck, but was never very much under the general's influence even in military matters. He had opinions of his own, and was often impatient with Halleck's slowness and extreme caution.

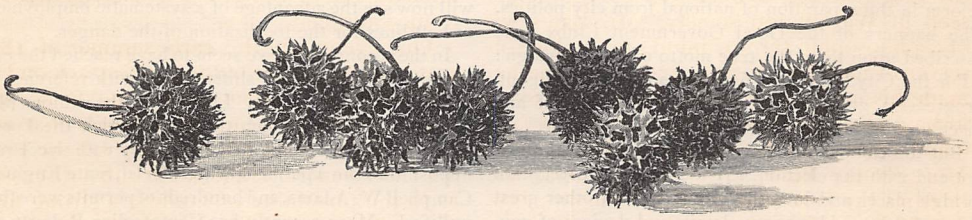
One evening in the early summer of 1863, just after the failure of the naval attack on Fort Sumter, the President asked me to go with him to Halleck's headquarters for a chat with the general. Soon after our arrival, the President and General Halleck fell into a discussion as to the possibility of landing a strong force of artillery and infantry on Morris Island, Charleston Harbor, under cover of the gunboats, to coöperate with the navy in an attack upon the rebel fortifications on Cummings Point. The President said he thought that Fort Sumter might be reduced in this way, and that, by gradual approaches, we could get within range of the city of Charleston. He illustrated his theory of gradual approaches by means of three or four lead-pencils and pen-handles, which he arranged in parallels, shifting them from time to time to show how, according to his notion of military strategy, our lines could be advanced in the desired direction. Halleck would not say that it was impracticable to land troops on the southeast end of the island, but he insisted that they could do nothing after they got there; and he made a strong point of the statement that the strip of land between

Fort Wagner and the place of landing was so narrow that the zigzag parallel lines laid out by the President, according to scientific rules, could not be made. Assistant-Secretary Fox of the Navy Department came in during the conference, and the President appealed to him for his opinion. Captain Fox agreed with Lincoln that the movement could be made, but whenever the President pressed this view upon Halleck, the general invariably replied: "If it were practicable it would have been done; but the plan would be utterly futile for the reason that there is not room enough for the approaches which must be made." Halleck, although he treated the suggestions of Lincoln with great respect, evidently entertained profound contempt for his military knowledge. When we went away Lincoln (whose commonsense view of the situation appeared to me, an amateur, to be sensible and feasible) expressed himself as discouraged with what he called "General Halleck's habitual attitude of demur."

That night, as we walked back to the White House through the grounds between the War Department buildings and the house, I fancied that I saw in the misty moonlight a man dodging behind one of the trees. My heart for a moment stood still, but, as we passed in safety, I came to the conclusion that the dodging figure was a creature of the imagination. Nevertheless, as I parted from the President at the door of the White House, I could not help saying that I thought his going to and fro in the darkness of the night, as it was usually his custom, often alone and unattended, was dangerous recklessness. That night, in deference to his wife's anxious appeal, he had provided himself with a thick oaken stick. He laughed as he showed me this slight weapon, and said, but with some seriousness: "I long ago made up my mind that if anybody wants to kill me, he will do it. If I wore a shirt of mail, and kept myself surrounded by a body-guard, it would be all the same. There are a thousand ways of getting at a man, if it is desired that he should be killed. Besides, in this case, it seems to me the man who would come after me would be just as objectionable to my enemies — if I have any."

The oaken stick to which I have just referred was fashioned from a bit of timber from one of the men-of-war sunk in the fight at Hampton Roads; the ferule was an iron bolt from the rebel ram *Merrimac*, and another bolt from the *Monitor* furnished the head of the cane. After Mr. Lincoln's death, Mrs. Lincoln gave me the stick, which had been presented to the President by an officer of the navy. Subsequently, a careless friend to whom I had lent the relic broke the wood and lost the ferule; but the bolt-head from the *Monitor* finally found its way to the museum of the United States Naval Academy, where it now rests secure.

Noah Brooks.



AN EVENING.

CLOUD-GLOOMED, the colorless, disheartened day
Hath wept itself to death: the fitful wind,
Upstarting wildly, like some haunted mind,
Sweeps through the dripping thicket, and away
Across the darkening fields. It fans the spray
From huddling weeds that wintry storms unkind
Have stripped of leaf and bloom — sad ghosts, resigned,
Trance-like, to buffetings and slow decay.
The dull flame of the sunset, lingering still,
Burns faint above the sodden dusk's blurred rim:
The landscape grows more featureless and dim,
And stormy darkness surges round the hill.
But well I love the wind and driving rain,
Which help me to forget my own heart's pain.

Robert Burns Wilson.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Good Government in New York.

A FAILURE on the part of the citizens of New York to drive Tammany Hall from power, after the revelations of corruption made in connection with the last election, and through the Legislative Committee and the police trials, and after a full understanding of the character of some of the appointments made by the present mayor, would renew the disgrace that this ignoble domination has brought not only upon the city and upon the nation, but upon republican institutions.

All that can save Tammany from such a combination as would make its overthrow certain is a blind, unintelligent, and in this case well nigh criminal allegiance to the supposed interests of national parties.

No good Democrat should be ignorant of the fact that Tammany Hall is a curse to the national party it pretends to serve, and sometimes does serve when it is clearly to its interest to do so, but to which it is a continual reproach, and upon which it is a crushing burden,— almost as hard to bear as was the burden of slavery before the war.

No good Republican should be so eager for local "spoils" or partizan advantage as to refuse to strike hands with good men of the opposite party in undoing its old enemy,— or should refuse the opportunity of "driving into the open" that curse of local Republicanism, the Tammany Republican.

The campaign in the city of New York is not only against Tammany Hall, it is in favor of permanent reform in the separation of national from city politics. The banners of the Good Government Clubs have inscribed upon them the true motto of the campaign: "For the City." It is a fight for a clean, intelligent, progressive government, not for the benefit of any machine, but for the benefit of the whole people.

But the campaign, successful or unsuccessful, must not end with the election. Aside from the corruption in high places and low, the city is behind other great cities of the world in many details and devices of government. This is the era of improved municipal administration, and while New York can make a good showing in some matters, in others it is at least twenty years behind the age. Even when "Tammany methods" have been rooted out, there will be need of endless energy in the prosecution of greatly needed reforms.

Congress and the Forestry Question.

"IT is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the recent tempests of flame which have raged in four or five States on the Canadian border, and which have excited the sympathy of the civilized world, may have at least the good result of awakening Congress to the necessity of better methods of guarding the national forests against the same danger. The indifference of the average legislator is to blame for the prolongation of many a public peril; but he is by no means obtuse or sordid, and we look forward with confidence to the ultimate outcome of the present wide-spread interest in forest preservation. The national government, we believe, has little or no relation of ownership to the forests which have recently been destroyed; but in this country the interplay of State and national legislation is so intimate that to enact measures of security for the public forests would be to influence favorably the policy of the States themselves. The fate of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan might, with slight change of conditions, have been the fate of other States— of even so humid a State as Washington, where by singular good fortune the town of Whatcom barely escaped destruction by forest fires; and one has only to consult the records of the newspapers to note that the national forests also are continually being depleted by this terrible agency. Callous indeed would be the conscience of that senator or representative who, with the object-lesson of these disasters before him, could refuse favorable consideration to a bill for forest preservation bearing the stamp of expert scientific knowledge. The consideration and passage of such a measure at the December session are well nigh imperative.

During the past year several events have given encouragement to those who are solicitous as to the future of American forests. The placing of lumber on the free list, whatever its commercial effect may be, will be of extraordinary conservative value by reducing at once the timber-dealers' temptation to indiscriminate cutting, and by insuring more careful management of the forests. Together with the recent calamity, it will for a time guarantee a more watchful activity in the prevention of fire. It is to be hoped that the great companies will now see the advantage of a systematic employment of belt lines for the localization of the danger.

In the second place, we seem to have reached the end of our temporizing and shifty policy with reference to the Adirondack Reserve. Last spring the ruinous plan of cutting the twelve-inch timber, to which the Forest Commission had committed itself, met with successful opposition from a public-spirited official, State Engineer Campbell W. Adams, and hundreds of permits were thus nullified. More recently has Comptroller Roberts announced the discovery of a wide-spread conspiracy to defraud the State and despoil the Reserve by illegal cutting, cancellation of tax sales, etc. These perils have aroused the State and caused the passage, by a unanimous vote, of the amendment to the State constitution which, at the instance of the New York Board of Trade, was submitted to the Albany Convention, prohibiting the sale or exchange of lands now acquired or to be acquired by the State within the lines of the Reserve, and prohibiting the cutting or sale of timber on such lands. Were the region involved the heart of a virgin forest in the Alleghanies, it would be unnecessary, and perhaps unwise, to resort to a constitutional amendment to protect it; but in a region like the Adirondacks, where the soil is thin and poor, and the timber is already greatly depleted, and the greed of private gain is so reckless, it is the part of prudence and foresight to put beyond legal peradventure what is left of this great conservator of health and source of commercial prosperity to the whole State. It is not necessary that we should wait

until the Hudson and other rivers have lost, from the same cause, as many inches of depth as some of the German rivers, before we take the necessary steps for their preservation. Twenty years from now, when Nature shall have renewed herself in the Adirondacks, the amendment may safely be repealed; by that time, let us hope, we shall have a large body of educated foresters. It should be followed by a legislative appropriation for the purchase or control of all lands necessary to the objects of the Reserve.

Another point that has been gained is the defeat — for who knows how many a time — of the assault upon the integrity of the Yellowstone Park, and the failure of a similar attempt to reduce the area of the Yosemite National Park before careful investigation of the reasons alleged. Congress will do well to search closely into all such measures for objects of private or corporate gain.

A fourth source of encouragement is the general interest awakened among societies such as the Sierra Club, the National Geographical Society, and others, for the preservation of the Pacific, or Mount Rainier, Forest Reserve as a national park. The opening of this remarkable region — the home of some of the greatest glaciers south of the Canadian line — would add another to the points of interest in the far West accessible to the traveler. The chief reason for wishing success to this movement is the danger that unless the government undertake the management of this reserve on the same basis as the Yellowstone Park, there will be an overwhelming pressure from the State of Washington for its cession as a State park, with the probable fate of neglect which has visited the Yosemite valley under the unfortunate management of the State of California. It has come to be an axiom that State management of national property is inevitably loose and bad.

Against these hopeful signs we have to face two regrettable considerations: one, that the bill of Mr. McRae, Chairman of the House Committee on Public Lands, providing for a measure of better government for the forest reservations, has been the object of a successful filibustering opposition on the part of certain Western representatives, which is very much as if an infant should filibuster against its mother's milk. The second and more important relates to the inaction of the United States government in the defense of the reserves already made — which is partly, we fear, supineness, and partly inability. The result has been that the incursions of sheep into the Sierra reserves have been unchecked, trustworthy accounts stating that during the past summer half a million sheep have been pastured on the Sierra Reserve in defiance of the "paper bullets of the brain" which have been fulminated against them by the Secretary of the Interior. In this matter the secretary is almost helpless, since he has not, and cannot have, initial command of the army for the purpose of policing these reserves; and there are, moreover, we believe, but two troops of cavalry assigned to California. It has been argued that this lack of ability to patrol should be a bar to further reservations until Congress shall have adopted some better measure of protection. With this view we do not agree. By the act of Congress of March 3, 1891, by which the President is empowered to make reservations of non-agricultural lands of high altitude, the President has it within his power to do his country a lasting and memorable service by making extensive reservations, where practicable, at the head waters of Western streams. These are not only a commercial necessity for the lowlands, under the present conditions, but are likely to become such more extensively as irrigation becomes an important industry in the arid West. Already there are signs of interstate contests as to the ownership of water flowing through adjacent States, and it is the part of patriotic wisdom to provide a national policy on this subject — a policy which it may not be too much to hope will reduce to a great extent the injury from spring floods in the Mississippi and other streams, and at the same time insure the conservation of the water higher up where it is needed.

We have previously stated with some particularity the plan of Professor Charles S. Sargent, of Harvard, for the management of the forest reserves already made and to be made. It contemplates the transfer of these reserves to the care of the War Department, and their supervision and management by army officers, to be educated in the principles of scientific forestry at West Point or elsewhere, the force of laborers to be employed to consist of a forest guard locally enlisted. The present Secretary of the Interior has expressed the opinion that this plan would be preferable to the present dual control, and the only alternative of which we have heard is that the reservations should be placed in charge of the Agricultural Department. Against this there are two objections: first, that the government would have to create an entirely new educational system instead of availing itself of the Military Academy; and, secondly, that it would necessitate a large force of civil servants, which, until the complete adoption of the merit system, it would be the part of good citizenship to avoid. It is very much to be hoped that Mr. Sargent's plan will receive the favorable consideration of Congress at its coming session. It has already been indorsed by the American Association for the Advancement of Science and by the Irrigation Congress.

What is the Referendum?

DISSATISFACTION with the working of our State legislatures is leading to a demand in many parts of the country for the adoption into general practice of the Swiss referendum. It is urged by the advocates of this change that if the opinion of the people can be obtained in approval or disapproval of the acts of the legislature, we shall be certain of defeating many pernicious measures, and of aiding in the enactment of many desirable ones. In order to enable our readers to judge for themselves as to the probabilities of these results being obtained through this instrumentality, we will sketch briefly the history of the referendum and its results in practice.

There are in Switzerland two varieties of referendum, one called the obligatory, and the other the facultative or optional. The first applies to all amendments to the federal constitution, requiring that these must all be submitted to the popular vote for ratification. The second requires that all laws and acts of a general nature shall be submitted for popular approval whenever 30,000 voters or eight cantons petition to have it done. Though the cantons never petition, the people avail themselves of the privilege so freely that during the twenty years in which the law has been in force they have had the referendum applied to an average of one eighth of all the laws passed. Only a third of those thus submitted have secured popular approval.

We have been speaking thus far of the referendum in federal matters. In the cantons, which are similar to our States, the two forms of referendum are used in relation to cantonal measures. In all the obligatory form applies to constitutional changes; in about half of them the same form applies to all cantonal laws, and in the other half the optional form alone is used. The general results vary in the different cantons. In those having the obligatory form, the proportion of laws rejected ranges from a quarter to a half. In cantons having the optional referendum alone, experience shows that the people seldom avail themselves of it.

One curious fact about the working of the referendum in Switzerland is that labor laws, or measures designed to benefit the condition of the working-classes, are very likely to be rejected. A signal instance of this kind occurred in June last, when a vote was taken on a proposal to insert in the constitution a provision affirming the right of every male citizen to employment. It was rejected by a vote of 300,000 to 85,000. Formerly similar results had been recorded in the cantons. In one of them, the industrial canton of Zurich, a law was rejected which reduced the hours of work in factories and gave protection to the women and children employed in them. The same canton also rejected a factory law, a law providing for the compulsory insurance of workmen and regulating their relations with their employers, and a law giving daughters an equal inheritance with sons in the estates of their parents. Laws involving an expenditure of money are almost invariably rejected. It was the custom at one time in some of the cantons to submit the appropriation bills to the popular vote; but as these were rejected several times in succession, it was found to be impossible to carry on the government, and the practice had to be abandoned. In all cases the vote cast under a referendum is much smaller than that cast at elections, rarely much exceeding half the full electorate. In many instances laws fail to be approved because a majority of the citizens have not voted upon them. Political or party considerations do not enter into the referendum decisions, and the consequence is that a party is seldom held to account at the polls for its conduct in the legislature. Indeed, the effect of the referendum is to diminish party feeling, do away with party policies, and lessen the prominence and importance of individuals. The division of responsibility between the legislature and the people has the natural effect of making the legislators complacent about the passage of doubtful laws, since they may trust to the people to reject them if they are not wanted.

In this country the referendum principle has been applied to nearly all constitutional changes, both national and State, since the early days of the national existence. The first constitution of the State of New York went into operation after having been drawn by a convention in 1777, without being submitted to the people; and the same thing occurred in Virginia, and probably other States, when State governments were first established and the population was small. In 1890 the convention which drafted the new constitution for Mississippi, declared it adopted without submitting it to the people; but this is the only case of the kind in this country since the Civil War at least. The referendum principle has been extended in various States and at various times to such questions as the location of a State capital, and laws providing for the expenditure of large sums of money, or the loaning of a city's credit, have been conditioned upon popular approval. This was done at Albany last spring, in a bill authorizing the building with public money of a new rapid-transit system in New York city.

The general proposition to apply the referendum to all laws passed by the legislature, under conditions similar to those observed in Switzerland, is a much more serious matter. We are a much larger nation than Switzerland, which altogether is scarcely larger than half the State of New York, and our volume of legislation, State and national, is enormously greater. The proposition amounts practically to one for the abandonment of representative government and a return to pure democracy, or government by town meeting. The objection to this change, from a constitutional point of view, has been clearly and forcibly stated by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in a decision upon the constitutionality of an act granting suffrage to women conditional upon the ratification of the act by the people. Summed up briefly, the decision of the court was that our government consists of distinct bodies, legislative, executive, and judicial, and that it is not consistent with this form of government that these powers should be delegated. The governor ought not to pardon a convict on condition that the people ratify his act; the judges ought not to put a certain construction on the law on condition that the people approve it; the legislature ought in like manner to be solely responsible for the laws it passes, otherwise it might make all its acts conditional upon popular approval, and we should find ourselves trying to carry on government under a pure democracy. Similar decisions have been made by the New York Court of Appeals, Chief Justice Ruggles saying in one of them, in 1853: "I regard it as an unwise and unsound policy, calculated to lead to loose and improvident legislation, and to take away from the legislator all just sense of his high and enduring responsibility to his constituents and to posterity, by shifting that responsibility upon others."

There can be no question that where the number of citizens is small, representative government is unnecessary, and direct government by the people is the easiest and best form. But representative government is the outgrowth and sequel of direct government, coming into existence as a necessity when the number of citizens has become great. To adopt the referendum under representative government is to hand back to the people certain powers which they have delegated, and to revert to the problem of direct legislation by a democracy — a problem which was abandoned as unsolvable when representative government was established. This proposition to retrace our steps in government is largely due to the distrust and dissatisfaction with modern legislators which exist in all parts of the country; but it is doubtful if we should improve the quality of our legislators by relieving them of full responsibility for their acts. The chances are that we should get a more inferior quality still. The direct, logical, and sure remedy is at hand. Representative government does not need to be abandoned, but to be put into the hands of better men. If all citizens will do their duty, and see to it that only fit men are sent to the legislature, we shall be in no need of the referendum or any other reversion to primitive governmental methods to save us

from the consequences of our own indifference and neglect of civic duties.

Free Art in America at Last.

FOR many years the fight for free art has been continuously urged by American artists, and by those who are especially interested in the artistic and intellectual advancement of the United States, and sensitive concerning the fair fame of their country in the sisterhood of civilized nations. At last the battle has been won, and won decisively, by the united votes of the most intelligent members of both parties in Congress.

In this successful "campaign of education" the artists have taken a leading part, and their persistence, the cogency of their arguments, the good spirit and devotion shown by them, the breadth and loftiness of the views promulgated, all are worthy of the highest praise.

It is necessary, also, to note the response of congressmen in this case to right ideas lucidly expressed and disinterestedly advocated; and the hopeful citizen of the republic has a right to take new courage when he is able to add so enlightened a measure to the gratifying list of lately accomplished reforms. Many not old have seen, among other reforms, slavery and the slave-trade extinguished, polygamy crushed out, civil-service rules enacted and continually extended, our ballot laws improved, international literary piracy abolished, and now the barbarous tax on painting and sculpture not reduced, but wiped out! Moreover, the same Congress that has given us free art has established the Federal Civil-service Commission on a firmer basis than ever, by legislation which the leading advocates of the merit system declare to be almost as important as the original law creating the commission.

No one can say that American artists are afraid of competition. This new and generous legislation should put a new spirit into them, and should be a fresh reason for the complete removal of that neglect from which they have at times seemed strangely to suffer among their own people.

The Pictorial Side of the Life of Napoleon.

THE CENTURY'S series of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" was the record of a military struggle waged by communities at the time virtually without art; the "Life of Napoleon" now appearing in THE CENTURY is the record of wars engaged in by the most artistic of all modern nations. The Art Department of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE had a difficult task to make attractive the art side of the American war series, and the degree of success met with was all the more creditable from the obstacles encountered.

In the Napoleon series, on the other hand, the opportunity is unprecedented, and this series should prove artistically, in many respects, the most splendid papers of a historical character yet published in a periodical.

In the preparation of these illustrations, it is possible to draw upon the most desirable of the portraits and pictures made at the time, and upon the rich stores of French military art subsequently accumulated, and use can be made of the accomplished pencils of living military and other artists of France and America; and as the scene moves from country to country and from period to period,—the panorama meantime decorated by a brilliant multitude of historical characters,—there should be no lack of variety in the story as told in the gallery of pictures which, from month to month, will illuminate the narrative.

OPEN LETTERS.

Sloane's "Napoleon."

IT is almost as difficult to enumerate the qualifications requisite for a biographer of Napoleon, as it is to make a fair estimate of Napoleon himself. It is not simply necessary that he should be impartial and well informed; he must be able to penetrate the motive and weigh the worth of the most conflicting testimony, to unravel the most intricate web of illusion and of detraction ever woven about a human character and career. It is not enough that he should be familiar with the historical forces playing about Napoleon, and those which he set in motion, with the events that shaped or determined his career, but he must be used to study and make allowances for the surprises in human nature.

The time has not yet come when we can expect a perfectly unprejudiced life of Napoleon from either a Frenchman or an Englishman. The tremendous passions of the Revolutionary era still survive on both sides of the Channel. It is not historical knowledge or scientific method that is lacking in either case, but cosmopolitan impartiality. An American, who inherits English traditions and French sympathies, and is removed in space of time far enough to enjoy an undisturbed perspective, has a better chance of success. The American author of the present life has, to my mind, special qualifications for his great task.

William Mulligan Sloane is of Scotch Presbyterian stock, and was born in Richmond, Ohio, Nov. 12, 1850. He was graduated at Columbia College in 1868, and for some years taught Latin and Greek in the Newell Institute at Pittsburg, where his father (James Renwick Wilson Sloane) was pastor of a Presbyterian church. In 1872 he went abroad to pursue his studies in Germany, and attended lectures at the universities of Berlin and of Leipsic. At this time his attention was principally turned to Oriental studies, and it was at Leipsic in 1876 that he took his Ph. D., his theme being "Arabic Poetry before the time of Mahomet," with metrical versions. While in Berlin he was for a time attached

to the American legation, as private secretary to Mr. Bancroft, and gained large practical experience in research and methods, as the historian's assistant in the tenth volume of the "History of the United States." During his residence abroad he made himself master of German and French, and through his connection with the legation he obtained a large insight into foreign social and political life.

When he returned to America in 1877, although he had a powerful impulse toward metaphysics and history, his chosen field was Oriental languages, and he went to Princeton in some expectation of making use of his Arabic and Hebrew. But as there was little call for his services in either, he became an instructor, and shortly after the professor, in Latin. In the reorganization of Princeton in 1883 upon a broader basis, he took the chair of professor of the philosophy of history, in which he at once distinguished himself as a most brilliant and inspiring lecturer. His scheme of philosophical exposition included universal history, but he brought this philosophy to bear chiefly upon modern times, and lectured especially on the English, American, and French revolutions. The only published result of this work is a successful volume devoted to our period of the French war and the revolution, which has received the highest critical indorsement for its philosophic interpretation of causes and events. In his connection with Princeton he has been recognized as one of the chief forces in the new era of the college.

Before he conceived the idea of writing the life of Napoleon, he had, by repeated and sometimes protracted visits to France, and residence in the provinces and in Paris, become familiar with French life and character, and had given much study to the French educational system. It was probably through his intimacy with M. Taine that his attention was finally directed to this work, and that he was given uncommon opportunities for investigation. I have heard that M. Taine said of him that "he knew France better than any other foreigner he had ever met."

With his accustomed thoroughness, industry, and vigor, he threw himself into the long preparation needed for this work. He had access to the archives of the French Foreign Office (the only ones not heretofore thoroughly studied), to papers examined, indeed, by no one so fully before, except by Lanfrey. His study of these papers was particularly concerned with the two obscure periods — the beginning and the end of Napoleon's career. He has also investigated documents little used, and in some cases little known, in Florence and in the British Museum.

But he has not contented himself with the literature or the written records of the subject. He has traveled more or less over Napoleonic ground, and made himself familiar, to a considerable extent, with the fields of the emperor's combinations, and victories, and defeats.

Aside from Professor Sloane's historical learning and power of investigation, I think I should put his fitness for this work upon his knowledge of the world, and his combination of openness of mind to new ideas with conservative habits of thought. He sees clearly and far, but he is little subject to illusions. It is rare also that so excellent and trained a scholar is so much a man of the world, so interested in whatever is vital, or simply entertaining, in social and political life, so well informed of what is going on around him. This keen sense of life, with his stores of information and experience, his dialectic power, his dramatic force of narrative, and his charm of expression, makes him equally welcome in the club and the drawing-room. I mention these various qualities that seem to me desirable in one who attempts to interpret the character and career of Napoleon.

Charles Dudley Warner.

A Coincidence in Napoleon's Life.

THE facsimile of the last page of Bonaparte's exercise-book at school [printed on page 19] is one of the most curious human documents, to use a current phrase, that it would perhaps be possible to find. It treats of the youth of the great Napoleon. A mine of unexplored documents full of curious revelations has come down to us — documents, be it well observed, that are authentic and above all suspicion. During the Consulate, Napoleon, who already saw himself in history, as he said later at St. Helena, was mindful to place in safety all the papers that referred to his youth. He put them in a large official envelop on which were placed the words: "Correspondance avec le premier consul." This inscription he canceled with his own hand, to substitute the words: "A remettre au Cardinal Fesch, seul." The envelop, which was wrapped in paper ruled in colored squares and fastened with a large seal of red wax, on which can still be seen the impress of the imperial eagle, remained in the hands of the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons until 1839, the year in which the prelate died. The envelop survived the glorious fortunes of the Empire and the Restoration, and, after having passed into the hands of various owners, fell into those of Guglielmo Libri, an Italian who had extraordinary honors and favors showered on him in France, where he rose to be professor of mathematics at the Sorbonne, and in which country he also wrote his celebrated "Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques." He closed his brilliant career in obscurity, under the accusation of having collected with too great zeal documents and codices from French libraries that had been given over to him to inspect. Libri sold these precious documents, together with his valuable library, to Lord Ashburnham. After the latter's death his library was disposed of, partly in England, partly in Italy, and partly in France. The Napoleonic documents were included in the lot which were acquired by the Italian government in 1884, for the sum of 585,000 francs, and which now, together with other codices of great value, are preserved in the historical and monumental Biblioteca Mediceo-Laurenziana, Florence, where the curious document is exposed, under a glass case, to public view in the new and splendid exhibition room devoted to manuscript treasures.

Bonaparte was never a literary man, or even a correct writer. French orthography ever remained a great mystery to him, and the desire to hide this lacuna caused him to employ an undecipherable calligraphy well adapted to cover his orthographical defects. It is said, in connection with this, that in the early days of the Empire a man of very modest aspect presented himself before the emperor.

"Who are you?" asked Napoleon.

"Sire, I had the honor at Brienne for fifteen months to give writing-lessons to your Majesty."

"You turned out a nice pupil," said the emperor, with vivacity. "I congratulate you on your success."

But nevertheless he conferred a pension upon his old master.

Among other documents we find in one of his copy-books, made of hand-made paper of a bluish hue, extracts from the French budget in conformity with Necker's famous report, extracts of opinions taken from the journals and other public papers, and criticisms on various personages of the period. At the close are several geographical-statistical minutes.

The document referred to at the beginning of this letter is from an early copy-book devoted to the "Possessions des Anglais," and ending abruptly in this wise: "Cabo Corso en Guinée, château assez fort. A côté est le Fort Royal, défendu par 16 pièces de canon. Sainte Hélène, petite île."

Strange, truly strange, is this document, that causes the beholder to meditate and to shudder. Libri drew attention to it in an article published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" in 1842; but as no one had seen the autograph, it was held to be one of those tales which grow up around great names for the benefit of the makers of biographical dictionaries. The authentic document helps to strengthen the belief of those who hold that a mysterious fatality hung about the destiny of this great man, who as a mere lad at school, when summing up the geography of that world which seemed narrow to his ambition, obstinately studied all that bore on England, the great adversary of his fortune, plunged into the history of the Arabs and the Egyptians, stopped at the Pyramids, halted at Venice to scrutinize and condemn its odious policy, took a cursory survey of India, which he dreamed of conquering, and then fell with broken wing on that little island of St. Helena, where his genius, like that of Prometheus, was nailed to the rock.

Guido Biagi,
Librarian of the Biblioteca Mediceo-Laurenziana.

The Government of Cities.

MUCH attention has been turned of late upon the weak point of our political system — the government of cities. The experiments made in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and other cities, with a concentrated and responsible executive, and the attempts made in Nashville and elsewhere to govern by means of triumvirates or other hydra-headed executives, show that the public mind is at work upon the problem. It is evident that the tendency of intelligent public opinion is in the direction of the centralization of executive power and responsibility, and away from the device of legislative boards and commissions, so much resorted to in years past. This is a sign that the truth is dawning upon the prosperous citizens that they must take into their own hands the business of governing their cities. Hitherto they have been fain to pass by on the other side while the thieves were plundering the treasury; or else, when the case grew desperate, they rushed to the capital and begged the legislature to turn the old gang out and put a new gang into power. They are beginning to comprehend that it is vain to trust in legislatures; and that the gods, in a republic, will help to govern no community that will not govern itself.

When the principle of home rule is once fixed upon, the principle of responsible government seems to be a logical sequence. The Brooklyn model is attracting much attention in some of the ring-ridden municipalities, and many cities are framing charters upon this plan. In the mean time the students of political science have been making careful investigation of the methods employed by European cities. The organization of Glasgow, of Birmingham, of London, has been minutely described; and the contrast between the framework of government in these cities and that which is commending itself to municipal reformers in this country excites some surprise. It is notable that the English cities, instead of centralizing authority, distribute it widely. The city council is the supreme power; the executive officers are committees or appointees of the council. In this respect the English municipalities follow the analogy of their Parliament. In Glasgow the council is composed of fifty men, and in Birmingham of forty-eight. The different departments in the latter city are in charge of committees of the council, sixteen of them, consisting of eight members each. A committee of eight supervises the public works, a committee of eight appoints and governs the police, and so on. The American municipal reformer is confounded by this revelation. He has learned to think that such a distribution of executive power is the device of feebleness and corruption: the history of his own continent is contradicted by the experience of the other.

The contradiction is not, after all, so pointed as it seems. The committees of council in the English municipalities, appointed by the council, responsible to the council, reporting all their action to the governing body, and submitting to its constant supervision, are of a very different complexion from those boards and commissions to which the work of the cities of this community has been farmed out by acts of the legislature. And the council itself, in Birmingham, Glasgow, or Berlin, is something the like of which we are not wont to see in republican America. For some reason or other, the best men of those European cities readily accept seats in the city councils. The half-hundred rulers of the great British towns are men of character, of intelligence, of experience. There seems to be no suspicion that they are serving their own interests in these positions; it even appears to be supposed that a man who was suspected of this selfishness would find his political career cut short. There is a measure of municipal patriotism in these English boroughs to which republican America has not attained. The wealthy and intelligent citizens of the great European towns are, no doubt, to be commiserated. They are not getting rich nearly so fast as our own plutocrats; they know less about organizing real-estate booms and continental combines; they must have much less time and money to spend upon their own diversions; but this crumb of compensation is theirs: they have the satisfaction of knowing that their cities are well and economically governed, and that though their individual fortunes are growing much less rapidly than those of their republican neighbors, the safety and peace and welfare of the communities in which they live are much more effectually secured. It is a small satisfaction, of course, compared with that which is derived from the colossal egoisms of our own financial booms, but the subjects of effete monarchies may find it worth some labor and sacrifice.

To be entirely candid one must admit that an addi-

tional reason for the superiority of the European city councils is found in the limitation of the municipal suffrage. Householders, whether male or female, whose taxes are all paid, vote for municipal councilors in Glasgow and Birmingham. There are slight exceptions, but this is the general rule. This cuts off at once a large class of irresponsible persons, unmarried young men who have no stake in the welfare of the community. The non-payment of rates also reduces the voting-lists. "The better class of working-men in Glasgow," says Dr. Shaw, "of course pay their rates, take an active interest in public affairs, and do not fail to vote. But there is a very large population of the degraded poor which does not, in fact, participate in elections, and is not of the slightest service to 'ward politicians'—a genus which, by the way, is rarely found in British cities. What I may call the self-disfranchisement of the slums is an important consideration in Glasgow's municipal government." Besides, these cities permit the owners or renters of business places to vote in municipal elections, even though they do not reside in the city, if their homes are within seven miles of the corporation limits. What a change would be made in the complexion of the voting-lists of New York if all the business men and professional men who occupy stores or offices in the city, but who reside on Long Island or Staten Island, or on the Jersey shore, or in the Westchester suburbs, within seven miles of the corporation boundaries, were permitted to vote in the municipal elections! Those effete monarchies, with their confused notions respecting the supremacy of the slums, recognize the right of such persons to take part in the government of cities. It is evident that with the municipal franchise thus regulated, it would be much easier to secure the services in the governing body of such men as we find in the British municipal councils. The demand of the voters would be imperative. And when such men are ready to assume these responsibilities, the problem of municipal government is practically solved. Any city on this continent could safely intrust its affairs to fifty of its best citizens, and let them manage the administration to suit themselves.

There is no prospect, however, that we shall secure the services of such men in the councils of our American cities. Our men of substance and intelligence are too busy with their own personal affairs to take upon themselves these burdens. And it is doubtful if, with the suffrage in its present form, they could be elected if they would serve. The irresponsible classes are naturally averse to putting the power into the hands of the responsible classes; and the absurd extension of party politics into municipal elections gives to the irresponsible classes the balance of power. It seems, therefore, that the English plan is not adapted to the present condition of American cities. When the constituency is highly intelligent and virtuous, the administrative power may with safety be widely distributed; when the character of the voting population is greatly degraded by the admission to the suffrage of vast masses of ignorant and disorderly persons, the policy of concentration is wiser. The American municipal reformers are not mistaken in thinking that the Brooklyn plan is better suited to the needs of our cities at the present time.

The Brooklyn plan puts the executive power into the hands of the mayor, and holds him responsible for the whole administration. He appoints, without confirmation, the heads of all departments, and they are directly responsible to him, as he is to the people. The heads of departments are his cabinet, and they go out of office with him. The people can, therefore, through the mayor, who is chosen for a short term, reach directly and effectively the whole field of executive authority; their hand can be laid at the first election upon every department of the government. The mayor can secure the popular approval only by holding all his subordinates to a strict account. They are his appointees, and he is responsible to the people for their conduct.

It sometimes seems to be regarded as some sacrifice of popular sovereignty to commit so much power to one man. It is said to be the setting up of a dictatorship. But why is it any more a sacrifice of popular sovereignty to commit the executive power to one man, than to commit it to twenty men? If the people give it away, it passes out of their hands as truly if twenty men have it as if one man has it. The people are no more divested of their power under one executive than they are under twenty executives. But they do not truly divest themselves of their power; they loan it or delegate it. Those into whose hands it passes are their agents or representatives. And if they put it into the hands of one man, he is their representative as really as the twenty men, and can be made to feel his responsibility to them far more keenly than the twenty could be made to feel it.

The fact that a bad man could do great harm with so much power is often urged as a reason for withholding it. This is true; but it does not seem to be considered that twenty bad men might do considerable harm also.

There are two fundamental assumptions to the one or the other of which all our governmental machinery must be adjusted. We may assume that municipal executives are likely to do more harm than good with the power intrusted to them. On this assumption we shall give them as little power as possible. We shall say to them, in effect, "We know that you are rascals, and that you are sure to abuse power, therefore we have tied you up with all manner of restrictions; we have tried to put it beyond your power to do much mischief." This is not an inspiring summons; the official is apt to take it as his warrant to do what mischief he can. Of course he finds it quite impossible to act effectively in the public interest; from that obligation he feels himself absolved; in depriving him of the power to do harm, the power to protect the community and to promote its welfare is also taken away. This is the logic of despair as applied to popular government; but it is to this pessimistic standard that our governmental policy has been largely adjusted.

On the other hand, we may assume that the municipal executive is likely to do more good than harm with the power intrusted to him; that his function is to be "the minister of God for good" to the community which thus delegates to him its sovereignty. We may assume that men can be found who will take this view of public office and act accordingly. If this is our assumption, we shall wish to give them the power that they will need for the execution of such righteous and patriotic purposes.

It would be well if every community would soberly face the fact that its municipal government must be

founded on one of these two assumptions. Either involves some risk: which involves the greater risk? Is the logic of despair or the logic of confidence the better basis for popular institutions? Your representative may be a rascal; is it best to assume that he will be a rascal, and grade our government down to that assumption, or to make the contrary assumption?

If, however, the people assume that their representatives will be capable and trustworthy men, they must at the same time assume the responsibility of electing such men. Faith is better than despair, but faith without works is dead, being alone. The best municipal machinery in the world will never release the citizen from his political obligations.

Washington Gladden.

Old Dutch Masters.

BARTHOLOMEUS VAN DER HELST. (1613-1670.)

VAN DER HELST was one of the most distinguished of the Dutch portrait-painters of his time. He was born at Haarlem about 1613, and removed while young to Amsterdam, where he married in 1636, and where he died in 1670. His teacher is supposed to have been Nicolas Elias, an eminent master in the art of portraiture; it is also thought that he was instructed by Franz Hals. More than this is not known of his life. He flourished at a time when Rembrandt ceased to be understood. He captivated by a surprising realism of treatment and a living individuality of character in his heads, to which was added a naturalistic coloring, undisturbed by any conscientious scruples of chiaroscuro. To understand him in relation to Rembrandt one should see him at the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, where, in the Rembrandt Sala, are two of his largest and finest works hung on either side of the "Night-Watch." These are corporation pictures, representing assemblages of military officers, all life-size. One of these great canvases, called the "Schuttersmaaltyd," represents a banquet given by a company of the civic guard of Amsterdam, in commemoration of the peace of Westphalia in 1648, at which the Spanish ambassador is present. It was of this painting that Sir Joshua Reynolds said, "This is perhaps the first picture of portraits in the world." Startling and impressive as this work is at first sight, from its realism and the sense of vitality in the heads, it yet fails to charm because of its want of atmosphere and chiaroscuro. The main object in these splendid groups by Helst is strong and truthful delineation of every part, both in form and color: we note the fine drawing of the hands, so characteristic of each sitter; the powerful and clear coloring, and the excellent execution of the details. But the general effect is monotonous and cold, and there is no attempt to unite the various parts into a whole, and thus to create a picture. It was said that Rembrandt's treatment of his heads in the "Night-Watch" gave occasion of demur in some of his sitters, because he had not depicted them with the same distinctness as those placed in the foreground. Van der Helst gave no occasion for such complaint, but gave every man his money's worth.

Of the single portraits by Van der Helst, that of the painter Paul Potter (shown on page 99) is among the most interesting. It is to be seen in The Hague Museum, and measures 38¾ inches high by 31½ inches wide. It was painted in the last days of his sitter, and shows him still at his easel with palette and brushes in hand, though in the last stage of consumption. The peculiar sallowness of the complexion is heightened by the rich velvet of the dress. From the palette we can see how few were the colors that the Dutchman needed to produce these marvelous effects.

T. Cole.

Postscript on "Sophie Germain."

MRS. CHRISTINE LADD FRANKLIN desires us to add in supplement of her article on Mlle. Sophie Germain, the mathematician, in the October number, that the grave at Père la Chaise, spoken of as neglected, has now been put in good condition. No portrait of her exists, but there is a mask in the collection of the museum of the Louvre after which a bust has recently been made by Zacharie Astruc.

A note of Mlle. Germain relative to an experiment of Wheatstone's in elasticity, all trace of which had been lost, has recently been discovered in the British Museum. The second edition of her "Considerations on the State of the Sciences and of Letters" is now exhausted.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

At Candle-lighting.

I THINK it better to believe,
And be even as the children, they
The children of the early day,
Who let the kindly dreams deceive,
And joyed in all the mind may weave
Of dear conceit — better, I say,
To let wild fancy have her way,
To trust her, than to know and grieve.
A poet of old Colophon
A notion held I think was right,
No matter how or whence he gat it:
The stars are snuffed out every dawn,
And newly lighted every night.
I hope to catch the angels at it.

John Vance Cheney.

Action.

"WHEREFORE is it that we live and die?"
Who thus questioned lived a life of light,
And full many a soul in sorrow's night
Blest him in its thought when out of sight;
While each child of misery passing by
Knew why he was born, but not why he should die.

"For God's glory do we live and die:"
Who thus answered thrust the asker out
With the unforgiven, for his doubt;
Yet his *own* life was a silent flout
To the God whom it should glorify:
None knew why *he* was born, or why he should not die.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.



A PURITAN THANKSGIVING.

"Down the Green Lane she is Coming."

DOWN the green lane she is coming,
Alanna, graceful and fair;
The blue of the skies,
Within her bright eyes,
The midnight within her dark hair:
O Alanna machree, the sweet sight of thee,
A leap of the heart it giveth to me!

Down the green lane she is coming,
Alanna, with voice like a bird;
The mavis is still,
The river and rill
Such music they never have heard:
O Alanna machree, the sweet voice of thee,
A leap of the heart it giveth to me!

Down the green lane she is coming,
Alanna, with smiling so sweet;
The daisies, deep red,
Leap up from their bed,
To fondle her white little feet:
O Alanna machree, the sweet smile of thee,
A leap of the heart it giveth to me!

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

Successor to a Paragon.

"MAGD'LEN, get the quilts."

Always at this point Magd'len felt a helpless anger seize her. It came with a singular feeling of novelty, though invariably the same.

She liked the neighbors to come and sit solemnly around the sick man — it showed respect. He as well as she was complimented to hear that he looked worse, that he had lost flesh since the last visit, and she experienced something akin to pride when Eulogius demonstrated ocularly, by rolling back his trousers-leg, how much flesh he really had lost.

Even in rainy weather she forgave the tracks across the porch — provided it was the back porch.

She related how long he had lain awake in the night, and what terrific spells of coughing he had had, and encouraged the impression that the worse the patient is the more credit he deserves; she talked of crops, of church news, of personalities, but finally she climbed blindly the steps leading to the attic and brought down the quilts.

She might have saved many steps had she not persisted each time in carrying them away as far as possible.

When she returned she brought with her an odor of camphor.

Eulogius said plaintively: "She could do anything that hands could do; did n't seem like she was cut out for just ordinar' woman's work; was n't to be expected, her so smart other ways. Did you bring the quilts, Magd'len?"

She raised him in his chair, and put a pillow at his back; she laid the bundle upon his knee; afterward she sat down by Griziella and cut carpet rags.

The visitor, a stout Pennsylvania German, drew his chair closer. Eulogius turned back the folds with shaking hands.

"Take holt o' the corner," he said, "and hold it so as the light 'll strike it. No — slantin'. That ain't right; down more. There! This is a Risin' Sun."

"A Risin' Sun. Hm — hm! I see."

He was almost a stranger; to show Rosy's needlework to him had the charm of novelty.

"No end o' pieces."

"That 's nothin' if you talk o' pieces. Wait till you see the nine-square. This represents the sun a-risin'."

"A-risin', yes. Your first wife was a Krout, was n't she? Roseanne or Rosealba?"

"Rosealba. They called her Rosy. She was the youngest."

Magd'len straightened herself in her chair, and cut bits of cloth rapidly; the blades of her scissors made a spiteful noise.

"Yes, Rosy was the youngest. The Krouts never was forehanded, none of 'em. They lived over forenenst us. When Peter Krout, the old man, died he did n't leave a cent. There was only the place, and the boys got that. My father left his daughters well off — rich, I might say. When I married Eulogius this farm was mortgaged. I took part o' my two thousand dollars an' paid it off. Things get behind when there 's no manager."

She laughed.

"Tell him, Eulogius, about the time she got her bakin' for the thrashers in the oven — we used Dutch ovens then."

"She forgot it," said Eulogius, meekly. He laid the Rising Sun aside, and unfolded another. "It was about the time she was finishin' the nine-square. You could n't expect her to attend to things like an ordinar' woman, and every little time she had she 'd sew these bits together. I 'd go all over the country searchin' up new pieces. She liked yellow an' red an' green, bright colors. Many 's the time I ought to been tendin' to something else, I guess. But one day she put the bakin' in, an' forgot all about it; it was clean spoiled. That 's all."

"People remember Rosy Krout's bakin' to this day. Poor Rosy!" said Magd'len, with the pitying intonation indicative of contempt. "Then there was another time that she put the washin' off till Tuesday. Monday was a grand dryin'-day, too, an' all the neighbors used to call Tuesday 'Rosy Krout's wash-day.'"

"Somehow," observed Eulogius, "since I been confined to the house, I can't keep my mind off 'n these here quilts. I see her at 'em constant. The fourth room front was our kitchen then, and she 'd set by the west winder an' sew; every block 'd be handsomer than the last. This is a piece of her weddin'-gown, and this a woman that was boardin' with Magd'len's people give her. I remember 'em all. They been a heap o' company. Take holt o' the end, Magd'len, an' spread it out."

Magd'len held a corner of the quilt. The visitor looked at the array of blocks.

"Not one bigger 'n an inch," said Eulogius, "an' no place where two o' the same pieces come together."

"Did Rosy leave any children?" asked the visitor.

Magd'len answered quickly: "Rosy was puny; it 's a blessin' she did n't. I got five boys and two girls. They been well brought up; not one o' them five boys 'd dare to come in the house with his boots on. They 're strong and hearty; they ain't nothin' puny about my children."

Eulogius maintained an apologetic silence.

The door opened, and a stout boy stood on the threshold; he was in his socks, and carried his shoes in his hand.

"Come here once," called Magd'len. "This is my youngest; he 's goin' on thirteen. All the rest is just like him — they all take after my people; not one of 'em 's a Heisse."

As the boy passed her chair she leaned over, and grasped his stout calves.

"He 's good and strong," she said proudly, feeling for a moment that she with her five sons had no cause to be jealous of Rosy's attainments in patchwork.

But the old feeling returned when the visitor departed, and she climbed the long flight of stairs to the attic where in the farthest corner stood the chest into which she threw and locked her burden.

She acknowledged grudgingly that Eulogius had not appreciated her. She was the controlling spirit in house and field. Eulogius was only Mister by courtesy. No wife in the country had been as saving as she — she had saved in everything. The room originally intended for the kitchen was better to this day than some parlors she could name; it had been too good for common use. She had plastered the shed which, when occupied, improved to such an extent that she moved to the woodhouse, closing it in turn for a final occupation of the pump-house. No place had such a number of unused rooms, all saved as good as new. Her parlor had never been desecrated by common use. She had lately given it a thorough cleaning in anticipation of Eulogius's funeral. She hoped it would be so that they could have it on Sunday, and she was determined that even her dearest friends should have no damaging evidence to relate in regard to her housekeeping.

EULOGIUS slipped out of life quietly, uncomplainingly, as he had lived, a little before sunset of a November day. Probably he was not altogether sorry to escape so much excellent management.

Toward the west the sun made the orchard slopes as yellow as gold, and edged each gray apple-bough with yellow light. A high wind set their long shadows waving frantically.

He had the wonderful nine-square across his knees; his sick fancy lived over scenes and incidents forgotten until suggested by some bit of glaring color.

"She was n't just an ordinar' woman," he said weakly.

"Do you want anything, Eulogius?" asked Magd'len.

"She was n't just an ordinar' woman, an' you could n't expect — "

The voice came like a whisper, and the trembling hands were still. He had made his last excuse for Rosy.

How Magd'len hated the nine-square and its fellows as she carried them to the attic for the last time! She hated separately and collectively all of its myriad pieces.

Eulogius died on Wednesday — not too soon for a Sunday funeral. From Wednesday until Sunday Magd'len prepared the funeral feast: nobody should say there had not been enough and to spare. She did not believe in being lavish of her best on all occasions, since it was wise to save and hold in reserve; but there were rare times when, even to a nature like hers, it was more blessed to give than to withhold.

She called in Griziella Trout to help — not that she needed assistance: she wanted a witness to her resources, and Griziella was willing and voluble. She

baked and boiled from morning until night. After years of disuse, the Dutch oven by the spring was called into requisition. She had a roasted pig, minus the customary apple as too festive for the occasion, rounds of beef, fowls, pies innumerable, and sauces in abundance.

She had not spoken one word of Eulogius, who lay shut up in the sacred parlor, and in whose honor, in an incidental sort of fashion, the preparations were being made.

By Saturday night everything was completed, to the laying of the cloth on the long table in the dining-room.

The girls and boys had been sent to bed, and Griziella Trout nodded over the kitchen fire. The clock struck eight; in another hour the watchers, nicely assorted couples who were keeping close company, would arrive to watch with Eulogius his last night on earth.

"Griziella," said Magd'len, "will you set here a little till I come back?"

"Hm?" answered Griziella, sleepily. "It 's all on the table, an' the pantry key 's just where you put it yourself."

"You set here till I come back," repeated Magd'len; "don't go out o' this room. You hear, Griziella? I got to look after something I well nigh forgot. If the watchers come — it 's 'most time — there 'll be nobody to let 'em in: I might not hear 'em knock."

She lighted a lamp, and went through the succession of small rooms to the front of the house. It was bitterly cold and very still, with a pervading odor of camphor. The flame of her lamp flickered in the draft; the stair creaked beneath her feet. She unlocked the door of the attic, and went to the chest in the farthest corner, to which in the last eight months she had made so many involuntary pilgrimages. It contained nothing but the three quilts, a bundle of calico pieces, a brass thimble, and a moth-eaten flannel pincushion with a few rusty needles fastened upon it. Magd'len gathered them all in her arm, to the last scrap of calico, and descended the stair.

"A little more, an' it 'd been too late."

She entered the room to the left. It was cold here too, but with a difference: the cold seemed tangible.

The room had a papering in large figures and had a bright carpet. Two china vases on the mantel-shelf were filled with pampas-grass dyed red and green and generously sprinkled with alum. There were photographs of the family in gilt frames, and a chromo in oak of the "Marriage at Cana." Shining hair-cloth chairs and a sofa were ranged at proper distances; the center-table with the family Bible upon it had been moved aside to give the place of honor to Eulogius in his coffin.

Magd'len locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. She talked to herself in a husky whisper as she shook out the quilts and folded them into the smallest possible compass.

"Since Eulogius set so much store by 'em here below, it ain't no more 'n right he should take 'em along with him. It 's a mercy they never was quilted. I don't know what I 'd 'a' done with the battin', an' I ain't goin' to have Rosy Krout's quilts pursuin' me to the end of my days. There!"

She folded the Rising Sun, and laid it at Eulogius's feet.

"If what I 've gone through with Rosy Krout an' her patchwork ain't enough for one woman! What did it all amount to? Not a decent saucepan in the house, and a mortgage on the place. Everything at sixes an' sevens; nothing ever rid up. There 's her thimble, an' there 's her pincushion an' her needles, an' there 's her odds an' ends." She dropped each separately against the satin lining. "Nothing ever made any difference to Eulogius but just these things — they did n't! I don't care who says nay. I did n't come to him empty-handed. I had two thousand dollars; Rosy Krout had n't a cent. My children was n't nowhere, an' five of 'em boys, hearty an' strong, every one of 'em. He scarcely noticed they was better 'n other people's. Rosy Krout did n't have any children, not even as much as a girl. She never would, an' if she had, it 'd been a puny, sickly thing, not like mine. Eulogius never had doctor's bills to pay for us of any account. A pretty penny Rosy Krout cost him before she died. The bills is on the file now, besides the medicine. There!"

She smoothed the last piece neatly, and began to fit the lower section of the coffin-lid in place.

"Since Eulogius set so much store by 'em, it ain't no more 'n right he should take 'em along with him."

Over the frozen ground the rattle of wheels drew near. Magd'len unlocked the door, and went into the hall; she remembered that she had left a chair out of place, and reëntered the room.

As she passed the coffin she stopped, and said aloud:

"Everybody knows I never was jealous o' Rosy Krout, an,' belongin' to church, it would n't become me to bear malice; but I don't feel it a duty o' mine to have Rosy Krout's patchwork layin' around with nobody to take an interest in it, an' so —"

A low rapping sounded through the house.

Her features put on a proper expression of grief. In the hall she met sleepy Griziella holding a lamp above her head.

"Was that anybody at the door?" she whispered.

"The watchers," Magd'len whispered back. "I heard 'em comin' over the bridge. You open the door, Griziella; it 'd look better: but wait until I get back in the room."

Griziella opened to the watchers, the two men and two maids who were keeping close company. Their eyes and cheeks shone from the frosty air, but their faces and bearing were subdued to a solemnity befitting the occasion.

"Come in," said Griziella in a doleful voice; "everything 's ready. There 's a good fire in the room across the way, an' if you get hungry in the night there 's bread an' ham an' pie on the table in the corner, with a pot o' coffee on the back o' the stove, an' a pitcher o' cider out the winder. Poor Eulogius! Well, we 've all got to come to this at last."

And the watchers said as they followed her:

"Yes; we 've all got to come to this at last."

S. Elgar Benet.

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SEE "OLD DUTCH MASTERS."

THE MADONNA OF THE DONORS. BY VAN DYCK.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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THE FIRST WORD·

SILENCE mysterious of the Word divine,
That speaks not as with lips and yet is heard;
Wherefrom all life grows like a springing vine,
All thought comes winging like the herald bird!

Was it not such a silence brooded there —
Sweet, restful hush as of the glimmering dawn —
When watchful Joseph knelt in holy prayer
Beside the cradled Prince of Peace new-born?

The slow moons passed, and fruitful silence kept
Its home within the sacred, simple child.
Yet Truth was in his breathing while he slept:
Heaven's life shone from him when he woke
and smiled.

Upon the infant silence of his face
Calm meditation of his mother's eye
In silence rested, pure and full of grace;
Voiceless, yet speaking, like the eternal sky.

So Blessèd Mary and Saint Joseph held
Their vigils o'er the Word incarnate made;



Waiting the utterance pure that earliest welled
From that deep heart, those lips in light arrayed.

When was it spoken? When did that first word
Break on the faithful ear of listening Time?
We know not. But its gentle accent stirred
All earth and heaven as with a glorious chime.

What was the word? We know not. On an eve
Perchance like this, when God's clear splendor shone
Through sunset, and made doubting hearts believe
They dwell not on this distant earth alone —

On such an eve, when level lines of cloud
Glowed like archangel's wings, and seemed so near,
The Christ-child spoke, and looked up, open-browed;
And from that instant died all mortal fear.

Whate'er the word, it meant Truth, Peace, and Love.
The heavens bowed down; the earth rose up in joy,
Transfigured in a glory from above!
The Virgin-mother knelt, and kissed her boy.

George Parsons Lathrop.

MARY: MOTHER AND PROPHETESS.

Over the Child thus leant she —
Mary, the Maiden-mother,
Singing low.

Within the city gate
The evening lamps are lighted;
The merry guests invited
Will feast and revel late;
The toiling rest till day;
The suffering wake and pray:
Sleep, Jesu, sleep!

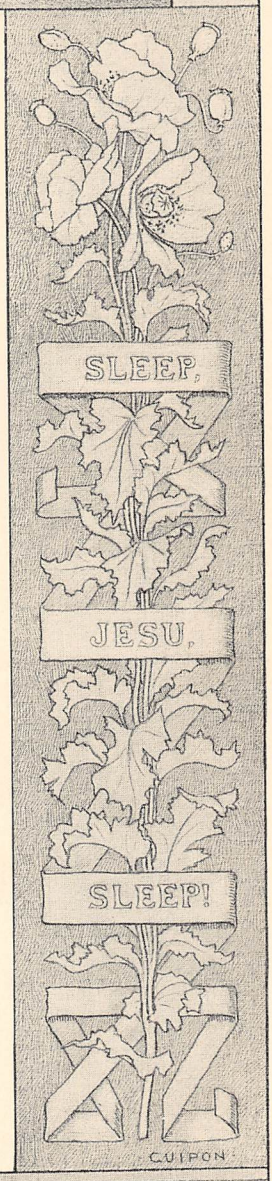
Without the gate, afar
Stretches the dusky plain;
No hint of human pain
Or sin is here to mar
The night's deep calm; o'erhead
The Star that shepherds led:
Sleep, Jesu, sleep!

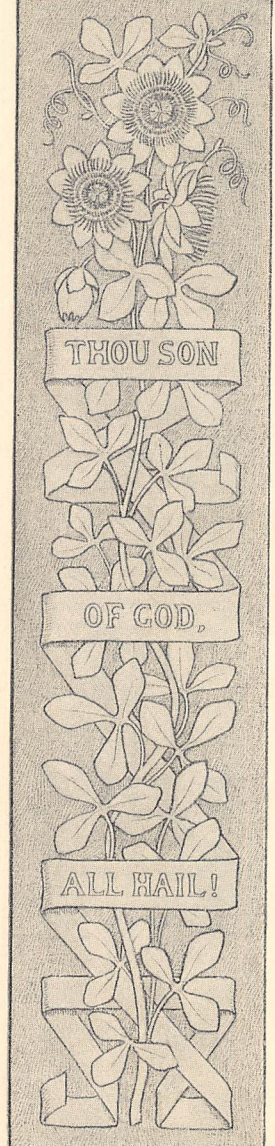
No living thing is near
Save the small things that pass
Through the low, tufted grass;
No one is there to hear.
Here where the shadows hide thee,
Through the long night so bide we;
Sleep, Jesu, sleep!

Parted in surfeit sweet,
The dewy lips, erstwhile
Seeking my breast, now smile;
The restless little feet,
And hands, and drowsy lids,
Yield to the power that bids
Sleep, Jesu, sleep!

Now art thou only mine —
My child, my love, my boy!
I share the common joy,
The mother-love divine.
By mother-pangs I claim thee!
In mother-pride I name thee!
Sleep, Jesu, sleep!

Yet, God of Nazareth, see!
Before my trembling soul
Unfoldeth like a scroll
Thy wondrous destiny!
Thou art the world's! I bow
In silence, Lord. Yet now
Sleep, Jesu, sleep!





Sweet brow, that thorns shall pierce!
Sweet breast, that yet must be
In dark Gethsemane
Torn with such anguish fierce!
Sweet eyes, that yet must see
The way to Calvary!
Sleep, Jesu, sleep!

Buffeted, beaten, bound,
Staggering along the road,
Thou bear'st thy heavy load;
The maddened mob surround,
Jeering; thy heavenly brow
With filth defile—yet now
Sleep, Jesu, sleep!

The cross—nay, Lord, no more!
I am his mother! Still
Thy servant, to thy will,
Then, now, and evermore
Yield I; yet, God, to see
That scene on Calvary!
Sleep, Jesu, sleep!

Thou Son of God, all hail!
Of millions yet to be
Staff, sword, and panoply!
Light that shall never pale!
Mighty thy name! Yet now,
My child, my baby, thou—
Sleep, Jesu, sleep!

So o'er the Child leant Mary,
Mary, the Maiden-mother,
Bending low.

Julia Schayer.



SEE "CHRISTMAS PICTURES" IN "OPEN LETTERS."

THE HOLY FAMILY. BY LEON GUIPON.



FROM A MARBLE BUST BY AN UNKNOWN SCULPTOR IN THE MUSEUM OF AJACCIO, CORSICA.

THE YOUNG NAPOLEON.

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON AT THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION.

PRIVATE STUDY AND GARRISON LIFE — ATTEMPTS AT AUTHORSHIP — OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION — ITS EFFECTS IN CORSICA AND ON BONAPARTE'S RELATION TO FRANCE — FIRST LESSONS IN REVOLUTION — TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

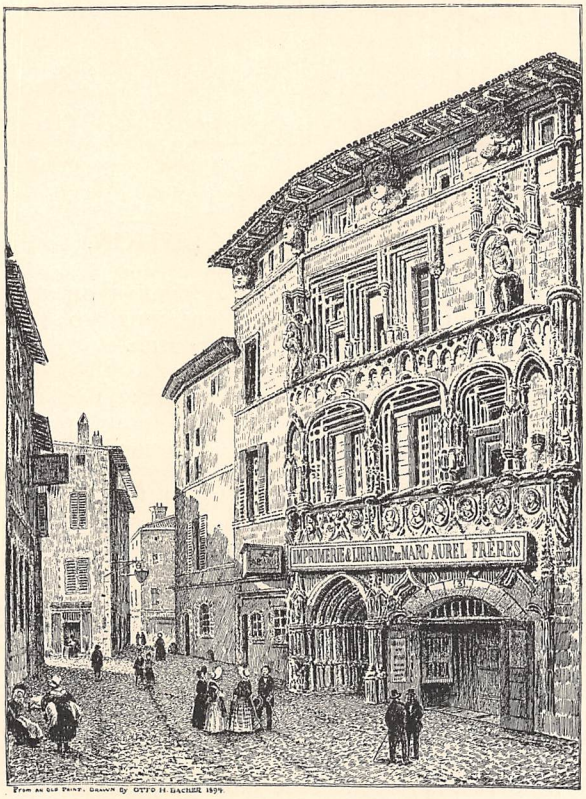
PRIVATE STUDY AND GARRISON LIFE.



N one sense it is true that the first emperor of the French was a man of no age and of no country; in another sense he was, as few have been, the child of his surroundings and of his time. The study of politics was his own notion; the matter and method of the study were conditioned by his relations to the thought of Europe in the last century. He evidently hoped that his military and political studies would one day meet in the culmination of a grand career. Those years of his life which appear like a realization of the plan were, in fact, the least successful. The unsoundness of his political instructors and the temper of the age combined to thwart this ambitious purpose.

Rousseau had every fascination for the young of that time — a captivating style, convincing logic, the sentiment of a poet, the intensity of a prophet. A young Corsican would be doubly drawn to him by his interest in that romantic island. Sitting at the feet of such a Gamaliel, the young scholar would learn through convincing argument the evils of a passing social state as they were not taught elsewhere. He would discern the dangers of ecclesiastical authority, of feudal privilege, of absolute monarchy; he would see their disastrous influence in the prostitution, not only of social, but of personal morality; he would become familiar with the necessity for renewing institutions as the only means of regenerating society. All these lessons would have a value not to be exaggerated. On the other hand, when it came to the substitution of positive teaching for negative criticism, he would learn nothing of value and much that was most dangerous. In utter disregard of a sound historical method there was set up as the corner-stone of the new political structure a fiction of the most dangerous kind. Buonaparte in his notes, written as he read, shows his contempt for it in an admirable refutation of the fundamental error of Rousseau as to the state of nature by this remark: "I believe man in the state of nature had the same power of sensation and reason which he now has." But if he did not accept the premises, there was a portion of the conclusion which he took with avidity, the most dangerous point in all Rousseau's system; namely, the doctrine that all power proceeds from the people, not because of their nature and their historical organization into families and communities, but because of an agreement by individuals to secure public order, and that, consequently, the consent given they can withdraw, the order they have created they can destroy. In this lay not merely the germ, but the whole system of extreme radicalism, the essence, the substance, and the sum of the French revolution on its extreme and doctrinaire side.

Rousseau had been the prophet and forerunner of the new social dispensation. The scheme for applying its principles is found in a work which bears the name of a very mediocre man, the Abbé Raynal, a man who enjoyed in his day an extended and splendid reputation which now appears to have had only the slender foundations of unmerited persecution and the friendship of superior men. In 1770 appeared over his name a volume of which he was the compiler, but not the author. "Philosophical and Political History of the Establishments and Commerce of the Europeans in the Two Indies" is a miscellany compounded of extracts from many sources, and of short essays by Raynal's brilliant acquaintances, on superstition, tyranny, and similar themes. The reputed author had written for the public prints, and had published several works, none of which attracted attention. The amazing success of this one was not remarkable if, as the critics now believe, at least a third of the book was by Diderot. The position of the self-styled author as a man of letters immediately became a foremost one, and such was the vogue of the work that the authorities finally became alarmed. A dramatic climax to Raynal's renown was secured when, in 1781, the volume was con-



STREET IN WHICH BONAPARTE LODGED IN VALENCE.
Mlle. Bou's was the lower of the two houses on the left.

demned to be burned, and the writer fled for safety into exile. The storm had finally subsided, he had returned to France, and through the friendship of Mme. du Colombier, a patroness of the young artillery lieutenant, communication was opened between the great man and his aspiring reader. "Not yet eighteen," are the startling words in the letter written by Buonaparte, "I am a writer: it is the age when we must learn. Will my boldness subject me to your raillery? No; I am sure. If indulgence be a mark of true genius, you should have much indulgence. I inclose chapters one and two of a history of Corsica, with an outline of the rest. If you approve, I will go on; if you advise me to stop, I will go no further." These chapters as they came to Raynal's hands are not in existence so far as is known, and posterity can never judge how monumental their author's assurance was. The abbé's reply was kindly, but he advised the novice to complete his researches, and then to rewrite his pieces. Buonaparte was not unwilling to profit by the counsels he received: soon after, in July, he gave two orders to a Genevese bookseller, one for books concerning Corsica, another for the memoirs of Mme. de Warens and her servant Claude Anet, which are a sort of supplement to Rousseau's "Confessions." The young historian's letter teems with bad spelling and bad grammar, but it is saturated with the spirit of his time.

Some of the lagging days were not only spent in novel-reading, as the emperor in after years confessed to Mme. de Rémusat, but in attempts at novel-writing, to relieve the tedium of idle hours. It is said that first and last Buonaparte read "Werther" five times through. Enough remains among his boyish scribblings to show the kind of fantastic dreams both of love and of glory in which he indulged. Many entertain a shrewd suspicion that amid the gaieties of the winter he lost his heart, or thought he did, and was repulsed. At least, in his "Dialogue on Love," written five years later, he says, "I, too, was once in love," and proceeds, after a few lines, to decry the sentiment as harmful to mankind, a something from which God would do well to emancipate it. There seems to have been in the interval no opportunity for philandering so good as the one he had enjoyed in the drawing-rooms of Mme. du Colombier. It has, at all events, been the good fortune of that excellent and charming woman to secure, by this supposition, a place in history not merely as the influential patroness of Napoleon, but as the mother of his first love.

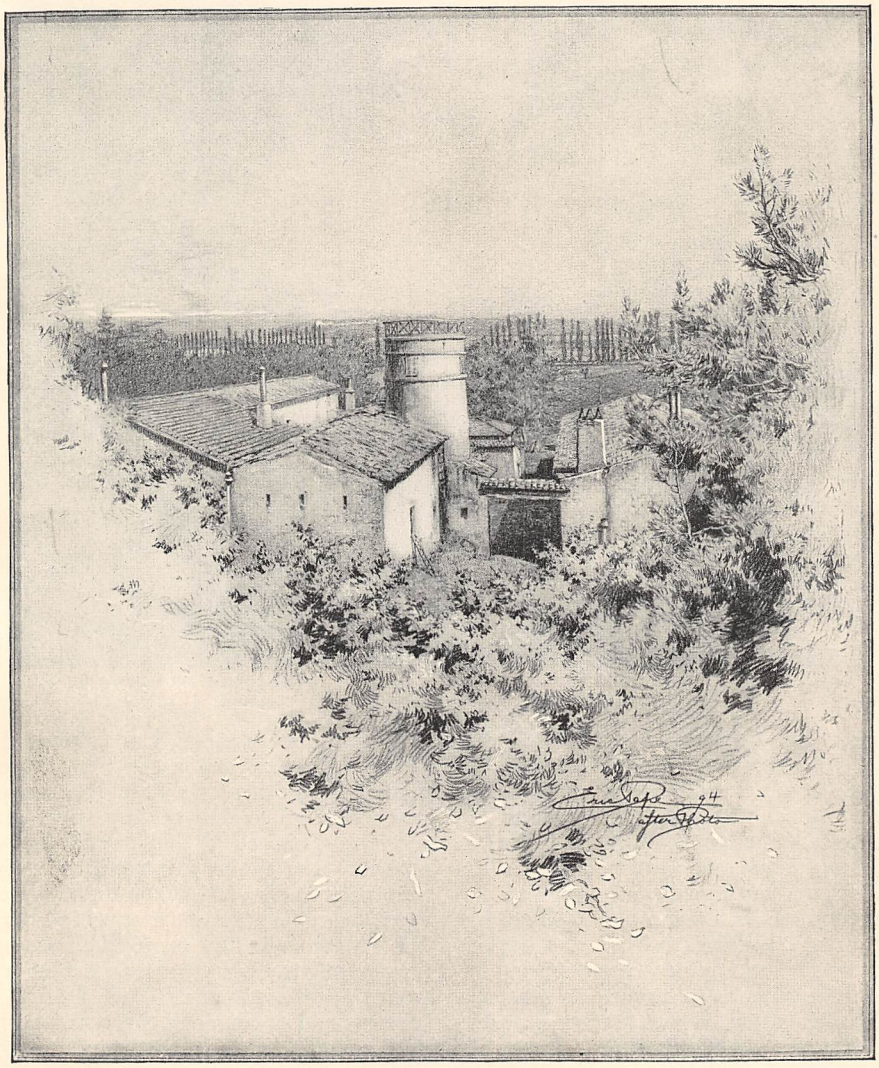
But these were his avocations; the real occupation of his time was study. Besides reading again the chief works of Rousseau, and devouring the Abbé Raynal, his most beloved author, he also read much in the works of Voltaire, of Filangieri, of Necker, and of Adam Smith. With note-book and pencil he extracted, annotated, and criticized, his mind alert and every faculty bent to the clear apprehension of the subject in hand. To the conception of the state as a private corporation, which he had imbibed from Rousseau, was now added the conviction that the institutions of France were no longer adapted to the occupations, beliefs, or morals of her people, and that revolution was a necessity. To judge from a memoir, presented some years later to the Lyons Academy, he must have absorbed the teachings of the "Two Indies" almost entire.

The consuming zeal for studies on the part of this incomprehensible youth is probably unparalleled. Having read Plutarch in his childhood, he now devoured Herodotus, Strabo, and Dio-

dorus; China, Arabia, and the Indies dazzled his imagination, and what he could lay hands upon concerning the East was soon assimilated. England and Germany next engaged his attention, and toward the close of his studies he became ardent in examining the minutest details of French history. It was, moreover, the science of history, and not its literature, which occupied him — dry details of revenue, resources, and institutions; the Sorbonne, the bull Unigenitus, and church history in general; the character of peoples, the origin of institutions, the philosophy of legislation — all these he studied, and, if the character of his notes is trustworthy, with some thoroughness. He also found time to read the masterpieces of French literature, and the great critical judgments which had been passed upon them.

The agreeable and studious life at Valence was soon ended. Early in August, 1787, a little rebellion, known as the "Two-cent Revolt," broke out in Lyons over an attempt to reassert an ancient feudal right concerning the sale of wine which had long been in abeyance. The neighboring garrisons were ordered to furnish their respective quotas for its suppression. Buonaparte's company was sent among others, but the disturbance was already quelled when he arrived, and the month he spent at Lyons was so agreeable that, as he wrote his uncle Fesch, he left the city with regret "to follow his destiny." His regiment had been ordered northward to Douay in Flanders, and there he rejoined it about the middle of October.

The short time he spent under the inclem-



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

THE CHÂTEAU COLOMBIER, NEAR VALENCE.



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE CHÂTEAU COLOMBIER.

MLLE. DU COLOMBIER — NAPOLEON'S FIRST LOVE.

ent skies of that frontier fortress was a dreary one. Bad news came from home. Joseph had some time before turned his eyes toward Tuscany for a possible career. In order to test his chances of success at court, he had made application for an empty decoration. The answer to his request had been a gracious permission to prove his Tuscan nationality, which was of course equivalent to a repulse. Utterly without success in finding occupation in Corsica, and hopeless as to France, he was now about to make a final desperate effort, and, decorated or not, to go in person to Florence and to seek employment of any kind which offered. Lucien, the archdeacon, was seriously ill, and General Marbeuf, the last influential friend of the family, was dead. Louis had been promised a scholarship in one of the royal artillery schools; deprived of his patron, he would probably lose the appointment. Finally, the pecuniary affairs of Mme. de Buonaparte were again entangled, and now appeared hopeless. She had for some time received a state bounty for planting mulberry-trees, as France was introducing silk culture into the island. The inspectors had condemned the year's work, and were withholding the allowance. Her letter put an end for a time to all study, historical or

political. Napoleon immediately applied, as his mother requested, for leave of absence, that he might instantly set out to her relief. His request was refused. He could obtain no leave until January.

Despondent and anxious, he moped, grew miserable, and contracted a slight malarial fever which for the next six or seven years never entirely relaxed its hold on him. The pages of his journal for the ensuing weeks show how dispirited he was, and contain, among other things, a long, wild, pessimistic rhapsody, in which there is talk of suicide. The plaint is of the degeneracy among men, of the destruction of primitive simplicity in Corsica by the French occupation, of his own isolation, and of his yearning to see his friends once more. Life is no longer worth while; his country gone, a patriot has nought to live for, specially when he has no pleasure and all is pain — when the character of those about him is to his own as moonlight to sunlight. If there were but a single life in his way, he would bury the avenging blade of his country and her violated laws in the bosom of the tyrant. Some of his complaining was even less coherent than this. It is absurd to take the morbid outpouring seriously, except in so far as it goes to prove that its writer was a victim of the sentimental egoism into which the psychological studies of the eighteenth century had degenerated, and to suggest that possibly if he had not been Napoleon he might have been a Werther.

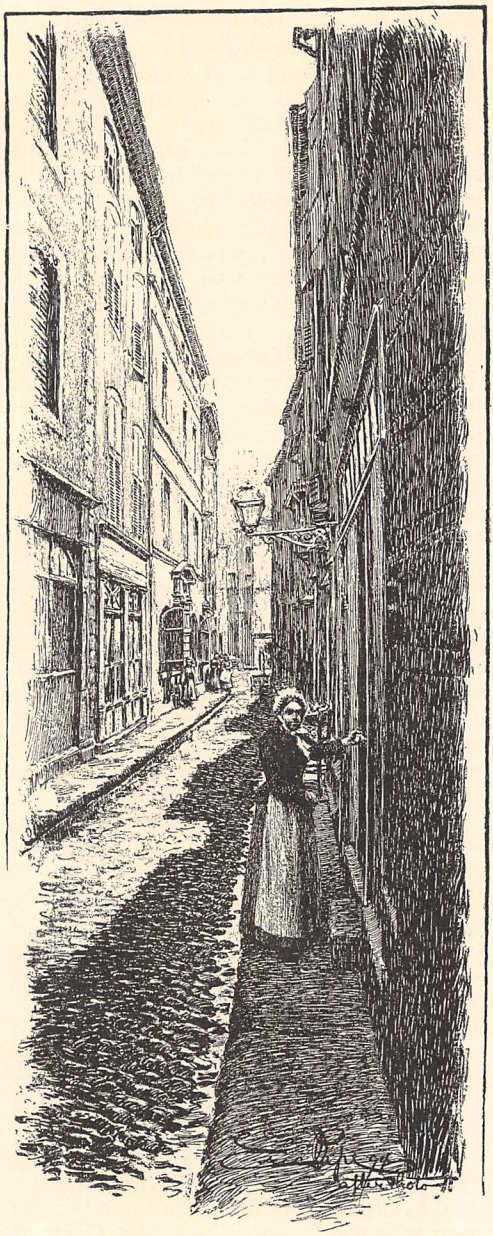
The slow weeks finally passed; on February 1, 1787, the leave began. Traveling by way of Valence and Marseilles, he visited in the former city his old friend the Abbé Saint-Ruf, to solicit his favor for Lucien, who, though at Brienne, would study nothing but the humanities, and was determined to enter the seminary at Aix and to become a priest. At Marseilles he paid his respects to the Abbé Raynal, no doubt requesting advice, and seeking encouragement in his historical labors.

ATTEMPTS AT AUTHORSHIP.

When Napoleon arrived at Ajaccio, and, after an absence of eight years, found himself again with his family, things were as bad as they could well be. Not one of the old French officials remained; the diplomatic leniency of the first occupation was giving place to the official stringency of a firmer administration. Proportionately the disaffection of the patriot remnant among the people was slowly developing into a wide-spread discontent. Joseph, the hereditary head of a family which had been thoroughly French in conduct, and was supposed to be so in sentiment, which at least looked to the king for further favors, was still a stanch royalist. Having been repulsed in his Tuscan ambitions, he could open no other connection with Italy than a mercantile one, which would enable him to engage in the oil-trade. The modest beginning was about to be made. It was high time, for the only support of his mother and her children, in the failure of her mulberry plantations, was the income of the old archdeacon, who was now confined to his room, and growing feebler every day under attacks of gout. Unfortunately, Joseph's well-meant efforts again came to nought.

The behavior of the pale, feverish, masterful young lieutenant was far from praiseworthy. He filled the house with his new-fangled philosophy, and assumed a self-important air. Among the letters which he wrote was one to the renowned Dr. Tissot of Lausanne, referring to his correspondent's interest in Paoli, and asking advice concerning the treatment of the canon's gout. The famous physician never answered, and the absurd epistle was found among his papers marked "unimportant and uninteresting." The old ecclesiastic listened to his nephew's patriotic tirades, and even approved; Mme. de Buonaparte coldly disapproved. She would have preferred calmer, more efficient common sense. Not that her son was inactive in her behalf; on the contrary, he began a series of busy representations to the provincial officials which secured some good will and even trifling favor to the family. But the results were not conclusive, for the mulberry money was not paid. As the time for return to service drew near, he applied, on the ground of ill health, for a renewal of leave to last five and a half months. It was granted, and the regular round of family cares went on; but the days and weeks brought no relief. Ill health there was, and perhaps sufficient to justify that plea, but the physical fever was intensified by the checks which want set upon ambition. The passion for authorship reasserted itself with undiminished violence. The history of Corsica was resumed, recast, and vigorously continued, while at the same time he completed a short story entitled "The Count of Essex," — with an English setting, of course, — and wrote a Corsican novel. The latter abounds in bitterness against France, the most potent force in the development of the plot being the dagger. The author's use of French, though easier, is still very imperfect. A slight essay, or rather story, in the style of Voltaire, entitled "The Masked Prophet," was also completed.

But disquieting news about the movements of the author's regiment began to arrive. They really concerned him little, but, using them as an excuse for his own ends, and without awaiting the end of his leave, he made ready at once



THE RUE PEROLLERIE, VALENCE.
On the left the "Three Pigeons" tavern where Napoleon took his meals.

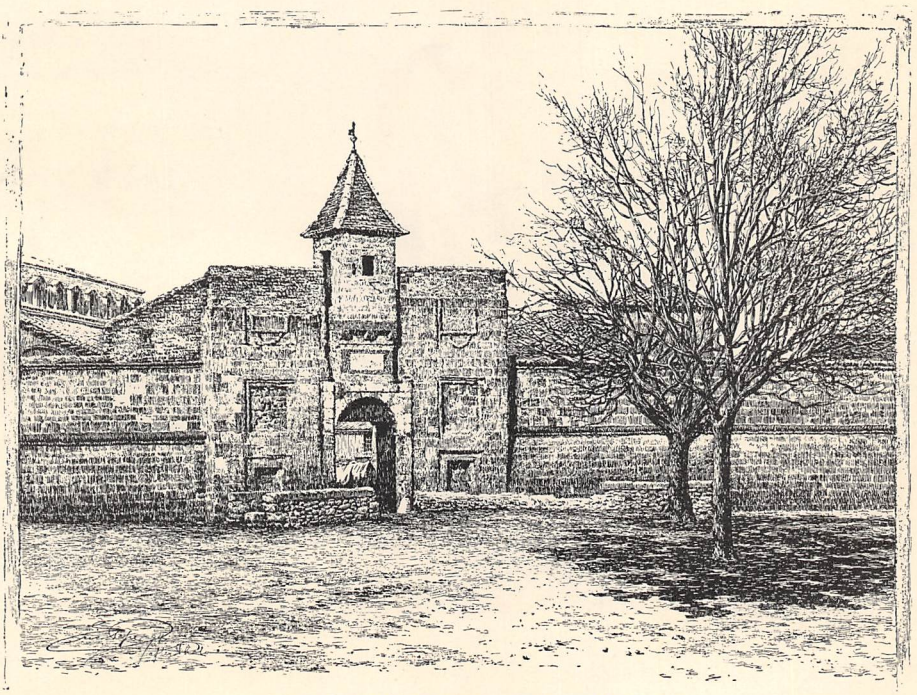
to start. He reached Paris in October, a fortnight before he was due, to find his regiment near by at St. Denis, on its way to the West, where incipient tumults were presaging the coming storm. The Estates-General of France were about to meet for the first time in one hundred and seventy-five years; they had last met in 1614, and had broken up in disorder. They were now called as the last remedy, not understood, but at least untried, for ever-increasing embarrassments; and the government, fearing still greater disorders, was making ready to repress any that might break out in districts known to be specially disaffected. All this was of secondary importance to Buonaparte; he had a scheme to use the crisis for the benefit of his family. Compelled by their utter destitution at the time of his father's death, he had temporarily and for one occasion assumed his father's rôle of suppliant. Now for a second time he sent in a petition. It was written in Paris and addressed, in his mother's behalf, to the resident intendant for Corsica. Though a supplication in form, it is unlike his father's humble and almost cringing papers, being rather a demand than a request; it is unlike them in another respect in that it contains a falsehood, or at least an utterly misleading half-truth: a statement that he had shortened his leave for his mother's urgent necessities. The paper was not handed in until after the expiration of his leave, and his true object was not to rejoin his regiment, as was hinted in it, but to secure a second extension of leave. Such was the slackness of discipline that he spent all of November and the first half of December in Paris, remaining there, that is, until he actually succeeded in procuring permission to spend the next six months in Corsica. He was quite as disingenuous in his request to the minister of war as in his memorial to the intendant for Corsica, representing that the estates of Corsica were about to meet, and that his presence was essential to safeguard important interests which in his absence would be seriously compromised. Whatever such a plea may have meant, his serious cares as the real head of the family were ever uppermost, and never neglected. Louis had, as was feared, lost his appointment, and though not past the legal age, was really too old to await another vacancy; Lucien was determined to leave Brienne whether or no, and to await at Aix the first chance which might arise of entering the seminary. Napoleon made some provision — what it was is not known — for Louis's further temporary stay at Brienne, and then took Lucien with him as far as their route lay together. He reached his home again at the Christmas season.

The affairs of the family were at last utterly desperate, and were likely, moreover, to grow worse before they grew better. The old archdeacon was failing daily, and although said to be rich, declared himself destitute of ready money. With his death would disappear a portion of his income; his patrimony and savings, which the Buonapartes might of course hope to inherit, were an uncertain quantity, probably insufficient for the needs of such a family. The mulberry money was still unpaid; all hope of wresting the ancestral estates from the Je-

suits was buried; Joseph was without employment, and, as a last expedient, was studying for admission to the bar. Louis and Lucien were both a heavy charge; Napoleon's income was insufficient even for his own modest wants, regulated as they were by the strictest economy. Who shall depict the despair or cast a stone at the shiftiness of a boy not yet nineteen, charged with such cares, yet consumed with ambition, and saturated with the romantic sentimentalism of his times? Some notion of his embarrassment can be obtained from a rapid survey of his mental states and the corresponding facts. An ardent republican and revolutionary, he was tied by the strongest bonds to the most despotic monarchy in Europe. A patriotic Corsican, he was the servant of his country's oppressor. Conscious of great ability, he was seeking an outlet in the pursuit of literature, a line of work entirely unsuited to his powers. The head and support of a large family, he was almost penniless; if he should follow his convictions, he and they might be altogether so. In the period of choice and requiring room for experiment, he saw himself doomed to a fixed, inglorious career and caged in a framework of unpropitious circumstance. Whatever the moral obliquity in his feeble expedients, there is the pathos of human limitations in their character.

Whether the resolution had long since been taken, or was of recent formation, Napoleon now intended to make fame and profit go hand in hand. Returned to Ajaccio, the meeting of the Corsican estates was forgotten, and authorship was resumed, not merely with the ardor of one who writes from inclination, but with the regular drudgery of a craftsman. The amusements of his leisure hours would have been sufficient occupation for most men. Regulating, as far as possible, his mother's relations with the authorities, he journeyed to Bastia on the occasion of Joseph's admission to the bar; completed a plan for the defense of St. Florent, of La Mortilla, and of the Gulf of Ajaccio; drew up a report on the organization of the Corsican militia; and wrote a paper on the strategic importance of the Madeleine Islands. This was his play; his work was the history of Corsica. It was completed sooner than he had expected, and, anxious to reap the pecuniary harvest of his labors, he left for France in the early part of May to secure its publication. Although dedicated at first to a powerful patron, Monseigneur Marbeuf, then bishop of Sens, like many works from the pen of genius, it is still in manuscript.

The book is of moderate size, and of moderate merit. It is in the form of letters addressed to the Abbé Raynal; its contents display little research and no scholarship. The style is intended to be popular, and is dramatic rather than narrative. There is displayed, as everywhere in these early writings, an intense hatred of France, a glowing affection for Corsica and her heroes. A word or two of quo-



THE CITADEL OF VALENCE, NOW DEMOLISHED.



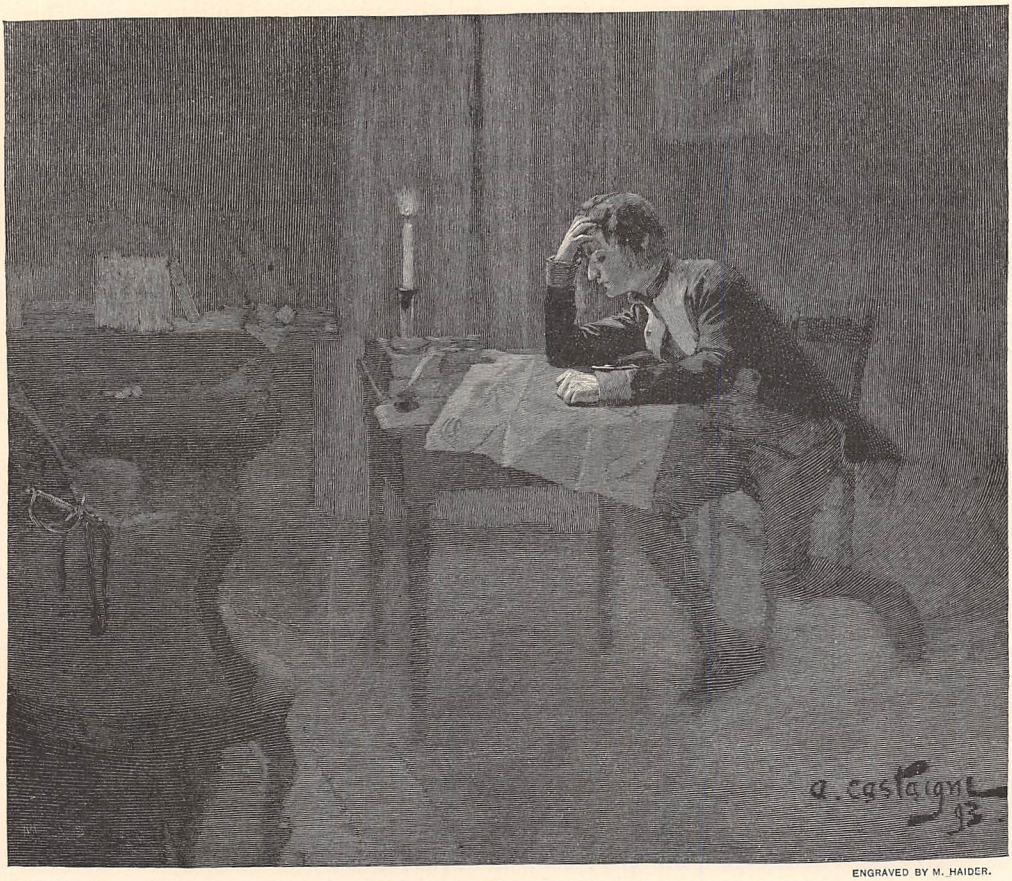
NAPOLEON'S LIFE IN VALENCE. 1785.

tation will sufficiently characterize the whole work. Having outlined in perhaps the most powerful chapter the career of Sampiero, and sketched his diplomatic failures at all the European courts except that of Constantinople, where at last he had secured sympathy and was promised aid, the author depicts the patriot's sudden recall by the news of his wife's treachery. Confronting his guilty spouse, deaf to every plea for pity, hardened against the tender caresses of his children, the Corsican hero utters judgment. "Madame," he sternly says, "in the face of crime and disgrace, there is no other resort but death." Vannina at first falls unconscious, but, regaining her senses, she recalls the memory of her earlier virtue, and, facing her fate, begs as a last favor that no base executioner shall lay his soiled hands on the wife of Sampiero, but that he himself shall execute the sentence. Vannina's behavior moves her husband, but does not touch his heart. "The pity and tenderness," says Buonaparte, "which she should have awakened, found a soul thenceforward closed to the power of sentiment. Vannina died. She died by the hands of Sampiero."

Neither the publishers of Valence, nor those of Dôle, nor those of Auxonne, would accept the work. At Paris one was finally found who would take a half risk. The author, disillusioned but sanguine, was on the point of accepting the proposition, and was occupied with considering ways and means, when the Bishop of Sens was suddenly disgraced. The manuscript was immediately copied and revised, with the result, probably, of making its tone more intensely Corsican; for it was now to be dedicated to Paoli. The literary aspirant must have foreseen the coming crash, and must have felt that the exile was to be again the liberator, and perhaps the master, of his native land. At any rate, he abandoned the idea of immediate publication, possibly in the dawning hope that as Paoli's lieutenant he could make Corsican history better than he could write it. It is this copy which has been preserved; the original was probably destroyed.

The other literary efforts of this feverish time were not as successful even as those in historical writing. The stories are wild and crude; one only, "The Masked Prophet," has any merit or interest whatsoever. Though more finished than the others, its style also is abrupt and full of surprises; the scene and characters are Oriental; its plot is a feeble invention. An ambitious and rebellious ameer is struck with blindness, and has recourse to a silver mask to deceive his followers. Unsuccessful, he poisons them all, throws their corpses into pits full of quicklime, then leaps in himself, to deceive the world, and leave no trace of mortality behind. His enemies believe, as he desired, that he and his people have been taken up into heaven. The whole, however, is dimly prescient, and the concluding lines of the fable have been thought by believers in augury to be prophetic. "Incredible instance! How far can the passion for fame go!" (*Jusqu' où peut porter la fureur de l'illustration!*) Among the papers of this period are also a constitution for the "calotte," a secret society in the army, and many political notes. One of these is a project for an essay on royal power, intended to treat of its origin and to display its usurpations, and which closes with these words: "There are but few kings who do not deserve to be dethroned."

The various absences of Buonaparte from his regiment up to this time are antagonistic to our modern ideas of military duty. The subsequent ones seem simply inexplicable, even in a service so lax as that of the crumbling Bourbon dynasty. He did not reach Auxonne, where the artillery regiment La Fère was now stationed, until the end of May, 1788. He stayed with it less than a year and a half, and then actually obtained another leave of absence, from September 10, 1789, to February, 1791, which he fully intended should end in his final retirement from the French service. The incidents of this second term of garrison life are not numerous, but their very absence seems significant in the development of Buonaparte's character. He returned at once to his habits of reading, study, reflection, and comment. His last disappointment had rendered him more taciturn and misanthropic than ever. Charged with the oversight of some slight works on the fortifications, he displayed such incompetence that he was actually punished by a short arrest. Misfortune still pursued the family. The youth who had been appointed to Brienne when Louis was expecting a scholarship suddenly died. Mme. de Buonaparte was true to the family tradition, and immediately forwarded a petition for the place, but was, as before, unsuccessful. Lucien was not yet admitted to Aix; Joseph was a barrister, to be sure, but briefless. Napoleon once again, but for the last time,—and with marked impatience, even with impertinence,— took up the task of solicitation. The only result was a good-humored, non-committal reply. Meantime the first mutterings of the revolutionary outbreak were heard, and spasmodic disorders, trifling but portentous, were recurring not only among the people, but even among the royal troops. One of these, at Seurre, was occasioned by the news that the hated and notorious syndicate existing under the scandalous agreement with the king known as the "Bargain of Famine" had been making additional purchases of grain from two merchants of that town. This was in April, 1789. Buonaparte



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

BONAPARTE, THE STUDENT, AT AUXONNE.

was put in command of a company and sent to aid in suppressing the riot which ensued. But it was ended before he arrived; on May 1 he returned to Auxonne.

Four days later the Estates met at Versailles. What was passing in the mind of the restless, bitter, disappointed Corsican is again plainly revealed. A famous letter to Paoli, to which reference has already been made, is dated June 12. It is a justification of his cherished work as the only means open to a poor man, the slave of circumstances, for summoning the French administration to the bar of public opinion; viz., by comparing it with Paoli's. Willing to face the consequences, the writer asks for moral support, and ends with ardent assurances of devotion from his family, his mother, and himself. But there is a ring of false coin in many of its words and sentences. The "infamy" of those who betrayed Corsica was the infamy of his own father; the "devotion" of the Buonaparte family had been to the French interest, in order to secure free education, with support for its children, in France. The "enthusiasm" of Napoleon was a cold, unsentimental determination to push their fortunes, which, with opposite principles, would have been honorable enough. In later years Lucien said that he had made two copies of the history. It was possibly one of these which went to London. Whether Paoli read the book, or even had it in his hands, does not appear. Be that as it may, his reply to Buonaparte's letter was not calculated to encourage the would-be historian. Among other bits of fatherly counsel was this: "You are too young to write history. Make ready for such an enterprise slowly. Patiently collect the original documents. Accept the opinions of other writers with reserve." As if to soften the severity of his advice, there follows a strain of modest self-depreciation: "Would that others had known less of me and I more of myself. *Probe diu vivimus;* may our descendants so live that they shall speak of me merely as one who had good intentions."

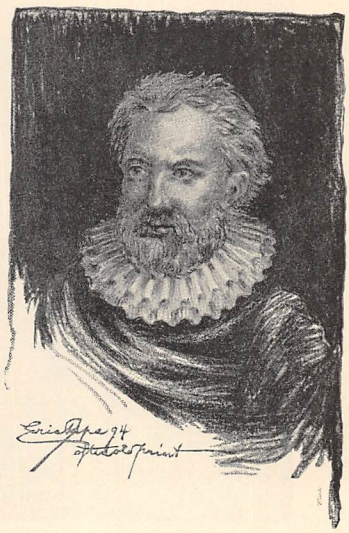
Buonaparte's last shift in the treatment of his book was most undignified and petty. With the unprincipled resentment of despair, in want of money, not of advice, he entirely remodeled

it for the third time, its chapters being now put as fragmentary traditions into the mouth of a Corsican mountaineer. In this form it was dedicated to Necker, the famous Swiss, who as French minister of finance was vainly struggling with the problem of how to distribute taxation equally, and to collect from the privileged classes their share. A copy was first sent to a former teacher for criticism. His judgment was most unfavorable both as to expression and style. In particular, attention was called to the absurdity of putting his own metaphysical generalizations and captious criticism of French royalty into the mouth of a peasant mountaineer. Before the correspondence ended, Napoleon's student life was over. Necker had fled, the French Revolution was rushing on with ever-increasing speed, and the young adventurer, despairing of success as a writer, seized the proffered opening to become a man of action.

OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION.

At last the ideas of the century had declared open war on its institutions; their moral conquest was already coextensive with the mainland of Europe, but the first efforts toward their realization were to be made in France, for the reason that the line of least resistance was to be found not through the most down-trodden, but through the best-instructed, nation on the Continent. Both the clergy and the nobility of France had become accustomed to the absorption in the crown of their ancient feudal power. They were content with the great offices in the church, in the army, and in the civil administration, with exemption from the payment of taxes, and were happy in the delights of literature and the fine arts, in the joys of a polite, self-indulgent, and spendthrift society, so artificial and conventional that for most of its members a sufficient occupation was found in the study and exposition of its trivial but complex customs.

The serious-minded among the upper classes were as enlightened as any of their rank elsewhere. They were familiar with prevalent philosophies, and full of compassion for miseries which, for lack of power, they could not remedy, and which, to their dismay, they only intensified in their attempts at alleviation. They were even ready for considerable sacrifices. The gracious side of the character of Louis XVI. is but a reflection of the piety, moderation, and earnestness of many of the nobles. His rule was mild; there were no excessive indignities practised in the name of royal power except in cases like that of the "Bargain of Famine," where he believed himself helpless. The lower clergy, as a whole, were faithful in the performance of their duties. This was not true of the hierarchy. They were great landowners, and their interests coincided with those of the nobility. The doubt of the century had not left them untouched, and there were many without conviction or principle, time-serving and irreverent. The lawyers and other professional men were to be found, for the most part, in Paris and in the towns. They had their livelihood in the irregularities of society, and, as a class, were retentive of ancient custom and present social habits. Although by birth they belonged in the main to the third estate, they were in reality parasites of the first—rank outsiders: as much so as were the petty no-



SAMPIERO.

bles with regard to the wealthy, powerful families in their own class.

But if the estate of the clergy and the estate of the nobility were alike divided in character and interests, this was still more true of the burghers. In 1614, at the close of the middle ages, the third estate had been little concerned with the agricultural laborer. Then there was less serfage in France than elsewhere; more than a quarter, perhaps a third, of the land was in the hands of peasants and other small proprietors. This, to be sure, was economically disastrous, for over-division of land makes tillage unprofitable, and these very men were the taxpayers. The change was still more marked in the denizens of towns. During the last two centuries the wealthy burgesses had grown still more wealthy in the expansion of trade, commerce, and manufactures; many had struggled and bought their way into the ranks of the nobility. The small tradesmen had remained smug, hard to move, and resentful of change. But there was a large body of men unknown to previous constitutions, and growing



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

PASCAL PAOLI. FROM THE PAINTING BY DRELLING, MADE IN PARIS, 1791.

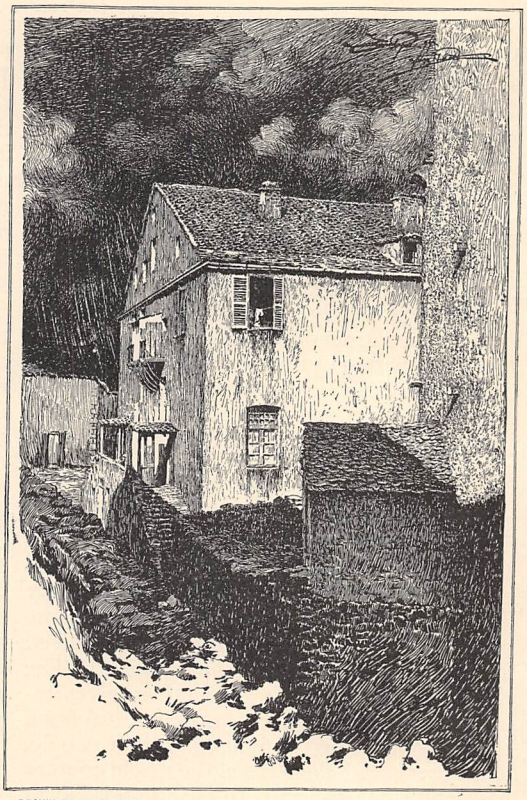
ever larger with the increase in population—intelligent and unintelligent artisans, half-educated employees in workshops, mills, and trading-houses, ever recruited from the country population, seeking such intermittent occupation as the towns afforded. The very lowest stratum of this society was then, as now, most dangerous; idle, dissipated, and unscrupulous, they were yet sufficiently educated to discuss and disseminate dangerous doctrines, and were often most ready in speech and fertile in resource.

As early as 1739 there had been a deficiency in the French finances. From small beginnings the annual loans had grown until in 1787 the sum to be raised over and above the regular income was no less than thirty-two millions of dollars. This was all due to the extravagance of the court and the aristocracy. They not only spent, for the most part, far more than the amount they actually collected and honestly believed to be their income, but what even the earnest and honest nobles believed to be their legitimate income was not really such. Two thirds of the land was in their hands; the other third paid the entire land-tax (*taille*). They were therefore regarding as their own the two thirds of that sum which was in reality taken from the pockets of the small proprietors. Small sacrifices the ruling class professed itself ready to make, but such a one as to pay their share of the land-tax—never. It had been proposed also to destroy the monopoly of the grain trade, and to abolish the road-work, a task more hateful to the people than any tax, because it brought them into direct contact with the exasperating superciliousness of petty officials. But in all these proposed reforms Necker, Calonne, and Loménie de Brienne, each approaching the nobles from a separate standpoint, had alike failed. The nobility could see in such retrenchment and change nothing but ruin for themselves. An assembly of notables, called in 1781, would not listen to any propositions which seemed suicidal. The king began to alienate the affection of his natural allies, the people, by yielding to the clamor of the court party. From the nobility

he could wring nothing. The royal treasury was therefore actually bankrupt, the nobles believed that they were threatened with bankruptcy, and the people knew that they themselves were not only bankrupt, but also hungry and oppressed.

At last the king, aware of the nation's extremity, began to undertake reforms without reference to class prejudice, and on his own authority. He decreed a stamp-tax, and the equal distribution of the land-tax. He strove to compel the unwilling parliament of Paris, a court of justice which he himself had reconstituted, to register his decrees, and then banished it from the capital because it would not. That court had been the last remaining check on absolutism in the country, and, as such, an ally of the people; so that although the motives and the measures of Louis were just, the high-handed means to which he resorted in order to carry them alienated him still further from the affections of the nation. The parliament, in justifying its opposition, had declared that taxes in France could be laid only by the Estates-General. The people had almost forgotten the very name, and were entirely ignorant of what that body was, vaguely supposing that, like the English Parliament or the American Congress, it was in some sense a legislative assembly. They therefore made their voice heard in no uncertain sound, demanding that the Estates should meet. Louis abandoned his attitude of independence, and recalled the parliament from Troyes, but only to exasperate its members still further by insisting on a huge loan, on the restoration of civil rights to the Protestants, and on restricting not only its powers, but those of all similar courts throughout the realm. The parliament of Paris declared that France was a limited monarchy with constitutional checks on the power of the crown, and exasperated men flocked to the city to remonstrate against the menace to their liberties in the degradation of all the parliaments by the king's action in regard to that of Paris. Those from Brittany formed an association, which soon admitted other members and developed into the notorious Jacobin Club, so called from its meeting-place, a convent on the Rue St. Honoré once occupied by Dominican monks who had moved thither from the Rue St. Jacques.

To summon the Estates was a virtual confession that absolutism in France was at an end. In the seventeenth century the three estates deliberated separately. Such matters came before them as were submitted by the crown, chiefly demands for revenue. A decision was reached by the agreement of any two of the three, and whatever proposition the crown submitted was either accepted or rejected. There was no real legislation. Louis no doubt hoped that the eighteenth-century assembly would be like that of the seventeenth. He could then, by the coalition of the nobles and the clergy against the burghers, or by any other arrangement of two to one, secure authorization either for his loans or for his reforms, as the case might be, and so carry both. But the France of 1789 was not the France of 1614. As soon as the call for the meeting was issued, and the decisive steps were taken, the whole country was flooded with pamphlets. Most of them were ephemeral; one was epochal. The Abbé Sieyès asked the question, "What is the third estate?" and answered it so as to strengthen the already spreading conviction that the people of France were really the nation. The king was so far convinced as to agree that the people should be represented by delegates equal in number to those of the clergy and nobles combined. The elections passed quietly, and on May 5, 1789, the Estates met at Versailles under the shadow of the court. It was immediately evident that the hands of the clock could not be put back two centuries, and that here was gathered an assembly unlike any that had ever met in the country, determined to express the sentiments, and to be the executive, of the majority of the nation. On



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

CORSICAN HOME OF PAOLI.



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY BOYER, PARIS.

CORTE: THE BRIDGE AND THE CITADEL.

June 17, therefore, after long talk and much hesitation, the representatives of the third estate declared themselves the representatives of the whole nation, and invited their colleagues of the clergy and nobles to join them. Their meeting-place having been closed in consequence of this decision, they gathered without authorization in the royal tennis-court on June 20, and bound themselves by oath not to disperse until they had introduced a new order. Louis was nevertheless nearly successful in his plan of keeping the sittings of the three estates separate. He was thwarted by the eloquence and courage of Mirabeau. On June 27 a majority of the delegates from the two upper estates gave way, and joined those of the third estate as representatives of the people.

At this juncture the court party began the disastrous policy which in the end was responsible for most of the terrible excesses of the French Revolution, by insisting that troops should be called to restrain the Assembly, and that Necker should be banished. Louis showed the same vacillating spirit now that he had displayed in yielding to the Assembly, and assented. The noble officers had lately shown themselves untrustworthy, and the men in the ranks refused to obey when called to fight against the people. The baser social elements of the whole country had long since swarmed to the capital. Their leaders now fanned the flame of popular discontent until at last resort was had to violence. On July 12 the barriers of Paris were burned, and the regular troops were defeated by the mob in the Place Vendôme; on July 14 the Bastille, typical of all the tyrannical shifts and inhuman oppressions known to despotism, was razed to the ground. As if to crown their baseness, the extreme conservatives among the nobles, men who had brought the king to such straits, now abandoned him and fled.

Louis finally bowed to the storm, and came to reside among his people in Paris, as a sign of submission. Bailly, an excellent and judicious man, was made mayor of the city, and Lafayette, with his American laurels still unfaded, was made commander of a newly organized force, to be known as the National Guard. On July 17 the king accepted the red, white, and blue — the recognized colors of liberty — as national. The insignia of a dynasty were exchanged for the badge of a principle. A similar transformation took place throughout the land, and administration everywhere passed quietly into the hands of popular representatives. The flying nobles found their châteaux hotter than the court. Not only must the old feudal privileges go, but with them the old feudal grants, the charters of oppression in the muniment chests. In the intoxication of the hour the peasants sometimes exceeded the bounds of reason, and demanded the legitimate property of their enemies. Death

or surrender was often the alternative. So it was that there was no refuge on their estates, not even a temporary one, for those who had so long possessed them. Many had already passed into foreign lands; the emigration increased, and continued in a steady stream. The moderate nobles, honest patriots to whom life in exile was not life at all, now clearly saw that their order must yield; in the night session of August 4, sometimes called the "St. Bartholomew of privilege," they surrendered their privileges in a mass. Every vestige, not only of feudal, but also of chartered privilege, was swept away; even the king's hunting-grounds were reduced to the dimensions permitted to a private gentleman. All men alike, it was agreed, were to renounce the conventional and arbitrary distinctions which had created inequality in civil and political life, and accept the absolute equality of citizenship. Liberty and fraternity were the two risers of the new arch; its keystone was to be equality. On August 23 the Assembly decreed freedom of religious opinion; on the next day freedom of the press.

EFFECTS IN CORSICA AND ON BONAPARTE'S RELATION TO FRANCE.

SUCH were the events taking place in the great world while Buonaparte was at Auxonne. That town, as had been expected, was most uneasy, and on July 19, 1789, there was an actual outbreak of violence, directed there, as elsewhere, against the tax-receivers. The riot was easily suppressed, and for some weeks yet the regular round of studious monotony in the young lieutenant's life was not disturbed except as his poverty made his asceticism more rigorous. "I have no other resource but work," he wrote his mother; "I dress but once in eight days [Sunday parade?]: I sleep but little since my illness; it is incredible. I retire at ten, and rise at four in the morning. I take but one meal a day, at three; that is good for my health."

More bad news came from Corsica. The starving patriot fell seriously ill, and for a time his life hung in the balance. On August 8 he was at last sufficiently restored to travel, and applied for a six months' furlough, to begin immediately. Under the regulations, in spite of his previous leaves and irregularities, he was this year entitled to such a vacation, but not before October. His plea that the winter was unfavorable for the voyage to Corsica was characteristic, for it was neither altogether true nor altogether false. He was feverish and ill, excited by news of turmoils at home, and wished to be on the scene of action; this would have been a true and sufficient ground for his request. It was likewise true, however, that his chance for a smooth passage was better in August than in October, and this evident fact, though probably irrelevant, might move the authorities. Their answer was favorable, and on September 16 he left Auxonne. In the interval occurred a mutiny in the regiment. The pay of the men was far in arrears, and they demanded a division of the surplus which had accumulated from the various regimental grants, and which was managed by the officers for the benefit of their own mess. The officers were compelled to yield.

So far had revolutionary license supplanted royal and military authority. Of course a general orgy followed. It seems to have been during these days that the scheme of Corsican liberation which brought him finally into the field of politics took shape in Napoleon's mind. Fesch had returned to Corsica, and had long kept his nephew thoroughly informed of the situation. His eyes were opened, by the anarchy prevailing all about him in France and beginning to prevail in Corsica, to the possibilities of the Revolution for one who knew how to take advantage of the changed order.

The appearance of Buonaparte in his twentieth year was not in general noteworthy. His head was shapely, but not uncommon in size, although disproportionate to the frame which bore it. His forehead was wide and of medium height; on each side long chestnut hair — lanky as we may suppose from his own account of his personal habits — fell in stiff, flat locks over his lean cheeks. His eyes were large, and in their steel-blue pupils, lurking under deep-arched and projecting brows, was a penetrating quality which veiled the mind within. The nose was straight and shapely, the mouth large, the lips full and sensuous, although the powerful projecting chin diminished somewhat the true effect of the lower one. His complexion was sallow. The frame of his body was in general small and fine, particularly his hands and feet; but his deep chest and short neck were gigantic. This lack of proportion did not, however, interfere with his gait, which was firm and steady. The student of character would have declared the stripling to be self-reliant and secretive; ambitious and calculating; masterful; but kindly. In an age when phrenology was a mania its masters found in his cranium the organs of what they called imagination and causality, of individuality, comparison, and locality — by which jargon they meant to say that he had a strong power of imaging and of inductive reasoning, a knowledge of men, of places, and of things. The life of the young officer had thus far been so commonplace as to awaken little expectation for his future. Poor as he was, and careful of his slim resources, he had, like the men of his class, indulged his passions to a

certain degree; but he had not been riotous in his living, and he had not a debt in the world. What his education and reading were makes clear that he could have known nothing with a scholar's thoroughness except the essentials of his profession. But he could master details as no man before or since; he had a vast fund of information, and a historic outline drawn in fair proportion and powerful strokes. His philosophy was meager, but he knew the principles of Rousseau and Raynal thoroughly. His conception of politics and men was not scientific, but it was clear and practical. The trade of arms had not been to his taste. He heartily disliked routine, and despised the petty duties of his rank. The profession, however, was a means to an end; of any mastery of strategy or tactics or even interest in them he had as yet given no sign, but he was absorbed in contemplating and analyzing the exploits of the great world-conquerors. In particular his mind was dazzled by the splendors of the Orient as the only field on which an Alexander could have displayed himself, and he knew what but a few great minds have grasped, that the interchange of relations between the East and the West had been the life of the world. The greatness of England he understood to be largely due to her bestriding the two hemispheres.



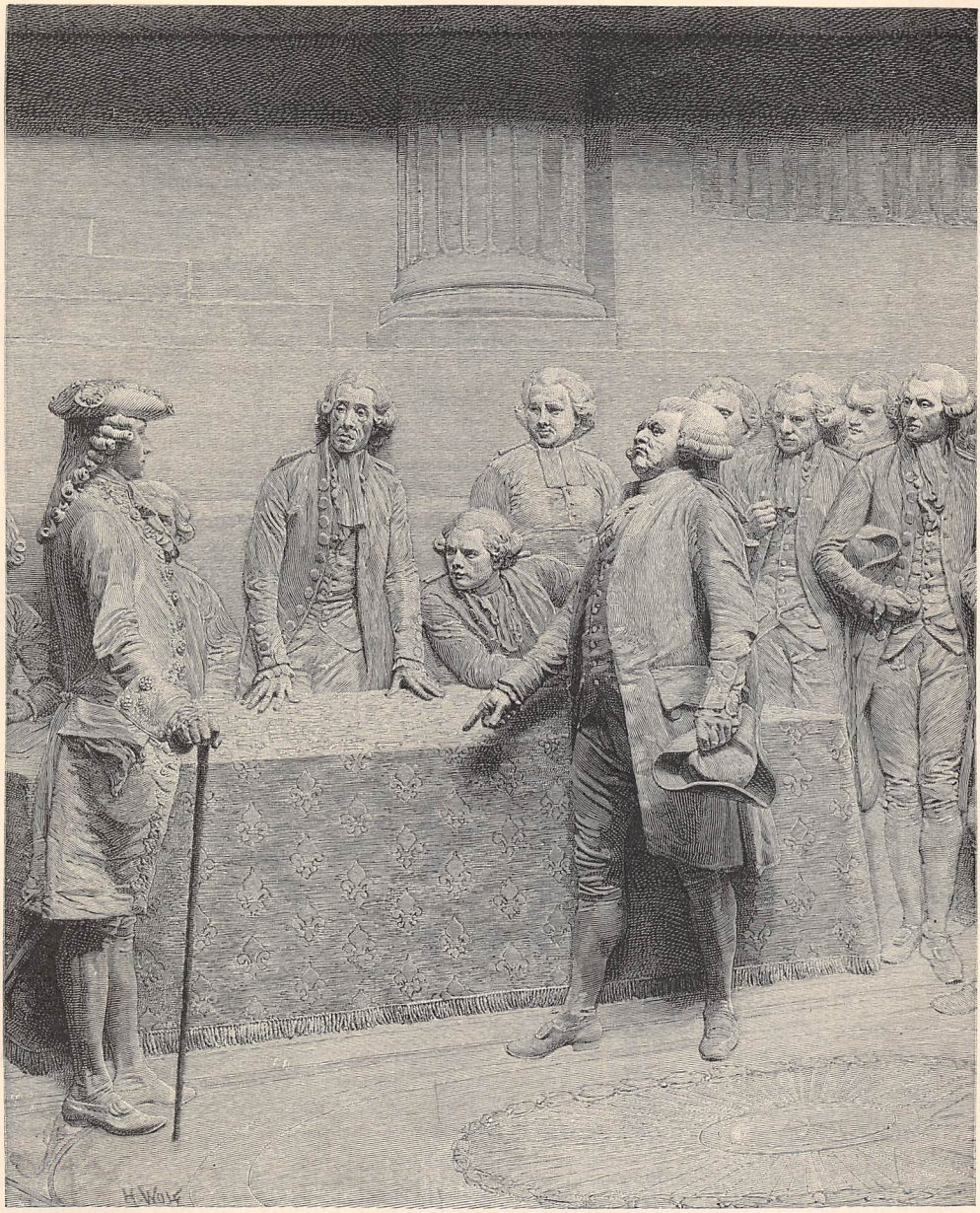
ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, FROM A PASTEL PAINTING BY BOUNIEU EXHIBITED AT THE TROCADERO IN 1878.

GABRIEL-HONORÉ RIQUETTI, COMTE DE MIRABEAU.

Up to this moment he had been a theorist, and might have wasted his fine powers by further indulgence in dazzling generalizations, as so many boys do when not called to test their hypotheses by experience. Henceforward he was removed from such temptation. His plan for an elective council to replace that of the nobles, and for a national militia, had been matured. He was a cautious and practical experimenter from the moment he left Auxonne. Thus far he had put into practice none of his fine thoughts, or the lessons learned in books. The family destitution had made him a solicitor of favors, and, but for the turn in public affairs, he might have continued to be one. His own inclinations had made him both a good student and a poor officer; without a field for larger duties he might have continued as he was. In Corsica his line of conduct was not changed abruptly; the possibilities of greater things dawning gradually, the application of great conceptions already formed came with the march of events, not like the sun bursting out from behind a cloud.

Traveling by way of Aix, Napoleon took the unlucky Lucien with him. The wayward but independent younger brother, as he tells us in his published memoirs, making no allowance for the disdain an older boy at school is supposed to feel for a younger one, blood relative or not, had been repelled by the cold reception his senior had given him at Brienne. Having left that school against the advice of the same would-be mentor, his suit for admission to Aix had been fruitless. Necessity was driving him homeward, and the two who, in after days were again to be separated, were now, for almost the only time in their lives, companions for a considerable while. Their intercourse made them no more harmonious in feeling. The only incident of the journey was a visit to the Abbé Raynal at Marseilles. We would gladly know something of the talk between the master and pupil, but we do not.

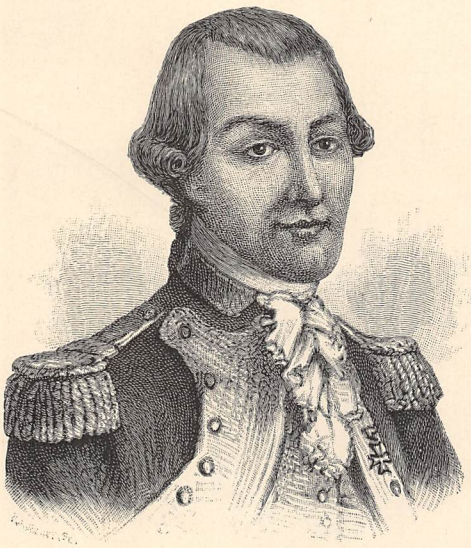
Napoleon found no change in the circumstances of the Buonaparte family. The old archdeacon was still living, and for the moment all except Élise were at home. On the whole, they were more needy than ever. The death of their patron, Marbeuf, had been followed by the failure of their repeated solicitations, and this fact, combined with the political



MIRABEAU REPLYING TO THE MARQUIS DE DREUX-BRÉZÉ CONCERNING THE KING'S ORDER TO THE THIRD ESTATE TO MEET SEPARATELY. (SEE PAGE 182.) FROM THE RELIEF BY DALOU. REPRINTED FROM THE CENTURY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER, 1890.

opinions of the elder Lucien, was beginning to wean them from the official clique. There were the same factions as before: the official party and the patriots. Since the death of Charles de Buonaparte the former had been represented at Versailles by Buttafuoco, Choiseul's unworthy instrument in acquiring the island, and now, as then, an uninfluential and consequential self-seeker. Its members were all aristocrats and royalists in politics. The higher priesthood were of similar mind, and had chosen the Abbé Peretti, a fit colleague of Buttafuoco, to represent them; the parish priests, as in France, were with the people. Both these elements were comparatively small, and, in spite of twenty years of peace under French rule, they were both excessively unpopular, and utterly without any hold on the islanders. They had but one partizan with an influential name, a son of the old-time patriot Gafferi. The overwhelming majority of the natives were little changed in their temper. There were the old, unswerving pa-

triots who wanted absolute independence, and were now called Paolists; there were the self-styled patriots, the younger men who wanted a protectorate that they might enjoy virtual independence and secure a career by peace. There was in the harbor towns on the eastern slope the same submissive, peace-loving temper as of old; on the western, the same fiery, warlike spirit. Corte was the center of Paoli's power, Calvi was the seat of French influence; Bastia was radical, Ajaccio was about equally divided between the younger and older parties, with a strong infusion of official influence. Both the representatives of the people in the National Convention were of the moderate party; one of them, Salicetti, was a man of parts, a

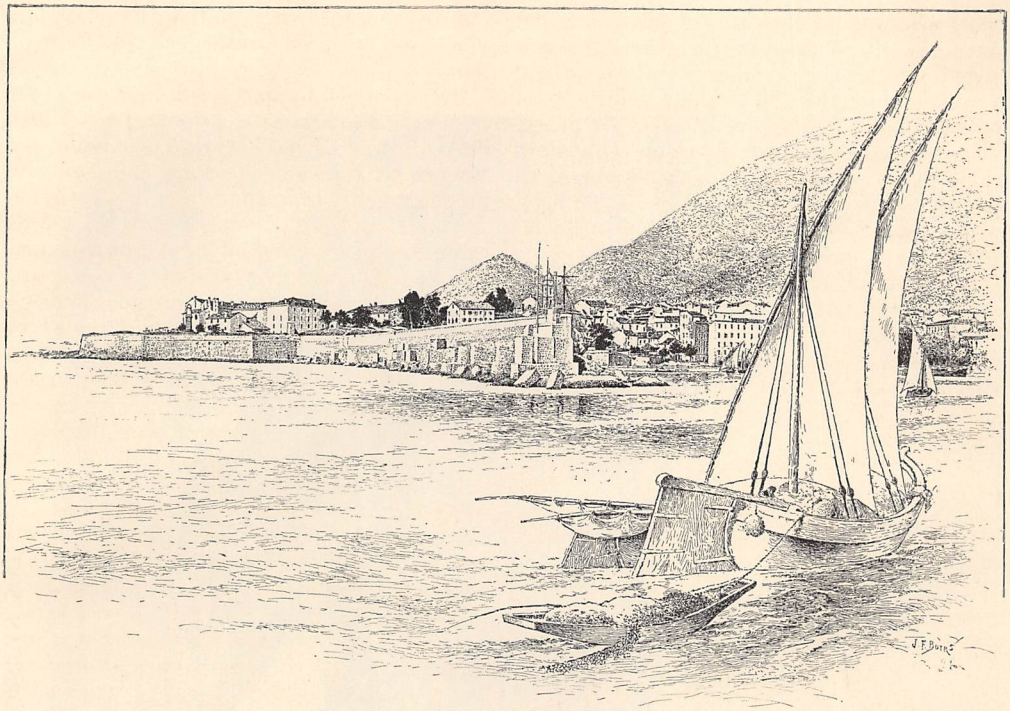


BUTTAFUOCO.
FROM A PRINT FOUND IN CORSICA.

friend of the Buonapartes, and destined later to influence deeply the course of affairs. He and his colleague Colonna were urging on the National Assembly measures for the local administration of the island. To this faction, as to the other, it had become clear that if Corsica was to reap the benefits of the new era it must be by union under Paoli. All, old and young alike, desired a thorough reform of their barbarous jurisprudence, and, like all other French subjects, a free press, free trade, the abolition of all privilege, equality in taxation, eligibility to office without regard to rank, and the diminution of monastic revenues for the benefit of education. Nowhere could such changes be more easily made than in a land just emerging from barbarism, where old institutions were disappearing and new ones were still fluid. Paoli himself had come to believe that independence could more easily be secured from a regenerated France, and by her help, than by a warfare which might again arouse the ambition of Genoa.

Buonaparte's natural associates were the younger men: Masseria, son of a patriot line, Pozzo di Borgo, Peraldi, Cuneo, Ramolini, and others less influential. The only Corsican with French military training, he was, in view of uncertainties and probabilities already on the horizon, a person of considerable consequence. His contribution to the schemes of the young patriots was significant: it consisted in a proposal to support the central committee which his friends so ardently desired by a body of local militia. The plan was promptly adopted by the associates, the radicals seeing in it a means to put arms once more into the hands of the people, the others having no doubt in mind the storming of the Bastille, and the possibility of similar movements in Ajaccio and elsewhere. Buonaparte, the only trained officer among them, may have dreamed of abandoning the French service, and of a supreme command in Corsica. Many of the people who appeared well disposed toward France had from time to time received permission from the authorities to carry arms; many carried them secretly and without a license: but proportionately there were so few in both classes that vigorous or successful armed resistance was in most places impracticable. The attitude of the department of war at Paris was regulated by Buttafuoco, and was of course hostile to the insidious scheme of a local militia. The minister of war would do nothing but submit the suggestion to the body against whose influence it was aimed, the hated council of twelve nobles. The stupid sarcasm of such a step was well-nigh criminal.

Under such instigation the flames of discontent broke out in Corsica. Paoli's agents were again most active. In many towns the people rose to attack the citadels or barracks and to seize the authority. The men of Bastia, under Arena, and those of Isola Rossa, under Murati, were alone successful. In Ajaccio Napoleon de Buonaparte promptly asserted himself as the natural leader. The already existing democratic club was rapidly organized into the nucleus of a home guard, and recruited in numbers. But there were none of Paoli's mountaineers to aid the unwarlike burghers, as there had been in Bastia. Gafferi appeared on the scene, but neither the magic of his name, the troops who accompanied him, nor the adverse representations of the council, which he brought with him, could allay the discontent. The rooms of the club were therefore closed by the troops, and the town put under martial law. Nothing remained for the agitators but to disperse. Before doing so they held a final meeting on October



AJACCIO, FROM THE SEA. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

31, 1789, in one of the churches, and signed an appeal to the National Assembly to be presented by Salicetti and Colonna. It had been written, and was read aloud, by Buonaparte. Some share in its composition was later claimed for Joseph, but the fiery style, the numerous blunders in grammar and spelling, the terse thought, and the concise form, are all characteristic of Napoleon. The right of petition, the recital of unjust acts, the illegal action of the council, the use of force, the hollowness of the pretexts under which their request had been refused, the demand that the troops be withdrawn and redress granted — all these are crudely but forcibly presented. The document presages revolution. Under a well-constituted and regular authority its writer and signatories would of course have been punished for insubordination. Even as things were, an officer of the king was running serious risks by his prominence in connection with it.

Simultaneously with these events the National Convention had been debating how the position of the king under the new constitution was to be expressed by his title. Absolutism being ended, he could no longer be king of France, a style which to men then living implied ownership. King of the French was selected as the new form; should they add "and of Navarre"? Salicetti, with consummate diplomacy, had already warned many of his fellow-delegates of the danger lest England should intervene in Corsica, and France lose one of her best recruiting-grounds. To his compatriots he set forth that France was the best protector, whether they desired partial or complete independence. He now suggested that if the Assembly thus recognized the separate identity of the Pyrenean people, they must supplement their phrase still further by the words "of Corsica"; for it had been only nominally, and as a pledge, that Genoa in 1768 had put France in control. At this stage of the debate Volney presented a number of demands from the Corsican patriots asking that the position of their country be defined. One of them came from Bastia; among them was probably the document which had been executed at Ajaccio. This was the culmination of the skilful revolutionary agitation which had been started and directed by Masseria under Paoli's guidance. The anomalous position of both Corsica and Navarre was clearly depicted in the mere presentation of such petitions. "If the Navarrese are not French, what have we to do with them, or they with us?" said Mirabeau. The argument was as unanswerable for one land as for the other, and both were incorporated in the realm, Corsica on November 30, by a proposition of Salicetti's, who was apparently unwilling, but who posed as one under imperative necessity. In reality he had reached the goal for which he had long been striving. Dumouriez, later so renowned as a general, and Mirabeau,



LANDING OF PAOLI ON CORSICAN SOIL.

the great statesman and orator, had both been members of the French army of occupation which had reduced Corsica to submission. The latter now recalled his misdeed with sorrow and shame in an impassioned plea for amnesty to all political offenders, including Paoli. There was bitter opposition, but the great orator prevailed.

The news was received in Corsica with every manifestation of joy: bonfires were lighted, and Te Deums were sung in the churches. Paoli to rejoin his own again! What more could disinterested patriots desire? Corsica a province of France! How could her ambitious youth secure a wider field for the exercise of their powers, and the attainment of ambitious ends? The desires of both parties were temporarily fulfilled. The names of Mirabeau, Salicetti, and Volney were shouted with acclaim, those of Buttafuoco and Peretti with reprobation. Gafferi and the troops were withdrawn from Ajaccio; the ascendancy of the liberals was complete.

Then feeble Genoa was heard once more. She had pledged the sovereignty, not sold it; had yielded its exercise, and not the thing itself. France might administer the government as she chose, but annexation was another matter. She appealed to the fairness of the king and the National Assembly to safeguard her treaty rights. Her tone was querulous, her words without force. In the Assembly the protest was but fuel to the fire. On January 21, 1790, occurred an animated debate in which the matter was fully considered. The discussion was notable, as indicating the temper of parties and the nature of their action at that stage of the Revolution. Mirabeau as ever was the leader. He and his friends were scornful not only because of Genoa's temerity in seeming still to claim what France had conquered, but of her conception that mere paper contracts were binding where principles of public law were concerned! The opposition mildly but firmly recalled the existence of other nations than France, and suggested the consequences of international bad faith. The conclusion of the matter was the adoption of a cunning and insolent combination of two propositions, one made by each side, "to lay the request on the table, or to explain that there is no occasion for its consideration." The incident is otherwise important only in the light of Napoleon's future dealings with the Italian commonwealth.

The situation was now most delicate, as far as Buonaparte was concerned. His suggestion of a local militia contemplated the extension of the revolutionary movement to Corsica. His appeal to the National Assembly demanded merely the right to do what one French city or district after another had done, to establish local authority, to form a National Guard, and to unfurl the red, white, and blue. There was nothing in it about the incorporation of Corsica as a French province; that had come about through the insurgents of Bastia who had been organized by Paoli inspired by the attempt at Ajaccio, and guided at last by Salicetti. A little later Buonaparte took pains to set forth how much better, under his plan, would have been the situation of Corsican affairs if, with their guard organized and their colors mounted, they could have recalled Paoli, and have awaited the event with power either to reject such propositions as the royalists, if successful, would have made, or to accept the conclusions of the French Assembly with proper self-respect, and not on compulsion. Hitherto he had lost no opportunity to express his hatred of France; it is possible that he had planned the virtual independence of Corsica, with himself as the liberator, or at least as Paoli's Sampiero. The reservations of his Ajaccio document, and the bitterness of his feelings, are not, however, sufficient proof of such a presumption. But the incorporation had taken place, Corsica was a French province, and everybody was wild with delight.

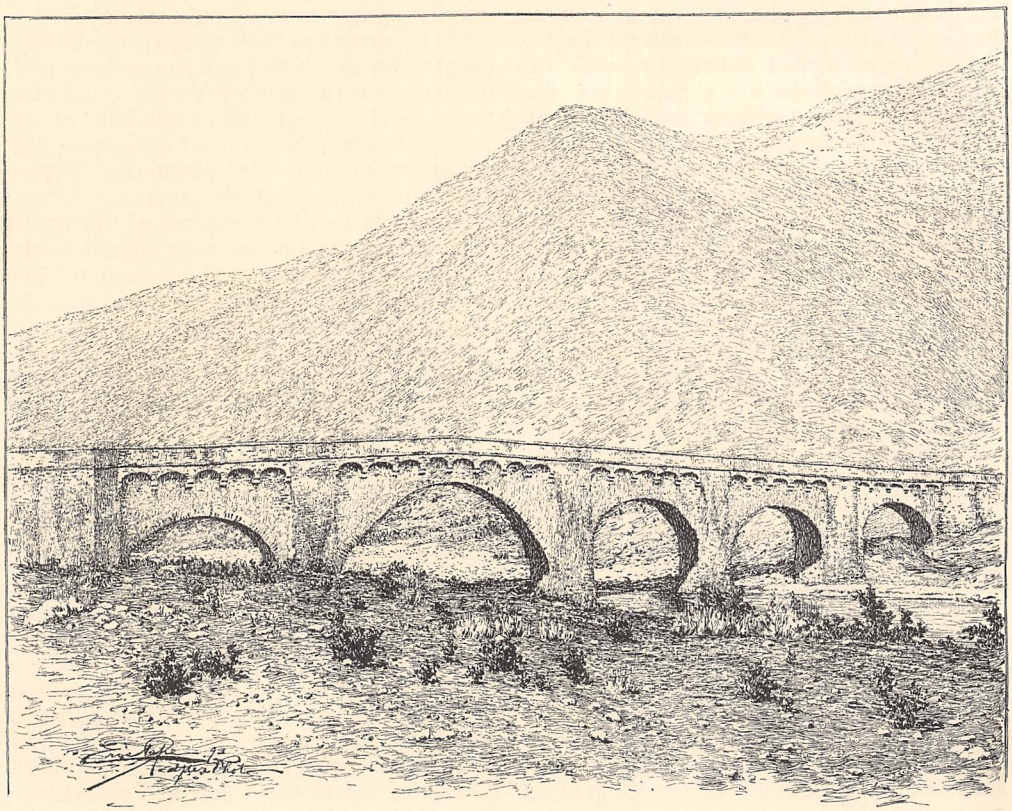
FIRST LESSONS IN REVOLUTION.

WHAT was to be the future of one whose hitherto expressed feelings were so hostile to the nation with whose fortunes he was now irrevocably identified? There is no evidence that Buonaparte ever asked himself such disquieting questions. To judge from his conduct, he was not in the least troubled. Fully aware of the disorganization, both social and military, which was well-nigh universal in France, with two months more of his furlough yet unexpired, he awaited developments, not hastening to meet difficulties before they presented themselves. What the young democrats could do, they did. The town government was entirely reorganized, with a relative of the Buonapartes as mayor, and Joseph — employed at last! — as his secretary. A National Guard was also raised and equipped. Being French, however, and not Corsican, Napoleon could accept no office in it, for he was in the French army elsewhere. But he was an ardent agitator in the club, which almost immediately reopened its doors.

In the impossibility of further action there was a relapse into authorship. The history of Corsica was again revised, though not softened, and dedicated to Raynal. In collaboration with Fesch, Buonaparte also drew up a memoir on the oath which was required from priests. A notorious diatribe against Buttafuoco was read before the club at Ajaccio. It has been repeatedly printed. It is dated in January, 1790, from a retreat he had made for himself on one of the little family properties. There was in the

rocks a grotto, known familiarly as Milleli, above the town. It was improved and beautified by Napoleon, and used, like his garden at Brienne, as a spot for contemplation and quiet study. Much emphasis should not be laid on the paper, except in noting the better power to express his tumultuous feelings, and in marking the implications which show the expansion of character. Insubordinate it certainly is, and intemperate; turgid, too, as any youth of twenty could well make it. No doubt, also, it was intended to secure notoriety for the writer. It makes clear the thorough apprehension its author had as to the radical character of the Revolution. It is the final and public renunciation of the royalist principles of Charles de Buonaparte. It contains also the last profession of that morality which a youth is not ashamed to profess before the cynicism of his own life becomes too evident for the castigation of selfishness and insincerity in others. Its substance is a just reproach to a selfish trimmer; the froth and scum are characteristic rather of the time and the circumstances than of the personality behind them. There is no further mention of a difference between the destinies of France and Corsica. To compare the pamphlet with even the poorest work of Rousseau is absurd; to vilify it as ineffective trash is equally so.

When Paoli first received news of the amnesty granted at the instance of Mirabeau, and of the action taken by the French Assembly, which had made Corsica a French department, he was delighted and deeply moved. His noble instincts told him at once that he could no longer live in the enjoyment of an English pension or even in England; for he was convinced that his country would reach eventually a more perfect autonomy under France than under the wing of any other power, and that as a patriot he must not fail even in appearance to maintain that position. But he also felt that his return would endanger the success of this policy: the ardent mountaineers would demand more extreme measures for complete independence than he could take; the lowlanders would be angry at the attitude of sympathy for his old friends which he must assume. He made ready, therefore, to exchange his comfortable exile for one more uncongenial and of course more bitter. But the Assembly, with less insight, desired nothing so much as his presence in the new department. He was growing old, and yielded against his better judgment to the united



PONTE-NUOVO, CORSICA.

solicitation of French interest and of Corsican impolicy. Passing through France, he was detained for over two months by the ovations forced upon him. In Paris the king urged him to accept honors of every kind; but they were firmly refused: the reception, however, which the Assembly gave him in the name of liberty he declared to be the proudest occasion of his life. At Lyons the populace crowded the streets to cheer him, and delegations from the chief towns of his native island met him to solicit the honor of his landing for each of their respective cities. On July 14, 1790, after twenty-one years of exile, the now aged hero set foot on Corsican land at Macinaio, near Capo Corso. His first act was to kneel and kiss the soil. The nearest town was Bastia. The rejoicings were general, and the ceremonies were such as only the warm hearts and willing hands of a primitive Italian people could prepare. Not one true Corsican but must "see and hear and touch him." But in less than a month his conduct was, as he had foreseen, so misrepresented by friend and foe alike, that it was necessary to defend him in Paris against the charge of scheming to hand over the island to England.

It is not entirely clear where Buonaparte was during this time. It is said that he was seen in Valence during the latter part of January, and the fact is adduced to show how deep and secret were his plans for preserving the double chance of an opening in either France or Corsica, as matters might turn out. The love-affair to which he refers in that thesis on the topic to which reference has been made would be an equally satisfactory explanation, considering his age. Whatever was the fact as to those few days, he was not absent long. The serious division between the executive in France and the new Assembly came to light in an ugly circumstance which occurred in March. On the eighteenth a French flotilla unexpectedly appeared off St. Florent. It was commanded by Rully, an ardent royalist who had long been employed in Corsica. His secret instructions were to embark the French troops, and to leave the island to its fate. This was an adroit stab at the republicans of the Assembly; for, should the evacuation be secured, it was believed that either the radicals in Corsica would rise, destroy or overpower the friends of France, call in English help, and diminish the number of democratic departments by one, or that Genoa would immediately step in and reassert her sovereignty. The moderates of St. Florent were not to be thus duped; sharp and angry discussions arose among both citizens and troops as to the obedience due to such orders, and soon both soldiers and townsfolk were in a frenzy of excitement. A collision between the two parties occurred, and Rully was killed. Papers were found on his person which proved that his sympathizers would gladly have abandoned Corsica to its fate. For the moment the young Corsicans were more devoted than ever to Paoli, since now only through his good offices with the French Assembly could a chance for the success of their plans be secured.

Such was the diversity of opinion as to ways and means, as to resources, opportunities, and details, that everything was, for the moment, in confusion. On April 16 Buonaparte applied for an extension of his furlough until the following October, on the plea of continued ill health, that he might drink the waters a "second time at Orezza," whose springs were said to be efficacious in his complaint. He may have been at that resort once before, or he may not. Doubtless the fever was still lingering in his system. What the degree of his illness was we cannot tell. It may have unfitted him for active service with his regiment; it did not disable him from pursuing his occupations in writing and political agitation. His request was granted on May 20. The history of Corsica was now finally revised, and a new dedication completed. This, with some chapters, was forwarded by post to Raynal. Joseph, who was to be one of the delegates to meet Paoli, would pass through Marseilles, and would hand him the rest if he should so desire. The text of the unlucky book was not materially altered. Its theory appears always to have been that history is but a succession of great names, and the story, therefore, is more a biographical record than a connected narrative. The dedication, however, is a new step in the painful progress of more accurate thinking and better expression; the additions to the volume contain, amid many immaturities and platitudes, some ripe and clever thought. Buonaparte's passion for his bantling is once more the ardor of a misdirected genius, unsullied by the desire for money, which had played a temporary part. We know nothing definite of his pecuniary affairs, but somehow or other his fortunes must have mended. There is no other explanation of his numerous and costly journeys, and we hear that for a time he had money in his purse. In the will which he wrote at St. Helena is a bequest of 100,000 francs to his relative who was first mayor of Ajaccio by the popular will. It is not unlikely that the legacy was a grateful souvenir of advances made about this time. There is another possible explanation. The club of Ajaccio had chosen a delegation, of which Joseph Buonaparte was a member, to bring Paoli home from France. To meet its expenses, the municipality had forced the authorities of the priests' seminary to open their strong box and to hand over upward of two thousand francs. Napoleon may have shared



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

BONAPARTE AND PAOLI AT ROSTINO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1790.

Joseph's portion. We would be reminded in such a stroke, but with a difference, to be sure, of what happened when, a few years later, the hungry and ragged soldiers of the Republic were led into the fat plains of Lombardy.

The contemptuous attitude of the Ajaccio liberals toward the religion of Rome seriously alienated the superstitious populace from them. Buonaparte was once attacked in the public square by a procession organized to deprecate the policy of the National Assembly with regard to the ecclesiastical estates. One of the few royalist officials left in Corsica also took advantage of the general disorder to express his feelings plainly as to the acts of the same body. He was arrested, tried in Ajaccio, and acquitted by a sympathetic judge. At once the liberals took alarm; their club and the officials first protested, and then assumed the offensive in the name of the Assembly. At last the opportunity to emulate the French cities seemed assured. It was determined to organize a local independent government, seize the citadel with the help of the National Guard, and throw the hated royalists into prison. But the preparations were too open: the governor and most of his friends fled in season to their stronghold, and raised the drawbridge; the agitators could lay hands on but four of their enemies, among whom were the judge, the offender, and an officer of the garrison. So great was the disappointment of the radicals that they would have vented it on these; it was with difficulty that the lives of the prisoners were saved by the efforts of the militia officers. The garrison really sympathized with Buonaparte and his friends, and would not obey orders to suppress the rising by an attack. In return for this forbearance the regular soldiers stipulated for the liberation of their officer. In the end the chief offenders among the radicals were punished by imprisonment or banished, and the tumult subsided; but the French officials now had strong support, not only from the hierarchy, as before, but from the plain pious people and their priests.

This result was a second defeat for Napoleon Buonaparte. He had been ready at any moment to assume the direction of affairs, but again the outcome of such a movement as could alone secure a possible temporary independence for Corsica and a military command for himself was absolutely nought. Nothing perturbed, he laid down his arms, and took up the pen to write a proclamation justifying the action of the municipal authorities. The paper was fearlessly signed by himself and the other leaders, including the mayor. It execrates the sympathizers with the old order in France, and lauds the Assembly, with all its works; denounces those who sold the land to France, which could offer nothing but an end of the chain that bound herself; and warns the enemies of the new constitution that their day is over. There is a longing reference to the ideal self-determination which the previous attempt might have secured. The present rising is justified, however, as an effort to carry out the principles of the new charter. There are the same suggested force and suppressed fury as in his previous manifesto, the same fervid rhetoric, the same lack of coherence in expression. The same two elements, that of the eighteenth-century metaphysics and that of his own uncultured force, combine in the composition. Naturally enough, the unrest of the town was not diminished; there was even a slight collision between the garrison and the civil authorities.

Buonaparte was of course suspected and hated by Catholics and military alike. Officer though he was, no one in Corsica thought of him otherwise than as a Corsican revolutionist. Among his own friends he continued his unswerving career. It was he who wrote and read the address from Ajaccio to Paoli, although the two men did not meet until somewhat later. With the arrival of the great liberator the grasp of the officials on the island at last relaxed, and the bluster of the few who had grown rich in the royal service ceased. The Assembly was finally triumphant over the old order; this new department was at last to be organized like those of the adoptive mother. Under provisional authority, arrangements were made to hold at once the elections for its directors under the new system. Their office was determinative of Corsica's future, and therefore was of the highest importance.

In pure democracies the voters assemble to deliberate and record their decisions. Such were the local district meetings in Corsica. These chose the representatives to the central assembly, which was to meet at Orezza on September 9, 1790. Joseph Buonaparte and Fesch were among the members sent from Ajaccio. The healing waters which Napoleon wished to quaff at Orezza were the influence of the debates. Although he could not be a member, on account of his youth, he was determined to be present. The three relatives traveled from their home in company, Joseph enchanted by the scenery, Napoleon studying the strategic points on the way. The village of Rostino, which Paoli had delicately chosen as his temporary home in order that his presence at Orezza might not unduly influence the course of events, was on their route. There occurred the meeting between the two great Corsicans, the man of ideas and the man of action. No doubt Paoli was anxious to win a family so important and a patriot so ardent. In any case, he invited the three young men to accompany him

over the fatal battle-ground of Ponte-Nuovo. If Napoleon's ambition really were to become the chief of the National Guard, which would now at last, in all probability, be fully formed and armed, it is most probable that he exerted himself to secure the favor of the only man who could fulfil his desire. Among the emperor's reminiscences, at the close of his life, he recalled this meeting, because, discoursing upon men and events, apropos of the battle of Ponte-Nuovo, Paoli, he said, had recognized him as a man of ancient mold like one of Plutarch's heroes.

The constituent assembly at Orezza sat for exactly a month. Its sessions passed almost without any incident of importance except the first appearance of Napoleon as an orator in the tribune. It was of course by favor, and at the outset he was embarrassed. But, inspirited by the occasion, he soon became more fluent, and finally won the attention and applause of his hearers. What he said is not known, but he spoke in Italian, and succeeded in his design of being at least a personage in the pregnant events now occurring. Both parties were represented in the proceedings and conclusions of the convention. Corsica was to constitute but a single department. Paoli was elected president of its directory and commander-in-chief of the National Guard, a combination of offices which again made him virtual dictator. He accepted unwillingly, but the honors of a statue and an annual grant of ten thousand dollars, which were voted at the same time, he absolutely declined. The Paolist party secured the election of Canon Belce as vice-president, of Panatheri as secretary, of Arena as Salicetti's substitute, of Pozzo di Borgo and Gentili as members of the directory. Colonna, one of the delegates to the National Assembly, was a member of the same group. The younger patriots, or Young Corsica, as we would say now, perhaps, were represented by their delegate and leader Salicetti, who was chosen as plenipotentiary in Buttafuoco's place, and by Multedo, Gentili, and Pompei as members of the directory. For the moment, however, Paoli was Corsica, and such petty politics was significant only as indicating the survival of counter-currents. There was some dissent to a vote of censure passed upon the conduct of Buttafuoco and Peretti, but it was insignificant. Pozzo di Borgo and Gentili were chosen to declare at the bar of the National Assembly the devotion of Corsica to its purposes and to the course of reform as represented by it. They were also to secure, if possible, both the permission to form a National Guard and the means to pay and arm it.

The choice of the former for a mission of such importance in preference to Joseph Buonaparte was a backset for Napoleon. Whether to work off his ill humor, or from far-seeing purpose, he used the hours not spent in listening to the proceedings for making a series of excursions which were a virtual canvass of the neighborhood. The houses of the poorest were his resort; partly by his inborn power of pleasing, partly by diplomacy, he won their hearts and learned their inmost feeling. His purse, which was now for the moment full, was open for their gratification in a way which moved them deeply. For years target-practice had been forbidden as giving dangerous skill in the use of arms. Liberty having returned, Napoleon reorganized many of the old rural festivals in which contests of that nature had been the chief features, offering prizes from his own means for the best marksmen among the youth.

His success in feeling the pulse of public opinion was so great that he never forgot the lesson. Not long afterward, in the neighborhood of Valence,—in fact, to the latest times,—he courted the society of the lowly, and established, when possible, a certain intimacy with them. This gave him popularity, while at the same time it afforded the most valuable indications of the general temper.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

On his return to Ajaccio, the rising agitator continued as before to frequent his club. The action of the convention at Orezza in displacing Buttafuoco had inflamed the young politicians still more against the renegade. This effect was further heightened when it was known that, at the reception of their delegates by the National Assembly, the greater council had, under Mirabeau's leadership, virtually taken the same position regarding both him and his colleague. Buonaparte's letter was re-read to the meeting on the very night the news came. It was received with mad applause, and ordered to be printed. This was the young lieutenant's first success as an author. It was now the close of November. His leave had expired on October 15. What cared the literary aspirant? One work was about to be published; he would immediately complete another, the notion of which had probably occupied him as his purse grew leaner. Perhaps he could print both simultaneously, if the second, like the first, should achieve success. The second jury, however, was to be as unlike the other as possible. It was not a heated body of young political agitators, but an old and mature association of calm, critical minds — the Lyons Academy. That society was finally about to award a prize of 1500 francs founded by Raynal as long before as 1780 for the best thesis on the question: "Has the discovery of

America been useful or hurtful to the human race? If the former, how shall we best preserve and increase the benefits? If the latter, how shall we remedy the evils?" Americans must regret that the learned body had determined to change the theme, and now offered in its place the question: "What truths and ideas should be inculcated in order best to promote the happiness of mankind?"

Napoleon's astounding paper on this remarkable theme was finished in December. It bears the marks of carelessness, haste, and over-confidence in every direction — in style, in content, and in lack of accuracy. "Raynal," writes the author, "the question I am about to discuss is worthy of your graver (*burin*), but without assuming to be steel of the same temper (*sans ambitionner d'en posseder la trempe*), I have taken courage, saying to myself, I too am a painter." Thereupon follows a comparison between Lycurgus and Paoli. Happiness consists in living in conformity to the nature of our organization. Wealth is a misfortune, primogeniture a relic of barbarism. These theses are the tolerable portions, being discussed with some coherence. But much of the essay is mere meaningless rhetoric and bombast, which sounds like the effusion of a feeble, disordered mind. "At the sound of your [reason's] voice let the enemies of nature be still, and swallow their serpents' tongues in rage." "The eyes of reason restrain mankind from the precipice of the passions, as her decrees modify likewise the feeling of their rights." "How sorry I would be (*Que je plaindrais*) for one who did not understand me, and had never been moved by the electricity of nature." These phrases are not distorted, but rather lose somewhat of their obscurity by being taken out of their connection. In later days the author threw the manuscript of this vaporing effusion into the fire. But a copy of it had been made at Lyons, perhaps because its critic thought it might have been written by a man otherwise gifted with common sense. The proofs of its authenticity are complete. It seems miraculous that its writer should have become, as he did, master of a concise and nervous style when once his words became the complement of his deeds.

Meantime had come the news that the Assembly at Paris would not create the longed-for National Guard, nor the ministry lend itself to any plan for circumventing the law. It was, therefore, evident that the chance of becoming Paoli's lieutenant was finally gone. By the advice of the president himself, therefore, Buonaparte determined to withdraw once more to France and to await results. Corsica was still distracted. A French official sent by the war department just at this time to report on its condition is not sparing of the language he uses to denounce the independent feeling and anti-French sympathies of the people. "The Italian," he says, "acquiesces, but does not forgive; an ambitious man keeps no faith, and reckons his life by his power (*son existence par sa domination*)." He further describes the Corsicans as so accustomed to unrest by forty years of anarchy that they would gladly seize the first occasion to throw off the domination of laws which restrain the social disorder. The Buonaparte faction, enumerated with the brigand-patriot Zampaglini at their head, he calls "despicable creatures," "ruined in reputation and credit."

It would be hard to find a higher compliment to Paoli and his friends, considering the source from which these words emanated. They were poor and they were in debt. Even now, in the age of reform, they saw their most cherished plans thwarted by the presence in every town of garrisons the officers and men of which, though long resident in the island, and attached to its people by many ties, were nevertheless conservative in their feelings, and by the instinct of their tradition and discipline devoted to the still-powerful official bureaus not yet destroyed by the Revolution. To replace these by a well-organized and equipped National Guard was now the most ardent wish of all patriots. There was nothing unworthy in Napoleon's wish for a command under the longed-for but ever-elusive reconstitution of a force armed according to the model furnished by France itself. Repeated disappointments like those he had suffered before, and was experiencing again, would have crushed a common man. But the young author had his manuscripts in his pocket; one of them he had means and authority to publish. Perfectly aware, moreover, of the disorganization of the nation and the army, careless of the order fulminated on December 2, 1790, against absent officers, which he knew to be aimed at the young nobles who were deserting in troops, with his spirit undaunted, and his brain full of resources, he left Ajaccio on February 1, 1791. Like the good son and the good brother which he had always been, he was not forgetful of his family. Life at his home had not become easier. Joseph, to be sure, had an office and a career, but the younger children were becoming a source of expense, and Lucien would not accept the provision which had been made for him. The next to be educated and placed was Louis; accordingly Louis accompanied his brother. Napoleon had no promise, not even an outlook, for the boy; but he determined to have him at hand in case anything should turn up, and to give him in the mean time, from his own slender means, whatever precarious education the

times and circumstances could afford. We can understand the untroubled confidence of the boy; we must admire the trust, determination, and self-reliance of the elder brother.

Not only was there no punishment in store for Napoleon on his arrival at Auxonne, but there was considerate regard and, later, promotion. The brothers had traveled slowly, stopping a short time at Marseilles, a day or so at Aix to visit friends, and wandering several days in a leisurely way through the parts of Dauphiny round about Valence. Associating again with the country people, and forming opinions as to the course of affairs, Buonaparte reopened his correspondence with Fesch in order to acquaint him with the news and the prospects of the country, describing in particular the formation of patriotic societies by all the towns to act in concert for carrying out the decrees of the Assembly. This beginning of "federation for the Revolution," as it was called, in its spread finally welded the whole country, civil and even military authorities, together. Napoleon's presence in the time and place of its beginning explains much that followed. It was February 13 before he rejoined his regiment.

Comparatively short as had been the time of Buonaparte's absence, everything in France, even the army, had changed and was still changing. Step by step the most wholesome reforms were introduced as each in turn showed itself essential — promotion exclusively according to service among the lower officers; the same, with room for royal discretion, among the higher grades; division of the forces into regulars, reserves, and national guards, the two former to be still recruited by voluntary enlistment. The ancient and privileged constabulary, and many other formerly existing but inefficient armed bodies, were swept away, and the present system of gendarmerie was created. The military courts, too, were reconstituted under an impartial system of martial law. Simple numbers were substituted for the titular distinctions hitherto used by the regiments, and a fair schedule of pay, pensions, and military honors abolished all chance for undue favoritism. The necessity of compulsory enlistment was urged by a few with all the energy of powerful conviction, but the plan was dismissed as despotic. The Assembly debated as to whether, under the new system, king or people should wield the military power. They could find no satisfactory solution, and finally adopted a weak compromise which went far to destroy the power of Mirabeau, because carried through by him. The entire work of the commission was temporarily rendered worthless by these two essential defects: there was no way of filling the ranks, no strong arm to direct the system.

The first year of trial, 1790, had given the disastrous proof. By this time all monarchical and absolutist Europe was awakened against France; but a mere handful of enlightened men in England, and still fewer elsewhere, were in sympathy with her efforts. The stolid common sense of the rest saw only ruin ahead, and viewed askance the idealism of her unreal subtleties. The French nobles, sickened by the thought of reform, had continued their silly and wicked flight; the neighboring powers, now preparing for armed resistance to the spread of the Revolution, were not slow to abet them in their schemes. On every border agencies for the encouragement of desertion were established, and by the opening of 1791 the effective fighting force was more than decimated. There was no longer any question of discipline; it was enough if any person worthy to command or serve could be retained. But the remedy for this disorganization was at hand. In the letter to Fesch, dated February 8, 1791, a part of which has already been quoted, Napoleon, after his observations among the people, wrote: "I have everywhere found the peasants firm in their stirrups [steadfast in their opinions], especially in Dauphiny. They are all disposed to perish in support of the constitution. I saw at Valence a resolute people, patriotic soldiers, and aristocratic officers. There are, however, some exceptions, for the president of the club is a captain named Du Corbeau. He is captain in the regiment of Forez in garrison at Valence. All the parish priests of Dauphiny have taken the civic oath; they make sport (*on se moque*) of the bishop's outcry. What is called good society is three fourths aristocratic — that is, they disguise themselves as admirers (*partisans*) of the English constitution. . . . The women are everywhere royalist. It is not amazing; Liberty is a prettier woman than they, and eclipses them."

What a concise, terse sketch of that rising tide of national feeling which was soon to make good all defects and to fill all gaps in the new military system, put the army as part of the nation under the popular assembly, knit regulars, reserves, and home guard into one, and give moral support to enforcing the proposal for compulsory enlistment!

This movement was Buonaparte's opportunity. Declaring that he had twice endeavored since the expiration of his extended furlough to cross into France, he produced certificates to that effect from the authorities of Ajaccio, and begged for his pay and allowances since that date. His request was granted. It is impossible to determine the truth of his statement, or the genuineness of his certificates. It is probable that both were loose perversions of a half-truth. An habitual casuistry is further shown in an interesting letter written at the same

time to a business friend of Joseph's at Châlons, in which there occurs a passage of double meaning, to the effect that his elder brother "hopes to come in person the following year as deputy to the National Assembly," which was no doubt true; for, in spite of being incapacitated by age, he had already sat in the Corsican convention. But the imperfect French of the passage could also mean, and casually read does carry the idea, that Joseph, being already a deputy, would visit his friend the following year in person. (*Qui espère venir lui-même lannée prochaine, député à l'Assemblée nationale, renouveller votre connaissance.*)

Buonaparte's connection with his old regiment was soon to be broken. He joined it on February 13; he left it on June 14. With these four months his total service was five years and nine months; but he had been absent, with or without leave, something more than half the time! His old friends in Auxonne were few in number, if there were any. No doubt his fellow-officers were tired of performing the absentee's duties, and of good-fellowship there could be in any case but little with such difference of taste, politics, and fortune as there was between him and them. However, he made a few new friends; but it was in the main the old solitary life which he resumed. His own barrack-room was furnished with a wretched uncurtained couch, a table, and two chairs. Louis slept on a pallet in a closet near by. All pleasures but those of hope were utterly banished from those plucky lives while they studied in preparation for the examination which might admit the younger to his brother's corps. The elder pinched and scraped to pay the younger's board; himself, according to his own account, brushing his own clothes that they might last longer, and supping often on dry bread. His only place of resort was the political club. One single pleasure he allowed himself — the occasional purchase of some long-coveted volume from the shelves of the town bookseller.

Of course neither authorship nor publication was forgotten. During these months were written the two short pieces, a "Dialogue on Love," and the acute "Reflections on the State of Nature," from both of which quotations have already been given. "I too was once in love," he says of himself in the former. It could not well have been in Ajaccio, and it must have been the memories of the old Valence, of a pleasant existence now ended, which called forth the doleful confession. It was the future Napoleon who was presaged in the antithesis. "I go further than the denial of its existence; I believe it hurtful to society, to the individual welfare of men." The other trenchant document demolishes the cherished hypothesis of Rousseau. One short passage in it has often been referred to as prophetic: "Since that time the land could no longer support mankind without cultivation; property and the consequent relations of life have been born; soon thereafter governments; there have been changes . . . self-esteem, the headlong impulse (*penchant*), pride. There have been pale, ambitious men [himself or Pozzo di Borgo, commonly called the 'pale face'] who have seized the reins (*ambitieux au teint pâle qui se sont emparés des affaires*)."

The precious manuscripts brought from Corsica were sent to the only publisher in the neighborhood, at Dôle. The much-revised history was refused; the other — whether by moneys furnished from the Ajaccio club, or at the author's risk, is not known — was printed in a slim octavo volume of twenty-one pages, and published with the title, "Letter of Buonaparte to Buttafuoco."

Several traditions which throw some light on Buonaparte's attitude toward religion date from this last residence in Auxonne. He had been prepared for confirmation at Brienne by a confessor who was now in retirement at Dôle, the same to whom when first consul he wrote an acknowledgment of his indebtedness, adding: "Without religion there is no happiness, no future possible. I commend me to your prayers." The dwelling of this good man was the frequent goal of his walks abroad. Again, he once jocularly asked a friend who visited him in his room if he had heard mass that morning, opening as he spoke a trunk in which was the complete vestment of a priest. The regimental chaplain, who must have been his friend, had confided it to him for safe keeping. Finally, it was in these dark and never-forgotten days of trial that Louis was confirmed, probably by the advice and with the consent of Napoleon. Even though Napoleon and Fesch had collaborated in the paper on the oath of priests to the constitution, though he himself had been mobbed in Corsica as the enemy of the Church, it does not appear that he had any other than decent and reverent feelings toward religion and its professors.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

A CHRISTMAS GUEST.

A MONOLOGUE.

A BOY, you say, doctor? An' she don't know it yet? Then what 're you tellin' *me* for? No, sir—take it away. I don't want to lay my eyes on it tell she 's saw it—not ef I *am* its father. She 's its *mother*, I reckon!

Better lay it down somew'eres an' go to *her*—not there on the rockin'-cheer, for somebody to set on—'n' not on the trunk, please. That ain't none o' yo' ord'nary new-born bundles, to be dumped on a box that 'll maybe be opened sudden d'rec'ly for somethin' needed, an' be dropped ag'in' the wall-paper behind it.

It 's hers, whether she knows it or not. *Don't*, for *gracious* sakes! lay 'im on the *table; anybody* knows *that 's* bad luck.

You think it might bother her on the bed? She 's that bad? An' they ain't no fire kindled in the settin'-room, to lay it in there.

S-i-r? Well, yas, I—I reck'n I 'll *haf* to hold it, ef you say so—that is—of co'se.

Wait, doctor! *Don't* let go of it *yet!* Lordy! but I 'm thess *shore* to drop it! Lemme set down first, doctor, here by the fire an' git het through. Not yet! My ol' shin-bones stan' up thess like a pair o' dog-irons. Lemme bridge 'em over first 'th somethin' soft. That 'll do. She patched that quilt herself. Hold on a minute tell I git the aidges of it under my ol' boots, to keep it f'om saggin' down in the middle.

There, now! Merciful goodness! but I never! I 'd ruther trus' myself with a whole playin' fountain in blowed glass 'n sech ez this.

Stoop down there, doctor, please, sir, an' shove the end o' this quilt a leetle further under my foot, won't you? Ef it was to let up sudden, I would n't have no more lap 'n what any other fool man 's got.

'N' now—you go to *her*.

I 'd feel a heap safeter ef this quilt was nailed to the flo' on each side o' my legs. They 're trimblin' so I dunno what minute my feet 'll let go their holt.

An' she don't know it yet! An' he layin' here, dressed up in all the little clo'es she sewed! She mus' be purty bad. I dunno, though; maybe that 's gen'ally the way.

They 're keepin' mighty still in that room. Blessed ef I don't begin to feel 'is warmth in my ol' knee-bones! An' he 's a-breathin' thess ez reg'lar ez that clock, on'y quicker. Lordy! An' she don't know it yet! An' he a boy! He took that after the Joneses; we 've all been boys in our male branch. When that name strikes, seem like it comes to stay. Now for a girl—

Wonder ef he ain't covered up 'mos' too clost. Seem like he snuffles purty loud—for a beginner.

Doctor! *oh*, doctor! I say, *doctor!*

Strange he don't hear—'n' I don't like to holler no louder. Wonder ef she could be worse. Ef I could thess reach somethin' to knock with! I dares n't lif' my foot, less'n the whole business 'd fall through.

Oh, doc!—here he comes now—Doctor, I say, don't you think maybe he 's covered up too—

How 's *she*, doctor? "Thess the same," you say; 'n' she don't know yet—about him? "In a couple o' hours," you say? Well, don't lemme keep you, doctor. But, tell me, don't you think maybe he 's covered up a leetle too clost?

That 's better. An' now I 've saw him befo' she did! An' I did n't want to, neither.

Poor leetle, teenchy, weenchy bit of a thing! Ef he ain't the *very* littlest! Lordy, Lordy, Lor*dy!* But I s'pose all thet 's needed in a baby is a startin'-p'int big enough to hol' the fam'ly ch'ra*c*teristics. I s'pose maybe he is, but the po' little thing mus' feel sort 'o scrouged with 'em, ef he 's got 'em all—the Joneses' an' the Simses'. Seem to me he favors her a little thess aroun' the mouth.

An' she don't know it yet!

Lord! But my legs ache like ez ef they was bein' wrenched off. I 've got 'em on sech a strain, somehow. An' he on'y a half hour ol', an' two hours mo' 'fo' I can budge! Lord, Lord! how *will* I stand it!

God bless 'im! Doc! He 's a-sneezin'! Come quick! Shore ez I 'm here, he snez twicet!

Don't you reckon you better pile some mo' wood on the fire an'—

What 's that you say? "Fetch 'im along"? An' has she ast for 'im? Bless the Lord! I say. But a couple of you 'll have to come help me loosen up 'fo' I can move, doctor.

Here, you stan' on that side the quilt, whiles I move my foot to the flo' where it won't slip—an' Dicey—where 's that nigger Dicey? You Dicey, come on here, an' tromp on the other side o' this bed-quilt tell I h'ist yo' young marster up on to my shoulder.

No, you don't take 'im, neither. I 'll tote 'im myself.

Now, go fetch a piller tell I lay 'im on it.

That 's it. And now git me somethin' stiff to lay the piller on. There! That lapboa'd 'll do. Why did n't I think about that befo'? It 's a heap safeter 'n my ol' knee-j'ints. Now, I 've got 'im *se*cure—*wait*, doctor—hold on! I 'm afeered you 'll haf to ca'y 'im in to her after all. I 'll cry ef I do it. I 'm trimblin' like ez ef I had a' ager, thess a-startin' in with 'im—an' seein' me give way might make her nervious. You take 'im to her, an' lemme come in sort o' unconcerned terreckly, after she an' him 've kind o' got acquainted. Dast you hold 'im that-a-way, doctor, 'thout no support to 'is spinal column? I s'pose he *is* too sof' to snap, but I would n't resk it. Reckon I can slip in the other do' where she won't see me, an' view the meetin'.

Yes; I 'm right here, honey! (The idea o' her a-callin' for me—an' *him* in 'er arms!) I 'm right here, honey—*mother!* Don't min' me a-cryin'. I 'm all broke up, somehow; but don't you fret. I 'm right here by yo' side on my knees, in pure thankfulness.

Bless His name, I say! You know he 's a boy, don't yer? I been a-holdin' 'im all day—'t least ever sence they dressed 'im, purty nigh a' hour ago. An' he 's slep'—an' waked up—an' yawned—an' snez—an' wunk—an' sniffed—'thout me sayin' a word. Opened an' shet his little fist, oncet, like ez ef he craved to shake hands, howdy! He cert'n'y does perform 'is functions wonderful.

Yas, doctor; I 'm a-comin', right now.

Go to sleep now, honey, you an' 'im, an' I 'll be right on the spot when needed. Lemme whisper to her thess a minute, doctor?

I thess want to tell you, honey, thet you never, even in yo' young days, looked ez purty to my eyes ez what you do right now. An' that boy is *yo' boy*, an' I ain't a-goin' to lay no mo' claim to 'im 'n to see that you have yo' way with 'im—you hear? An' now good night, honey, an' go to sleep.

THEY was n't nothin' lef' for me to do but to come out here in this ol' woodshed where nobody would n't see me ac' like a plumb baby.

An' now, seem like I *can't* git over it! The idee o' me, fifty year ol', actin' like this!

An' she knows it! An' she 's *got* 'im—*a boy*—layin' in the bed 'longside 'er.

"Mother an' child doin' well!" Lord, Lord! How often I 've heerd that said! But it never gimme the all-overs like it does now, some way.

Guess I 'll gether up a' armful o' wood, an' try to act unconcerned—an' laws-a-mercy me! Ef—to-day—ain't—been—Christmas! My! my! my! An' it come an' gone befo' I remembered!

I 'll haf to lay this wood down ag'in *an' think.*

I 've had many a welcome Christmas-gif' in my life, but the idee o' the good Lord a-timin' *this* like that!

Christmas! An' a boy! An' she doin' well!

No wonder that ol' turkey-gobbler sets up on them rafters blinkin' at me so peaceful! He knows he 's done passed a critical time o' life.

You 've done crossed another bridge saft, ol' gobbly, an' you can *afford* to blink—an' to set out in the clair moonlight, 'stid o' roostin' back in the shadders, same ez you been doin'.

You was to 've died by accident las' night, but the new visitor that 's dropped in on us ain't cut 'is turkey teeth yet, an' his mother—

Lord how that name does sound! Mother! I hardly know 'er by it, long ez I been tryin' to fit the name to 'er—an' fearin' to, too, less'n somethin' might go wrong with either one.

I even been callin' him "it" to myself all along, so 'feerd thet ef I set my min' on either the "he" or the "she" the other one might take a notion to come—an' I did n't want any disappointment mixed in with the arrival.

But now he 's come,—*an'* registered, ez they say at the polls,—I know I sort o' counted on the boy, some way.

Lordy! but he 's little! Ef he had n't a' showed up so many of his functions spontaneous, I 'd be oneasy less'n he might n't have 'em; but they 're there, bless goodness! they 're there!

An' he snez prezac'ly, for all the world, like my po' ol' pap—a reg'lar little cat sneeze, thess like all the Joneses.

Well, Mr. Turkey, befo' I go back into the house, I 'm a-goin' to make you a solemn promise.

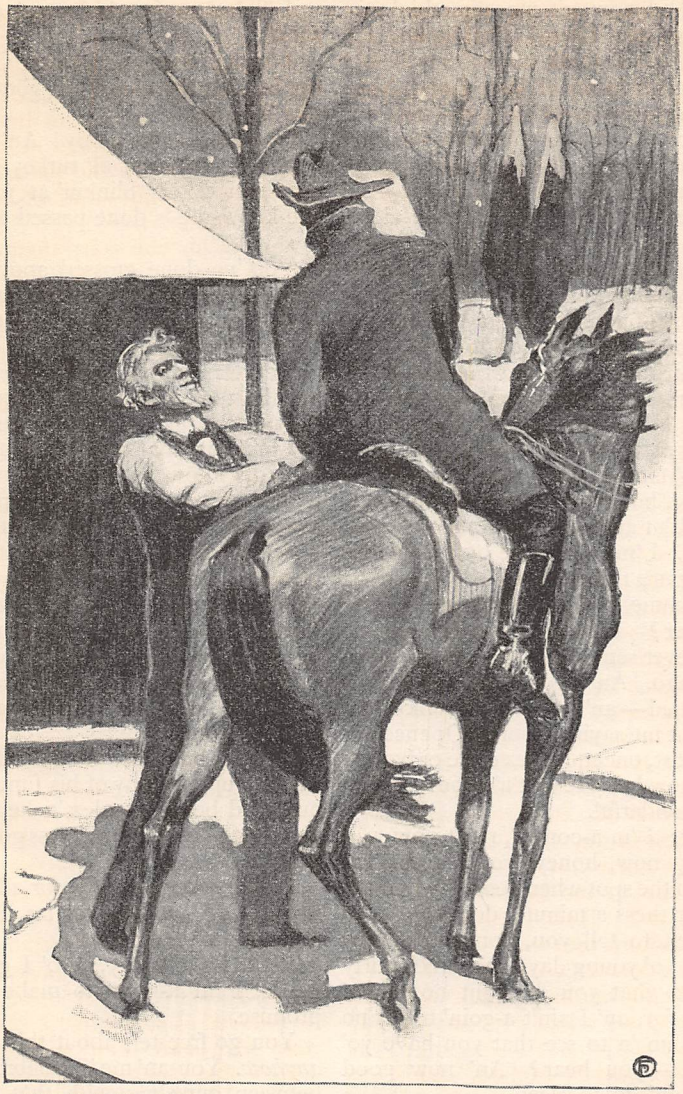
You go free tell about this time next year, *anyhow.* You an' me 'll celebrate the birthday between ourselves with that contrac'. You need n't git oneasy Thanksgivin', or picnic-time, or Easter, or no other time 'twixt this an' nex' Christmas—less'n, of co'se, you stray off an' git stole.

An' this here reprieve, I want you to understand, is a present from the junior member of this firm.

Lord! but I 'm that tickled! This here wood ain't much needed in the house,—the wood-boxes 're all full,—but I can't *de*vise no other excuse for vacatin'—thess at this time.

S'pose I *might* gether up some eggs out 'n the nestes, but it 'd look sort o' flighty to go egg-huntin' here at midnight—an' he not two hours ol'.

I dunno, either, come to think; she might need a new-laid egg—sof' b'iled. Guess I 'll take a couple in my hands—an' one or two



DRAWN BY KENNETH FRAZIER.

"WELL, GOOD NIGHT, DOCTOR! TO-MORRER, SHORE!"

sticks o' wood — an' I 'll draw a bucket o' water too — an' tote *that* in.

Goodness! but this back yard is bright ez day! Goin' to be a clair, cool night — moon out, full an' white. Ef this ain't the *stillest* stillness!

Thess sech a night, for all the world, I reckon, ez the first Christmas, when HE come,

> When shepherds watched their flocks by night,
> All seated on the ground,
> The angel o' the Lord come down,
> An' glory shone around.

— thess like the hymn says.

The whole o' this back yard is full o' glory this minute. Th' ain't nothin' too low down an' mean for it to shine on, neither — not even the well-pump or the cattle-trough —'r the pig-pen — or even me.

Thess look at me, covered over with it! An' how it does shine on the roof o' the house where they lay — her an' 'im!

I suppose that roof has shined that-a-way frosty nights 'fo' to-night; but some way I never seemed to see it.

Don't reckon the creakin' o' this windlass could disturb her — or 'im.

Reckon I might go turn a little mo' cotton-seed in the troughs for them cows — an' put some extry oats out for the mules an' the doctor's mare — an' onchain Rover, an' let 'im

stretch 'is legs a little. I 'd like everything on the place to know *he 's* come, an' to feel the diff'ence.

Well, now I 'll load up — an' I do hope nobody won't notice the *re*dic'lousness of it.

YOU say she 's asleep, doctor, an' th' ain't nothin' mo' needed to be did — an' yo' 're goin'!

" Don't, for gracious sakes! go, doctor, an' leave me! I won't know what on top o' the round earth to do, ef — ef — You know she — she might wake up — or he!

You say Dicey she knows. But she 's on'y a nigger, doctor. Yes; I know she 's had exper'ence with the common run o' babies, but —

Lemme go an' set down this bucket, an' lay this stick o' wood on the fire, an' put these eggs down, so 's I can talk to you free-handed.

Step here to the do', doctor. I say, doc, ef it 's a question o' the size o' yo' bill, you can make it out to suit yo'self — or, I 'll tell you what I 'll do. You stay right along here a day or so — tell to-morrer or nex' day, anyhow — an' I 'll sen' you a whole bale o' cotton — an' you can sen' back any change you see fit — or none — *or*, *none*, I say. Or, ef you 'd ruther take it out in pertaters an' corn an' sorghum, thess say so, an' how much of each.

But *what?* " It would n't be right? Th' ain't no use," you say? An' you 'll *shore* come back to-morrer? Well. But, by the way, doctor, did you know to-day was Christmas? Of co'se I might 've knew you did — but *I* never. An' now it seems to me like Christmas, an' Fo'th o' July, an' " Hail Columbia, happy lan', " all b'iled down into one big jubilee!

But tell me, doctor, confidential — sh — step here a leetle further back — tell me, don't you think he 's to say a leetle bit undersized? Speak out, ef he is.

Wh — how 'd you say? " Mejum," eh? Thess mejum! An' they do come even littler yet? An' you say mejum babies 're thess ez liable to turn out likely an' strong ez over-sizes, eh? M-m! Well, I reckon you *know* — an' maybe the less they have to contend with at the start the better.

Oh, thanky, doctor! Don't be afeered o' wrenchin' my wris'! A thousand thankies! Yo' word for it, he 's a fine boy! An' you 've inspected a good many, an' of co'se you know — yas, yas! Shake ez hard ez you like — up an' down — up an' down!

An' now I 'll go git yo' horse — an' don't ride 'er too hard to-night, 'cause I 've put a double po'tion of oats in her trough awhile ago. The junior member he give instructions that everything on the place was to have a' extry feed to-night — an' of co'se I went and obeyed orders.

Now — 'fo' you start, doctor — I ain't got a thing stronger 'n raspberry vinegar in the house — but ef you 'll drink a glass o' that with me? (Of co'se he will!)

She made this 'erself, doctor — picked the berries an' all — an' I raised the little sugar that 's in it. Well, good night, doctor! Tomorrer, shore!

SH-H!

How that do'-latch does click! Thess like thunder!

Sh-h! Dicey, you go draw yo' pallet closet outside the do', an' lay down — an' I 'll set here by the fire an' keep watch.

How my ol' stockin'-feet do tromp! Do lemme hurry an' set down! Seem like this room 's awful rackety, the fire a-poppin' an' tumblin', an' me breathin' like a porpoise. Even the clock ticks ez excited ez I feel. Wonder how they sleep through it all! But they do. He beats her a-snorin' a'ready, blest ef he don't! Wonder ef he knows he 's born into the world, po' little thing! I reckon not; but they 's no tellin'. Maybe that 's the one thing the good Lord gives 'em *to* know, so 's they 'll realize what to begin to study about — themselves an' the world — how to fight it an' keep friends with it at the same time. Ef I could giggle an' sigh both at oncet, seem like I 'd be relieved — somehow I feel sort o' tight 'roun' the heart — an' wide awake an' —

How that clock *does* travel — an' how they all keep time, he — an' she — an' it — an' me — an' the fire roa'in' up the chimbley playin' a tune all around us like a' organ, an' he — an' she — an' he — an' it — an' he — an' —

Blest ef I don't hear singing — an' how white the moonlight is! They 's angels all over the house — an' their robes is breshin' the roof whiles they sing —

HIS head had fallen. He was dreaming.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.



"HOW TO THE SINGER COMES THE SONG?"

I.

HOW to the singer comes the song?
At times a joy, alone;
A wordless tone
Caught from the crystal gleam of ice-bound trees;
Or from the violet-perfumed breeze;
Or the salt smell of seas
In sunlight weltering many an emerald mile;
Or the keen memory of a lovelit smile.

II.

Thus to the singer comes the song:
Gazing at crimson skies
Where burns and dies
On day's wide hearth the calm, celestial fire,
The poet with a wild desire
Strikes the impassioned lyre,
Takes into tunèd sound the flaming sight,
And ushers with new song the ancient night.

III.

How to the singer comes the song?
Bowed down by ill and sorrow
On every morrow,
The unworded pain breaks forth in heavenly singing;
Not all too late sharp solace bringing
To broken spirits winging
Through mortal anguish to the unknown rest—
A lyric balm for every wounded breast.

IV.

How to the singer comes the song?
How to the summer fields
Come flowers? How yields
Darkness to happy dawn? How doth the night
Bring stars? Oh, how do love and light
Leap at the sound and sight
Of her who makes this dark world seem less wrong—
Life of my life, and soul of all my song!

R. W. G.

FRANCESCO CRISPI.

FRANCESCO CRISPI, the last of the great makers of Italy, was born at Ribera, a little Sicilian town which looks off on the African sea from the hills near Selinunte. His family was one of those which migrated from Albania after the defeat by the Ottoman hordes of the hero of his race, the legendary Scanderbeg, and went to lands where, like our Pilgrim Fathers, they could keep their Christian religion in tranquillity. Thousands of that proverbially brave race, the Skipetar, crossed the narrow seas, and settled in southern Italy and Sicily, where a district is still known as "Piano dei Greci," Greek being equivalent to a believer in the orthodox doctrines, or what is generally known as the Greek religion, to which the Crispi family adhered down to the time of Francesco's birth, his grandfather being a parish priest in that church, in which the priest must be a married man. Four hundred years of Italian life have not in him affected the temper of the race, and Crispi possesses all the Skipetar traits — tenacity, courage, their curious reticence, and patriotic devotion, in this case only transferred to Italy. He was born on October 4, 1819, and was educated at Palermo, his father deciding his profession as the magistracy, there being under the Sicilian system a separate school for the bench, in which the training was different from that for the bar. His inflexible independence determined his life otherwise, and the adoption of the profession of advocate was due to one of the most characteristic acts of his life. In those days Sicilian liberty was still a tradition with a lingering vitality, and the abolition of the parliament by the king, which blotted out constitutionalism in the island, was opposed in silent protest by the liberals. In 1842 young Crispi had passed his examination for the magistracy, and entered on the primary stage of practical study under Filippo Craxi, procureur-general to the Court of Cassation at Palermo. There came up before his chief a case of appeal against a tax imposed by the king after the abolition of the parliament, in which the procureur-general took the side of the crown and Crispi that of the appellant, the Prince of Castelnuovo, the former maintaining the divine right of the king to tax, the latter denying the legality of the tax, which implied the denial of the legality of the abolition of the parliament. The dispute was ended by Crispi's renouncing the bench, and ultimately led to his going to Naples and demanding admission to the bar. This was opposed by various intrigues, and appeals to formalities, against which his tenacity finally prevailed, and he was admitted to practice in the capital. Thus the first professional decision of his life was a declaration of adherence to constitutional government.

Another incident of a more romantic nature shows the same inflexibility and disregard of consequences, and also throws a side-light on all Crispi's subsequent life. In the course of his attendance at the University of Palermo he had contracted a very strong attachment for the daughter of a widow with whom he lodged during the second year of his course. The feeling was reciprocated, but the parents on both sides refused consent, and Crispi's father called him home from Palermo. During the period of this compulsory separation it happened that the cholera broke out in Sicily. Young Crispi learned at Sciacca, where he had been sent under guard to live at a farm belonging to his father, that Palermo was being ravaged by the epidemic, and, taking a horse belonging to the farmer, he set out for the city, where he found his Rosina still living, her mother and two sisters having died, as well as her only brother, leaving her with a younger sister alone of all the family. Having no money, he sold the horse, and devoted the proceeds and himself to the care and sustenance of the sisters. His father yielded to this demonstration of the young lover's determination, and two months later he blessed the union. The wife died two years later in childbirth, followed by her little daughter. Her sister had in this romantic existence contracted an attachment for Francesco, and but for the opposition of her guardian he would later have married her; but the opposition being inflexible, and marriage without the guardian's consent impossible, the girl entered a convent.

While still in Palermo he founded a journal, the "Oreteo," so called from a river which falls into the sea not far from Palermo; and as politics was then forbidden to the press and the education of the day was purely classical, the "Oreteo" was devoted to literature and the praise of classic liberalism and resistance to Greek and Roman tyrants. Crispi wrote poetry, odes to civic virtues in far-off times and places excluded from those nearer; and as the great struggle between the Grand Turk and Greece was then going on, he became, as he has always remained, a Philhellene, and the war in Greece became the *cheval de bataille* of the "Oreteo." Crispi attacked

the Bourbons through the Grand Turk, and defended Italy through the Greek insurrection.

The politics of Naples and Sicily became troubled by the revolutionary propaganda about 1843, and at once drew Crispi into its complications. Sicily, where there was a stronger constitutional tendency than in Naples, was in a state of latent insurrection, soon to become active and disastrous; but the signal was given at Cosenza, on the mainland, and the insurrection there, in 1844, though repressed speedily, was followed by that of Reggio di Calabria in 1847, and that immediately by the rising of Messina and others in different parts of Sicily, all of which, being premature and without previous organization and preparation, were also put down. The arrest of liberals followed, and all the most prominent in Naples and Sicily were thrown into prison. Crispi was warned by his printer, who had official relations, that his arrest was ordered, and he had time to destroy all compromising papers and to countermand the meetings at his rooms, which were to be made the occasion of a raid by the police, so that the police report, not justifying the suspicions of his complicity, left him free even from surveillance. The conspiracy went on undaunted by the rigors of the Bourbon government, and at the end of 1847 Crispi went to Palermo and completed the arrangements for the rising, which he fixed for January 12, 1848; returned to Naples to coordinate the movement in Sicily with that on the continent, and to inform the Neapolitan confederates of the state of the island; and then sailed by the first craft that left for Palermo, to be in at the rising. But accidents delayed the starting, and prolonged the voyage, so that he landed in Palermo only on the 14th, in the midst of the carnage; but from that moment he was the chief figure in the organization of the insurrectionary government, and during its brief existence the most uncompromising opponent of concession or surrender. The royal commander-in-chief, General Filangieri, pronounced him "the most dangerous of the enemies of the king." In spite of incomplete preparations and dissensions, the insurrection held out till April, 1849, when the royal troops reoccupied Palermo. Crispi remained in concealment till May 7, when he escaped on a vessel bound for Marseilles, and reached Turin at the end of the month, to begin his long and miserable exile.

In Turin he supported himself by writing for the journals. Always a republican in principle, he considered the unity of Italy to be the first object of the struggle; and in the means to that end he held to his own views, opposed at all times to those of Cavour — an opposition which proved disastrous to him at a later period of his political career, but from which, as his way was, he never receded. Cavour offered him liberal terms to contribute to the "Risorgimento," a journal started by him; but Crispi replied, "Do they think that a publicist is like a shoemaker who makes shoes for all feet?" Later he saw that the unity of Italy was not merely to be attained, but for a long time to be maintained, only by union around the house of Savoy; and this conclusion he expressed in the well-known sentence, "It is the monarchy which unites us, and the republic would divide us"; and he has always considered the unity the end, and either monarchy or republic only the means. He did not agree with Mazzini's hopeless attempt to raise Lombardy in 1853, the terrible suppression of which in Milan so alarmed the Piedmontese authorities that it was followed by a general expulsion of the exiles. Among them Crispi was again a wanderer. He went to Malta, where he gained a scanty living by a journal which he founded and called "La Valigia," and afterward "La Staffetta." His revolutionary activity, and his relation to the party of Italian unity, made him unwelcome even to the Maltese authorities, and at the end of 1854 he was expelled, this time taking refuge in England. Here he made the personal acquaintance of Mazzini, whom he had hitherto known only through the propaganda in which both were workers. English journalism gave him no occupation, and he obtained a miserably paid clerkship, eking out his income as he could by giving lessons in Italian, French, Greek, and Latin (for, like Gladstone, he has always kept up with warmth his classics); but after a struggle of a year he gave up English life, and went to Paris, on the invitation of a comrade of the insurrection of Palermo, who published the "Courrier Franco-Italien." By this he maintained himself hardly better than he had done in London. But he knew the language, and finally made himself an endurable position.

The Orsini plot again came in to renew his unrest, and with the other Italians in Paris he was arrested; but as after a careful investigation he was exculpated from any knowledge of that affair, he was released, and allowed to remain for a time. In August, 1858, however, he received the order to leave France, for reasons not given and by him never understood. Without a word or a protest he went back to London. The conclusion of peace between Napoleon III. and Austria, the death of Bomba, and the resignation of Cavour, decided the Italian exiles in London to renew the attempt at revolution, and Crispi was designated to revisit Sicily and prepare the Sicilians for another attempt, and at the same time to go on to the Balkan peninsula and see if the nationalities there were in a condition to join in a general movement. The results of his journey were such that he saw

the possibilities of success, and he set to work to organize the "Expedition of the Thousand," "of Garibaldi," or "of Marsala," the history of which is complicated. The organization of it, as well as its conception, was entirely the work of Crispi.

Opposed by Cavour with all the appliances of the court and his immense personal influence, thwarted as far as it was possible under the state of public opinion by the official world, Crispi laid his plans and information before Garibaldi, and finally succeeded in inducing him to take command of the expedition; but so opposed was the royal government to the whole movement that the expedition was at last obliged to employ stratagem to evade the watch set to prevent its sailing; and it was indebted to the English minister, Sir James Hudson, for the aid and encouragement which Cavour refused it. The forces landed at Marsala, practically under the protection of the guns of the British fleet. Once on Sicilian soil, Crispi became the factotum of the expedition, and head of the intelligence department; for he had that intimate knowledge of the ground which Garibaldi lacked, having in his recent visit to the island traversed it and prepared the spirit of the population for the ready seconding of the military operations, and having, as well, studied the royal positions. From Marsala to Palermo he became not only chief of Garibaldi's cabinet, but sub-chief of staff. He took an active part in all the operations, and at Calatafimi, one of the most desperate battles of the great commander's career, he was made colonel. The immediate object of the movement was Palermo, and when the army reached Monreale, where the enemy had taken up a strong defensive position at the gates of the capital, Garibaldi, with his usual leonine audacity, decided, against the opinion of Crispi, to carry it by direct attack. The attack was repulsed, and Crispi's plan of turning the defenses of Palermo and attacking from the opposite side was successfully adopted.

Government was organized, Garibaldi being dictator and Crispi secretary of state, and from that time until the kingdom of the Two Sicilies was merged in that of Italy, Crispi was the organizer and director of affairs. The implacable hostility of Cavour followed the revolutionary movement, and especially assailed Crispi, whose influence on Garibaldi was obnoxious to the Piedmontese; and every effort was made to separate the general from his chief adviser, but without avail. The intrigues which accompanied and made premature the annexation were indefatigable, and when annexation was proclaimed, and Crispi returned to Palermo, the first step of the royal administrator was to put him under arrest; but the attempt raised such a storm of popular indignation that the administrator had to escape on board a man-of-war. When the elections took place which were to mark the absorption of Sicily by Italy, the heaviest official pressure was applied to prevent Crispi from being elected; and but for the forethought of a friend, who took the precaution to give him a second nomination at Castelvetrano, unnoticed by the authorities, he would have been excluded from the parliament he had been the chief instrument in making possible: for he was defeated at Palermo, and took his seat as deputy from Castelvetrano, sitting with the radical Left. His declaration of adherence to the monarchy, though a republican in principle, as recognizing the necessity of the house of Savoy to the completion of Italy, did not avail to conciliate the Cavourians, who, from the very first down to the present day, have attacked Crispi with a malignity and persistence that are an exception in Italian political history — diminished in volume in these last days, it is true, but not in intensity. The old Right, in the persons of its remaining adherents, still carries on the war of misrepresentation and obloquy which was begun by Cavour after the liberation of Sicily. But the acceptance of the monarchy, while in no wise conciliating the monarchists, alienated Mazzini and the rigid republicans, and left Crispi in almost complete isolation in national politics.

But isolation is Crispi's natural condition. He is a lonely man, silent and reticent to an unusual degree; sits alone in the chamber, and takes no part in the combinations of the deputies; has no group, and accedes to none. He has, perhaps more than any other of his colleagues, strong, devoted friends with whom personal admiration, confidence, and even veneration are intense, but he forms no party of his own. When he entered the Chamber of Deputies he had a program in which the unity of Italy was the chief article, and the maintenance of the house of Savoy the second, and from this he has never varied. The court and its influences have always been hostile to him; he was always regarded as a dangerous man, his silence and seclusion being mistaken for signs of ambition, and his unflinching adherence to his ideas of government suiting ill the invertebrate nature of Italian politics. A distinguished ambassador to the Italian government told me that when Crispi was first charged with the direction of affairs, he asked the king if he did not regard Crispi as a danger; and the king replied, "It is better to have him with us than against us" — a reply which showed the general feeling in court and conservative circles.

Crispi's first entry into ministerial functions had been under Depretis, and, as he has later confessed, in violation of his resolution never

to enter into a ministry with men of other principles than his own. Depretis, though personally honest, was the inaugurator of the system of legislative corruption to keep a majority, and the author of "transformism," or fusion of parties for the same end; and the consequence to Crispi was that he has been made responsible for transactions with which he had nothing to do. He has been accused of dishonesty and violation of the law to keep himself in office — accusations which are the common weapon of Italian political warfare; but I have never yet been able to obtain from his enemies a single authentic statement of an act of official or personal dishonesty. His divorce was the cause of his being obliged to resign his first portfolio, owing to the attacks of the court, the queen especially showing her hostility to the divorcing minister.[1] He had been warned, and recognized all the consequences of the act; but he made the sacrifice deliberately, and never has offered any defense of it. Neither for this nor for any other act of his life has he attempted to justify himself. The attacks of the press he never notices, and for personal hostility he has no recognition: he meets his bitterest opponents in the chamber the day after their most outrageous attacks with the same smile and friendly manner that he has for his friends. At rare intervals, and under strong provocation, he breaks out in a brief volcanic explosion; but if in it he does any one injustice he is prompt to apologize. Long and intimately as I have known him, in and out of office, I have never heard him speak one spiteful or malicious word of any man; and no matter what may have been his personal relations with men, if their views on public matters agree, coöperation is certain. The rancor and personality which form so discouraging an element in Italian politics have no place in Crispi's nature.

Of course the career of a man of such intense individuality, and so inflexible in his view of the conduct of affairs, must be, in the complete demoralization of Italian parliamentary government, a series of partial collisions and partial compromises. His great aspiration, to reorganize parliamentary parties, is beyond all horizons of practical politics, and I do not believe that he has now any hope of attaining it, parliamentary discipline being apparently beyond the hope of any future restoration. He remained prime minister three years, and in the crisis of 1890 fell before a combination of disappointed ambitions, a medieval conspiracy in which the bitter root of the old Right, the most corrupt element of the historic Left, to which he belonged, the clericals, and all the men who had local and personal interests to protect against the consequences of his plans of reform, united in opposition to him. To the demand of the conspirators that he should take into the ministry two of the leaders of the conspiracy as a condition of support, which was really a manœuver for his own expulsion, he replied: "I am not a dictator, and have no power to order out of the cabinet ministers whose policy the chamber has not disapproved. It would be unconstitutional." That afternoon the conspiracy broke out, and though three months before he had swept the country in the general elections with an enthusiasm never known before, the leaders of the combination being elected as his supporters, he was defeated on a measure which the succeeding cabinet made haste to pass into law.

In the three years intervening before his return to office in 1894, he took little part in politics, appearing in the chamber only to vote on important laws, and taking no part in the combinations and intrigues which make and destroy ministries in Italy; his following in the chamber was not above half a dozen, and the former conspirators had their personal reasons for dreading his return to office. His formation of the present ministry became difficult in spite of the public unanimity, and when he presented the measures he considered necessary to check disorder and reëstablish public credit, the committees elected by the chamber to report on his laws were almost unanimously hostile to them. With a small minority he had to outmanœuver the hostile majority supported by court intrigues, and purely by the demonstration of the wisdom and necessity of his measures convert his minority into a majority. He needed not only to be right, but to have a marvelous tact and knowledge of

[1] As the only attack on the conduct of Crispi that had the semblance of a foundation was based on this incident in his conjugal relations, maliciously exaggerated, though not by any means free from reproach, and which at one time proved to be a political disaster, I will say in this place what may be said without offense to any woman, and with no extenuation to the man, that Crispi had lived in informal marital relations with more than one woman, to one of whom he was married by a priest at Malta. Years after, for reasons I need not recount, the continuation of his conjugal relations with her became impossible, and they separated. As divorce does not exist in Italy, Crispi subsequently availed himself of a legal flaw in the contract to dissolve the relation publicly. His motive in this was one which shows as much as some of his heroic acts the courage and readiness for self-sacrifice of the man. It was simply the determination to legitimatize a daughter to whom he is most devotedly attached, by marrying her mother. For the moment it caused his expulsion from his place among the advisers of the king. Whatever one may think of this act, when we see it as the acceptance of the gravest social disabilities to protect an innocent girl from the consequences of the parent's error, all one can say of it is that it was very like Crispi, who never shrunk from anything he believed to be right, as in the years of his life as a conspirator he never shrunk from any danger.

men; and he has so well made his position that his last measures have been carried by sweeping majorities, involving though they did interference to an unprecedented extent with personal liberty and taxation which had been declared unendurable.

I have known in my lifetime not a few public men recognized as great, but I have never known one who had such insight into human nature, or one who had a more inflexible rule of public conduct. In speaking of him one day with Cardinal X——, one of the liberals of the Sacred College, I referred to Crispi's intimacy with things at the Vatican, and he replied: "His knowledge of our affairs excites the astonishment of all of us: it is like intuition. He knows us better than we know ourselves, and the black anarchy as well as the red." The irreconcilables in the Vatican, like the radical republicans in the Italian chamber, have a detestation of him which recognizes no limits in language, while the obstinate conservatives, in the north especially, have an invincible antipathy to him, and all agree in their motive, which is mainly his extreme inflexibility in his views of public policy. I have never known a political personage of any party who knew Crispi's life and work, and who was moderately free from prejudice, who did not recognize his entire honesty and patriotism.

His three years' tenure of the premiership was the most fruitful period in effective legislation during many years, and developed strongly his antagonism to the disintegrating radicalism which he considered the chief danger to Italy; and in the general elections which followed he exercised his full legal influence against it, largely reducing the number of radical deputies. The three years following his fall saw two ministries, hardly to be distinguished from each other for inefficiency. Credit, order, and general prosperity steadily decreased until the outbreak last winter of what was intended as and threatened to become a social revolution found the then ministry utterly incompetent for the position. After a futile attempt on the part of the crown to escape calling Crispi, which lasted two weeks, he was called in, to the universal relief and the rapid restoration of order. At this moment, and largely on account of the energy he has shown in meeting the social dangers, he enjoys a popularity which no Italian statesman has had since I have known Italy; and probably his reflections on the adversity of his former official experience have somewhat softened his asperity and induced him to conciliate more than he was then willing to do. He used to seem to take pleasure in showing his contempt for the press, and he had no friend in it except his own journal; he is wiser now, but still refuses to subsidize the papers, and the greater part of them are in the opposition. In his former term of office, attaining his position, as he had, by his own energy, almost without a following, he had developed a measure of self-confidence which was dangerous in a state where the tendency to an exaggerated individualism is one of the gravest defects and motives of instability; but this is in a large degree now corrected.

Crispi's sense of independence is morbid, and his self-reliance phenomenal. Some one asked him, in the time when the question of the division of parties was agitated, if he was a Garibaldian. "No," he replied. "A Mazzinian?" "No." "What, then?" "I am Crispi." Some one of his adversaries having sneeringly referred to his past unsuccess, he replied calmly, "*Io mi chiamo Domani* (I call myself To-morrow)"; and his to-morrow has not failed him. This overwhelming sentiment of his mission is one of the elements of his strength; he is never disheartened or despondent. Without being in the least what is known as a religious man, he has no sympathy with movements hostile to religion of any creed, and he has a profound conviction of the dominance of a divine intelligence in human affairs. I went to see him just after the recent attempt on his life,—an incident which did not disturb his equanimity a moment,—and when I remarked that it was like a providential protection that a man should be uninjured by a pistol fired so near as to have burned his hair off if the weapon had been aimed well, he replied gravely, "I believe it was providential." And Crispi never makes a jest. It is one of the defects of his character that he has no sense of humor; he takes everything seriously. He is not a social being, as would be judged from what I have said; his taciturnity is such as to make him seem morose, which he is very far from being; but there must be some sympathy to call him out. When he first became prime minister, being also minister of foreign affairs, I had occasion, by order, to ascertain a certain point in the policy of the Italian government, and obtained an audience, which he always gave with difficulty to a correspondent. Having told my mission, I waited for him to speak. He looked me coldly and contemptuously in the eyes, but said nothing. The silence was embarrassing, and I said: "I beg your Excellency to understand that I am not asking from curiosity, but am charged by my chief to ask the question, that the 'Times' may, if possible, support your government." He replied, "The government has no need of the support of the press." "If that is the case," I responded, "I have the honor to bid your Excellency good morning," and walked out with my back to him. We were afterward on terms of indirect intercourse, as I refused to go to see him. Some

time later, in the course of some negotiations between England and Italy, my personal relations with the English ambassador enabled me to remove some trifling misunderstanding between the negotiators, and threw me into contact with Crispi in a way that convinced him that I was a true friend of Italy; and he at once took me into his confidence, and from that day to this nothing has interfered with a perfect understanding between us. As the correspondent of the most powerful of journals [1] I was of no importance to him, but as soon as he became convinced that I was a friend of Italy, I became also his at once. Italy and his daughter entirely absorb his devotion.

The close friendship between Crispi and Bismarck, which is of twenty years' standing, is one of the most remarkable relations I know, and is sufficient proof of Crispi's value. Crispi is accused, but only by people who do not know him, of aping Bismarck; but a glance at the portrait of him which accompanies this article will show that Nature had provided the similitude before either knew of the other. The type of character is the same; the strongly marked jaw, the spacious brain, the eye that looks you through like a lance and yet is full of affectionate welcome at need, and the expression of inflexibility in pursuit, are common to both, as is also the high appreciation of authority and discipline; but beyond this there is little resemblance, and their political ideas differ entirely. Crispi has been accused of being dictatorial: in his official relations he is peremptory and exacting, and his ideas of government are imperative; but no Italian minister has ever done so much to put power out of the hands of the ministry as he, or has shown so scrupulous an adherence to the letter of the constitutional law. In the laxity of law and the decay of authority which have obtained in Italy, there is only here and there an Italian who insists on the necessity of civic discipline, and Crispi is the first of them. He is a republican of the old Roman type, ready to be the dictator at need, and to drop back to his law papers and the bar as quickly. He is a democrat of the strongest dye, but the king has never had a minister more absolutely deferential to him as head of the state, rarely one so profoundly respectful to him as the symbol of law and the seat of authority. The conception of a dissension between him and the crown is impossible to any one who knows him, and this his Majesty recognizes. Crispi has the fidelity and the individuality belonging to his Skipetar blood, and all its wild independence; Bismarck, the overweening masterliness of his Prussian stock. They are alike in their patriotism, but as unlike as possible in their way of understanding it, as in their relation to the sovereign.

Crispi has been accused, by those who had to gain by depreciating him, of being the origin of the megalomania which has afflicted Italy, and the author of the heavy military expenses which are supposed to be the ruin of her finances; in point of fact, Quintino Sella was the father of megalomania, and Crispi never introduced a bill to increase the military expenses, but made economies of over 140,000,000 lire in the state expenses while he was prime minister. He is accused of having alienated Italy from France by the Triple Alliance, but the Triple Alliance was made by his opponents, and he has never had anything to do with it; of having plunged the country into debt, but the debt was as great before he came into office as when he left it, his part being to pay the bills that his predecessors had incurred. When he resigned, gold was at par, while when he came back it was at fifteen per cent. premium. I might go through the list of accusations brought against him to frighten Italy, as the bogie-man to frighten children, but to us these things have no other than a pathetic interest, the contemplation of a heroic character left, like old Warwick the last of his kind, to be the mark for all the trivial insolence of radicalism and the grave malignity of conservative hatred. I do not believe that his devotion will save Italy from the civic decay and corruption into which she is sliding, but he will stand in history as a study of what Italian statesmanship might have been, and in fact has once been, when the state is swept by the social revolution which its politicians are all playing with. When Crispi pronounced for the monarchy as the union of Italy, Mazzini wrote him that the king would never listen to his plans for reform until it was too late, and then would call him to an impossible task, and he would be the last minister of the house of Savoy. He will not, I believe, be the last; but I fear he will be the immediate predecessor of the last.

W. J. Stillman.

[1] The London "Times."



PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. J. STILLMAN.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ANTHONY VAN DYCK. (1599–1641.)

VAN DYCK was born at Antwerp, in 1599, of well-to-do parents. His mother was celebrated for a rare degree of skill in embroidery, and her love and sympathy guided the artist's infancy, which manifested itself in a precocious genius for art. She died when he was only eight years old, but his father made careful provision for the continuance of his artistic studies, and placed him, at the age of ten years, with Hendrik van Balen, a historical painter of great merit, and at the age of fifteen or sixteen he passed to the studio of Rubens, where he became this master's first and favorite pupil. Here his progress was so rapid that in 1618 he was enrolled as a master in the registers of the Gild of Saint Luke — an honor unprecedented in the case of a painter who had not yet completed his nineteenth year. Rubens now advised him to go to Italy and complete his education by the study of the great Italian masters, and, furthermore, to make portraiture his special vocation. But as his pictures were attracting attention far and wide, he was induced to accept an invitation to visit the English court of James I., which he did in 1620, when only twenty-one years old. The death of his father, however, among other events, brought him back to Antwerp in 1623, and immediately after his father's burial he resolved to depart for Italy, as Rubens had advised. At Venice, his first stopping-place, his time was assiduously occupied in studying and copying the works of Titian, Giorgione, Veronese, etc., and his sketch-books remain to attest the severity of his self-discipline, being crowded with memoranda from the treasures of Venetian galleries. Some idea of the marvelous rapidity of his brush is given in the fact that, proceeding to Genoa in this same year, 1623, and finding himself inundated with commissions from the nobility, who actually competed for the honor of sitting to him, he here completed portraits of the illustrious scions of the houses of Balbi, Spinola, Raggi, Pallavicino, Brignole, Durazzo,— two of which were equestrian portraits,— besides painting a few classical and sacred pictures, upward of a dozen important works, which are still the pride of the Genoese galleries, and before the year was ended had left the city for Rome. And this is not counting two religious works which upon his outset he executed for the parish church of Saventhem, not far from Brussels, and which are considered remarkably fine examples of his early style. At Rome he stayed two years, was the guest of Cardinal Bentivoglio, and had commissions from the Pope and many of the noble families. His portrait of the cardinal, now in the Pitti Palace at Florence, shows all the highest qualities of the art, and glows with the rich and harmonious coloring of the Venetians. His journeyings in Italy included Florence, Milan, Turin, and other cities, and he even went as far south as Sicily, where, at Palermo, he produced some remarkable portraits. When, in 1626, he finally returned to Antwerp, where his master Rubens was at the zenith of his glory, he naturally suffered an eclipse; but Rubens, soon departing on an embassy to Spain, left the field clear to his famous pupil, and demands for his works increased thick and fast. During the five years that followed before he took up his permanent abode in England, his brush was kept incessantly busy, and he painted many of his finest creations. Of the "Crucifixion," painted for the Church of the Récollets at Mechlin, but now to be seen in the cathedral of that city, Sir Joshua Reynolds has the following: "This picture, on the whole, may be considered as one of the first pictures in the world, and gives the highest idea of Van Dyk's power; it shows that he had truly a genius for history painting, if it had not been taken off by portraits." Van Dyck also executed many etchings during this period, which are esteemed very highly.

Van Dyck quitted Flanders for good in 1632, and repaired once more to the court of England. The Earl of Arundel, his friend, was instrumental in bringing his work under the notice of Charles I., and the picture which is said to have been the immediate cause of the king's determination to have Van Dyck at court was a portrait he had painted of one of the court musicians named Laniere. Walpole, in his life of Mrs. Mary Beale, quotes an interesting passage from the manuscript diary of her husband relating to this picture, which affords a glimpse of the assiduity of the artist:

1672. 20 April.

. . . Mr. Lely told me at the same time, as he was studiously looking at my Bishop's picture



PORTRAIT OF RICHARDOT AND HIS SON. BY VAN DYCK.

of Van Dyck's, and I chanced to ask him how Sir Antony cou'd possibly devise to finish in one day a face that was so exceeding full of work, and wrought up to so extraordinary a perfection—I believe, said he, he painted it over fourteen times. And upon that he took occasion to speak of Mr. Nicholas Laniere's picture of Sr. Anto. V. D. doing which, said he, Mr. Laniere himself told me he satt seaven entire dayes for it to Sr. Anto. and that he painted upon it of all those seaven dayes both morning and afternoon, and only intermitted the time they were at dinner. And he said likewise, that tho' Mr. Laniere satt so often and so long for his picture, that he was not permitted so much as once to see it till he had perfectly finished the face to his own satisfaction. This was the picture which being show'd to king Charles I., caused him to give order that V. Dyck shou'd be sent for over into England.

Van Dyck was received at court with every mark of favor and distinction, and his rapid preferment was such that after three months the king made him a knight, and settled on him a pension of two hundred pounds a year for life. His handsome person, engaging manners, and brilliant social gifts, together with the reputation of his talents and the special favor of the king, combined to make him the lion of the day, and his studio was the resort of the nobility. Meanwhile his industry was unflagging, and his fertility and productiveness were great. Often the king himself would drop down in his barge to spend an afternoon in the fascinating society of the gifted young artist. His habits were luxurious and extravagant to prodigality, and his hospitality was unbounded. He kept open house, and frequently detained his noble sitters to princely dinners. He figured as a patron of the fine arts, was fond of music, and specially liberal to musicians, whose services he deemed indispensable to the perfection of any social entertainment. But though his receipts were great, his expenditures were greater, and he often found himself in pecuniary straits. He frankly confessed to the king, on one occasion when money matters were broached, that "a man whose house is open to his friends, and his purse to his mistress, is likely to make acquaintance with empty coffers." His financial troubles were doubtless aggravated by the disturbed condition of the country, which was verging on a revolution. His pension came to remain unpaid, and court patronage to be a thing more of honor than of profit. Instead of endeavoring to balance his accounts by the ordinary method of economy and hard work, he was led into seeking gold in the alembic — experimenting with alchemy in the delusive pursuit of the philosopher's stone. In this he was encouraged by the example or advice of his friend Sir Kenelm Digby, and it was a subject which in those days appeared to many intelligent minds worthy of consideration. In this vain quest of treasure he spent much precious time, money, and health. A friend came from Flanders to visit him at this period, and found him brooding over his crucible, broken in health and spirits — a complete wreck. His friends and the king, considering his miserable condition, concluded that a good marriage would change the course of his mind, and give him a fresh impetus. Accordingly he was married about 1640 to Lady Mary Ruthven, a charming, well-born maiden; but sickness and disappointments terminated the brief remainder of his career in 1641. Notwithstanding his expensive style of living, he left property to the value of about a hundred thousand dollars. The works he produced were said to reach the extraordinary number of 971.

Van Dyck had many pupils and assistants, chief among whom were Jan de Reyn, David Beek, and James Gandy, men of extraordinary ability and swiftness of hand, to whose assistance he must have owed his ability to accomplish so much.

So far as portraiture goes, Van Dyck occupies, with Titian and Velasquez, the first place. His works have an air of elegance and distinction and a mundane grace and courtliness naturally befitting his title of "painter to the king." The Italians called him "il pittore cavalieresco." Without the stamina and natural robustness of his great master Rubens, his portraits are better in point of refinement and grace. But one must know his master to form a just appreciation of his position. Though the majority of his works are in the private houses of the English nobility, and comparatively few are found in public museums, those which I have engraved from the Louvre, viz., "Portrait of a Lady and Her Daughter," "Portrait of Richardot and His Son," and "The Madonna of the Donors," are among the best.

T. Cole.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY AND HER DAUGHTER. BY VAN DYCK.



SEE "CHRISTMAS PICTURES" IN "OPEN LETTERS."

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS. BY P. A. J. DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURE BY A. CASTAIGNE.

IV.

SOR TOMMASO was rarely called to the convent. In fact, he could not remember that he had been wanted more than half a dozen times in the long course of his practice in Subiaco. Either the nuns were hardly ever ill, or else they must have doctored themselves with such simple remedies as had been handed down to them from former ages. Possibly they had been as well off on the whole as though they had systematically submitted to the heroic treatment which passed for medicine in those days. As a matter of fact, they suffered chiefly from bad colds; and when they had bad colds, they either got well or died, according to their several destinies. Sor Tommaso might have saved some of them; but, on the other hand, he might have helped some others rather precipitately from their cells to that deep crypt, in the middle of the little church, closed by a single square flag of marble, having two brass studs in it, and bearing the simple inscription, "Here lie the bones of the Reverend Sisters of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel." On the whole, it is doubtful whether the practice of not calling in the doctor on ordinary occasions had much influence upon the convent's statistics of mortality.

But though the abbess had more than once in her life had a cold, she had never suffered so seriously as this time, and she had made little objection to her niece's strong representations as to the necessity of medical aid. Therefore Sor Tommaso had been sent for in the evening, and in great haste, and had taken with him a supply of appropriate material sufficient to kill, if not to cure, half the nuns in the convent. All the circumstances which he remembered from former occasions were accurately repeated. He rang at the main gate, waited long in the darkness, and heard at last the slapping and shuffling of shoes along the pavement within, as the porteress and another nun came to let him in. Then there were faint rays of light from their little lamp quivering through the cracks of the old weather-beaten door upon the cracked marble steps on which Sor Tommaso was standing. A thin voice asked who was there, and Sor Tommaso answered that he was the doctor. Then he heard a little colloquy in suppressed tones between the two nuns. The one said that the doctor was expected, and must be let in without question. The other observed that it might be a thief. The first said that in that case they must look through the loophole. The second said that she did not know the doctor by sight. The first speaker remarked with some truth that one could tell a respectable person from a highwayman; and suddenly a small square port-hole in the door was opened inward, and a stream of light fell upon Sor Tommaso's face as the nuns held up their little flaring lamp behind the grating. Behind the lamp he could distinguish a pair of shadowy eyes under an overhanging veil, which was also drawn across the lower part of the face.

"Are you really the doctor?" asked one of the voices, in a doubtful tone.

"He himself," answered the physician. "I am the Doctor Tommaso Taddei of the University of the Sapienza, and I have been called to render assistance to the very reverend the Mother Abbess."

The light disappeared, and the port-hole was shut, while a second colloquy began. On the whole, the two nuns decided to let him in, and then there was a jingling of keys, and a clanking of iron bars, and a grinding of locks, and presently a small door, cut and hung in one leaf of the great, iron-studded wooden gate, was swung back. Sor Tommaso stooped, and held his case before him, for the entrance was low and narrow.

"God be praised!" he exclaimed, when he was fairly inside.

"And praised be his holy name," answered both the sisters, promptly.

Both had dropped their veils, and proceeded to bolt and bar the little door again, having set down the lamp upon the pavement. The rays made the unctuous dampness of the stone flags glisten, and Sor Tommaso shivered in his broadcloth cloak. Then, as before, he was conducted in silence through arched ways, and up many steps, and along labyrinthine corridors, his strong shoes rousing sharp, metallic echoes, while the nuns' slippers slapped and shuffled as one walked on each side of him, the one on the left carrying the lamp, according to the ancient rules of politeness. At last



"SOR TOMMASO WAS LYING MOTIONLESS."

they reached the door of the antechamber at the end of the corridor through which the way led to the abbess's private apartment, consisting of three rooms. The last door on the left, as Sor Tommaso faced that which opened into the antechamber, was that of Maria Addolorata's cell. The linen presses were entered from within the anteroom by a door on the right, so that they were actually in the abbess's apartment, an old-fashioned and somewhat inconvenient arrangement. Maria Addolorata, her veil drawn down so that she could not see the doctor, but only his feet, and the folds of it drawn across her chin and mouth, received him at the door, which she closed behind him. The other two nuns set down their lamp on the floor of the corridor, slipped their hands up their sleeves, and stood waiting outside.

The abbess was very ill, but had insisted upon sitting up in her parlor to receive the doctor, dressed and veiled, being propped up in her great easy-chair with a pillow, which was of green silk, but was covered with a white pillow-case finely embroidered with open work at each end, through which the vivid color was visible—that high green which cannot look blue even by lamplight. Both in the anteroom and in the parlor there were polished silver lamps of precisely the same pattern as the brass ones used by the richer peasants, excepting that each had a fan-like shield of silver to be used as a shade on one side, bearing the arms of the Braccio family in high boss, and attached to the oil-vessel by a movable curved arm. The furniture of the room was very simple, but there was nevertheless a certain ecclesiastical solemnity about the high-backed, carved, and gilt chairs, the black and white marble pavement, the great portrait of his Holiness, Gregory the XVI., in its massive gilt frame, the superb silver crucifix which stood on the writing-table, and, altogether, in the solidity of everything which met the eye.

It was no easy matter to ascertain the good lady's condition, muffled up and veiled as she was. It was only as an enormous concession to necessity that Sor Tommaso was allowed to feel her pulse, and it needed all Maria Addolorata's eloquent persuasion and sensible argument to induce her to lift her veil a little and open her mouth.

"Your most reverend excellency must be cured by proxy," said Sor Tommaso, at his wit's end. "If this reverend mother," he added, turning to the young nun, "will carry out my directions, something may be done. Your most reverend excellency's life is in danger. Your most reverend excellency ought to be in bed."

"It is the will of heaven," said the abbess in a very weak and hoarse voice.

"Tell me what to do," said Maria Addolorata. "It shall be done as though you yourself did it."

Sor Tommaso was encouraged by the tone of assurance in which the words were spoken, and proceeded to give his directions, which were many, and his recommendations, which were almost endless.

"But if your most reverend excellency would allow me to assist you in person, the remedies would be more efficacious," he suggested, as he laid out the greater part of the contents of his case upon the huge writing-table.

"You seem to forget that this is a religious house," replied the abbess, and she might have said more, but was interrupted by a violent attack of coughing, during which Maria Addolorata supported her and tried to ease her.

"It will be better if you go away," said the nun, at last. "I will do all you have ordered, and your presence irritates her. Come back to-morrow morning, and I will tell you how she is progressing."

The abbess nodded slowly, confirming her niece's words. Sor Tommaso very reluctantly closed his case, placed it under his arm, gathered up his broad-cloth cloak, with his hat, and made a low obeisance before the sick lady.

"I wish your most reverend excellency a good rest and speedy recovery," he said. "I am your most reverend excellency's most humble servant."

Maria Addolorata led him out into the antechamber. There she paused, and they were alone together for a moment, all the doors being closed. The doctor stood still beside her, waiting for her to speak.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"I do not wish to say anything," he answered. "What do you wish me to say? A stroke of air, a cold, a bronchitis, a pleurisy, a pneumonia. Thanks be to Heaven! there is little fever. What do you wish me to say? For the stroke of air, a little good wine; for the cold, warm covering; for the bronchitis, the tea of marshmallows; for the pleurisy, severe blistering; for the pneumonia, a good mustard-plaster; for the general system, the black draught; above all, nothing to eat. Frictions with hot oil will also do good. It is the practice of medicine by proxy, my lady mother. What do you wish me to say? I am disposed. I am her most reverend excellency's very humble servant. But I cannot perform miracles. Pray to the Madonna to perform them. I have not even seen the tip of her most reverend excellency's most wise tongue. What can I do?"

"Well, then, come back to-morrow morning, and I will see you here," said Maria Addolorata.

Sor Tommaso found the nuns waiting for him with their little lamp in the corridor, and

they led him back through the vaulted passages and staircases, and let him out into the night without a word.

The night was dark and cloudy. It had grown much darker since he had come up, as the last lingering light of evening had faded altogether from the sky. The October wind drew down in gusts from the mountains above Subiaco, and blew the doctor's long cloak about, so that it flapped softly now and then like the wings of a night-bird. After descending some distance, he carefully set down his case upon the stones, and fumbled in his pockets for his snuff-box, which he found with some difficulty. A gust blew up a grain of snuff into his right eye, and he stamped angrily with the pain, hurting his foot against a rolling stone as he did so. But he succeeded in getting his snuff to his nose at last. Then he bent down in the dark to take up his case, which was close to his feet, though he could hardly see it. The gusty south wind blew the long skirts of his cloak over his head, and made them flap about his ears. He groped for the box.

Just then the doctor heard light footsteps coming down the path behind him. He called out, warning that he was in the way.

"O-è, gently, you know," he cried. "An apoplexy on the wind!" he added vehemently, as his head and hands became entangled more and more in the folds of his cloak.

"And another on you!" answered a woman's voice, speaking low through clenched teeth.

In the darkness a hand with something in it rose and fell three times in quick succession. A man's low cry of pain was stifled in folds of broadcloth. The same light footsteps were heard for a moment again in the narrow, winding way, and Sor Tommaso was lying motionless on his face across his box, with his cloak over his head. The gusty south wind blew up and down between the dark walls, bearing now and then a few withered vine-leaves and wisps of straw with it; and the night grew darker still, and no one passed that way for a long time.

V.

When Angus Dalrymple had finished his supper, he produced a book, and sat reading by the light of the wicks of the three brass lamps. Annetta had taken away the things, and had not come back again. Gigetto strolled in, and took his guitar from the peg on the wall, and idled about the room, tuning the instrument, and humming to himself. He was a tall young fellow, with a woman's face and beautiful velvet-like eyes, as handsome and idle a youth as you might meet in Subiaco on a summer's feast-day. He exchanged a word of greeting with Dalrymple, and, seeing that the place was otherwise deserted, he at last slung his guitar over his shoulder, pulled his broad black felt hat over his eyes, and strolled out through the half-open door, presumably in search of amusement. Gigetto's chief virtue was his perfectly childlike and unaffected taste for amusing himself — on the whole, very innocently — whenever he got a chance. It was natural that he and the Scotchman should not care for each other's society. Dalrymple looked after him for a moment, and then went back to his book. A big glass measure of wine stood beside him, not half empty, and his glass was full.

He was making a strong effort to concentrate his attention upon the learned treatise which formed a part of the little library he had brought with him. But Annetta's idle talk about the nuns, and especially about Maria Addolorata and her singing, kept running through his head in spite of his determination to be serious. He had been living the life of a hermit for months, and had almost forgotten the sound of an educated woman's voice. To him Annetta was nothing more than a rather pretty wild animal. It did not enter his head that she might be in love with him. Sora Nanna was simply an older and uglier animal of the same species. To a man of Dalrymple's temperament, and really devoted to the pursuit of a serious object, a woman quite incapable of even understanding what that object is can hardly seem to be a woman at all.

But the young Scotchman was not wanting in that passionate and fantastic imagination which so often underlies, and even directs, the hardy Northern nature, and the young girl's carelessly spoken words had roused it to sudden activity. In spite of himself, he was already forming plans for listening under the convent wall, if perchance he might catch the sound of the nun's wonderful voice, and from that to the wildest schemes for catching a momentary glimpse of the singer was only a step. At the same time, he was quite aware that such schemes were dangerous if not impracticable, and his reasonable self laughed down his unreasoning romance, only to be confronted by it again as soon as he tried to turn his attention to his book.

He looked up and saw that he had not finished his wine, though at that hour the measure was usually empty, and he wondered why he was less thirsty than usual. By force of habit he emptied the full glass, and poured more into it — by force of that old Northern habit of drinking a certain allowance as a sort of duty, more common in those days than it is now. Then he began to read again, never dreaming that his strong head and solid nerves could be in any way affected by his potations.

But his imagination this evening worked faster and faster, and his sober reason was recalcitrant, and abhorred work.

The nun had fair hair, and dark eyes, and a beautiful face. Those were much more interesting facts than he could find in his work. She had a wonderful voice. He tried to recall all the extraordinary voices he had heard in his life, but none of them had ever affected him very much, though he had a good ear and some taste for music. He wondered what sort of voice this could be, and he longed to hear it. He shut up his book impatiently, drank more wine, rose, and went to the open door. The gusty south wind fanned his face pleasantly, and he wished he were to sleep out of doors.

The Sora Nanna, who had been spending the evening with a friend in the neighborhood, came in, her thin black overskirt drawn over her head to keep the embroidered head-cloth in its place. By and by, as Dalrymple still stood by the door, Stefanone appeared, having been to play a game of cards at a friendly wine-shop. He sat down by Sora Nanna at the table. She was mixing some salad in a big earthenware bowl adorned with green and brown stripes. They talked together in low tones. Dalrymple had nodded to each in turn, but the gusty air pleased him, and he remained standing by the door, letting it blow into his face.

It was growing late. Italian peasants are not great sleepers, and it is their custom to have supper at a late hour, just before going to bed. By this time it was nearly ten o'clock, as we reckon the hours, or about "four of the night" in October, according to old Italian custom, which reckons from a theoretical moment of darkness supposed to begin at Ave Maria, half an hour after sunset.

Suddenly Dalrymple heard Annetta's voice in the room behind him, speaking to her mother. He had no particular reason for supposing that she had been out of the house since she had cleared the table and left him, but, unconsciously, he had the impression that she had been away, and was surprised to hear her in the room, after expecting that she would pass him, coming in from the street, as the others had done. He turned, and walked slowly toward his place at the table.

"I thought you had gone out," he said carelessly to Annetta.

The girl turned her head quickly.

"I?" she cried. "And alone? Without even Gigetto? When do I ever go out alone at night? Will you have some supper, signore?"

"I have just eaten, thank you," answered Dalrymple, seating himself.

"Three hours ago. It was not yet an hour of the night when you ate. Well — at your pleasure. Do not complain afterward that we make you die of hunger."

"Bread, Annetta!" said Stefanone, gruffly, but good-naturedly. "And cheese, and salt — wine, too! A thousand things! Quickly, my daughter!"

"Quicker than this?" inquired the girl, who had already placed most of the things he asked for upon the table.

"I say it to say it," answered her father. "'Hunger makes long jumps,' and I am hungry."

"Did you win anything?" asked Sora Nanna, with both her elbows on the table.

"Five baiocchi."

"It was worth while to pay ten baiocchi for another man's bad wine, for the sake of winning so much," replied Sora Nanna, who was a careful soul. "Of course you paid for the wine?"

"Eh — of course. They pay for wine when they come here. One takes a little and one gives a little. This is life."

Annetta busied herself with the simple preparations for supper while they talked. Dalrymple watched her idly, and he thought she was pale, and that her eyes were very bright. She had set a plate for herself, but had forgotten her glass.

"And you? Do you not drink?" asked Stefanone. "You have no glass."

"What does it matter?" She sat down between her father and mother.

"Drink out of mine, my little daughter," said Stefanone, holding his glass to her lips, with a laugh, as though she had been a little child.

She looked quietly into his eyes for a moment before she touched the wine with her lips.

"Yes," she answered, with a little emphasis; "I will drink out of your glass now."

"Better so," laughed Stefanone, who was glad to be reconciled, for he loved the girl, in spite of his occasional violence of temper.

"What does it mean?" asked Sora Nanna, her cunning peasant's eyes looking from one to the other, and seeming to belie her stupid face.

"Nothing," answered Stefanone. "We were playing together. "Signor Englishman," he said, turning to Dalrymple, "you must sometimes wish that you were married, and had a wife like Nanna, and a daughter like Annetta."

"Of course I do," said Dalrymple, with a smile.

Before very long, he took his book, and went up-stairs to bed, being tired and sleepy after a long day spent on the hillside in a fruitless search for certain plants which, according to his books, were to be found in that part of Italy, but which he had not yet seen. He fell asleep,

thinking of Maria Addolorata's lovely face and fair hair, on which he had never laid eyes. In his dreams he heard a rare voice ringing true, that touched him strangely. The gusty wind made the panes of his bedroom window rattle, and in the dream he was tapping on Maria Addolorata's casement, and calling softly to her to open it and speak to him, or calling her by name, with his extraordinary foreign accent. And he thought he was tapping louder and louder upon the glass, and upon the wooden frame louder and louder still. Then he heard his name called out, and his heart jumped as though it would have turned upside down in its place, and then seemed to sink again like a heavy stone falling into deep water; for he was awake, and the voice that was calling him was certainly not that of the beautiful nun, but gruff and manly; also the tapping was not tapping any more upon a casement, but was a vigorous pounding against his own bolted door.

Dalrymple sat up suddenly and listened, wide awake at once. The square of his window was faintly visible in the darkness, as though the dawn were breaking. He called out, asking who was outside.

"Get up, signore! Get up! You are wanted quickly!" It was Stefanone.

Dalrymple struck a light, for he had a supply of matches with him, a convenience of modern life not at that time known in Subiaco, except as an expensive toy, though already in use in Rome. As he was, he opened the door. Stefanone came in, dressed in his shirt and breeches, pale with excitement.

"You must dress yourself, signore," he said briefly, as he glanced at the Scotchman, and then set down the small tin and glass lantern he carried.

"What is the matter?" inquired Dalrymple, yawning, and stretching his great white arms over his head till his knuckles struck the low ceiling; for he was a tall man.

"The matter is that they have killed Sor Tommaso," answered the peasant.

Dalrymple uttered an exclamation of surprise and incredulity.

"It is as I say," continued Stefanone. "They found him lying across the way, in the street, with knife-wounds in him, as many as you please."

"That is horrible!" exclaimed Dalrymple, turning and calmly trimming his lamp, which burned badly at first.

"Then dress yourself, signore," said Stefanone, impatiently. "You must come!"

"Why? If he is dead, what can I do?" asked the Northern man, coolly. "I am sorry. What more can I say?"

"But he is not dead yet!" Stefanone was growing excited. "They have taken him—"

"Oh! he is alive, is he?" interrupted the Scotchman, dashing at his clothes, as though he himself were suddenly galvanized into life. "Then why did you tell me they had killed him?" he asked, with a curious, dry calmness of voice, as he instantly began to dress himself. "Get some clean linen, Signor Stefano. Tear it up into strips as broad as your hand, for bandages, and set the women to make a little lint of old linen—cotton is not good. Where have they taken Sor Tommaso?"

"To his own house," answered the peasant.

"So much the better. Go and make the bandages."

Dalrymple pushed Stefanone toward the door with one hand, while he continued to fasten his clothes with the other.

Stefanone was not without some experience of similar cases, so he picked up his lantern, and went off. In less than a quarter of an hour he and Dalrymple were on their way to Sor Tommaso's house, which was in the piazza of Subiaco, not far from the principal church. Half a dozen peasants, who had met the muleteers bringing the wounded doctor home from the spot where he had been found, followed the two men, talking excitedly in low voices and broken sentences. The dawn was gray above the houses, and the autumn mists had floated up to the parapet on the side where the little piazza looked down to the valley, and hung motionless in the still air, like a stage sea in a theater. In the distance was heard the clattering of mules' shoes, and occasionally the deep clanking of the goats' bells. Just as the little party reached the small, dark-green door of the doctor's house, the distant convent bells tolled one, then two quick strokes, then three again, and then five, and then rang out the peal for the morning Angelus. The door of the dirty little coffee-shop in the piazza was already open, and a faint light burned within. The air was damp, quiet, and strangely resonant, as it often is in mountain towns at early dawn. The gusty October wind had gone down, after blowing almost all night.

The case was far from being as serious as Dalrymple had expected, and he soon convinced himself that Sor Tommaso was not in any great danger. He had fainted from fright and some loss of blood, but neither of the two thrusts which had wounded him had penetrated to his lungs, and the third was little more than a scratch. Doubtless, he owed his safety in part to the fact that the wind had blown his cloak in folds over his shoulders and head; but it was also clear that his assailant had possessed no experience in the use of the knife as a weapon. When the group of men at the door were told that Sor Tommaso was not mortally wounded, they went away somewhat disap-

pointed at the insignificant ending of the affair, though the doctor was not an unpopular man in the town.

"It is some woman," said one of them, contemptuously. "What can a woman do with a knife? Worse than a cat—she scratches, and runs away."

"Some little jealousy," observed another. "Eh! Sor Tommaso—who knows where he makes love? But meanwhile he is growing old to be so gay."

"The old are the worst," replied the first speaker. "Since it is nothing, let us have a baiocco's worth of acquavita, and let us go away."

So they turned into the dirty little coffee-shop to get their pennyworth of spirits. Meanwhile Dalrymple was washing and binding up his friend's wounds. Sor Tommaso groaned and winced under every touch, and the Scotchman, with dry gentleness, did his best to reassure him. Stefanone looked on in silence for some time, helping Dalrymple when he was needed. The doctor's servant-woman, a somewhat grimy peasant, was sitting on the stairs, sobbing loudly.

"It is useless," moaned Sor Tommaso. "I am dead."

"I may be mistaken," answered Dalrymple, "but I think not."

And he continued his operations with a sure hand, greatly to the admiration of Stefanone, who had often seen knife-wounds dressed. Gradually Sor Tommaso became calmer. His face, from having been normally of a bright red, was now very pale, and his watery blue eyes blinked at the light helplessly, like a kitten's, as he lay still on his pillow. Stefanone went away to his occupations at last, and Dalrymple, having cleared away the litter of unused bandages and lint, and set things in order, sat down by the bedside to keep his patient company for a while. He was really somewhat anxious lest the wounds should have taken cold.

"If I get well, it will be a miracle," said Sor Tommaso, feebly. "I must think of my soul."

"By all means," answered the Scotchman. "It can do your soul no harm, and contemplation rests the body."

"You Protestants have not human sentiment," observed the Italian, moving his head slowly on the pillow. "But I also think of the abbess. I was to have gone there early this morning. She also will die. We shall both die."

Dalrymple crossed one leg over the other, and looked quietly at the doctor.

"Sor Tommaso," he said, "there is no other physician in Subiaco. I am a doctor, properly licensed to practise. It is evidently my duty to take care of your patients while you are ill."

"Mercy!" cried Sor Tommaso, with sudden energy, and opening his eyes very wide.

"Are you afraid that I shall kill them?" asked Dalrymple, with a smile.

"Who knows? A foreigner! And the people say that you have converse with the devil. But the common people are ignorant."

"Very."

"And as for the convent—a Protestant—for the abbess! They would rather die. Figure to yourself what sort of scandal there would be! A Protestant in a convent, and then, in that convent, too! The abbess would much rather die in peace."

"At all events, I will go and offer my services. If the abbess prefers to die in peace, she can answer to that effect. I will ask her what she thinks about it."

"Ask her!" repeated Sor Tommaso. "Do you imagine that you could see her? But what can you know? I tell you that last night she was muffled up in her chair, and her face covered. It needed the grace of Heaven that I might feel her pulse. As for her tongue, God knows what it is like! I have not seen it—not so much as the tip of it! Not even her eyes did I see. And to-day I was not to be admitted at all, because the abbess would be in bed. Imagine to yourself, with blisters and sinapisms, and a hundred things! I was only to speak with Sister Maria Addolorata, who is her niece, you know, in the anteroom of the abbess's apartment. They would not let you in. They would give you a bath of holy water through the loophole of the convent door, and say, 'Go away, sinner; this is a religious house!' You know them very little."

"You are talking too much," observed Dalrymple, who had listened attentively. "It is not good for you. Besides, since you are able to speak, it would be better if you told me who stabbed you last night, that I may go to the police, and have the person arrested, if possible."

"You do not know what you are saying," answered Sor Tommaso, with sudden gravity. "The woman has relatives—who could handle a knife better than she."

And he turned his face away.

VI.

THE sun was high when Dalrymple left Sor Tommaso in charge of the old woman-servant, and went back to Stefanone's house to dress himself with more care than he had bestowed upon his hasty toilet at dawn. And now that he had plenty of time, he was even more careful of his appearance than usual; for he had fully determined to attempt to take Sor Tommaso's place in attendance upon the abbess. He therefore put on a coat of a sober color, and brushed his straight red hair smoothly back

from his forehead, giving himself easily that grave and trust-inspiring air which distinguishes many Scotchmen, and supports their solid qualities, while it seems to deny the possibility of any adventurous and romantic tendency.

At that hour nobody was about the house, and Dalrymple, stick in hand, sallied forth upon his expedition, looking for all the world as though he were going to church in Edinburgh instead of meditating an entrance into an Italian convent. He had said nothing more to the doctor on the subject. The people in the streets had most of them seen him often, and knew him by name, and it did not occur to any one to wonder why the foreigner should wear one sort of coat rather than another, when he took his walks abroad. He walked leisurely; for the sky had cleared, and the sun was hot. Moreover, he followed the longer road in order to keep his shoes clean, instead of climbing up the narrow and muddy lane in which Sor Tommaso had been attacked. He reached the convent door at last, brushed a few specks of dust from his coat, settled his high collar, and the broad black cravat which was then taking the place of the stock, and rang the bell with one steady pull. There was, perhaps, no occasion for nervousness. At all events, Dalrymple was as deliberate in his movements, and as calm in all respects, as he had ever been in his life. Only, just after he had pulled the weather-beaten bell-chain, a half-humorous smile bent his even lips, and was gone again in a moment.

There was the usual slapping and shuffling of slippers in the vaulted archway within, but as it was now day, the loophole was opened immediately, and the porteress came alone. Dalrymple explained in strangely accented but good Italian that Sor Tommaso had met with an accident in the night; that he, Angus Dalrymple, was a friend of the doctor's and a doctor himself, and had undertaken all of Sor Tommaso's duties; and finally, that he begged the porteress to find Sister Maria Addolorata, to repeat his story, and to offer his humble services in the cause of the abbess's recovery. All of which the veiled nun within heard patiently to the end.

"I will speak to Sister Maria Addolorata," she said. "Have the goodness to wait."

"Outside?" inquired Dalrymple, as the little shutter of the loophole was almost closed.

"Of course," answered the nun, opening it again, and shutting it as soon as she had spoken.

Dalrymple waited a long time in the blazing sun. The main entrance of the convent faced to the southeast, and it was not yet midday. He grew hot, after his walk, and softly wiped his forehead, and carefully folded his handkerchief again before returning it to his pocket. At last he heard the sound of steps again, and in a few seconds the loophole was once more opened.

"Sister Maria Addolorata will speak with you," said the porteress's voice, as he approached his face to the little grating.

He felt an odd little thrill of pleasant surprise; but so far as seeing anything was concerned, he was disappointed. Instead of one veiled nun, there were now two veiled nuns.

"Madam," he began, "my friend Doctor Tommaso Taddei has met with an accident which prevents him from leaving his bed." And he went on to repeat all that he had told the porteress, with such further explanations as he deemed necessary and persuasive.

While he spoke, Maria Addolorata drew back a little into the deeper shadow away from the loophole. Her veil hung over her eyes, and the folds were drawn across her mouth; but she gradually raised her head, throwing it back until she could see Dalrymple's face from beneath the edge of the black material. In so doing she unconsciously uncovered her mouth. The Scotchman saw a good part of her features, and gazed intently at what he saw, rightly judging that, as the sun was behind him, she could hardly be sure whether he were looking at her or not.

As for her, she was doubtless inspired by a natural curiosity, but at the same time she understood the gravity of the case, and wished to form an opinion as to the advisability of admitting the stranger. A glance told her that Dalrymple was a gentleman, and she was reassured by the gravity of his voice and by the fact that he was evidently acquainted with the abbess's condition, and must, therefore, be a friend of Sor Tommaso. When he had finished speaking, she immediately looked down again, and seemed to be hesitating.

"Open the door, Sister Filomena," she said at last.

The porteress shook her head almost imperceptibly as she obeyed, but she said nothing. The whole affair was in her eyes exceedingly irregular. Maria Addolorata should have retired to the little room adjoining the convent parlor, and separated from it by a double grating, and Dalrymple should have been admitted to the parlor itself, and they should have said what they had to say to each other through the bars, in the presence of the porteress. But Maria Addolorata was the abbess's niece. The abbess was too ill to give orders — too ill even to speak, it was rumored. In a few days Maria Addolorata might be "her most reverend excellency." Meanwhile she was mistress of the situation, and it was safer to obey her. Moreover, the porteress was only a lay sister, an old and ignorant creature, accus-

tomed to do what she was told to do by the ladies of the convent.

Dalrymple took off his hat, and stooped low to enter through the small side-door. As soon as he had passed the threshold, he stood up to his height, and then made a low bow to Maria Addolorata, whose veil now quite covered her eyes and prevented her from seeing him, a fact which he realized immediately.

"Give warning to the sisters, Sister Filomena," said Maria Addolorata to the porteress, who nodded respectfully, and walked away into the gloom under the arches, leaving the nun and Dalrymple together by the door.

"It is necessary to give warning," she explained, "lest you should meet any of the sisters unveiled in the corridors, and they should be scandalized."

Dalrymple again bowed gravely, and stood still, his eyes fixed upon Maria Addolorata's veiled head, but wandering now and then to her heavy but beautifully shaped white hands, which she held carelessly clasped before her, holding the end of the great rosary of brown beads which hung from her side. He thought he had never seen such hands before. They were high-bred, and yet at the same time there was a strongly material attraction about them.

He did not know what to say, and as nothing seemed to be expected of him, he kept silence for some time. At last Maria Addolorata, as though impatient at the long absence of the porteress, tapped the pavement softly with her sandal slipper, and turned her head in the direction of the arches, as though to listen for approaching footsteps.

"I hope that the abbess is no worse than when Doctor Taddei saw her last night," observed Dalrymple.

"Her most reverend excellency," answered Maria Addolorata, with a little emphasis, as though to teach him the proper mode of addressing the abbess, "is suffering. She has had a bad night."

"I shall hope to be allowed to give some advice to her most reverend excellency," said Dalrymple, to show that he had understood the hint.

"She will not allow you to see her. But you shall come with me to the antechamber, and I will speak with her, and tell you what she says."

"I shall be greatly obliged, and will do my best to give good advice without seeing the patient."

Another pause followed, during which neither moved. Then Maria Addolorata spoke again, further reassured, perhaps, by Dalrymple's quiet and professional tone. She had too lately left the world to have lost the habit of making conversation to break an awkward silence. Years of seclusion, too, instead of making her shy and silent, had given her something of the ease and coolness of a married woman. This was natural enough, considering that she was born of worldly people, and had acquired the manners of the world in her own home, in childhood.

"You are an Englishman, I presume, signor doctor?" she observed, in a tone of interrogation.

"A Scotchman, madam," answered Dalrymple, correcting her, and drawing himself up a little. "My name is Angus Dalrymple."

"It is the same — an Englishman or a Scotchman," said the nun.

"Pardon me, madam, we consider that there is a great difference. The Scotch are chiefly Celts. Englishmen are Anglo-Saxons."

"But you are all Protestants. It is therefore the same for us."

Dalrymple feared a discussion of the question of religion. He did not answer the nun's last remark, but bowed politely. She, of course, could not see the inclination he made.

"You say nothing," she said presently. "Are you a Protestant?"

"Yes, madam."

"It is a pity," said Maria Addolorata. "May God send you light."

"Thank you, madam."

Maria Addolorata smiled under her veil at the polite simplicity of the reply. She had met Englishmen in Rome.

"It is no longer customary to address us as 'madam,'" she answered a moment later. "It is more usual to speak to us as 'sister' or 'reverend sister' — or 'Sister Maria.' I am Sister Maria Addolorata. But you know it, for you sent your message to me."

"Doctor Taddei told me."

At this point the porteress appeared in the distance, and Maria Addolorata, hearing footsteps, turned her head from Dalrymple, raising her veil a little, so that she could recognize the lay sister without showing her face to the young man.

"Let us go," she said, dropping her veil again, and beginning to walk on. "The sisters are warned."

Dalrymple followed her in silence, and at a respectful distance, congratulating himself upon his extraordinary good fortune in having got so far on the first attempt, and inwardly praying that Sor Tommaso's wounds might take a considerable time in healing. It had all come about so naturally that he had lost the sensation of doing something adventurous which had at first taken possession of him, and he now regarded everything as possible, even to being invited to a friendly cup of tea in Sister Maria Addolorata's sitting-room; for he imagined her as hav-

ing a sitting-room, and as drinking tea there in a semi-luxurious privacy. The idea would have amused an Italian of those days, when tea was looked upon as medicine.

They reached the end of the last corridor. Dalrymple, like Sor Tommaso, was admitted to the antechamber, while the porteress waited outside to conduct him back again. But Maria did not take him into the abbess's parlor, into which she went at once, closing the door behind her. Dalrymple sat down upon a carved wooden box-bench, and waited. The nun was gone a long time.

"I have kept you waiting," she said, as she entered the little room again.

"My time is altogether at your service, Sister Maria Addolorata," he answered, rising quickly. "How is her most reverend excellency?"

"Very ill. I do not know what to say. She will not hear of seeing you. I fear she will not live long, for she can hardly breathe."

"Does she cough?"

"Not much. Not so much as last night. She complains that she cannot draw her breath, and that her lungs feel full of something."

The case was evidently serious, and Dalrymple, who was a physician by nature, proceeded to extract as much information as he could from the nun, who did her best to answer all his questions clearly. The long conversation, with its little restraints and its many attempts at a mutual understanding, did more to accustom Maria Addolorata to Dalrymple's presence and personality than any number of polite speeches on his part could have done. There is an unavoidable tendency to intimacy between any two people who are together engaged in taking care of a sick person.

"I can give you directions and good advice," said Dalrymple at last; "but it can never be the same as though I could see the patient myself. Are there no possible means of obtaining her consent? She may die for the want of just such advice as I can give only after seeing her. Would not her brother, his eminence the cardinal, perhaps recommend her to let me visit her once?"

"That is an idea," answered the nun, quickly. "My uncle is a man of broad views. I have heard it said in Rome. I could write to him that Doctor Taddei is unable to come, and that a celebrated foreign physician is here—"

"Not celebrated," interrupted Dalrymple, with his literal Scotch veracity.

"What difference can it make?" uttered Maria Addolorata, moving her shoulders a little impatiently. "He will be the more ready to use his influence, for he is much attached to my aunt. Then, if he can persuade her, I can send down the gardener to the town for you this afternoon. It may not be too late."

"I see that you have some confidence in me," said Dalrymple. "I am of a newer school than Doctor Taddei. If you will follow my directions, I will almost promise that her most reverend excellency shall not die before to-morrow."

He smiled now, as he gave the abbess her full title, for he began to feel as though he had known Maria Addolorata for a long time, though he had had only one glimpse of her eyes, just when she had raised her head to get a look at him through the loophole of the gate. But he had not forgotten them, and he felt that he knew them.

"I will do all you tell me," she answered quietly.

Dalrymple had some English medicines with him on his travels, and not knowing what might be required of him at the convent, he had brought with him a couple of tiny bottles.

"This when she coughs—ten drops," he said, handing the bottles to the nun. "And five drops of this once an hour, until her chest feels freer."

He gave her minute directions, as far as he could, about the general treatment of the patient, which Maria repeated, and got by heart.

"I will let you know before twenty-three o'clock what the cardinal says to the plan," she said. "In this way you will be able to come up by daylight."

As Dalrymple took his leave, he held out his hand, forgetting that he was in Italy.

"It is not our custom," said Maria Addolorata, thrusting each of her own hands into the opposite sleeve.

But there was nothing cold in her tone. On the contrary, Dalrymple fancied that she was almost on the point of laughing at that moment, and he blushed at his awkwardness. But she could not see his face.

"Your most humble servant," he said, bowing to her.

"Good day, signor doctor," she answered through the open door, as the porteress jingled her keys and prepared to follow Dalrymple.

So he took his departure, not without much satisfaction at the result of his first attempt.

VII.

Sor Tommaso recovered but slowly, though his injuries were of themselves not dangerous. His complexion was apoplectic and gouty, he was no longer young, and before forty-eight hours had gone by his wounds were decidedly inflamed, and he had a little fever. At the same time he was by no means a courageous man, and whenever he felt himself worse he

was ready to cry out that he was dead. Besides this, he lost his temper several times daily with Dalrymple, who resolutely refused to bleed him, and he insisted upon eating and drinking more than was good for him at a time when, if he had been his own patient, he would have enforced starvation as necessary to recovery.

Meanwhile the cardinal had exerted his influence with his sister the abbess, and had so far succeeded that Dalrymple, who went every day to the convent, was now made to stand with his back to the abbess's open door, in order that he might at least ask her questions, and hear her own answers. Many an old Italian doctor can tell of even stranger and more absurd precautions observed by the nuns of those days. As soon as the oral examination was over, Maria Addolorata shut the door, and came out into the parlor, where Dalrymple finished his visit, prolonging it in conversation with her by every means he could devise.

Though encumbered with a little of the Northern shyness, Dalrymple was not diffident. There is a great difference between shyness and diffidence. Diffidence distrusts itself; shyness distrusts the mere outward impression made on others. At this time Dalrymple had no object beyond enjoying the pleasure of talking with Maria Addolorata, and no hope beyond that of some day seeing her face without the veil. As for her voice, his present position as doctor to the convent made it foolish for him to run the risk of being caught listening for her songs behind the garden wall. But he had not forgotten what Annetta had told him, and Maria Addolorata's soft intonations and liquid depths of tone in speaking led him to believe that the peasant girl had not exaggerated the nun's gift of singing.

One day, after he had seen her and talked with her more than half a dozen times, he approached the subject, merely for the sake of conversation, saying that he had been told of her beautiful voice by people who had heard her across the garden.

"It is true," she answered simply; "I have a good voice. But it is forbidden here to sing except in church," she added, with a sigh, "and now that my aunt is ill, I would not displease her for anything."

"That is natural," said Dalrymple. "But I would give anything in the world to hear you."

"In church you can hear me. The church is open on Sundays at the Benediction service. We are behind the altar in the choir, of course; but perhaps you would know my voice from the rest, because it is deeper."

"I should know it in a hundred thousand," asseverated the Scotchman, with warmth.

"That would be a great many — a whole choir of angels!" And the nun laughed softly, as she sometimes did, now that she knew him so much better.

There was something warm and caressing in her laughter, short and low as it was, that made Dalrymple look at those full white hands of hers and wonder whether they might not be warm and caressing too.

"Will you sing a little louder than the rest next Sunday afternoon, Sister Maria?" he asked. "I will be in the church."

"That would be a great sin," she answered, but not very gravely.

"Why?"

"Because I should have to be thinking about you instead of about the holy service. Do you not know that? But nothing is sinful according to you Protestants, I suppose. At all events, come to the church."

"Do you think we are all devils, Sister Maria?" asked Dalrymple, with a smile.

"More or less." She laughed again. "They say in the town that you have a compact with the devil."

"Do you hear what is said in the town?"

"Sometimes. The gardener brings the gossip, and tells it to the cook. Or Sora Nanna tells it to me when she brings the linen. There are a thousand ways. The people think we know nothing because they never see us; but we hear all that goes on."

Dalrymple said nothing in answer for some time. Then he spoke suddenly and rather hoarsely.

"Shall I never see you, Sister Maria?" he asked.

"Me? But you see me every day —"

"Yes — but your face, without the veil."

Maria Addolorata shook her head.

"It is against all rules," she answered.

"Is it not against all rules that we should sit here and make conversation every day for half an hour?"

"Yes — I suppose it is. But you are here as a doctor to take care of my aunt," she added quickly. "That makes it right. You are not a man; you are a doctor."

"Oh — I understand." Dalrymple laughed a little. "Then I am never to see your beautiful face?"

"How do you know it is beautiful, since you have never seen it?"

"From your beautiful hands," answered the young man, promptly.

"Oh!" Maria Addolorata glanced at her hands, and then, with a movement which might have been quicker, concealed them in her sleeves.

"It is a sin to hide what God has made beautiful," said Dalrymple.

"If I have anything about me that is beau-

tiful, it is for God's glory that I hide it," answered Maria, with real gravity this time.

Dalrymple understood that he had gone a little too far, though he did not exactly regret it, for the next words she spoke showed him that she was not really offended. Nevertheless, in order to exhibit a proper amount of contrition, he took his leave with a little more formality than usual on this particular occasion. Possibly she was willing to show that she forgave him, for she hesitated a moment just before opening the door, and then, to his great surprise, held out her hand to him.

"It is your custom," she said, just touching his eagerly outstretched fingers. "But you must not look at it," she added, drawing it back quickly, and hiding it in her sleeve, with another low laugh. And she began to shut the door almost before he had quite gone through.

Dalrymple walked more slowly on that day, as he descended through the steep and narrow streets, and though he was sure-footed by nature and habit, he almost stumbled once or twice on his way down, because, somehow, though his eyes looked toward his feet, he did not see exactly where he was going.

There is no necessity for analyzing his sensations. It is enough to say at once that he was beginning to be really in love with Maria Addolorata, and that he denied the fact to himself stoutly, though it forced itself upon him with every step which took him farther from the convent. He felt on that day a strong premonitory symptom in the shape of a logical objection, as it were, to his returning again to see the nun. The objection was the evident and total futility of the almost intimate intercourse into which the two were gliding. The day must soon come when the abbess would no longer need his assistance. In all probability she would recover, for the more alarming symptoms had disappeared, and she showed signs of regaining her strength by slow degrees. It was quite clear to Dalrymple that, after her ultimate recovery, his chance of seeing and talking with Maria Addolorata would be gone forever. Sor Tommaso, indeed, recovered but slowly. Of the two his case was the worse, for fever had set in on the third day, and had not left him yet, so that he assured Dalrymple almost hourly that his last moment was at hand. But he also was sure to get well, in the Scotchman's opinion, and the latter knew well enough that his own temporary privileges as physician to the convent would be withdrawn from him as soon as the Subiaco doctor should be able to climb the hill.

It was all, therefore, but a brief incident in his life, which could not possibly have any continuation hereafter. He tried in vain to form plans and create reasons for seeing Maria Addolorata even once a month for some time to come, but his ingenuity failed him altogether, and he grew angry with himself for desiring what was manifestly impossible.

With true masculine inconsequence, so soon as he was displeased with himself he visited his displeasure upon the object that attracted him, and on the earliest possible occasion, on their very next meeting. He assumed an air of coldness and reserve such as he had certainly not thought necessary to put on at his first visit. Almost without any preliminary words of courtesy, and without any attempt to prolong the short conversation which always took place before he was made to stand with his back to the abbess's open door, he coldly inquired about the good lady's condition during the past night, and made one or two observations thereon with a brevity almost amounting to curtness.

Maria Addolorata was surprised; but as her face was covered, and her hands were quietly folded before her, Dalrymple could not see that his behavior had any effect upon her. She did not answer his last remark at all, but quietly bowed her head.

Then followed the usual serio-comic scene, during which Dalrymple stood turned away from the open door, asking questions of the sick woman, and listening attentively for her low-spoken answers. To tell the truth, he judged of her condition more from the sound of her voice than from anything else. He had also taught Maria Addolorata how to feel the pulse, and she counted the beats while he looked at his watch. His chief anxiety was now for the action of the heart, which had been weakened by a lifetime of unhealthy living, by food inadequate in quality, even when sufficient in quantity, by confinement within doors, and lack of life-giving sunshine, and by all those many causes which tend to reduce the vitality of a cloistered nun.

When the comedy was over, Maria Addolorata shut the door as usual, and she and Dalrymple were alone together in the abbess's parlor, as they were every day. The abbess herself could hear that they were talking, but she naturally supposed that they were discussing the details of her condition; and as she felt that she was really recovering, so far as she could judge, and as almost every day, after Dalrymple had gone, Maria Addolorata had some new direction of his to carry out, the elder lady's suspicions were not aroused. On the contrary, her confidence in the Scotch doctor grew from day to day; and in the long hours during which she lay thinking over her state and its circumstances, she made plans for his conversion, in which her brother the cardinal bore a principal part. She was grateful to Dalrymple, and it seemed to her that the

most proper way of showing her gratitude would be to save his soul, a point of view unusual in the ordinary relations of life.

On this particular day Maria Addolorata shut the door, and came forward into the parlor as usual. As usual, too, she sat down in the abbess's own big easy-chair, expecting that Dalrymple would seat himself opposite to her. But he remained standing, with the evident intention of going away in a few moments. He said a few words about the patient, gave one or two directions, and then stood in silence for a moment.

Maria Addolorata lifted her head a little, but not enough to show him more than an inch of her face.

"Have I displeased you, signor doctor?" she asked in her deep, warm voice. "Have I not carried out your orders?"

"On the contrary," answered Dalrymple, with a stiffness which he resented in himself, "it is impossible to be more conscientious than you always are."

Seeing that he still remained standing, the nun rose to her feet, and waited for him to go. She believed that she was far too proud to detain him if he wished to shorten the meeting. But something hurt her, which she could not understand.

Dalrymple hesitated a moment, and his lips parted as though he were about to speak. The silence was prolonged only for a moment or two.

"Good morning, Sister Maria Addolorata," he said suddenly, and bowed.

"Good morning, signor doctor," answered the nun.

She bent her head very slightly, but a keener observer than Dalrymple was just then would have noticed that, as she did so, her shoulders moved forward a little, as though her breast were contracted by some sudden little pain. Dalrymple did not see it. He bowed again, let himself out, and closed the door softly behind him.

When he was gone, Maria Addolorata sat down in the big easy-chair again, and uncovered her face, doubling her veil back upon her head, and withdrawing the thick folds from her chin and mouth. Her features were very pale as she sat staring at the sky through the window, and her eyes fixed themselves in that look which was peculiar to her. Her full white hands strained upon each other a little, bringing the color to the tips of her fingers. During some minutes she did not move. Then she heard her aunt's voice calling to her hoarsely. She rose at once, and went into the bedroom. The abbess's pale face was very thin and yellow now, as it lay upon the white pillow; the coverlet was drawn up to her chin, and a grimly carved black crucifix hung directly above her head.

"The doctor did not stay long to-day," she said in a hollow tone.

"No, mother," answered the young nun. "He thinks you are doing very well. He wishes you to eat a wing of roast chicken."

"If I could have a little salad," said the abbess. "Maria," she added suddenly, "you are careful to keep your face covered when you are in the next room, are you not?"

"Always."

"You generally do not raise your veil until you come into this room, after the doctor is gone," said the elder lady.

"He went so soon to-day," answered Maria Addolorata, with perfectly innocent truth. "I stayed a moment in the parlor, thinking over his directions, and I lifted my veil when I was alone. It is close to-day."

"Go into the garden, and walk a little," said the abbess. "It will do you good. You are pale."

If she had felt even a faint uneasiness about her niece's conduct, it was removed by the latter's manner.

(To be continued.)

F. Marion Crawford.

WHAT HAS SCIENCE TO DO WITH RELIGION?

WHAT has science to do with religion? This is a question often asked, and by none more frequently than by men of science themselves. Yet we have all heard and read and thought much about the "conflict of religion and science," and however we may have settled the matter in our own minds, there can be little doubt that there is still a "conflict," and that this conflict has had, and still has, much to do with the religious belief of many.

If proof were needed of this, it is readily furnished by Professor Huxley's essay, "The Lights of the Church and the Light of Science."

It is indeed [he says] probable that the proportional number of those who will distinctly profess their belief in the transubstantiation of Lot's wife, and the anticipatory experience of sub-marine navigation by Jonah; in water standing fathoms deep on the side of a declivity without anything to hold it up; and in devils who enter swine, will not increase. But neither is there ground for much hope that the proportion of those who cast

aside these fictions, and adopt the consequence of that repudiation, are, for some generations, likely to constitute a majority. Our age is an age of compromises. The present and the near future seem given over to those happily, if curiously, constituted people who see as little difficulty in throwing aside any amount of post-Abrahamic scriptural narrative, as the authors of "Lux Mundi" see in sacrificing the pre-Abrahamic stories; and having distilled away every inconvenient matter of fact in Christian history, continue to pay divine honors to the residue.

There really seems to be no reason why the next generation should not listen to a Bampton lecture modeled upon that addressed to the last:

"Time was — and that not very long ago — when all the relations of biblical authors concerning the old world were received with a ready belief; and an unreasoning and uncritical faith accepted with equal satisfaction the narrative of the captivity and the doings of Moses at the court of Pharaoh, the account of the apostolic meeting in the 'Epistle to the Galatians,' and of the fabrication of Eve. We can most of us remember when, in this country, the whole story of Exodus, and even the legend of Jonah, were seriously placed before boys as history, and discoursed of in as dogmatic a tone as the tale of Agincourt or the history of the Norman Conquest.

"But all this is now changed. The last century has seen the growth of scientific criticism to its full length. The whole world of history has been revolutionized, and the mythology which embarrassed earnest Christians has vanished as an evil mist, the lifting of which has only more fully revealed the lineaments of infallible truth. No longer in contact with fact of any kind, faith stands now and forever proudly inaccessible to the attacks of the infidel."

In the preceding sarcasm, the residue, to Professor Huxley's mind, is plainly stated. That residue is simply nothing — "faith no longer in contact with fact of any kind." This, we are told, is the result of casting aside certain fictions, and the necessary "consequence of that repudiation." That this result is accepted, and that this conclusion seems sound to many others, are plainly indicated in the literature of the day.

But this conclusion evidently rests upon an assumption. That assumption is, that religion is based solely upon certain records, and must stand or fall with them and their scholastic interpretation. To invalidate portions of one is therefore to destroy utterly the basis of the other.

It would seem worth while, then, to examine somewhat closely this assumption. If it happens not to be true, the conclusion based upon it fails.

I wish, therefore, to point out that the only basis upon which any religion can stand, or has a right to stand, is at bottom identical with that upon which science rests — viz., the basis of universal experience, the testimony of universal consciousness, the result of daily verification.

This is a basis which science cannot ignore, and it is necessary first to consider this claim before we can follow Professor Huxley's argument to its conclusion. This is a basis which lies outside of the "relations of biblical authors concerning the old world," and therefore, if allowed, it does not follow that to invalidate the one is to destroy the other. On the contrary, faith still remains in "contact with fact," and such contact is not impaired simply because an added warrant is found in the Scriptures. Indeed, it is because of this basis that the Scriptures exist. We do not accept it because of the Scriptures; we accept the Scriptures because of it. They are the record of a fact, but they are not the fact.

I wish to point out as briefly as I can the bearing of certain facts and conclusions of science upon this issue, which appear to me to have much weight, but which I do not find put forward in this connection as prominently as I think they should be.

It is admitted as an undoubted fact of science that the universe is so constructed that any change of position or arrangement of any of its parts must affect the entire system. This is indeed but a statement of the law of gravitation itself. If the motion or position of so much as a single particle of matter is changed, the motion and position of every atom in the universe must be thereby affected. Every one will admit this as one of the most certain conclusions of science.

It is also an admitted fact that within our bodies matter itself is subject to mind — moves and is moved according to the dictates of mind. But since it is already admitted that to change the motion or position of even a single atom of matter must affect the entire universe, we are at once obliged to admit as a necessary conclusion, on the basis of the most certain facts of science itself, that *the entire universe is so constructed that mind not only can, but actually does, affect its every part.* The action of human volition is thus a force in the universe. A complete survey of the universe must deal with this force.

But everywhere in nature we observe motions that are not due to human volition. What can we say of such? Evidently we can only legitimately conclude, in harmony with what we already know, and in terms of the rest of our knowledge, that since some of the phenomena we observe are beyond doubt due to mind, and since such mind-action affects the entire universe, thereby proving that the universe is of such a nature that throughout its whole extent mind can and does affect it, therefore, *all*

the action and motions we observe, whether due to human volition or not, must likewise be referred by us to the action of mind. This is the only conclusion in terms of the rest of our knowledge that we can frame. It is the direct conclusion from admitted facts.

We arrive, then, directly from admitted facts, at the conclusion that *the universe in all its parts is the visible manifestation to us of underlying mind, and hence all interpretation by us of the phenomena of nature should be guided by the assumption of underlying purpose.*

Let us now, as in all scientific work, check this conclusion by the consequences of its application. The test of the truth of such a conclusion is found in its capacity of explaining and harmonizing. Every such explanation and harmony furnishes corroborative proof. This is strictly scientific procedure.

First, then, this view of the universe as the manifestation of mind, to which we are directly led from the consideration of admitted facts of science, accounts for and interprets the idea of *uniform action* in nature, which is the basis of all science. When we speak of uniform action we simply assume that in whatever way in the past we may have observed the purpose which underlies all phenomena to act, if those same circumstances are duplicated, we shall infallibly observe again the same action. What can this mean in terms of will, in terms of knowledge and consciousness, but the expression of unchanging purpose, acting ever and always in accord with the conditions? To change the conditions is to observe new or hitherto unobserved action; to repeat the conditions is to observe again the same action. In that which science calls "law," therefore, we recognize the action of a supreme will of which all nature is the visible expression, and that which science calls "uniform action" is but the necessary result of unchanging purpose, acting in view of unchanged conditions. Uniformity is thus the necessary consequence of that view of the universe to which the admitted facts of science have directly led us. It is no longer an assumption, but a necessary conclusion.

But, now, regarding the universe, as we are forced by these admitted facts of science to regard it, as a vast system of related parts in which any disturbance, however slight, must produce its due effect throughout the whole extent,—recognizing, as we are forced to recognize, man himself as an active agent in producing such disturbance,—*can we ever find or ever expect to find at any two intervals of time strictly identical circumstances?*

Evidently not. Man is not only a result of influences, he is a cause of results. He himself introduces new conditions. The universe is momently affected by his voluntary action.

We are thus forced to regard the law of uniformity itself, like the idea of a straight line in geometry, as an approximation to an ideal limit recognized, rather than a fact of nature realized,—as the expression of an ideal state of things to which we can more or less closely approximate, but which we can never actually bring about. The more nearly we duplicate the circumstances,—that is, the more nearly identical the conditions,—the more nearly we obtain the same action. But back of all we recognize mind ever acting in accord with present conditions, and we expect uniform action only in so far as we can duplicate those conditions.

But, as we have seen, conditions can never be absolutely duplicated. No two states of the universe can ever be precisely alike in all respects. In so far, then, as conditions must vary, we must admit the possibility of a new or hitherto unobserved result.

By this admission we concede at once all that has ever been properly claimed for miracle, and in view of it we cannot deny the possible efficacy of prayer.

A miracle in this view is simply the unique result of unique conditions. But it does not contradict uniform action in the least, and it is no breach of natural law. It is in harmony with the constitution of the universe as we are forced to recognize it,—a visible expression of that which lies back of all law,—because of which law is. It must be established, like any phenomena, by evidence. But if so established and accepted, it ranks with all natural phenomena, not as supernatural, but natural, not as outside the order of nature, but as included in nature.

We are therefore led to define miracle as *an effect in nature which, as dependent upon controlling will and due to the action of that will, is as natural in every sense as all other observed actions, which are all likewise similarly dependent; but an effect also, which, in so far as it is the result of unique conditions, stands alone among other observed effects, and thus emphasizes to us the direct action of that divine agency which underlies all effects.*

Once admit the possibility of unique conditions, and science must admit the certainty of unique results.

What we call "natural law" is thus the result of purpose acting under duplicated conditions. What we call "miracle" can only be the result of that same purpose acting in view of unique conditions.

In this view we need not go to the Bible for miracles. We find them in the history of the earth and man. The beginning of life, the origin of consciousness—these are the well established miracles of science. They are natural

as the inevitable result of antecedent conditions; they are unique in that those conditions cannot be duplicated. As the unique result of unique conditions they are miraculous, and yet they are strictly natural.

In full accord with our view, the mysterious power of man's will over matter is the result of delegated power. Our consciousness of freedom is justified by the source of that power. Man's mind shares in kind the attributes of the supreme mind to which it owes existence. Uniformity of action, freedom, power of causation, are the attributes of the supreme will, and in a less degree they are also attributes of our own. Within certain limits matter obeys our behest, even as all matter is subject to mind, and we possess conscious personality, free will, and causality, as partakers and co-workers with mind, through the possession of mind.

Again, our view alone fills the gap between mind and matter, which is otherwise impassable to science. In the light of our conclusion, "persistence of force" resolves itself into existence of mind. We start with mind in nature, with purpose back of force. We are compelled to start thus, as the necessary conclusion from admitted facts.

The same also holds true as to the introduction of life and consciousness. No life without antecedent life, no consciousness without antecedent consciousness, no mind without antecedent mind, become necessary conclusions.

This view is admitted by Herbert Spencer when he says that the universe implies an infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed. It is recognized by Matthew Arnold when he speaks of a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness. Such views are the direct, unavoidable conclusions from the most certainly admitted facts of science, and few, if any, representative men of science can today be found who will deny them, whatever their difference upon other points of religious belief.

Finally, our view of the universe as the visible expression of mind, to be interpreted by us in terms of mind, is practically accepted and acted upon in all scientific work.

Science assumes related phenomena. It deals with facts in logical sequence, which are capable of interpretation in terms of mind, and which therefore bear witness to the existence of mind. Science reasons from the known to the unknown only by virtue of this assumption. Thus it predicts and uses analogy, and finds even in imagination an aid to the discovery of relations. It assumes mind so adjusted to phenomena that the workings of the one correspond to the relations of the other. The laws of science are thus apprehended ideals — not simple statements of facts, but the expression of conclusions from related facts — of the ideal limits to which such facts point.

We may then define science itself *as the verification of the ideal in nature.*

It appeals to experience to verify the ideal. It forms logical conclusions, and then appeals to experience to justify these conclusions. It is mind following the traces of mind, assuming the existence of purpose and relation, and, whether consciously or unconsciously, every man of science so reasons and so acts.

Has not our conclusion stood the test of verification by the results of its application? This corroboration we claim as the result of legitimate application of the accepted facts of science. Lest we may seem to have come a long journey too hastily, let us briefly review our steps, and see if they are not direct and unavoidable.

First. We admit that the universe is so constructed that any change in any of its parts must affect the whole.

Second. It is known to be a fact that within our own organism mind affects matter.

Mind, then, as manifested in ourselves, affects the entire universe.

If, then, mind as manifested in ourselves can and does affect the entire universe, and since part of the effects we observe are due beyond dispute to our own voluntary action, all other effects not thus traceable to ourselves must be attributed by us to the action of mind also.

We conclude, then, directly, that the universe in all its parts is the visible manifestation to us of the action of mind, and all interpretation by us of the phenomena of nature should be guided by the assumption of purpose.

We then seek to test this conclusion by the consequences of its application, and on every hand we find simplification, harmony, corroboration.

We find uniform action at once accounted for, and interpreted in terms of mind, as the necessary result of unchanging purpose acting in view of recurrent or duplicated conditions.

Then at once the long-standing controversy between science and miracle falls into line, and we rest solidly in a position which yields all that theology claims without opposing anything which science holds.

Then the gaps close up between mind and matter, life and consciousness. The law of biogenesis — of no life without antecedent life — receives now its solution in antecedent life, and merges itself into the more general expression — no mind without antecedent mind, no consciousness without antecedent consciousness, no will without antecedent will, no spirit without antecedent spirit.

In the light of our conclusion the standing quarrel between religion and evolution disap-

pears from sight. A sentence disposes of it. It is no longer a question between divine foresight and divine interposition. There is seen to be no "interposition" possible. It is a question simply of divine *method*.

Again, consciousness, freedom, causation in man, appear as results of delegated power. We possess conscious personality, free will, and causality as partakers and co-workers with mind, through the possession of mind.

We have seen that our conclusion must be accepted and acted upon, consciously or unconsciously, in all scientific reasoning, for it alone is the basis of that relation between phenomena without the assumption of which there can be no science. Thus is it that science finds imagination itself but another name for

> clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
> And reason in her most exalted mood.

We have seen that law itself is the expression of an ideal limit suggested by observation and confirmed by experience, and that science is thus the verification of the ideal in nature.

We have also seen that as circumstances, so far as man's will is operative, are never strictly identical, not only is the law of uniform action the expression of an ideal, not only is the way opened for the admission of miracle, but the door swings open to the voice of prayer. It, and the mind which frames it, are new conditions. The all-embracing knowledge and purpose which encompass nature cannot ignore such conditions.

Such is the view of the universe to which we are directly conducted by admitted facts of science. It is a universe of purpose governed by mind. It is not a wreck drifting hither and thither, and the sport of chance. It is framed in wisdom, instinct with purpose, headed toward a port — and the hand of a Pilot is at the helm.

Looking back now upon the past history of this earth in the light of purpose, what can we discern as indicative of that purpose?

We see first a vast interplay of force and matter on a scale surpassing human comprehension, passing from inorganic to organic, and finally leading up to life and consciousness. This life and consciousness appear at the proper time in strict accord with antecedent conditions. There is no breach here of uniform action. The same unchanging purpose underlies all. If we could now reproduce these conditions, we should expect again the same action. Then, still in accord with progressive conditions, we observe the evolution of mind, emerging at last in conscious identity, reason, intelligence, and the conviction of freedom. Then come to the front self-government, self-denial, self-improvement, moral responsibility, intellectual and spiritual development, conscious coöperation of mind with mind as the condition of further progress, mind recognizing the workings of mind, endowed itself with power of causation, and consciously coöperating in the great plan and therefore working to the same end.

What is that end? Is it the development of the race alone, rising with each generation to higher planes of intellectual and spiritual development? This is beyond doubt in accord with our past history. But this cannot be all. Our human lives are like the "little breezes" that

> dusk and shiver
> Thro' the wave that runs for ever.

Earthly civilization, human progress here, even the earth itself, are all doomed by science to final extinction. A plan founded in purpose, and interpreted by reason, must not end by contradicting reason. Every step in our progress thus far has been in the direction of higher life. The last step of all cannot end in extinction. Conscious coöperation begun here must have a sphere and scope beyond the scene of its present earthly activity, or reason is stultified.

And here again, how confirmation and corroboration stream in on every side!

What a vast disproportion between the faculties of man and his purely physical needs! Life in this world has strangely overfitted him for this world. His true life begins only when he passes outside of physical environment, and when the physical laws which have governed and shaped thus far his physical development are swayed by his own voluntary action into channels of intellectual, moral, and spiritual progress.

And what corroboration do we find in man's spiritual nature? Born of earth, he raises imploring hands to heaven. Reason, intellect, awe, wonder, imagination, the sense of beauty, conscience, justice, love, hope — what a mighty equipment is this for an ephemeral life of eating, sleeping, and dying!

Thus we find corroboration on every hand. That view of the world which the facts of science demand is in exact accord with every requirement of our own nature. Such corroboration in a universe governed by mind and guided by purpose has convincing significance.

And now, in such a universe, so constituted, what do we find to be man's individual work? It is not alone to learn the secrets and harness the forces of nature to his will, and thus to provide for physical wants and desires; for, satisfy every physical need and supply every bodily want, and only then does he begin to

live. Spiritual ends are his pressing, impelling powers. He takes part in the progress of the race, but his action has, beyond this, an individual result.

The end of all, consistent with admitted facts of science demanded by the legitimate conclusions from these facts, is the formation, by voluntary action, of a personality, of a character self-attained by conscious effort, which, as it is capable of and does actually coöperate here through the exercise of reason and will with supreme will, may be fit for future development and continued coöperation hereafter.

This, then, stands out as the end of the whole mighty process, as science, looking back upon the history of the race in the light of purpose, must recognize it: for the race, continued progress in spiritual attainment and moral advancement; for the individual, self-struggle, self-mastery, self-conduct in obedience to law, — not compelled but voluntary obedience, — conscious coöperation, with the promise of continuance of such coöperation sanctioned by reason, justice, love, hope, and faith.

But right here we face a dilemma. *How can man do this?* Here he is, handicapped by the very laws of nature which have thus far aided him! Heredity is now against him. The results of a long and bitter struggle for self-existence are his inheritance. Repeated transgressions of past generations are incorporate in his flesh and blood, and all the allurements of desire, and all the past history of a race, reenforced by voluntary action and hardened into habit, and all the resulting depraved appetites and passions, are against him. A hard warfare truly, and a strange position! Yet who believes it hopeless? Who can doubt that here lies his battle-ground? No noble heart but throws itself into this strife with the consciousness of thus fulfilling its real destiny, its highest ideals and ambitions. Yet the history of the race is a history of defeat, and no man enters that unequal contest except to acknowledge bitterly his own inherent weakness.

> He knows a baseness in his blood
> At such strange war with something good
> He may not do the thing he would.

He may not do the thing he would! He recognizes the good; he is made and meant to pursue it; he finds his progress and success, his hopes and his future, conditioned upon such pursuit — and he seems doomed to fail. Civilization in its highest and best sense, love, patriotism, human brotherhood, mutual help, the relations of the family, spiritual ambitions, the hope of continued existence — all demand the subordination of self. These are man's strongest incentives, far more than food or drink, — the substance of his ideals, — and yet he falls short of his ideals and confesses daily his weakness. Is not this the experience of every human heart? Is there a man who can rise and deny it?

Man, then, needs help from without if the plan is to be fulfilled. Without such help the entire scheme is futile, and the purpose which guides is stultified. As progress has ceased to be physical and must now be spiritual, as the physical environment has served its end and is now become a hindrance, he must expect to find, he must find, a spiritual environment.

It is just here that we find religion claiming to supply precisely what we need and must have. For spiritual development it claims a spiritual environment. It thus appears, not as an antagonist of science, not as contradicting, but as supplementing, science, in perfect harmony with the rest of our knowledge, and in full accord with the purpose which runs through the whole plan. Right up to the foot of the hill of difficulty science takes us, and then deserts us. Up that weary ascent we must climb, and carry with us the heavy burden of the past and present. Heavier and heavier the burden presses, our feet slip, our breath fails, the bright goal just appears to view at the moment when despair forbids attainment. We raise imploring hands for help, and, lo! a sweet voice bidding us be of good cheer, informing us of our relations to that purpose we recognize and would fain fulfil, telling us that the help we invoke is to be found henceforth in conscious relations with the supreme will which governs all. Here, we are told, is the spiritual environment we need, for lack of which we faint and fall.

Without are light and spiritual influences, the necessary environment for the soul in its upward progress, boundless and free as the sunlight, but into the earth-darkened chambers of the soul they cannot force their way. The relation must be self-sought. This, again, is in harmony. Man is no longer driven; he must choose, must need, must desire, must ask. Stretch out the hand in conscious effort, throw wide the shutters of the soul, and the spiritual environment is established, the impelling powers are with us now as in the past, and still in pursuance of the great plan mankind presses on and upward, no longer driven, but clinging to a Father's hand, with a Father's aid to cheer, toward the now certain goal.

Thus is it that

> Out of darkness come the hands
> That reach through nature, moulding man.

This, I take it, is the mission and the message of religion to man, under whatever garb of doctrine or theology it may be clothed, by whatever voice proclaimed, by whatever books recorded.

Why should we, or why do we, believe it? Shall it depend upon the literal exactness in matters of scientific fact of certain printed records called the Scriptures? If so, then indeed to invalidate the one is to destroy the other, and Professor Huxley's version of the future Bampton lecture may yet be heard.

It seems to me there can be but one sufficient ground for acceptance — a ground which science itself must admit, a basis which science especially should be the last to deny: the ground and basis of universal human experience. The religion which is to stand secure from all assault, "proudly inaccessible to the attacks of the infidel," must not be exclusively the religion of a book, or a church, or a person. It must, above all else, be the experience of a fact and the testimony of a life. This is the very basis of science itself. We are required to take nothing upon authority alone, to accept nothing not sanctioned by experience, to pin no faith upon any theory of verbal inspiration, to claim no special knowledge of the "unknowable," to form no special theories as to the nature of the messenger. As to such points, many men make many minds. But in any case the message itself must first appeal to us all on the same ground as any statement in the synthetic philosophy. We must accept it upon the same ground, because it appeals to reason, and we can test it by experience. It is not given as a deduction; it is not a system of philosophy. It is stated as a fact for all men to verify, and which all men can verify at once, without apparatus, or special training, or rare intellectual culture, or exact scholarship. It necessitates no theories, conflicts with no results of science, requires no laboriously acquired knowledge, rests upon no dogmas. It is a message which appeals to the acknowledged need and weakness of every mortal man — as broad as humanity, and as comprehensive as it is simple. If it is to stand as true, it must stand as a fact of human experience and human testimony. On such ground science must admit it. If true, it is simply the weightiest utterance ever heard by man. If true, to be ignorant of it is to miss the sublimest relation of human life — that which gives purpose and meaning to the whole. To ignore it is to be out of touch with the highest intellectual and moral development of the race.

As we have defined science as the verification of the ideal in nature, so now we would define religion as *the verification of the spiritual in human life.*

Both, then, have a common basis; both appeal to the results of experience. Religion in this sense can no more be attacked by invalidating portions of the Scriptures than science can be impugned by invalidating portions of the synthetic philosophy — not so much so, for the latter is a chain of reasoning where flaws may well exist; the former rests on the basis of a simple statement of fact, which invites and challenges universal test.

Religion, then, challenges scientific recognition upon the very grounds of scientific demonstration, as the verification by daily experience of a fact of daily life — the verification of the spiritual in human life and action, even as science itself is the verification of the spiritual in nature. The fact of gravitation rests upon no firmer basis. The one traces the operation of mind and purpose in external nature, the other experiences the action of this same mind and purpose in the conduct of life and in the heart of man. It can point to its results in the history of the human race, in the progress of civilization, in the testimony of individual experience and the record of individual lives, and demand that science shall account for such results. It is not a thing of moods, but of experience through action; the faith it demands is not a body of dogma, but an attitude of the spirit. It lays no claim to any special knowledge of the unseen world or of this. It is not something esoteric or superadded to life, but is evolved from life. It is not "an *a priori* theory of the universe," as Herbert Spencer informs us, nor is it "ethics heightened and lit up by emotion," or "morality touched by emotion," as Matthew Arnold has told us. It is more than these, because based upon that which lies back of philosophy and ethics and morality. It is a fact of daily life, of universal human experience, or it is a delusion and a dream — a dream strangely consonant with all that is highest in human nature, strangely aiding to all that is best in human ambition, strangely satisfying the yearning of every human heart, strangely in accord with the facts of science, and strangely necessary in a universe where, without it, a wondrous scheme of development in accord with purpose ends in purposeless activity and total annihilation of the entire result attained. What a strange dream is this!

Now, if we find a thing true, it is but natural to have confidence in the book, or the man, or the system that tells us of it; but we do not therefore first pin our faith to the book, or the man, or the system, and then blindly accept what they teach us. We find in the Scriptures record of what the faith there inculcated can do, and has done, for human nature. He who proclaims it with such confident utterance points in evidence to its results as shown in his life. He stands as a great object-lesson, showing us the future of humanity under its influence. That life commands the reverent homage of every man; it is an unanswerable appeal to fact; it stands as a prophecy of the future of the race. Because the individual experience of

millions justifies their belief, do they accept the record of that life.

So long as men and women all over this earth can rise up and bear such testimony, so long as heart after heart finds its desires appeased, its longings satisfied, the spiritual help it craves and needs, of what avail is it to discuss the "transubstantiation of Lot's wife," the "anticipatory experience of submarine navigation by Jonah," whether water is or is not in the habit of standing "fathoms deep on the side of a declivity without anything to hold it up," or to argue at length about "devils who enter swine"? Are such things as these the real ground of such a faith, or do they in any proper sense stand or fall with it? Is the necessary "consequence of their repudiation" a faith "no longer in contact with fact of any kind"?

A theology which reflects more or less accurately the views of nature prevalent at an early day is not the proper test of a living fact of the past and present. Theology may be, and indeed ought to be, profoundly affected by the science of the time. It ought, like any other science, to be always in close touch with it, not a lingering reflection of the past. If it is, as it claims to be, a science, it must, like all science, find its revelation in man and nature alone; for the Scriptures are not scientific treatises, and cannot be used as such in the interests of any branch of science. The effect of scientific work and the influence of scientific ideas and method in this direction should be welcomed by theology, and, as a matter of fact, have been quite widely welcomed. What is the so-called "new theology" but the acknowledgment, conscious or unconscious, of the influence of science in this respect?

Thus we see that faith, instead of being "no longer in contact with fact of any kind," is daily coming into line with the known facts of nature and man. But however conflicting and diverse the views of theology, back of all lies the solid fact of human experience. This is the basis of religion — the *verification of the spiritual in life*. Doctrines of theology, like theories of science, have their day, and give place to better, but the basis of both is the same. Faith is thus not a dream; it is not merely the substance of things hoped for: it is the evidence of things unseen.

And as the theologians differ, so do we all. Facts and analogies appeal to different minds with varying force and effect. The nature of Christ, the inspiration of the scriptures, apostolic succession, predestination, foreordination and election, close communion, transubstantiation, probation after death, authority and infallibility — a dust of systems and creeds! It must be so, so long as men's minds are variously constituted. Variety, diversity, conflict of opinion, there must and always will be. But so long as there is a unity back of all this diversity, so long as human experience testifies to a spiritual environment, so long as man makes conscious progress toward his highest ideals by conscious coöperation with God, so long as a message received, tested, and found to be true must stand, whatever the views as to the character and nature of the messenger, just so long we have solid common ground, just so long we can accept the Scriptures, because in them we find the facts of experience. This, then, is the residue! And while we hold, as perhaps we must ever hold, that our views are the best, or our theology is the best, or our baptism is the best, or our church government is the best, or our apostolic succession is the best, or our ordination is the best, or our interpretation of Scripture is the best, or our communion is the best, or our creed is the best, or our prayer-book is the best — let us keep ever in mind that back of all, under all, must lie the common ground of Christian experience with its daily fruitage of Christian effort and Christian character; that if this is not true, the testimony of experience is a false guide, the basis of science itself is false, the history of past progress is false, the promise of that wondrous life is false, the hope of humanity is false, the longings of the human heart are false, the whole vast scheme, founded on purpose, attested by uniform action, is a dream — magnificently false! Let us, then, hold fast through all discussions that vital fact on which religion and science must ever rest, viz., the constant, unvarying verification of daily experience.

Science, in the words of President Eliot,

> has thus exalted the idea of God, the greatest service which can be rendered to humanity. . . . In displaying the uniform continuous action of unrepenting nature in its march from good to better, science has inevitably directed the attention of men to the most glorious attributes of that divine intelligence which acts through nature with the patience of eternity and the fixity of all-foreseeing wisdom. A hundred lifetimes ago a Hebrew seer gave utterance to one of the grandest thoughts that ever the mind of man conceived. . . . This thought, tender and consoling toward human weakness and insignificance as a mother's embrace, but sublime also as the starry heights, and majestic as the outward sweep of the ages, science utters as the sum of all its teaching, the sublime result of all its searching and its meditations, and applies alike to the whole universe and to its last atom. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

The voice that speaks in nature finds responsive echo in the heart of man. Deep answers unto deep.

Augustus Jay DuBois.

A NEIGHBOR'S LANDMARK.

A WINTER STORY WITH A CHRISTMAS ENDING.

THE timber-contractor took a long time to fasten his horse to the ring in the corner of the shed; but at last he looked up as if it were a matter of no importance to him that John Packer was coming across the yard. "Good day," said he; "good day, John." And John responded by an inexpressive nod.

"I was goin' right by, an' I thought I 'd stop an' see if you want to do anything about them old pines o' yourn."

"I don't know 's I do, Mr. Ferris," said John, stiffly.

"Well, that business is easy finished," said the contractor, with a careless air and a slight look of disappointment. "Just as you say, sir. You was full of it a spell ago, and I kind o' kep' the matter in mind. It ain't no plot o' mine, 'cept to oblige you. I don't want to move my riggin' nowhere for the sake o' two trees — one tree, you might say: there ain't much o' anything but fire-wood in the sprangly one. I shall end up over on the Foss lot next week, an' then I 'm goin' right up country quick 's I can, before the snow begins to melt."

John Packer's hands were both plunged deep into his side pockets, and the contractor did not fail to see that he was moving his fingers nervously.

"You don't want 'em blowin' down, breakin' all to pieces right on to your grass-land. They 'd spile pretty near an acre fallin' in some o' them spring gales. Them old trees is awful brittle. If you 're ever calc'latin' to sell 'em, now 's your time; the sprangly one 's goin' back a'ready. They take the goodness all out o' that part o' your field, anyway," said Ferris, casting a sly glance as he spoke.

"I don't know 's I care; I can maintain them two trees," answered Packer, with spirit; but he turned and looked away, not at the contractor.

"Come, I mean business. I 'll tell you what I 'll do: if you want to trade, I 'll give you seventy-five dollars for them two trees, and it 's an awful price. Buyin' known trees like them 's like tradin' for a tame calf; you 'd let your forty-acre piece go without no fuss. Don't mind what folks say. They 're yourn, John; or ain't they?"

"I 'd just as soon be rid on 'em; they 've got to come down some time," said Packer, stung by this bold taunt. "I ain't goin' to give you a present o' half their value, for all o' that."

"You can't handle 'em yourself, nor nobody else about here; there ain't nobody got proper riggin' to handle them butts but me. I 've got to take 'em down for ye, fur 's I can see," said Ferris, looking sly, and proceeding swiftly from persuasion to final arrangements. "It 's some like gittin' a tooth hauled; you kind o' dread it, but when 't is done you feel like a man. I ain't said nothin' to nobody, but I hoped you 'd do what you was a-mind to with your own property. You can't afford to let all that money rot away; folks won't thank ye."

"What you goin' to give for 'em?" asked John Packer, impatiently. "Come, I can't talk all day."

"I 'm a-goin' to give you seventy-five dollars in bank-bills," said the other man, with an air of great spirit.

"I ain't a-goin' to take it, if you be," said John, turning round, and taking a hasty step or two toward the house. As he turned he saw the anxious faces of two women at one of the kitchen windows, and the blood flew to his pinched face.

"Here, come back here and talk man-fashion!" shouted the timber-dealer. "You could n't make no more fuss if I come to seize your farm. I 'll make it eighty, an' I 'll tell you jest one thing more: if you 're holdin' out, thinkin' I 'll give you more, you can hold out till doomsday."

"When 'll you be over?" said the farmer, abruptly; his hands were clenched now in his pockets. The two men stood a little way apart, facing eastward, and away from the house. The long, wintry fields before them sloped down to a wide stretch of marshes covered with ice, and dotted here and there with an abandoned hay-cock. Beyond was the gray sea less than a mile away; the far horizon was like an edge of steel. There was a small fishing-boat standing in toward the shore, and far off were two or three coasters.

"Looks cold, don't it?" said the contractor. "I 'll be over middle o' the week some time, Mr. Packer." He unfastened his horse, while John Packer went to the unsheltered wood-pile and began to chop hard at some sour, heavy-looking pieces of red-oak wood. He stole a look at the window, but the two troubled faces had disappeared.

II.

LATER that afternoon John Packer came in from the barn; he had lingered out-of-doors in the cold as long as there was any excuse for

so doing, and had fed the cattle early, and cleared up and laid into a neat pile some fencing materials and pieces of old boards that had been lying in the shed in great confusion since before the coming of snow. It was a dusty, splintery heap, half worthless, and he had thrown some of the broken fence-boards out to the wood-pile, and then had stopped to break them up for kindlings and to bring them into the back kitchen of the house, hoping, yet fearing at every turn, to hear the sound of his wife's voice. Sometimes the women had to bring in fire-wood themselves, but to-night he filled the great wood-box just outside the kitchen door, piling it high with green beech and maple, with plenty of dry birch and pine, taking pains to select the best and straightest sticks, even if he burrowed deep into the wood-pile. He brought the bushel basketful of kindlings last, and set it down with a cheerful grunt, having worked himself into good humor again; and as he opened the kitchen door, and went to hang his great blue mittens behind the stove, he wore a self-satisfied and pacificatory smile.

"There, I don't want to hear no more about the wood-box bein' empty. We're goin' to have a cold night; the air 's full of snow, but 't won't fall, not till it moderates."

The women glanced at him with a sense of relief. They had looked forward to his entrance in a not unfamiliar mood of surly silence. Every time he had thumped down a great armful of wood, it had startled them afresh, and their timid protest and sense of apprehension had increased until they were pale and miserable; the younger woman had been crying.

"Come, mother, what you goin' to get me for supper?" said the master of the house. "I 'm goin' over to the Centre to the selec'men's office to-night. They 're goin' to have a hearin' about that new piece o' road over in the Dexter neighborhood."

The mother and daughter looked at each other with relief and shame; perhaps they had mistaken the timber-contractor's errand, after all, though their imagination had followed truthfully every step of a bitter bargain, from the windows.

"Poor father!" said his wife, half unconsciously. "Yes; I 'll get you your supper quick 's I can. I forgot about to-night. You 'll want somethin' warm before you ride 'way over to the Centre, certain"; and she began to bustle about, and to bring things out of the pantry. She and John Packer had really loved each other when they were young, and although he had done everything he could since then that might have made her forget, she always remembered instead; she was always ready to blame herself, and to find excuse for him. "Do put on your big fur-coat, won't you, John?" she begged eagerly.

"I ain't gone yet," said John, looking again at his daughter, who did not look at him. It was not quite dark, and she was bending over her sewing, close to the window. The momentary gleam of hope had faded in her heart; her father was too pleasant: she hated him for the petty deceit.

"What are you about there, Lizzie?" he asked gaily. "Why don't you wait till you have a light? Get one for your mother: she can't see over there by the table."

Lizzie Packer's ready ears caught a provoking tone in her father's voice, but she dropped her sewing, and went to get the hand-lamp from the high mantelpiece. "Have you got a match in your pocket? You know we 're all out; I found the last this mornin' in the best room." She stood close beside him while he took a match from his waistcoat pocket and gave it to her.

"I won't have you leavin' matches layin' all about the house," he commanded; "mice 'll get at 'em, and set us afire. You can make up some lamplighters out of old letters and things; there 's a lot o' stuff that might be used up. Seems to me lamplighters is gone out o' fashion; they come in very handy."

Lizzie did not answer, which was a disappointment.

"Here, you take these I 've got in my pocket, and that 'll remind me to buy some at the store," he ended. But Lizzie did not come to take them, and when she had waited a moment, and turned up the lamp carefully, she put it on the table by her mother, and went out of the room. The father and mother heard her going up-stairs.

"I do hope she won't stay up there in the cold," said Mrs. Packer in an outburst of anxiety.

"What 's she sulkin' about now?" demanded the father, tipping his chair down emphatically on all four legs. The timid woman mustered all her bravery.

"Why, when we saw Mr. Ferris out there talkin' with you, we were frightened for fear he was tryin' to persuade you about the big pines. Poor Lizzie got all worked up; she took on and cried like a baby when we saw him go off chucklin' and you stayed out so long. She can't bear the thought o' touchin' 'em. And then when you come in and spoke about the selec'men, we guessed we was all wrong. Perhaps Lizzie feels bad about that now. I own I had hard feelin's toward you myself, John." She came toward him with her mixing-spoon in her hand; her face was lovely and hopeful. "You see, they 've been such landmarks, John," she said, "and our Lizzie 's got more feelin' about 'em than anybody. She was always playin' around 'em when she was little; and now there 's so much talk about the fishin' folks countin' on

'em to get in by the short channel in bad weather, and she don't want you blamed."

"You 'd ought to set her to work, and learnt her head to save her heels," said John Packer, grumbling; and the pale little woman gave a heavy sigh, and went back to her work again. "That 's why she ain't no good now — playin' out all the time when other girls was made to work. Broke you all down, savin' her," he ended in an aggrieved tone.

"John, 't ain't true, is it?" She faced him again in a way that made him quail; his wife was never disrespectful, but she sometimes faced every danger to save him from his own foolishness. "Don't you go and do a thing to make everybody hate you. You know what it says in the Bible about movin' a landmark. You 'll get your rights; 't is just as much your right to let the trees stand, and please folks."

"Come, come, Mary Hannah!" said John, a little moved in spite of himself. "Don't work yourself up so. I ain't told you I was goin' to cut 'em, have I? But if I ever do, 't is because I 've been twitted into it, an' told they were everybody's trees but mine."

He pleased himself at the moment by thinking that he could take back his promise to Ferris, even if it cost five dollars to do it. Why could n't people leave a man alone? It was the women's faces at the window that had decided his angry mind, but now they thought it all his fault. Ferris would say, "So your women-folks persuaded you out of it." It would be no harm to give Ferris a lesson: he had used a man's being excited and worked upon by interfering neighbors to drive a smart bargain. The trees were worth fifty dollars apiece, if they were worth a cent. John Packer transferred his aggrieved thoughts from his family to Ferris himself. Ferris had driven a great many sharp bargains; he had plenty of capital behind him, and had taken advantage of the hard times, and of more than one man's distress, to buy woodland at far less than its value. More than that, he always stripped land to the bare skin; if the very huckleberry bushes and ferns had been worth anything to him, he would have taken those, insisting upon all or nothing, and, regardless of the rights of forestry, he left nothing to grow; no sapling-oak or pine stood where his hand had been. The pieces of young growing woodland that might have made their owners rich at some later day were sacrificed to his greed of gain. You had to give him half your trees to make him give half-price for the rest. Some men yielded to him out of ignorance, or avarice for immediate gains, and others out of bitter necessity. Once or twice he had even brought men to their knees and gained his point by involving them in money difficulties, through buying up their mortgages and notes. He could sell all the wood and timber he could buy, and buy so cheap, to larger dealers; and a certain builder having given him an order for some unusually wide and clear pine at a large price, his withering eye had been directed toward the landmark trees on John Packer's farm.

On the road home from the Packer farm that winter afternoon Mr. Ferris's sleigh-bells sounded lonely, and nobody was met or overtaken to whom he could brag of his success. Now and then he looked back with joy to the hill behind the Packer house, where the assailed pine-trees still stood together, superb survivors of an earlier growth. The snow was white about them now, but in summer they stood near the road at the top of a broad field which had been won from wild land by generation after generation of the Packers. Whatever man's hands have handled, and his thoughts have centered in, gives something back to man, and becomes charged with his transferred life, and brought into relationship. The great pines could remember all the Packers, if they could remember anything; they were like some huge archaic creatures whose thoughts were slow and dim. So many anxious eyes had sought these trees from the sea, so many wanderers by land had gladly welcomed the far sight of them in coming back to the old town, it must have been that the great live things felt their responsibility as landmarks and sentinels. How could any fisherman find the deep-sea fishing-grounds for cod and haddock without bringing them into range with a certain blue hill far inland, or with the steeple of the old church on the Wilton road? How could a hurrying boat find the short way into harbor before a gale without sighting the big trees from point to point among the rocky shallows? It was a dangerous bit of coast in every way, and every fisherman and pleasure-boatman knew the pines on Packer's Hill. As for the Packers themselves, the first great adventure for a child was to climb alone to the great pines, and to see an astonishing world from beneath their shadow; and as the men and women of the family grew old, they sometimes made an effort to climb the hill once more in summer weather, to sit in the shelter of the trees, where the breeze was cool, and to think of what had passed, and to touch the rough bark with affectionate hands. The boys went there when they came home from voyages at sea; the girls went there with their lovers. The trees were like friends, and whether you looked seaward, being in an inland country, or whether you looked shoreward, being on the sea, there they stood and grew in their places, while a worldful of people lived and died, and again and again new worldfuls were

born and passed away, and still these landmark pines lived their long lives, and were green and vigorous yet.

III.

THERE was a fishing-boat coming into the neighboring cove, as has already been said, while Ferris and John Packer stood together talking in the yard. In this fishing-boat were two other men, younger and lighter-hearted, if it were only for the reason that neither of them had such a store of petty ill deeds and unkindnesses to remember in dark moments. They were in an old dory, and there was much ice clinging to her, inside and out, as if the fishers had been out for many hours. There were only a few cod lying around in the bottom, already stiffened in the icy air. The wind was light, and one of the men was rowing with short, jerky strokes, to help the sail, while the other held the sheet and steered with a spare oar that had lost most of its blade. The wind came in flaws, chilling, and mischievous in its freaks. "I ain't goin' out any more this year," said the younger man, who rowed, giving a great shudder. "I ain't goin' to perish myself for a pinch o' fish like this"—pushing them with his heavy boot. "Generally it 's some warmer than we are gittin' it now 'way into January. I 've got a good chance to go into Otis's shoe-shop; Bill Otis was tellin' me he did n't know but he should go out West to see his uncle's folks,—he done well this last season, lobsterin',—an' I can have his bench if I want it. I do' know but I may make up some lobster-pots myself, evenin's an' odd times, and take to lobsterin' another season. I know a few good places that Bill Otis ain't struck; and then the scarcer lobsters git to be, the more you git for 'em, so now a poor ketch 's 'most better 'n a good one."

"Le' me take the oars," said Joe Banks, without attempting a reply to such deep economical wisdom.

"You hold that sheet light," grumbled the other man, "or these gusts 'll have us over. An' don't let that old oar o' yourn range about so. I can't git no hold o' the water." The boat lifted suddenly on a wave and sank again in the trough, the sail flapped, and a great cold splash of salt water came aboard, floating the fish to the stern, against Banks's feet. Chauncey, grumbling heartily, began to bail with a square-built wooden scoop for which he reached far behind him in the bow.

"They say the sea holds its heat longer than the land, but I guess summer 's about over out here." He shivered again as he spoke. "Come, le' 's say this is the last trip, Joe."

Joe looked up at the sky, quite unconcerned. "We may have it warmer after we git more snow," he said. "I 'd like to keep on myself until after the first o' the year, same 's usual. I 've got my reasons," he added. "But don't you go out no more, Chauncey."

"What you goin' to do about them trees o' Packer's?" asked Chauncey, suddenly, and not without effort. The question had been on his mind all the afternoon. "Old Ferris has laid a bet that he 'll git 'em anyway. I signed the paper they 've got down to Fox'l Berry's store to the Cove. A number has signed it, but I should n't want to be the one to carry it up to Packer. They all want your name, but they 've got some feelin' about how you 're situated. Some o' the boys made me promise to speak to you, bein' 's we 're keepin' together."

"You can tell 'em I 'll sign it," said Joe Banks, flushing a warm, bright color under his sea-chilled skin. "I don't know what set him out to be so poor-behaved. He 's a quick-tempered man, Packer is, but quick over. I never knew him to keep no such a black temper as this."

"They always say that you can't drive a Packer," said Chauncey, tugging against the uneven waves. "His mother came o' that old fightin' stock up to Bolton; 't was a different streak from his father's folks—they was different-hearted an' all pleasant. Ferris has done the whole mean business. John Packer 'd be madder 'n he is now if he knowed how Ferris is makin' a tool of him. He got a little too much aboard long ago 's Thanksgivin' Day, and bragged to me an' another fellow when he was balmy how he 'd rile up Packer into sellin' them pines, and then he 'd double his money on 'em up to Boston; he said there wa' n't no such a timber pine as that big one left in the State that he knows on. Why, 't is 'most five foot through high 's I can reach."

Chauncey stopped rowing a minute, and held the oars with one hand while he looked over his shoulder. "I should miss them old trees," he said; "they always make me think of a married couple. They ain't no common growth, be they, Joe? Everybody knows 'em. I bet you if anything happened to one on 'em t' other would go an' die. They say ellums has mates, an' all them big trees."

Joe Banks had been looking at the pines all the way in; he had steered by them from point to point. Now he saw them just over Fish Rock, where the surf was whitening, and over the group of fish-houses, and began to steer straight inshore. The sea was less rough now, and after getting well into the shelter of the land he drew in his oar. Chauncey could pull the rest of the way without it. A sudden change in the wind filled the three-cornered sail, and they moved faster.

"She 'll make it now, herself, if you 'll just keep her straight, Chauncey; no, 't wa' n't

nothin' but a flaw, was it? Guess I 'd better help ye"; and he leaned on the oar once more, and took a steady sight of the familiar harbor marks.

"We 're right over one o' my best lobster rocks," said Chauncey, looking warm-blooded and cheerful again. "I 'm satisfied not to be no further out; it 's beginnin' to snow; see them big flakes a-comin'? I 'll tell the boys about your signin' the paper; I d' know 's you 'd better resk it, either."

"Why not?" said Joe Banks, hastily. "I suppose you refer to me an' Lizzie Packer; but she would n't think no more o' me for leavin' my name off a proper neighborhood paper, nor her father, neither. You git them two pines let alone, and I 'll take care o' Lizzie. I 've got all the other boats and men to think of besides me, an' I 've got some pride anyway. I ain't goin' to have Bolton folks an' all on 'em down to the Centre twittin' us, nor twittin' Packer; he 'll turn sour toward everybody the minute he does it. I know Packer; he 's rough and ugly, but he ain't the worst man in town by a good sight. Anybody 'd be all worked up to go through so much talk, and I 'm kind o' 'fraid this minute his word 's passed to Ferris to have them trees down. But you show him the petition; 't will be kind of formal, and if that don't do no good, I do' know what will. There, you git the sail in while I hold her stiddy, Chauncey."

IV.

AFTER a day or two of snow that turned to rain, and was followed by warmer weather, there came one of the respites which keep up New England hearts in December. The short, dark days seemed shorter and darker than usual that year, but one morning the sky had a look of Indian summer, the wind was in the south, and the cocks and hens of the Packer farm came boldly out into the sunshine, to crow and cackle before the barn. It was Friday morning, and the next day was the day before Christmas.

John Packer was always good-tempered when the wind was in the south. The milder air, which relaxed too much the dispositions of less energetic men, and made them depressed and worthless, only softened and tempered him into reasonableness. As he and his wife and daughter sat at breakfast, after he had returned from feeding the cattle and horses, he wore a pleasant look, and finally leaned back and said the warm weather made him feel boyish, and he believed that he would take the boat and go out fishing.

"I can haul her out and fix her up for winter when I git ashore," he explained. "I 've been distressed to think it wa' n't done before. I expect she 's got some little ice in her now, there where she lays just under the edge of Joe Banks's fish-house. I spoke to Joe, but he said she 'd do till I could git down. No; I 'll turn her over, and make her snug for winter, and git a small boat o' Joe. I ain't goin' out a great ways; just so 's I can git a cod or two. I always begin to think of a piece o' new fish quick 's these mild days come; feels like the Janooary thaw."

"'T would be a good day for you to ride over to Bolton, too," said Mrs. Packer. "But I 'd like to go with you when you go there, an' I 've got business here to-day. I 've put the kettle on some time ago to do a little colorin'. We can go to Bolton some day next week."

"I 've got to be here next week," said Packer, ostentatiously; but at this moment his heart for the first time completely failed him about the agreement with Ferris. The south wind had blown round the vane of his determination. He forgot his wife and daughter, laid down his knife and fork, and quite unknown to himself began to hang his head. The great trees were not so far from the house that he had not noticed the sound of the southerly breeze in their branches as he came across the yard. He knew it as well as he knew the rote of the beaches and ledges on that stretch of shore. He was meaning, at any rate, to think it over while he was out fishing where nobody could bother him. He was n't going to be hindered by a pack of folks from doing what he liked with his own; but neither was old Ferris going to say what he had better do with his own trees.

"You put me up a bite o' somethin' hearty, mother," he made haste to say. "I sha'n't git in till along in the afternoon."

"Ain't you feelin' all right, father?" asked Lizzie, looking at him curiously.

"I be," said John Packer, growing stern again for the moment. "I feel like a day out fishin'. I hope Joe won't git the start o' me. You seen his small boat go out?" He looked up at his daughter, and smiled in a friendly way, and went on with his breakfast. It was evidently one of his pleasant days; he never had made such a frank acknowledgment of the lover's rights, but he had always liked Joe Banks. Lizzie's cheeks glowed; she gave her mother a happy glance of satisfaction, and looked as bright as a rose. The hard-worked little woman smiled back in sympathy. There was a piece of her best loaf cake in the round wooden luncheon-box that day, and everything else that she thought her man would like and that his box would hold, but it seemed meager to her generous heart even then. The two women affectionately watched him away down the field-path that led to the cove where the fish-houses were.

All the Wilton farmers near the sea took a turn now and then at fishing. They owned boats together sometimes, but John Packer had always kept a good boat of his own. To-day

he had no real desire to find a companion or to call for help to launch his craft, but finding that Joe Banks was busy in his fish-house, he went in to borrow the light dory and a pair of oars. Joe seemed singularly unfriendly in his manner, a little cold and strange, and went on with his work without looking up. Mr. Packer made a great effort to be pleasant; the south wind gave him even a sense of guilt.

"Don't you want to come, Joe?" he said, according to 'longshore etiquette; but Joe shook his head, and showed no interest whatever. It seemed then as if it would be such a good chance to talk over the tree business with Joe, and to make him understand there had been some reason in it; but John Packer could mind his own business as well as any man, and so he picked his way over the slippery stones, pushed off the dory, stepped in, and was presently well outside on his way to Fish Rock. He had forgotten to look for any bait until Joe had pushed a measure of clams along the bench; he remembered it now as he baited his cod-lines, sitting in the swaying and lifting boat, a mile or two out from shore. He had but poor luck; the cold had driven the fish into deeper water, and presently he took the oars to go farther out, and looking at the land for the first time with a consciousness of seeing it, he sighted his range, and turned the boat's head. He was still so near land that beyond the marshes, which looked narrow from the sea, he could see his own farm and his neighbors' farms on the hill that sloped gently down; the northern point of higher land that sheltered the cove and the fish-houses also kept the fury of the sea winds from these farms, which faced the east and south. The main road came along the high ridge at their upper edge, and a lane turned off down to the cove; you could see this road for three or four miles when you were as far out at sea. The whole piece of country most familiar to John Packer lay there spread out before him in the morning sunshine. The house and barn and corn-house looked like children's playthings; he made a vow that he would get out the lumber that winter for a wood-shed; he needed another building, and his wood-pile ought to be under cover. His wife had always begged him to build a shed; it was hard for a woman to manage with wet wood in stormy weather; often he was away, and they never kept a boy or man to help with farm work except in summer. "Joe Banks was terribly surly about something," said Mr. Packer to himself. But Joe wanted Lizzie. When they were married he meant to put an addition to the farther side of the house, and to give Joe a chance to come right there. Lizzie's mother was liable to be ailing, and needed her at hand. That eighty dollars would come in handy these hard times.

John Packer liked to be cross and autocratic, and to oppose people; but there was hidden somewhere in his heart a warm spot of affectionateness and desire for approval. When he had quarreled for a certain time, he turned square about on this instinct as on a pivot. The self-love that made him wish to rule ended in making him wish to please; he could not very well bear being disliked. The bully is always a coward, but there was a good sound spot of right-mindedness, after all, in John Packer's gnarly disposition.

As the thought of the price of his trees flitted through John Packer's mind, it made him ashamed instead of pleasing him. He rowed harder for some distance, and then stopped to loosen the comforter about his neck. He looked back at the two pines where they stood black and solemn on the distant ridge against the sky. From this point of view they seemed to have taken a step nearer each other, as if each held the other fast with its branches in a desperate alliance. The bare, strong stem of one, the drooping boughs of the other, were indistinguishable, but the trees had a look as if they were in trouble. Something made John Packer feel sick and dizzy, and blurred his eyes so that he could not see them plain; the wind had weakened his eyes, and he rubbed them with his rough sleeve. A horror crept over him before he understood the reason, but in another moment his brain knew what his eyes had read. Along the ridge road came something that trailed long and black like a funeral, and he sprang to his feet in the dory, and lost his footing, then caught at the gunwale, and sat down again in despair. It was like the panic of a madman, and he cursed and swore at old Ferris for his sins, with nothing to hear him but the busy waves that glistened between him and the shore. Ferris had stolen his chance; he was coming along with his rigging as fast as he could, with his quick French wood-choppers, and their sharp saws and stubborn wedges to cant the trunks; already he was not far from the farm. Old Ferris was going to set up his yellow sawdust-mill there — that was the plan; the great trunks were too heavy to handle or haul any distance with any trucks or sleds that were used nowadays. It would be all over before anybody could get ashore to stop them; he would risk old Ferris for that.

Packer began to row with all his might; he had left the sail ashore. The oars grew hot at the wooden thole-pins, and he pulled and pulled. There would be three quarters of a mile to run up-hill to the house, and another bit to the trees themselves, after he got in. By that time the two-man saw, and the wedges, and the Frenchmen's shining axes, might have spoiled the landmark pines. "Lizzie 's there —



THE SURPRISE PARTY.

she 'll hold 'em back till I come," he gasped, as he passed Fish Rock. "Oh, Lord! what a fool! I ain't goin' to have them trees murdered"; and he set his teeth hard, and rowed with all his might.

Joe Banks looked out of the little four-paned fish-house window, and saw the dory coming, and hurried to the door. "What 's he puttin' in so for?" said he to himself, and looked up the coast to see if anything had happened; the house might be on fire. But all the quiet farms looked untroubled. "He 's pullin' at them oars as if the devil was after him," said Joe to himself. "He could n't ha' heard o' that petition they 're gettin' up from none of the fish he 's hauled in; 't will 'bout set him crazy, but I was bound I 'd sign it with the rest. The old dory 's jumpin' right out of water every stroke he pulls."

V.

THE next night the Packer farm-house stood in the winter landscape under the full moon, just as it had stood always, with a light in the kitchen window, and a plume of smoke above the great, square chimney. It was about half-past seven o'clock. A group of men were lurking at the back of the barn, like robbers, and speaking in low tones. Now and then the horse stamped in the barn, or a cow lowed; a dog was barking, away over on the next farm, with an anxious tone, as if something were happening that he could not understand. The sea boomed along the shore beyond the marshes; the men could hear the rote of a piece of pebble beach a mile or two to the southward; now and then there was a faint tinkle of sleigh-bells. The fields looked wide and empty; the unusual warmth of the day before had been followed by clear cold. Suddenly a straggling company of women were seen coming from the next house. The men at the barn clapped their arms, and one of them, the youngest, danced a little to keep himself warm.

"Here they all come," said somebody, and at that instant the sound of many sleigh-bells grew loud and incessant, and far-away shouts and laughter came along the wind, fainter in the hollows and loud on the hills of the uneven road. "Here they come! I guess you 'd better go in, Joe; they 'll want to have lights ready."

"She 'll have a fire all laid for him in the fore room," said the young man; "that 's all we want. She 'll be expectin' you, Joe; go in now, and they 'll think nothin' of it, bein' Saturday night. Just you hurry, so they 'll have time to light up." And Joe went.

"Stop and have some talk with father," whispered Lizzie, affectionately, to her lover, as she came to meet him. "He 's all worked up, thinking nobody 'll respect him, an' all that. Tell him you 're glad he beat." And they opened the kitchen door.

"What 's all that noise?" said John Packer, dropping his weekly newspaper, and springing out of his chair. He looked paler and thinner than he had looked the day before.

"What 's all that noise, Joe?"

There was a loud sound of bells now, and of people cheering. Joe's throat had a lump in it; he knew well enough what it was, and could not find his voice to tell. Everybody in the neighborhood was coming, and they were all cheering as they passed the two old pines.

"I guess the neighbors mean to give you a little party to-night, sir," said Joe. "I see six or eight sleighs comin' along the road. They 've all heard about it; some o' the boys that was here with the riggin' went down to the store last night, and they was all tellin' how you stood right up to Ferris like a king, an' drove him. You see, they 're all gratified on account of having you put a stop to Ferris's tricks about them pines," he repeated. Joe did not dare to look at Lizzie or her mother, and in two minutes more the room began to fill with people, and John Packer, who usually hated company, was shaking hands hospitably with everybody that came.

HALF an hour afterward, Mr. Packer and Joe Banks and Joe's friend Chauncey were down cellar together, filling some pitchers from the best barrel of cider. The guests were tramping to and fro overhead in the best room; there was a great noise of buzzing talk and laughter.

"Come, sir, give us a taste before we go up; it 's master hot up there," said Chauncey, who was nothing if not convivial; and the three men drank solemnly in turn from the smallest of the four pitchers; then Mr. Packer stooped again to replenish it.

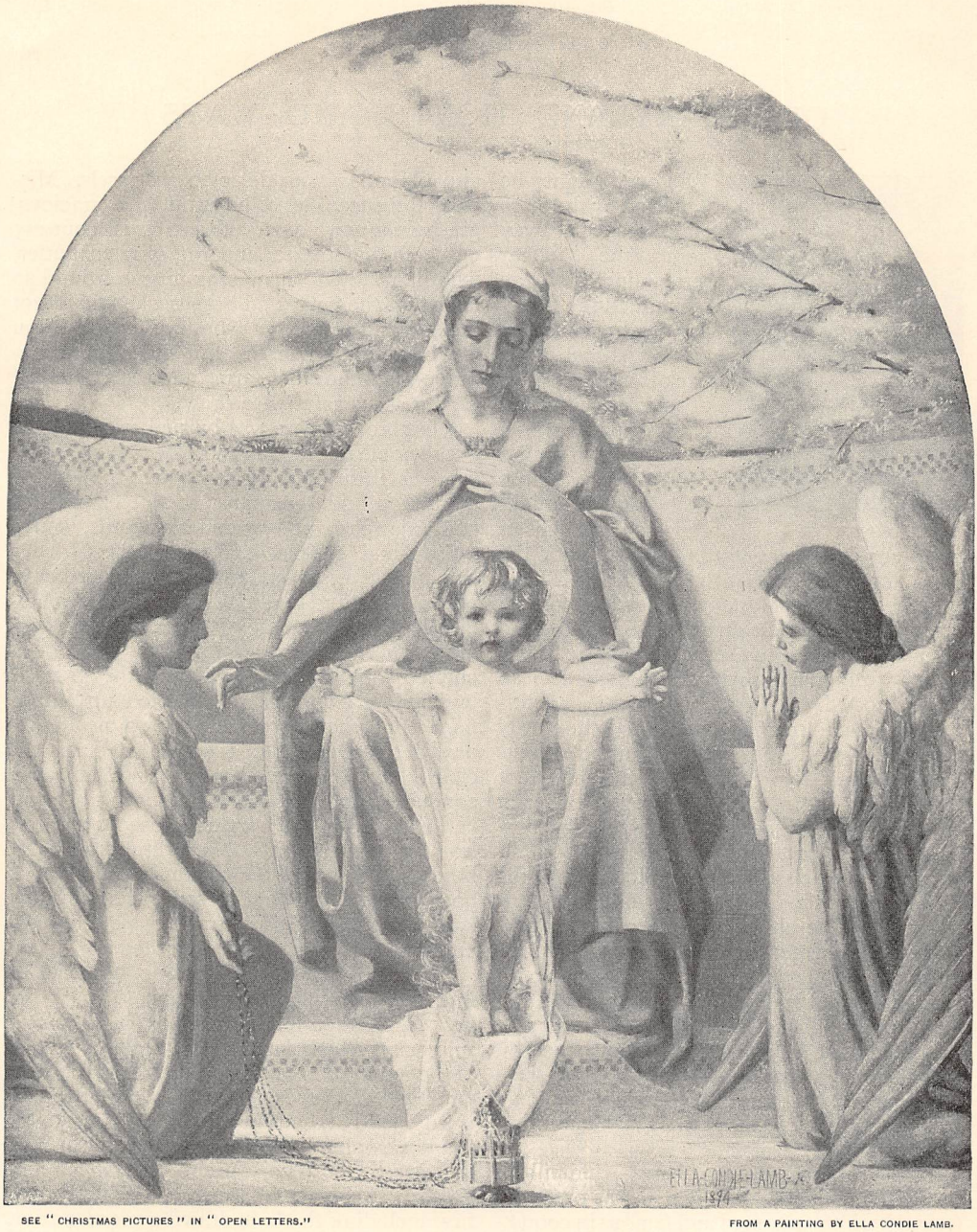
"Whatever become o' that petition?" whispered Chauncey; but Joe Banks gave him a warning push with his elbow. "Wish ye merry Christmas!" said Chauncey, unexpectedly, to some one who called him from the stairhead. He had been king of his Christmas company up-stairs, but down here he was a little ashamed.

"Hold that light nearer," said Mr. Packer. "Come, Joe, I ain't goin' to hear no more o' that nonsense about me beatin' off old Ferris."

"Land! there 's the fiddle," said Chauncey. "Le' 's hurry up"; and the three cup-bearers hastened back up the cellar-stairs to the scene of festivity.

The two Christmas trees, the landmark pines, stood tall and strong on the hill looking down at the shining windows of the house. There was a sound like a summer wind in their tops; the bright moon and the stars were lighting them, and all the land and sea, that Christmas night.

Sarah Orne Jewett.



SEE "CHRISTMAS PICTURES" IN "OPEN LETTERS."

FROM A PAINTING BY ELLA CONDIE LAMB.

The Christ Child

OLD MARYLAND HOMES AND WAYS.



THE POSTBOY CUP.

IF one might be frisked by the mere magic of a wish away from the vulgar scrambling and the din and all the heartless impertinence of this impatient time, back to those ways of pleasantness and paths of peace which were the familiar conditions of old Maryland, he might choose to find himself trundling in an antiquated gig through the long, dim stretch of woods, and the double colonnade of locusts and beeches which formed the approach to the "great house," and ended in the graveled drive that belted the noble lawn — from five to seven acres of close, clean sward, dotted with firs and cedars, and terraced from end to end. Here stood the sturdy domicile, broad and square, built of bricks brought over from England in the ships that came for tobacco. It was flanked on each hand with offices, and strung out to the very edge of the woods with outbuildings—kitchen, dairy, ice-house, overseer's lodge, and the "quarter" for the dusky colony of slaves. This latter might be either a group of cabins or a single, spacious tenement of logs or stone, affording one big sitting-room below, floored with earth, and rude dormitories, bunked and blanketed, above. On the ground floor the negroes loved to lie around the great hearth, with their feet to the fire, and to sleep that sleep of insouciant beatitude which was broken only by the familiar cry of warning: "Some fool-nigger's heel a-burning!"

In the distance was the clumsy windmill for the grinding of the maze which was presently to find itself transformed and famous in coquetries of johnny-cake and pone, and flapjacks flattered with golden butter; and beyond, between the willows by the creek, glimpsed and glanced the rippling silver of the bay, with its sleepy coves and inlets dotted with canoes and barges, and with the slender spars of pungies in among the cuddling little isles, where Sambo tonged for "eyesheters" in the sun, and the larger fisher took his finny treasures from the weir.

Here was a land flowing with mint-juleps and blooming with delectable damsels. Mistress Rebecca Lloyd, beautiful and gracious, greeted the new-comer with a winsome courtesy on the broad piazza, and the grizzled butler, who had "toted" his young missus around so long that there were still times when he forgot himself and called her "honey," brought you the beguiling beverage on a silver salver engraved with the family arms, and was distressed if your straw refused to draw.

That broad piazza was burned, with the rest of the noble house of Wye, on March 13, 1781, when a British marauding party looted the plantation and the mansion, and carried off plate, jewelry, and watches, swords, spurs, sashes, and cocked beavers, muffs, turbans, and tippets, wigs and embroidered waistcoats, plumed hats and cardinals — the whole splendid plunder of brave apparel and dainty bedeckings. The fair Rebecca has long since been choired among the angels, and the grizzled butler sleeps with his toes turned up to the mint; but when I crossed the lawn one kindly day in last December, I was greeted as graciously by Rebecca's later kinswoman, and conducted into the great hall, which never yet, whether in the parent house or in this, was big enough for the hospitalities it has harbored. The grand old manor-house gave its body to the flames, but its soul survives in the later mansion, where its traditions of courtesy and kindness are piously cherished.

Near the site of the historic domicile, a fragment of which still remains, stands the beautiful structure, impressive by its proud simplicity, which invites the wayfarer to-day in the name of eight generations of Maryland worthies who have kept house there since Edward Lloyd I., the Puritan, in 1668, set up his son Philemon to be Lord of the Manor of Wye and Master of Wye House—*incunabula majorum*. The main building of two lofty stories, including the hall, drawing-room, parlor, dining-room, and chambers, all of noble proportions, is connected by corridors with one-storied wings, in which are the library on one side and the domestic offices on the other, presenting a pleasing façade of two hundred feet, looking out upon the lawn and the leafy avenue, and over the woods to Wye River and the bay.

In the rear of the mansion is the garden with its extensive conservatories, once a gayer paradise of shrubs and flowers; and behind that is the family cemetery, where is gathered



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE LADY OF THE MANOR.

the dust of many notable worthies and dames of the gentle blood of the Lloyds, marked by monuments and somber tablets that are crumbling now.

Above a battered shield supported by mortuary emblems one may read this notable inscription:

Henrietta Maria Lloyd.

Shee who now takes her Rest within this Tomb
Had Rachel's Face and Leah's fruitful Womb,
Abigail's Wisdom, Lydia's faithful Heart,
With Martha's Care and Mary's Better part.

Who died the 21st day of May,
(Anno) Dom. 1697, aged 50 Years,
— months, 23 days.

To whose Memory Richard Bennett dedicates this Tomb.

This lady, honored above many honorable women, whose praise, like the burden of an old ballad, runs through the records of her descendants with happy iteration, was the daughter of Captain James Neale, who, before coming to Maryland in 1666, "Had lived divers yeares in Spain and Portugall, following the trade of Merchandize, and likewise was there employed by his Majesty of Great Britain (Charles I.) and his Royal Highness the Duke of Yorke, in several emergent Affairs, as by the Commissions herewith presented may appear."

Henrietta Maria was born while her father was in foreign service, and was named in honor of the queen of Charles I. There is a not improbable tradition that her mother had been one of the maids of honor to her Majesty, whose ill-fated consort was, at the time of the birth of this child, at the mercy of his enemies.

After the regicide of Charles, seven rings were distributed among as many friends of the queen — those who had been nearest and dearest to her and to the king. These rings were set with a stone which presented on one side the profile of the king, and on the other a death's-head surmounting a crown and wearing a pointed and stellated diadem between the words *Gloria* and *Vanitas*, while on the inner side of the circlet was traced the legend, *Gloria Angl. Emigravit, Ja. the 30, 1649.* One of these rings was in the possession of Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, a gift to him from Lady Murray Elliott. Another has come down to the Earles of Easton, in Maryland, by a succession of inheritances through the families of Lloyd and Tilghman, from Anna Neale, mother of Henrietta Maria Lloyd.

The present mistress of Wye is the granddaughter of Colonel John Eager Howard of Revolutionary fame, and of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner"; and under her gracious administration Wye House retains all its external stateliness and beauty, all its social graces, and the renown of its ancient hospitality. The traditions of other such noble domains have found distinguished representatives in the Carrolls of My Lady's Manor and Doughoregan, the Calverts of Mount Airy, the Goldsboroughs of Myrtle Grove, the Tilghmans of The Hermitage, the Ridgelys of Hampton, the Hansons of Belmont, and the De Courcys of Cheston.

In Governor Lloyd's time there was a certain steward, or bailiff, at Wye, one Captain Anthony of St. Michael's, at one time master of a bay craft in the service of the governor. This man was the owner of a likely negro boy who escaped from bondage, and by his remarkable powers, acquirements, and address became known to the world as Frederick Douglass. In 1881 Mr. Douglass, being then marshal of the District of Columbia, was moved to revisit the scenes of his childhood and his thrall, and one day found himself on the porch of Wye House, where he was received by the sons of Colonel Lloyd, their father being absent, with that courtesy which is extended to every stranger who finds his way thither. When he had made known the motive of his visit, he was conducted over the estate, from spot to spot that he remembered and described with all their childish associations; here a spring, there a hedge, a lane, a field, a tree. He called them by their names, or recalled them by some simple incident, and all the glowing heart of the man seemed to go out to the place as he passed from ghost to ghost as in a dream. And then a strange thing happened; standing mute and musing for a while, he said slowly and low, as one who talks in his sleep, "Over in them woods was whar me and Mars Dan useter trap rabbits." "Mars Dan" was the governor's son. Was it the man's half-playful, half-pathetic sense of the grotesque incongruity of the situation? Or was it glamour?— all the tremendous significance of a phenomenal life compacted into the homely reflection and phrase of a barefoot "darky."

He plucked flowers from the graves of dead Lloyds he had known, and at the table drank to the health of the master of the old house and of his children, "that they and their descendants may worthily maintain the character and the fame of their ancestors."[1]

On a tongue of wooded land formed by the Glebe and Goldsborough creeks in Talbot County, there is a house with a romantic story. When, in 1661, Wenlock Christison the Quaker was seized by a Puritan mob headed by the Rev. Seaborn Cotton, tried, and condemned by Governor Endicott to die, pardoned by the king, and let off with a flogging at the cart's tail on the highway, he found sanctuary in Maryland,

[1] The Hon. John L. Thomas, in the "Baltimore American," June, 1881.

where Lord Baltimore granted him asylum on the tongue of land that cools itself in the pleasant waters of St. Michael's River — Miles they call it now. Here the indomitable Quaker abode and prospered, wearing his hat in the presence of governors and magistrates, and testifying for "the Truth and the Light" without fear of clubs or cart-tails. Those easy-going Eastern-shoremen actually made him a burgess, and he and his descendants long dwelt in peace in the old brick manor-house, of which a fragment still survives.

In time, by lapse of heirs, the place fell to the possession of Richard France, the famous "lottery king" of Maryland, who built the turreted "Villa" there, and adorned the grounds with fountains and winding walks, conservatories and garden gods, to the effusive wonder and admiration of the natives. But Maryland, taking up scruples, set her face against lotteries, and France for a time coquetted with Delaware, until Delaware in like manner turned prudish; and the last we hear of the "lottery king" is that he had died in a debtor's prison.

Then the garden gods fell on their faces, and thorns sprang up and choked them, and all was desolation and respectability. Again the "Villa" waited not in vain; for one day the windows were opened, exposing all the ghastly gaps in their panes, and a strange man, untidy and shock-headed, pottered about in the weedy, seedy garden, a grim and churlish recluse. But negro curiosity, once sharply piqued, is persistent and penetrating, and forthwith Ethiopia began to gossip about the strange man, how that he was a blacksmith from Connecticut, and an oracle in local political clubs, one to whom "Big Six" was a spell to conjure with. And presently the disheveled interloper was joined by a bearded and venerable companion, with a head like a pear, who lurked and waited behind the close gates and the screen of shrubbery. Then a furtive yacht, at night in St. Michael's River, took the bearded mystery aboard, and was off to the bay and the sea; and the police, who went poking about the place a day or two later, looked foolish and asked one another inane conundrums about the cunning flitting of Boss Tweed.[1]

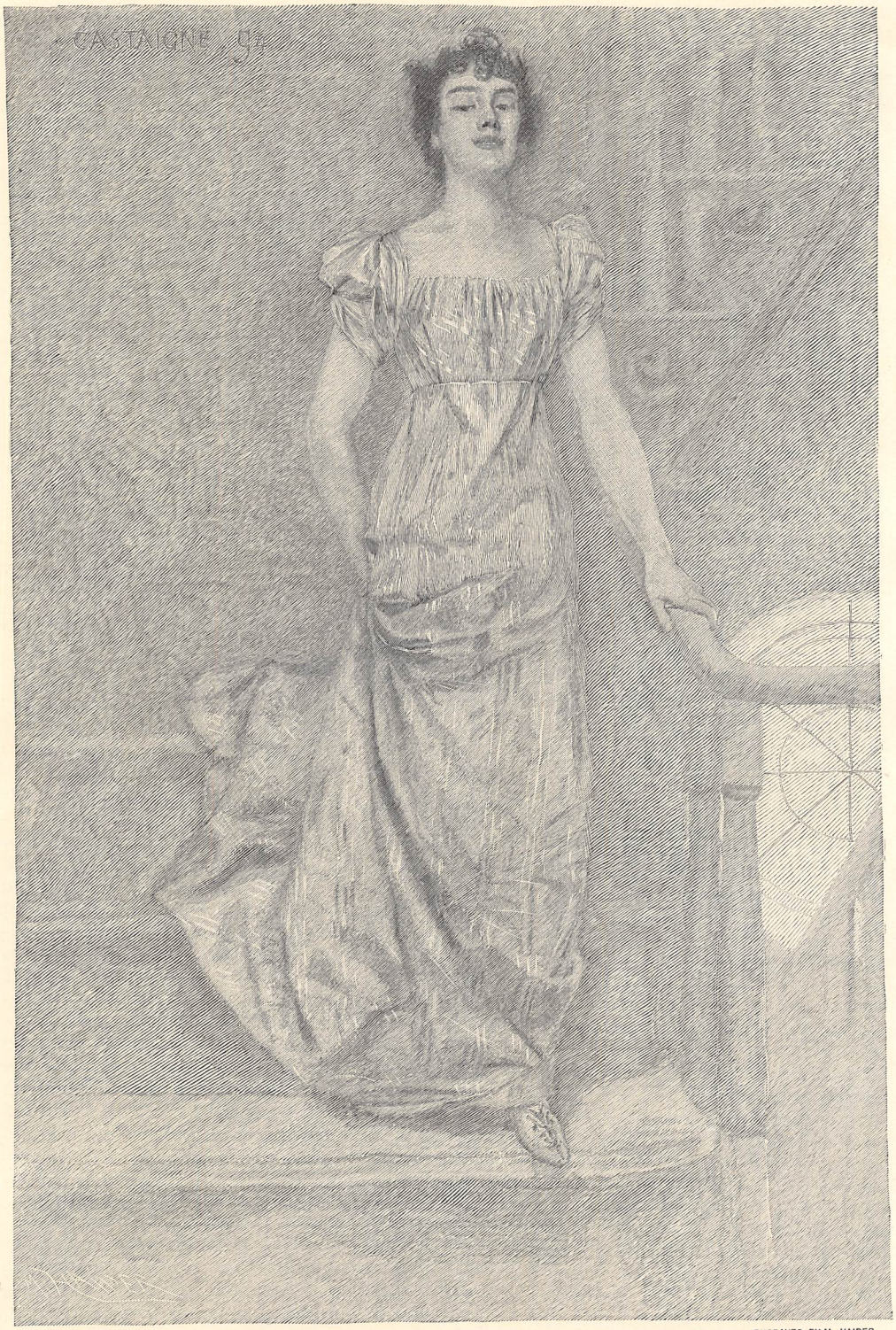
The gentry of colonial Maryland, under the rule of the earlier Calverts, lived on the great plantations in dwellings that were accessible by water. The bay and rivers were almost their only highways, and the obliterated little thorp of St. Mary's, founded on the site of an Indian village whereof the memory is dear to every son of the soil, was their only city. At home they sat on stools and forms, and dined without forks, cutting their meat with their rapiers. But their walls were wainscoted, and their chambers comfortably bedded. Tea and coffee they rarely tasted, and sugar was a luxury, but sack and cider and punch flowed free. Witness the facetious instructions of Governor Calvert to Colonel Price, to bring certain articles to Fort St. Inigoe's for the use of the soldiers: "And upon motion of sack, the said governor bade him bring sack, *if he found any*." In the early records of the province there is more sack than Falstaff's drawer ever scored. The colonial gentry dispensed ardent spirits at funerals, and clinked the sack-cup at christenings; and they affected signet-rings with their leather breeches and boot-hose. Cattle-stealing was not in fashion; only a sheriff of Kent was once charged with that offense, while a governor of Virginia was convicted; neither was there ever an execution for witchcraft in the province of Maryland.

While the colonists of New England commonly dispensed with brick and stone in the construction of their snug and friendly domiciles,— those yellow colonial mansions which constitute a feature so characteristic in the Northern landscape,— the planters of Maryland and Virginia built themselves substantial structures of imported brick, and aspired to the architectural distinctions of Queen Anne and the Georges. One to the manor born,[2] who has written with loving knowledge of these solid and sincere old houses, has told of the noble joinery of the roof; of the deep, capacious window-seats and hearthstones, prodigal of space; of great halls that greet you with the largest welcome; of "stairs that glide rather than climb" to the floor above, where is the dancing-hall or assembly-room; of carved chimney-pieces, paneled wainscoting, and Italian cornices; of the later piazzas and porticos that came in after the Revolution; and of the hip-roofed homes of the burghers of Annapolis, with their huddled chimney-stacks and low ceilings, their cornered fireplaces and dormer-windows, with a multitude of little panes in the broad sashes, and the shining faces of the brass knockers, so expressive of homely kindness; and without, the arbor and the dove-cote, and the prim, box-edged garden, with its walks so decorous and Dutch-like, but gorgeous with lilacs and snowballs, hollyhocks and wall-flowers.

On the broad porch of the manor-house, of an afternoon, the planter and his comely dame dozed in their rocking-chairs, and young lovers cooed in the shade of the vine, while the tall clock in the hall ticked with the conscious dignity of leisure, and the sideboard in the dining-room winked and blinked with all its cut-

[1] My acknowledgments are due to a correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," who has written entertainingly of the "Villa" and its inmates.

[2] Mr. Frank B. Mayer of Annapolis.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

A YOUNG COLONIAL DAME.

glass decanters. The old tide-water plantation had long been the domain of prosperity and peace: the granary, the meat-house, and the meal-cellar were full; there was a horse and gig for every guest; pipes and juleps were free; old French brandy could be had for eight shillings a gallon, and Madeira, port, and sherry for five shillings; the four-horse coach still jolted and creaked cheerily when the governor was to be met at the landing; and in the ancestral graveyard behind the house the "family" slept comfortable and quiet. When the tall clock in the hall struck the time in its gentle, slow old way, Time turned over drowsily and took another nap, as though he had been kindly patted.

Of Stephen Bordley and John, his younger brother, we are sure to hear as often as we stir the memory of some Eastern-shoreman of colonial stock, and set him to babbling gently of old times.

Stephen Bordley of Annapolis, bachelor and lawyer, was in the best sense "a citizen of credit and renown": wealthy, well educated, conspicuously influential, an ardent lover of the sturdy colony on the Chesapeake, and one whose devotion was expressed in acts more effectual than glib phrases. His patrimony was large, his tastes fastidious, his hospitalities princely. When the judges came to dine with him, they found it expressly entertaining to admire his plate, and his latest acquisitions of Holland linen, fine cambric, and wigs; and he was ever at his best in writing to his London agents for pipes of Madeira and "casks" of champagne and Burgundy. It was fitting and decorous that in due time gout should cut him short.

His younger brother, John Beale Bordley, whilom prothonotary of Baltimore County, inherited the library and the sideboard, and enlarged upon the republican ideas of Stephen. He substituted wheat for tobacco in the tillage of his broad acres, in high scorn of the Stamp Act, and set up a brewery and started a vineyard rather than buy his beer and wines on the London docks. "He ground his own flour in his own hand-mills, fired his own brick in his own kilns, made his own kersey and linsey-woolsey for his servants on his own looms, from wool of his own raising; and hackled, spun, and wove his own flax. He made his own casks to hold his beer and cider, from cedar cut in his own woods, and even made his salt from Chesapeake water."[1] How this self-sufficient protectionist must have growled and groaned when he found himself compelled to send his sons to Eton because a wholesome education was not to be had in the colonies. In 1766 he writes to his London correspondent: "They have a college at Williamsburg that spoils many a man; most of their youth are turned out in a hurry, with a smattering of pretty stuff; and without a solid foundation they pertly set themselves up as the standards of wit, and what is most impudent, of superior judgment."

In 1771 he has grown vainglorious:

> We expect to fall off, more and more, from using your [English] goods; *we are already the best people*, using our old clothes, and new of our own manufacture. They will be coarse, but if we add just resentment to necessity, may not a sheepskin make a jubilee coat?

About that time George Washington was writing to his factor in Bristol for saddles, holsters, and housing; pumps, gaiters, and ruffles, for himself, and salmon-colored tabby velvet, fine flowered lawn aprons, satin shoes, breast-knots, and black masks, for his womenkind.

John Beale Bordley, on his plantation at Joppa, enlarged his estate, cultivated fox-hunting, and kept open house. When his brother-in-law, Philemon Chew, bequeathed to him the half of Wye Island, he set up his home place there, and wintered in Annapolis in the distinguished company of the Dulanys and Carrolls, the Brices and Johnsons. He was an enlightened and prosperous farmer; he had made £900 on a single shipment of wheat to Barcelona; and Miss Betsey, his sister, who was "fond of substantial attire," adhered to the modes of the time, and affected rich silks, brocades, and lace ruffles, broad Spanish hats, and shoes of celestial blue with rose-colored rosettes.

Bordley entertained in the large, bountiful style of an enlightened and independent yeoman. Visitors came, in the free Maryland way, in barges and coaches, from all parts of the colony, and made themselves at home on Wye Island from May to November. There were Pacas and Hindmans, Haywards and Chamberlains, Goldsboroughs, Lloyds, and Tilghmans, and even Brices and Ridouts from the western shore of the bay. There were continual comings and goings of bateaux and canoes with notes of compliment and invitation, and "happy thoughts" of fruits and flowers. One would have found endless hair-dressing and ruffling in chambers, and toying with sangarees and punches in the hall or on the stairs; tea on the lawn, and songs in the porch in the evening; and riding- and boating-parties, and much lunar dalliance, amorous but decorous, in lanes and gardens. Nor did the admiring company of slaves — house-servants, horse-boys, dog-keepers, and boatmen — lack their share of the general joy and junketing.

The Ringgolds of Kent, for more than two hundred years conspicuous among the county

[1] Scharf: "History of Maryland."



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.

SUNDAY MORNING AT ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, GARRISON FOREST.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

families of Maryland, distinguished in colonial history, and active in the early commerce on the Chester, founders of New Yarmouth, patriots, soldiers, and councilors,—the Ringgolds of Chestertown, Huntingfield, and Fountain Rock,—maintained with signal pride and prodigality the social traditions of the Eastern shore. Their several homes were scenes of continual and delightful entertainment; and in race week, when the course at Chestertown competed for the honors with those of Marlborough and Annapolis, enthusiastic horsemen of the Ringgold name entertained the "gentlemen breeders" of Kent, Queen Anne's, and Talbot, and discussed pedigrees and "events" and coming matches for purses and cups. On November 24, 1766, "Yorick" of Virginia and "Selim" of Maryland, "the two best horses on the continent," ran on the Chestertown course for a purse of one hundred pistoles, subscribed by gentlemen of Kent. Yorick had won seven races, and Selim had never been beaten. The race attracted a gallant concourse of ladies and gentlemen from all parts of Maryland, Virginia, and Delaware, and was won by Selim.[1]

From 1720 to the breaking out of the Revolution one might have found bad spelling, bad manners, and bad language in the conduct, conversation, and correspondence of the colonists. Education was little better than a tramp, and religion, in the garb of the Establishment, was a slattern sadly given to drink. The schoolmasters were mainly derived from the class of redemptioners and convict servants, for the most part a disreputable lot of the hedge-priest sort, who had more of Latin and Greek than of the humanities or the Ten Commandments. In February, 1774, John Hammond advertises: "To be sold, a Schoolmaster, an indented servant that hath got two years to serve"; and among the possible Eugene Arams of Prince George's County in 1754 were "Jeremiah Barry's indented servant, Enoch Magruder's, Samuel Selby's, and Daniel Wallahorn's convict servants & Thomas Harrison, a convict." Education was restricted to classes, and young women and girls had but small share in it. The wealthy planters sent their sons to England to be educated, knowing that honors and profits, under proprietary patronage, were first of all for graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, who were familiar with Epsom and Newmarket, and confident of the favor of an English governor.

The gross and groveling pedagogue was the natural confrère and crony of the bibulous and licentious parson. The former was the creature of the vestry, and might be removed, but the latter held under the lord proprietary; the vestry might denounce him, the commissary of the province under the Bishop of London might convict him, but still he held on, for his holding was an advowson.

The clergy of England at that time figured as courtiers, political pamphleteers, lawyers, usurers, police magistrates, Fleet parsons, fox-hunters, umpires at dog-fights and wrestling-matches, stewards of county squires, and tools of the place-holders — everything but gentlemen or decent citizens. Even so early as 1656, John Hammond, in his "Leah and Rachel" (Maryland and Virginia), writes: "Virginia savoring not handsomely in England, very few [clergymen] of good conversation would adventure thither, as thinking it a Place wherein surely the fear of God was not; yet many came, such as wore Black Coats and could babble in a pulpit, roar in a tavern, exact from their parishioners, and by their dissoluteness rather destroy than feed their flocks." This indictment applies with even more force to the imported clergymen of Maryland, where the holder of an advowson under Lord Baltimore was amenable to nothing short of the criminal law. Any one was thought good enough to serve the church in Maryland, so that a priest's willingness to emigrate to "the Plantations" was even regarded as a slur upon his character. In 1714 Governor Hart wrote to the Bishop of London: "There are some rectors in Maryland whose education and morals are a scandal to their profession, and I am amazed how such illiterate men came to be in Holy Orders"; and Dr. Chandler wrote to the bishop in 1753: "It would really, my lord, make the ears of a sober heathen tingle to hear the stories that were told me by many serious people of several clergymen in the neighborhood of the parish where I visited."

One of the rarely devout and earnest rectors of the colony entertains his bishop with a pungent story of an erratic shepherd who had just been appointed to the care of a flock: "An Irish vagrant, who has strolled from place to place on this continent, now in the army, now school-teaching, now keeping a public house, now marrying, and presently abandoning his wife, always in debt, always drunk, always absconding, he is yet, without any change of heart or manners, inducted into holy orders, and sent to this province, where he is drunk in the pulpit, and behaving otherwise so disgracefully that finally he flees of his own free will."

Once, after a wedding at Wye House, a servant presented to the officiating priest a silver tray containing a goodly number of bright guineas, that he might help himself to *two* of them, the customary fee. But much generous Madeira and Burgundy had enlarged the parson's conception of his own need and the sur-

[1] Scharf: "History of Maryland."

rounding bounty; so he emptied the sparkling platter into the poke of his black coat. "Let your light shine *so*," said he; and everybody cried, "Amen!"

The people of Maryland, led by those able and honorable lawyers Stephen Bordley and Daniel Dulany, set their faces against "clericalism," and against the vestry system, which exacted fees for marrying and fined a man for not marrying, which taxed Catholics and Quakers to build chapels, buy glebes, fence churchyards, and support lazy parsons who seldom scrupled to keep a baptism waiting for a run with the hounds, or a death-bed for a cockpit. The people dodged and truckled, juggled and lied, to evade the "forty per poll"[1] which went to the clergy; and, giving the slip to the mumbled service and the droned sermon, gathered gladly to hear those dissenters the Asburys and Strawbridges, "who prayed without book and preached without notes, who went on horseback to the people instead of waiting for the people to come to them"; who lived on £60 a year, and scorned fat glebes and advowsons.

To such exemplary and beneficent worthies as Cradock, erudite and earnest among teachers, and Boucher, devout and intrepid in the ranks of the clergy, it must indeed have been a thankless task to stem the tidal wave of vice and venality that surged into Chesapeake Bay from the shores of Britain.

When Mr. John Weems contracted to build a certain church in Anne Arundel County, the vestry published in an Annapolis paper the following notice, which may be accepted as sufficient refutation to any charge of libel upon the works and ways of the colonial schoolmaster:

> Likewise Mr. John Weems has undertaken the building of a Breek Church in the sd. Parrish according to the draft of the Plan that was this day layd before the Vestry, and is to build the sd. Church att fourteen hundred pounds cur. without any further Charges to the sd. Parrish in any Shape whatever, in case that the Vestry git ann Act of Assembly for what Tob. will be wanting of the sum that is to build the sd. Church; for as they hant Tob. enufe in hand for the finnishing of the sd. Church.

And later, in the recorded proceedings of the vestry, we are told of

> The tarring of the ruff of the Church with Tarr and red oaker, and painting the head of the Church three times over with Clouded Blew, covering the Ruff of the new vestry house with Cypress shyngles, and having new spike-head Gatts and tarred Posts and Rales about the Churchyard; also causing diel Posts to be sot up.

[1] The poll-tax, forty pounds of tobacco, for the support of the church.

These churches were not warmed in winter. The worshipers sat through the long service and sermon, and shivered, after jogging over roads unspeakably bad the penitential miles that grew longer every Sunday. In the vestry-house a glorious fire of logs from the forest roared up the great chimney; but the vestry-house was detached from the church, and during the service all access to the hospitable blaze was forbidden, the key was turned in the lock, and no shivering sinner might warm himself. An order, posted by the vestry of St. James, Anne Arundel County, on January 14, 1737, provides that

> Whereas sundry persons in time of Divine Service do make a practice of running in and out of the church to the fire in the vestry house, to the Great Disturbance of the rest of the Congregation; for prevention whereof have ordered the Sexton that before he tolls the Bell he shall lock the vestry house door and desire all to go out.

The mincing "exclusiveness" upon which the colonial gentry plumed themselves, that fine-drawn distinction of classes which sent the tradesman and his wife to the tavern kitchen, while the landed gentleman lounged and toped in the club-room and the parlor, was not more distinctly expressed in wig, knee-buckles, and sword, on the one hand, and leather breeches, shag jacket, and staff, on the other, than in the man's place in the congregation and the rank of miserable sinners in which he ventured to parade himself. There were the rector's, the wardens', and the vestrymen's pews, which none but those dignitaries or their guests might enter, and there were the "hanging pews," erected by families at their own charge. There were free pews for men and for women, and there were the appointed places for the slaves. The doors of these high-backed pens were locked, and intrusion into the seats of others was a misdemeanor with corporal punishment attached. In December, 1765, the vestry of St. James parish took summary measures for the protection of pew-holders:

> If any Person shall come into any person's Pew without being asked, such person applying to the Churchwardens or Vestrymen, they are to take such person who shall so intrude who shall be put in the Stocks, which the Vestry agrees that a pare of Stocks shall be erected at the church for that Purpus.

The somewhat promiscuous character of the company who took lease of their long homes in the churchyard did not recommend that style of sepulture to persons of quality. These preferred the family burial-ground, which was to be found on every considerable estate — an inclosed plot within sight of the "great house," sometimes a corner of the garden or



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

REHEARSING FOR THE MINUET.



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE BURIAL OF A FAMILY SERVANT.

a grove in the angle of a field. Such is the small God's-acre which lodges the generations of the Croxalls, hard by the frontier block-house of Captain John Risteau the Huguenot, and the colonial church of St. Thomas, in Garrison Forest and "Soldiers' Delight." Here, on the brow of a wooded eminence, a group of altar-tombs marks the resting-places of a race whose first American progenitor came from the "Shakspere country" two centuries ago, and who numbered in the roll of his English kinfolk that Samuel Croxall, chancellor, canon, archdeacon, and unblushing pluralist, who first "Englished" the "Fables" of Æsop, as well as that Mary Curzon of Croxall Hall, Countess of Dorset, and governess to the children of Charles I., upon whom a Roundhead parliament conferred the rare distinction of entombment in Westminster Abbey, in recognition of her exemplary virtue, prudence, and sagacity, although the earl, her husband, was an ardent royalist.

At the foot of that quiet slope, and among the trees, sleep the good and faithful servants



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK. ENGRAVED BY W. MILLER.

THE VIRGINIA REEL.

of the house, a simple slab of wood recording here and there their homely names.

Funerals were expensive; the hearsing and inearthing of a person of quality in the middle of the eighteenth century was a proceeding commonly characterized by features eminently social, if not convivial. For the obsequies of a gentleman of Baltimore in 1758 the "outfit" called for a coffin at £6 16*s.*; 4 yards of crape at £7 3*s.* 6*d.*; 32 yards of black tiffany, £4 16*s.*; 5½ yards of broadcloth, £6 11*s.* 3*d.*; 7½ yards of black shalloon, 19*s.* 3*d.*; 6½ yards of linen, £1 13*s.*; 3 dozen pairs of men's black silk gloves, £5 8*s.*; a dozen pairs of women's black silk gloves, £3 12*s.*; black silk handkerchiefs, calamanco, mohair, and buckram ribbon; besides 47½ pounds of loaf-sugar, 14 dozen eggs, 10 dozen nutmegs, 1½ pounds of allspice, 20 gallons of white wine, 12 bottles of red wine, and 10 gallons of rum.

There must be no slacking of good cheer because a gentleman happened to be a little dead; he had known what society expected of him when he was in the quick, and his household knew what he would expect of them on occasions such as this, when the credit of a fine old family was at stake. When persons of quality did him the honor to escort his "rambling remains" to the family mausoleum, it was proper to provide against possible pangs of thirst that might attend the polite exertion, and to lighten the tedium and to cheer the gloom with customary beverage; for would not his tombstone proclaim him a person of quality?

In the churchyard of St. Thomas at Garrison



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

THE JUBA DANCE.

Forest a mortuary tablet sacred to the memory of a gentleman who was born in Topsham, Devonshire, in 1776, celebrates his virtues in polite phraseology: "Sincere in friendship, and amiable in disposition, he enjoyed the respect and esteem of a select acquaintance."

A custom which deserved to be perpetuated for its possible influence in abating the necrology of a neighborhood required the attending physician to march in the funeral procession behind the clergyman and in front of the defunct.

A winsome descendant of that Rev. Thomas Cradock, brother of the Archbishop of Dublin, who was the first rector of this church in the forest, and whose school there became an honored seat of learning at which several conspicuous worthies of the province were educated, has supplied me with some entertaining passages of colonial gossip.

My grandfather and grandmother were born in the same room, married in the same house, and died in the room in which they were born.

At Kingston, in Somerset county, the ancestral home of the Kings, descendants of Sir Robert King, who emigrated from Ireland, all the servants and slaves wore livery. They drove a coach and four with outriders, and my great-grandfather took his wife in that style to the White Sulphur springs every summer.

My great-grandfather Carroll was a cousin of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and educated with him in France. He became affianced to one of the ladies of the King family, who were blue Presbyterians. Then there was great outcry throughout the county, and bills were posted denouncing the marriage of a King with a Roman Catholic. They were wedded in spite of the uproar, but the children were reared in the mother's faith.

Here is a letter of January, 1769, written by a grand-aunt of my father, and addressed to her brother in London. She says he must bring her "a riding-hat with a gold band and a brister-stone buckle; a cardinal cloak, with ermine skin on it; a pattern for a sack of yellow damask; eight yards of broad thread lace; a pair of furred gloves and a couple of pair of goloshes."

"Susanna West desires that you will bring her a seal-skin to her chair [sedan?], and some pewter bassins, and likewise not to forget her copper kettle. Catey requests that you will bring her a beaver hat like mine—large and stiff in the brim."

And there is a postscript from another sister: "You must bring me a deep blue hunting saddle, and four yards and a half of red frieze to make me a joseph; and I want a red cloth cardinal, with ermine down before."

From another source I have a prim little letter from a school-girl to her father—a touching expression of decorous conflict between filial devotion and fashionable deportment.

To Mr. Richard Grafton, at Newcastle,

These:

Honored Sir: Since my coming up, I have entered with Mr. Hacket to improve my Dancing, and hope to make such Progress therein as may answer the Expence and enable me to appear in every Polite Company.

The Great Desire I have of pleasing you will make me the more Assiduous in my undertakings, and should I arrive to any degree of Perfection, it must be attributed to the Liberal Education you bestow upon me.

I am, with the greatest Respect
Dear Pappa,
Your most Dutiful Daughter
Mary Grafton.

In June, 1746, Mary Grafton married the Hon. Walter Dulany, brother of Daniel Dulany the younger, that most accomplished jurist and advocate, one of his lordship's council, commissary-general, and judge of the Court of Admiralty in the province of Maryland.

Mr. William Eddis, who wrote from Annapolis at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, describes the quick importation of modes from the mother-country as "astonishing," and is inclined to believe "that a new fashion is adopted earlier by the polished and affluent American than by many opulent persons in the great metropolis"; he finds but little difference in the manners of the wealthy colonist and the wealthy Briton. Annapolis, especially, was nothing if not modish; and the newest topknot competed with the newest play for the raptures of the Carrolls and the Dulanys, the Bordleys, the Brices, and the Ringgolds.

But after the Revolution, Annapolis suffered a collapse, attended with conditions more or less comatose. Repose became the approved attitude of "good form," and weariness and scorn the expression of the highest distinction. Society said to the aspirant for the honors of the club and the assembly: "Go to the clam, thou wriggler! Consider her ways, and be wise."

The dwellers by the bayside made the water their highway, and went from place to place in the canoe, the bateau, and the pinnace; but for land travel the saddle was most in request, and next to that the coach, especially the coach with four horses for "people of condition." Long journeys were made in this way, as when General Washington came from New York to Annapolis to attend the grand ball in his honor after the peace. "He left New York on the 4th of December," says Scharf, "and was thirteen days on the road." The English-built coach or chariot was comparatively common, and fifty of them were often in attendance at the races of Chestertown or Marlborough. But the roads were narrow and bad, and the saddle

on a pacing horse afforded the quickest and most commodious transit. Brissot de Warville, the Girondist, who saw the country after the Revolution, scolded at the vile roads and springless public wagons, while he praised the packet-boats. Especially had his churlish republicanism no grace of gallantry for the luxury of the ladies, or for their gorgeous gowns, that were not only costly, but "scandalous."

Speech and manners were formal and courtly, compliments were elaborate, and attire was a sort of heraldry, whereby his or her prerogative and precedence were proclaimed. Costly plate and wines, mourning-rings and snuff-boxes, swords, cocked hats, wigs, aigrets, and breast-knots, were but as bearings and blazonry appertaining to the social escutcheon.

When, in April, 1781, the troops of Lafayette straggled through Baltimore, destitute of all proper supplies or equipment, and discontented almost to the point of general desertion, the marquis gave his bond to certain merchants of Baltimore for the sum of two thousand guineas, to be expended for hats, overalls, shirts, and shoes for his men. "He is also bent," writes the president of the Baltimore Board of War, "upon giving the march the air of a frolic. His troops will ride on wagons and carts from Elkridge Landing to the limits of this State." This very Gallic "happy thought" was enlarged upon by the ladies of Baltimore, who gave a grand ball in honor of the marquis at the assembly-rooms, and next morning turned the ball-room into a workshop, where wives and daughters cut out and made up for the troops the materials with which their husbands and fathers supplied them. The courtly Frenchman, in expressing his thanks to these ladies, wrote: "I am proud of my obligations to them, not only from a general respect to the fair sex, but more particularly because I know the accomplishments of those to whom I am indebted. I am happy in the tie of gratitude that binds me to them."

These were the daughters of the pinnace, the barge, the sedan-chair and the side-saddle, the whist-table and the minuet. Forty years later, Mr. John Pendleton Kennedy (he of "Swallow Barn" and "Horseshoe Robinson") addressed himself in complacent banter to a new generation, breathing the atmosphere of trade, social competition, and uncertainty.

In Baltimore, before the Revolution, manners were artless and sincere: the young men were manly and constant, and their sweethearts ingenuous and confiding; Dick and Cousin Betty sat in the front porch in the evening, and did their cooing frankly. Old maids were regarded as sad accidents, although weddings were prolonged and expensive raptures; the company who came to the wedding dinner stayed to the late supper; punch flowed in rivulets, and every gentleman kissed the bride. Ladies wore large pockets under their gowns, and veils were discountenanced except for mourning. Stoves were unknown in dwellings and churches, four-wheeled coaches were rare, and the favorite saddle-nag was a pacer. As yet folding doors, marble mantels, sofas, sideboards, and girandoles were not. Pewter plates and dishes were eminently respectable; "China" first came in the form of tea-sets, when ladies spoke of "a dish of tea," and is not mentioned in the earlier records; but massive trays, bowls, and tankards of silver, glorified with heraldic embellishment, were found in the cupboards of every good old family. Greetings of compliment were written or printed on playing-cards. Scharf tells of an invitation from the "Juvenile Amicable Society" printed on the back of the deuce of diamonds, requesting the pleasure of Miss Cox's company "at a ball to be held at six o'clock P. M. at the room formerly occupied by the Social Society in Lovely lane." The same fair lady is invited to Mr. Curley's ball on the back of the four of spades, and a swell of the period craves "the honor of escorting her" on the appropriate surface of the ace of hearts. Gentlemen and ladies often rode to balls in full dress on horseback, and a favorite place of assembly was the hall that adjoined the Methodist Church in Light street, opposite the Fountain Inn, where it was not unusual for the voice of a Wesleyan hymn to struggle for a hearing above the profane strains of a waltz.

When, in 1790, that bluff and jovial squire, Captain Charles Ridgely, completed, in the beautiful Dulany valley, his imposing and picturesque mansion of Hampton (in whose air of "sedate repose, stateliness, and regulated order" the Marquis of Hartington discerned all the charm of an old English manor-house, and which competes with Doughoregan, the seigniorial seat of the Carrolls, for the honor of being the show-place of Maryland), the convivial captain called in a company of congenial spirits to his house-warming, and there were punch and long whist in the attic, led by the host, and prayers in the parlor, led by the lady of the manor — a conflict of entertainments characteristic of the social spirit of the times.

Within a twelvemonth the captain died, and Hampton was inherited by his nephew, Charles Carman, who, in compliance with the requirements of the will, adopted the name of Ridgely, and became Charles Carman Ridgely — General, by virtue of his services in the War of 1812, and three times governor of the State by choice of the people. He married a younger sister of the captain's wife, and became the proud parent of eight delectable daughters and three

gallant sons, who easily attracted to Hampton all that was most admirable in the social life of the time, and made the fine old place the center of a gay and good-looking bevy of Howards, Carrolls, Catons, Dorseys, and Chews. This was the time of the "Cotton-Cambric Club," a half-serious, half-playful coterie of ladies, who eschewed silks and satins, and intrepidly faced the most fashionable entertainments in simple white muslin — short-waisted gowns with long puffed sleeves, partly covering the hand. A muslin kerchief, embroidered or lace-edged, which might be laid aside when plump, fair necks refused to blush unseen, completed the capricious costume. Those were the dainty damsels who posed at the harp with a delicate air, sang the sentimentally insipid ditties of the time, and cultivated a taste for literary "Keepsakes," "Wreaths," and "Annuals," in a thin soil of "Spectator," "Rasselas," "Evelina," and Hannah More.

Governor Ridgely was ever a fastidious fancier of horse-flesh, and had a race-track of his own at Timonium on the York road, where the county fairs are now held. When he died, his adjoining plantation of "Epsom" fell to the share of his daughter, Mrs. Chew; and a tract called "Cowpens," in honor of Colonel John Eager Howard, who won the field at Eutaw Springs, became the possession of another daughter, Mrs. Sophia Howard, who had married a son of the fighting colonel. It is said to have been wholly due to the influence of this most admirable lady that the governor, at his death, manumitted his slaves, excepting only those who were too old or too young to provide for themselves.

When the gaffers and gammers of Baltimore County entertain one with reminiscences of the doughty old governor and the palmy days of Hampton, they do not fail to recall the exploits of the famous horse "Postboy," and to celebrate with fine local pride his last illustrious achievement, when in a steeplechase he broke his leg at the bars, and "won on three legs, sir." They had to shoot the plucky fellow where he lay; but not the least among the cherished heirlooms at Hampton is the trophy he bequeathed to the governor — the handsome cup, with its serpent handles and its domed cover, surmounted by a truncated Pegasus.

At the death of the governor, the homeplace fell to his second son, John, who stoutly maintained its sporting traditions, its fox-hunting, racing, and cock-fighting, and the gallant four-in-hand. Under the administration of his second wife (beautiful, accomplished, and mistress of the arts of society, whose full-length portrait by Sully, representing her at the age of fifteen, in Empire gown, standing at her harp, is the pride of the noble hall) Hampton became a rendezvous for cavaliers and ladies whose names are most conspicuous in the social annals of Maryland — such inspiring names as may still be seen scratched with the diamond of a ring on the quaint panes of the drawing-room windows.

The kitchen of the Eastern-shoreman who farmed five hundred or a thousand acres was equipped with a fireplace capable of accommodating a stick of oak or hickory four or five feet long, a few large and small pots and pans, the indispensable Dutch oven for baking the famous Maryland biscuit, a biscuit-block on which the dough was pounded and kneaded, a hominy-mortar, hollowed from a gum log, and several boards, two feet long by nine inches wide, split from white oak, and shaved thin and smooth for the toasting of johnny-cake in front of a roaring fire.

From October to April those easy-going gentry turned their backs on tillage, and found all their joy in hunting and gunning. By the single-barreled flint-locks hung on wooden hooks in the walls of the hall or the dining-room, one might tell off the men and boys in a family, while the fox-hounds, water-dogs, and pointers that romped in the courtyard were to be reckoned with the horses and the guns. When the young master mounted his nag and called his dogs for a week's sport in the woods or along the watercourses, he took but small thought for the roof that should lodge him at nightfall, or the supper that might be spread, for he knew there was a light in the window for him in every house in the county.

The time-honored usages of the Church and the traditions of English rural life outweighed the later suggestions of piety or patriotism. Thanksgiving Day was unknown, and the Fourth of July but lightly regarded; but Easter and Whitsuntide were fondly greeted, especially by the negro, to whose recreation and entertainment they were expressly devoted. These were the only dates in the calendar the field-hand cared to know or to remember, except that most glorious of all the inventions of Church or society, the Christmas holidays. For these he waited the whole round year in faith and hope; for these he prayed for the coming of the harvest, which brought with it those two golden days when the cradler, the binder, and the carrier, man, woman, and boy, were paid in beautiful money; for these he cultivated broom-corn in his little garden-patch, made brooms, braided wheat-straw, and wove it into hats, trapped the otter, the fox, or the musk-rat, and saved the "net proceeds" from the sale of all these at the cross-roads store, with the foregone conclusion that every penny must be spent to make a rousing Christmas in the quarter. With extraordinary diligence and

cheerfulness he prepared the stacks of Christmas firing; with unerring judgment he selected the burly backlog, and solemnly soaked it in the creek, that in the great chimney-place of the dining-room it might show a brave front of glowing coals to the merry company, while its back remained unscorched for a week at least — that rapture-laden sennight of a slave's appointed holiday, which no grudging overseer might gainsay.

At midnight on Christmas eve there was much noisy jubilation, with fusillade of shotguns, in fields and roads; but the day itself was kept at home, with general jollification of the family, to which the negroes were admitted. Those of the old family servants who might be absent for any reason came (long distances, perhaps) to wish their masters and mistresses a merry Christmas, and to receive in the kitchen their gifts of clothing or money, as well as the black-glazed jug of rum or gin for their own merrymakings in the quarter, and the mug of egg-nog or apple-toddy for themselves.

Every evening of the happy week that followed, those rollicking darkies made the round of the plantations, dancing, and singing the corn-songs among the cabins and around the great house.

Hooray, hooray, ho!
Round de corn, Sally!
Hooray for all de lubly ladies;
Round de corn, Sally!
Dere 's Master Howard lub Miss Betty;
Round de corn, Sally!
I tell you what, she 's mighty pretty;
Round de corn, Sally!
And den dey mean to lib so lordly;
Round de corn, Sally!
Up at de manor-house at Audley;
Round de corn, Sally!
Dere 's Master Brent, he lub Miss Susan;
Round de corn, Sally!
He 'clar' she is de pick and choosin';
Round de corn, Sally!
And when dey gains de married station;
Round de corn, Sally!
He take her to de old plantation;
Round de corn, Sally!

When Remus, Saul, and Cæsar, with Dinah, Phillis, and Chloe, made the circuit of the quarters at Christmastide, they were regaled with various succulent viands — chine and spare-rib, sausage and crackling, savory souvenirs of the fine art of hog-killing; besides coon and corn-pone, possum fat and hominy, all consecrated to their comfort and cheer, with lusty drafts of cider. Gingerbread and boiled chestnuts were dispensed to the dusky company, and there was much cracking of walnuts and roasting of apples. Then the cabin floor was cleared for the dance — jig and breakdown, pigeon-wing and juba, the latter a characteristic survival of the aboriginal barbarism, delivered with vigorous shouts and cries and shuffling of feet to a rhythmic accompaniment of hand-clapping and patting of knees, in melodious deference to the jigging of a fiddle by the light of flaming pine-knots.

Juba up and juba down,
Juba all aroun' de town;
Sift de meal, and gimme de husk;
Bake de cake, and gimme de crus';
Fry de pork, and gimme de skin;
Ax me when I 'm comin' ag'in;
Juba! hi, juba!

Juba in and juba out,
Juba, juba, all about;
Dinah, stir de possum fat;
Can't you hear de juba pat?
Juba!

Meanwhile, in the great ball-room of the manor-house the people of quality, "personages of the politest gentility," are demurely gliding and teetering in the stately minuet, with much courtly curveting and coquettish cajolery of dimpled shoulders and bridling of pert and pretty necks, while in the ample kitchen of the farm-house romping lads and bouncing Bonny-bells are atoning for what they lack of the courtly and the debonair by superior agility and heartiness in the Virginia reel, where gentle jokes and chaste kisses are free.

Behold the land of the terrapin and the possum, of the persimmon and the chinquapin, of hominy and cymblins, where children are "raised" like tobacco and corn, and where babies and bundles are "toted" — as aforetime in England a writ was "tolted," which, being interpreted, is "carried," "removed," from one court to another.

Once a certain titled personage from the tight little island over the sea was entertained by one of the social clubs of Baltimore, and after a dinner that left him flushed and dazed, and wondering how such things could be, he gathered himself together for conversation. Then some one asked him how he had been impressed by the several American cities he had seen. "I was aware," said his lordship, "that Boston calls herself the head of your social system, and I suppose New York may be regarded as the lungs; but now I know that Baltimore is the great and glorious stomach that was lost to us forever."

Thus much of enlightenment had his lordship derived from the guide-book and the bill of fare; but the club took him in hand, and when he embarked for his native land he took with him, along with a supply of terrapin-stew and club whisky, an edifying impression of certain serious inventions and enterprises which Mary-

land had found time, between the oysters and the cheese, to contribute to the nation's enlargement and prosperity: such as the first naturalization laws, the first American colonization society, the first public free schools, the first formidable system of privateers, the first clipper ship, the first iron steamship, the first regular line of transatlantic steam service, the first great railroad, the first theater, the first Roman Catholic archbishop and cathedral, the first city lighted with gas, the first water-company, the first college of dentistry, the first daily newspaper, the first use of the telegraph by the press for the transmission of a President's message, the first manufacture of ribbons from American silk, the first manufacture of metallic pens, the first monument to Washington, and the first to Columbus, the national anthem, and the first negro minstrel (Dan Rice).

His lordship is peculiarly qualified to appreciate the aptness of words uttered by the orator of "Maryland Day" at the imposing Columbian celebration in Chicago:

"Take not as a type of Maryland's endeavor and accomplishment that lone terrapin who every now and then raises his melancholy head above the water, like the last man in the painting of the Deluge."

John Williamson Palmer.

CHRYSALIS.

AMID the quick endeavor to be born,
The travail out of darkness into light,
Rife round me everywhere, one vernal morn
A tiny struggle thwarted drew my sight.

A little creature in a chrysalis
Fluttered his wings in vain to win him free;
Some gross adhesion glued him fast in this,
Lately his home, his prison come to be.

I watched his striving, and I pitied him;
Within that little heart swelled large emprise;
He longed to leave his lowly dwelling dim,
And on exultant pinion seek the skies.

"He shall accomplish his desire," I said;
"With but a finger touch from me to part
The bond that binds the living to the dead,
He on his upward way forthwith shall start."

Alas! I freed him from his thrall too soon;
He was not ready for the open air;
He needed yet to bide in his cocoon
Till the strength grew that could his weight upbear.

I saw a fledgling destined for the sky,
Useless his pinions, grovel on the ground,
Amerced forever of his birthright high,
And to those feeble, faltering motions bound.

Musing the tragedy I thus beheld,
I seemed to see enacted there in small
The fortune that were mine, were I compelled
Hence, and my soul not ready all in all!

William Cleaver Wilkinson.

AN ERRANT WOOING.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Belhaven Tales," "A Bachelor Maid," etc.

Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

I.



ONE day of jocund spring in London, the family of Mrs. Arden Standish of West Thirty-third street, New York, found themselves dolefully groping about their lodgings in Mayfair, in the yellow darkness of a morning fog.

Having recently arrived from the Italian lakes, the Standishes had wasted some little time as units of the gilded splendor of the Hotel Metropole before they unwittingly acted upon the injunction laid upon them some months before by Lady Watson-Jones, a baronet's widow with whom they had achieved friendship at a table d'hôte in Rome.

"In London the big hotels are nasty, and the little ones are dear," this lady had observed, while pocketing an orange to carry to her room.

She was a large, red-faced woman of a serious cast of countenance, who habitually wore tailor-made tweeds, with a neck-chain and bracelets of Irish bog-oak, and had no scruple in supplementing her gray-flaxen hair with a frankly brown chignon.

"Take my advice," she added impressively: "go into lodgings somewhere off Piccadilly. Then you won't have to pay for what you don't eat, and it 's really the only way I know to avoid the Americans."

"Mother dear, you are so chicken-spirited!" Paulina had let fly, when they regained their sitting-room. "When she said that, you looked almost apologetic. Why in the world did n't you answer back, and have it out with the rude old thing?"

"What would have been the use? I could never have made her understand. And I really think they have an idea they 're complimenting one when they abuse one's countrymen."

"Oh, I *am* so tired of being a shining exception!" Polly then called out. "I hate to be set apart as a person who has escaped contamination by a miracle."

"If we could only introduce them into our homes!" sighed Mrs. Standish.

"Oh, mother darling, *don't!*" Paulina had responded with genuine emotion.

"There was that earl's daughter,— I forget her name; Mrs. M'Cantle brought her," mused Mrs. Standish, retrospectively; "you remember they came to one of my teas — the one when Paderewski played. She wore an old astrakhan jacket with a white silk muffler — she told me nobody in England would believe how well we knew how to do such things until they came to New York and saw."

"She told you! And you smiled and did n't rebuke her?"

"In one's own house, Polly?"

"Well, you let her go away and say the same thing, or worse, to her next entertainer. No, mummy dear; you 've got the most angelic temper, and the most optimistic spirit, in the world, or you 'd see how these dear English of yours lie in wait to be horrid to us Americans. The best of them we meet traveling are hardly above a little stab or sneer. They ask questions about our homes and habits that are as ill-bred as they are profoundly ignorant."

"Not so loud, Polly dear. These hotel walls —"

"Oh, I don't mind the walls. I could stand it from people who are my equals in culture and opportunity. But when it comes to the little provincial nobodies! Why, just think of our houses, for instance, and the way we live, and the pictures, and books, and music, and travel we have, or can have for the seeking, and compare it with what most of them have in their narrow lives. It makes me want to laugh," and Polly smiled away her wrath.

"I can't think why you are so —"

"So what, dear?"

"I hardly know the word for it. It 's just like your grandpapa, and a little bit like Roger."

"You don't mean patriotic? Or is it pugnacious? Have n't I an Irish ancestor, mother? I do so long, on these occasions, to step out and invite somebody to tread on the tail of my coat. And then I catch a glimpse of your mild, distressed countenance, and pull myself together, and try to be like the statuesque English girls who sit at table beside *their* mamas, and never speak except to ask for

the olives, or to admit they have visited a certain catacomb, or church, or picture. Never mind. My education is progressing. You noticed how meek I was to Lady Watson-Jones."

"When you see English people in their own homes, they are quite different."

"I hope so, I 'm sure."

"When your papa and I visited England last, we met with the utmost kindness. I have never been able to think of going back there without him, until now."

"Well, mother dear, for your sake, in future I will submit to be snubbed and then patted on the head by all the English we meet. But it 's an awfully depressing prospect, and you must not expect anything from me but resignation. If I am outwardly polite, I shall be a hollow mockery within."

"Polly, how can you go on so? I mean to ask Lady Watson-Jones, to-morrow, if she can give us any good addresses in London of places where we can lodge. There is one in Curzon street where the Manhattans always go, but that is likely to be full; and Clarges street is where your dear papa and I went — I could n't go back there. Paulina, I wish you would put down that Baedeker and show some interest."

"Put down my Baedeker? And yet you want me to be like an English girl abroad!"

At luncheon, on the day following this conversation, Lady Watson-Jones had voluntarily resumed her patronage.

"I 've been thinking over places for you to stop in London, and there 's one in Half Moon street, where they don't generally take in Americans; but I 'm sure there will be no objection if you mention my name or Lady Jenkins's. Sir Thomas and Lady Jenkins have been going there for the season, for I don't know how many years. This year Lady Jenkins's leg is so bad she 's quite fearful they may n't get up to town at all. I could really recommend Lady Jenkins's floor. The number of the house has popped out of my head, but no wonder, after the fright I 've just had about leaving my binocular in the cab coming back from the Appian Way; but I 'll look it up for you, and you need have no fear but what the landlady will be quite civil when she knows you come through me from Lady Jenkins."

Some time later, Lady Watson-Jones, on her way to Florence in a second-class compartment, with a rack full of anomalous bags and bundles over her head, had steamed out of the Roman station and Paulina's thoughts.

The Standishes, taking Venice and Verona on the way, had been translated into a world of bloom at Cadenabbia, thence through the St. Gotthard to Lucerne and Paris, and thus to British shores.

In addition to her sentimental desire to revisit the scene of a connubial pilgrimage, Mrs. Standish had a wish to return to England in the hope of providing entertainment for her younger child — a boy of fourteen, whose unqualified rebellion against the customs and tongues of the Latin races had begun to make her life burdensome. Master William Woodbury — so named for an important maternal grandfather, still living — was known to his intimates as Toodles. A sturdy, manly boy, he had been taken from his school and occupations in New York, and carried from point to point in the Riviera and southern Italy, on the theory that it would benefit his throat. A Swiss tutor who for a time had looked after Toodles's education resigned his post, and was gathered, discouraged, to his fatherland. Masters engaged at Nice and Rome had also melted into space. "Toodles is somehow not in sympathy with his teachers over here," it was his mother's plaintive custom to assert. In plain truth, Toodles's American soul revolted against the divers nationalities with which his wandering lot was cast. He wanted to be back in New York with "the fellows," to hear nothing spoken but his own vernacular, and to share in the athletic contests of the schools. In his eyes the system of life carried on through the medium of what he called "foreign jabber," was unreal, theatrical, and open to adverse criticism in minutest detail. Of much scenery he was aweary, against the small parceling of food at foreign tables d'hôte he protested, and to visiting more churches and cathedrals he had taken almost violent exception.

It was in the nature of a compromise with Toodles, therefore, that Mrs. Standish regarded her present English venture, and, so far, her experience of sight-seeing with her son from the Hotel Metropole had not proved a success. Toodles had ceased to smile, and his distracted mother was about returning to New York, when she recalled a saying of her late husband: "In good London lodgings where they know how to cook whitebait, may be found as fair a substitute for the comfort of home as a man who has been dragged up by the roots can ask."

The quest for lodgings had lasted several days, the pilgrims coming away disconsolate from many houses where the exterior, fresh with paint, white curtains, brass bells and knockers, geraniums and myosotis in window-boxes, was belied by gloom and stuffiness within.

How often had they followed the waiter or landlady up dark stairways past the pots of palms on the landing that could not hide the smoke-blackened leads and backs of houses beyond! How often had they stumbled into dull

sitting-rooms from which newly washed chintz failed to banish the smell of bygone dinners, and stood listening to the lists of Lords Adolphus and Ladies Gwendoline whose former occupancy might have made illustrious, but could not deodorize, the quarters! How many bedrooms had they looked into, where the brass bedstead, under which the bath-tub lurked, and a dressing-table shutting out half the light of a window into which rained smuts from adjoining chimneys, offered the only promise of comfort! Let us not blame our wanderers if sometimes their thoughts went back to the roomy, cheerful house, light in every part, temptingly clean and cozy, they had wilfully abandoned in Thirty-third street, West.

When at length they had decided to take possession of Mrs. Cryder's first floor and two upper bedrooms, in Half Moon street, Mrs. Standish made the gratifying discovery that she was in the stronghold of Lady Jenkins, to which she had been warned she could not obtain entrance without the indorsement of Lady Watson-Jones.

The day after their removal thither had dawned through the turbid atmosphere in which Polly declared their breakfast by candlelight reminded her of the burial of Sir John Moore:

> The sods with our bayonets turning;
> By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
> And the lantern dimly burning.

After the man-servant had disappeared with the tea-pot and muffineer, the ladies tried to find diversion in scattering about the room the bits of embroidery, books, curios, silverware, and Alinari photographs indispensable to feminine installation of the temporary sort.

"It is no use," exclaimed Paulina; "it is darkness visible. When I can't tell Botticelli's 'Madonna' from the 'Vision of Ezekiel,' it 's about time to give up the struggle, and ring for lamps."

"Italy was bad enough, but London is just rotten," came in a muffled voice from the vicinity of the fender.

"Woodbury, my love," observed Mrs. Standish, addressing a dim image of her offspring in the act of poking the fire, "I can't have you using such expressions."

"Hamlet made that remark about the state of Denmark, mother," said Paulina; "and he 's been a good deal quoted."

"Yes; but Shakspere, you know, is so— Woodbury, is there *nothing* you can think of that it would amuse you to do this morning?"

"Not a thing," was the uncompromising answer.

"I think the fog is lightening a little — the man said it would not last — you could go in a hansom to Madame Tussaud's; the Tower is rather far. You would n't care for Westminster Abbey, Woodbury?" This, faintly, prayerfully.

"If I can have a hansom to myself, without you or Paulina wanting to shop," replied Master Standish, ignoring the other propositions. "There is a fellow at the Grand Hotel I know that 's got a cold, and can't go out. He 's a chump we kicked off our foot-ball team last year; but he 's better than nobody — over here."

"Don't go without your overcoat, Toodles," cried his mother, fruitlessly, as, with a renewed animation, the victim of travel sprang to his feet, seized his hat, upset a china shepherdess and a vase of spills, fell over the tray-holder, and dashed down to the front door, where, possessing himself of the butler's whistle, he made a shrill appeal to the outer world for the species of vehicle he desired.

"It *is* decidedly lighter. What a great responsibility a boy is, Paulina! I wish, my dear, I had the courage to send Woodbury, as I should like to do, to a school here. There 's one at Cranmorton where Mrs. Stanley Weston has her boy, and she 's charmed with it — charmed. The boys play cricket with the under-masters so nicely; and, when their mothers go there for a visit, they come in to the head-master's drawing-room for such pretty little teas. But if I mention that to Too — Woodbury, he simply won't hear of it."

"I am afraid you 'll have to own yourself conquered, dear, and take Toodles home, and get him prepared for college like all the rest of the fellows who are going to grow up with him to be average American citizens."

"Paulina, is n't there something a little — exaggerated in your way of talking? It is n't as if Woodbury were to be dependent on his own exertions, exactly. Although your dear grandpapa has peculiar notions about not giving young people too much money to start life on, Toodles will one day have his portion — and he will be very well off. Not, of course, as much so as you, when you and Roger — *if* you and Roger—" The lady paused.

"Mother," interrupted Miss Standish, with immediate darkening of a very pretty countenance, "remember our bargain. I will not have Roger thrown into my face."

"But, Polly, he ought to be coming soon."

Miss Standish straightened her straight back, inflated her nostrils, and looked mutinous.

"Roger, according to his own showing, ought, at this season, to stay upon his ranch, and not come prowling across the Atlantic, to be an eternal burden upon other people's minds."

"Paulina, I have been meaning to speak of this quite seriously. I am alarmed at your

growing indifference. Not only is Roger such an excellent young man,—my own brother's son; though as a general thing I don't approve of cousins marrying,—but your grandpapa has set his heart upon the Woodbury property being kept together by you two. I really could n't answer for the consequences to papa if he were to be disappointed in the matter; though it *is* unfortunate his having that hasty way of announcing his ideas and not letting anybody answer back. And poor Roger. You ought to consider the strain of uncertainty upon his mind."

"Roger! He imposes on you, mother," the girl said, laughing. "Roger and I understand each other perfectly. I should n't be a bit surprised if pink-eye were to break out among his cattle, or a railway were to run over his land, or *anything*, to keep him in Wyoming this spring."

"This kind of jesting can't go on forever, my dear."

"Oh, mother, let us drift, or let grandpapa give all of it, and welcome, to Toodles!"

"Toodles has n't the name, as Roger has. The great Woodbury estate, as the newspapers call it, must go in the direct male line."

"Oh, dear! how sick I am of the great Woodbury estate! And I wonder where grandpapa, who is ferocious about adopting anything from England, should have got such an idea of handing down property undivided. It does n't seem fair to you, mummy, or to Aunt Sophy and her girls."

"Sophy and I have always been brought up to understand that what we had when we married was to be the chief thing we were to expect. And, equally so, my brother always looked to inherit the bulk of the property. After poor William died, your grandpapa called me into his library, and informed me he had been making an entirely new will."

"Oh! Oh! What possessed grandpapa?"

"He said he had this new idea of Roger marrying one of his cousins, and inheriting on that condition. You were your grandpapa's first choice, and after you, Fanny Low."

"Don't remind me of it. I feel as if I had been put in a barrow, and rolled into the market-place, my name and virtues hawked in a loud voice over my head."

"Roger, when consulted by your grandpapa, immediately said he did n't want Fanny Low on any terms, and did want you. When you were children Roger called you his little wife. Your grandpapa was extremely pleased at this; so much so that he did not object to our engaging our passage to spend the whole of this last winter abroad."

"If he had, I should have gone out as a governess in New York."

"I will not revert to your behavior at this time. I must say, Paulina, you were exceedingly trying to everybody near. When you at last consented not to interpose any objection to the scheme, provided you were left entirely free for two years, matters quieted down a little, and your grandpapa gave me some peace."

"Poor mother! It *was* hard lines for you, to be everybody's buffer. But please do me the favor to remember that my first year is n't up until September. And Roger agreed that if he came abroad to join us in the spring, there should be absolutely no allusion to the blight that has fallen on our two lives."

"I never know whether you are in jest or earnest, my dear."

"Nor do I, quite, dearest. But here comes the landlady for orders, and I do believe, since we 've been talking, the fog has taken itself off."

While Mrs. Standish lent ear to the usual proposition for a "clear soup, bit o' fish, sweetbread rissoles, baked shoulder o' lamb, with peas and potatoes, and a tart to follow," Paulina ran to the window and opened it, leaning out with American disregard of Mayfair *convenances*.

Now that the yellow curtain was withdrawn from nature's face, what smiles radiated from its broad expanse! At the first glimmer of watery sunlight, the suspended animation of the staid old street returned. Hansoms and four-wheelers, tradesmen's carts, barrows of flowers, and a Punch-and-Judy show on wheels, made up the sum of vehicles at that early hour in the lie-abed quarter of London humanity. Pedestrians, gentlemen mostly, attired with the scrupulous nicety of their class, each carrying his umbrella ferrule uppermost, strode by, Piccadillyward. The façades of the quaintly dignified houses, and the clean paving-stones of the narrow street, exhaled respectability with moisture. A tatterdemalion boy, catching sight of the girl at the window, thrust upward the tossing plumes of a white lilac in a pot, crying out in a voice pathetically sweet: "Oh, *please* do, lydy! Buy this 'ere 'an'some laylock, only two en six!"

"Lily o' the valley, pansies, lydy, penny er bunch," chimed in another with the first vender's appeal. In a trice the street seemed to upheave and break into blossoms, in basket, pot, and pottle.

"Oh, why can't I buy all!" said well-pleased Paulina to herself, as she beckoned the white lilac to the door below, and singled out a tray of wet violets and daffodils to succeed it. "What is that lovely verse about one's spirit dancing with the daffodils? No, little boy; go away, and don't tease. I really believe I 'm beginning to cheer up."

These flowery transactions, a whiff of fresh

air, and the droll persistence of Mr. Punch's impresario in preparing to set up his theater for her sole benefit, brought back to Polly's face its customary look of healthy good humor; and, when fairly driven inside by a gathering crowd of Punch's satellites, she was prepared to admit that the situation of Mrs. Cryder's lodgers had its mitigating points.

"This house — all these houses — are so old-timey and demure, mother. Everything about them is so low-toned, neutral-tinted, restful. Nothing happens, nobody invades us, no sound comes from the other people in the house. We might as well be in a little planet of our own. I feel like one of Miss Austen's or Miss Edgeworth's young persons come up to town for the season, and wondering whether the captain will write first, or call."

"Mr. Roger Woodbury," observed the butler in an impartial manner, throwing open the door, and effacing himself behind a very tall young man.

II.

"ROGER!" exclaimed Mrs. Standish, putting down her "Morning Post," which she had been holding open in a half-hearted way, trying to think she enjoyed it.

"Roger!" cried Paulina, letting fall the lapful of moist violets she was arranging in sundry china cups, as she sprang to her feet. "Where on earth did you come from?"

"The city, just now, Proserpina, where those stupid people at the hotel sent me to find your address at your banker's. The fog is responsible for my delay in getting here."

"We had no idea you were even on the ocean, yet," began Mrs. Standish, looking rather timidly from his brown and manly face to Polly's slightly clouded one. "It is such a delightful surprise to us."

"Hum!" said Roger, after a scrutiny, on his own account, of Paulina's countenance. "You were asking about my voyage, Aunt Rose. Why, we steamed along most of the time in pouring rain, under a gray sky, over a gray sea, through warmish weather that made one think of things a-blowin' and a-growin' on land. Never saw the sun once; and got into Liverpool yesterday, in an atmosphere that looked like pea-soup and *smelt* of kerosene. Add to that, London in a fog, and you may suppose I 'm glad to see sunshine and violets — and Polly — all at once, again."

"When you come to making proper speeches —" said Paulina, curling her lip.

"Paulina — I beg — I insist," began Mrs. Standish, distressed; but Roger only laughed.

"Now I know I 've got my tart cousin back, unchanged," he said.

"Your coming will be the greatest thing in the world for Woodbury," averred that young gentleman's mama.

"Poor old Toodles! I can fancy him in these little china-shops," said Roger, looking about the room. "You ought to have taken my offer, Aunt Rose, and left him with me on the ranch. How Toodles would have rejoiced in the immediate cause of my journey east!"

"What was it?" asked Paulina, who had been a trifle suspicious of lurking sentiment.

"The fact — and the way — that I lost my cook."

"Oh!" said Polly, relieved.

"He was a beautiful, soft-voiced, soft-handed native I got about six weeks ago, and life under his kitchen management had begun to be a blissful dream — when, one day, having been just paid off, he quietly disappeared. The same day the little town of Parachute, about twenty miles from me, was thrown into a fever of excitement by the proceedings of a couple of strangers on horseback, who rode up to the bank, tied their steeds to the hitching-post, went inside, covered the paying teller with their pistols, and demanded twenty thousand dollars on the spot."

"Which they got?" asked Paulina.

"Which they got, and rode out of the town at a dead run before the inhabitants had time to do more than spring to arms and set out in a vain pursuit. This story did not reach me till the day following, when I had, simultaneously, the satisfaction of hearing from one of my 'boys' that he had been roused up in the night to give food and drink and a fresh horse — *my* horse, and all this at the muzzle of a pistol, understand — to our late *chef*, who had then vanished — we suppose in the direction of New Mexico, but he has never been heard from since."

"And you had been living under the same roof with that desperate character! Oh, Roger! I tremble to think of what you are exposed to in that rough Western life," said Aunt Rose, in her placid voice.

"Peace to his memory! He made such a jam omelet as I never ate before. When he left us, to enjoy a green and virtuous old age as a bloated millionaire, my partner and I did the cooking, turn about, for a while. This culminated in a plum-pudding made by Lansing, which, after various attacks, we voted to bury in the yard; and there Lansing's collie dug it up next day, and ate it, dying in convulsions directly after."

"This decided you to give up republican housekeeping, and try the effete monarchies for a while?" said Polly.

"Exactly." And seeing by the friendly gleam in his lady's eye that he was restored to favor, Mr. Woodbury drew his chair by hers, and, under cover of Mrs. Standish's discreet approba-

tion, the two went into a long and all-cousinly talk over what had occurred to them since their parting on the pier at New York eight months before.

"But you have n't told me, Roger," interposed his aunt, "whether papa was well — how he looked — how he seemed — whether he needs us at home."

"My grandfather was in his usual vigorous health a week ago yesterday, when I bade him good-by. I stopped overnight at his house, and had a long talk with him over — I was going to say the wine, but will substitute, for him, the last new table-water, which he now declares is the only infallible remedy for that complaint of his which nobody has yet been able to find out. In the morning, on my way to the steamer, I knocked at his door, and was told to come in. It was a raw spring day — the window open; a searching breeze played through the room, and the old gentleman was nowhere to be seen. I heard a tremendous douche of water in the old shower-bath with a curtain that stands in one corner of the desert he calls his bedroom. 'Good-by. My love to Rose and the children. Tell 'em when they get tired over there, I 'll expect to see 'em home,' he roared out from under this. My teeth chattered sympathetically as I said good-by and took my leave."

"Papa is certainly wonderful," cooed Mrs. Standish, her talk then ramifying into a catechism about relatives left behind, until Roger was fairly put through his paces in family affairs.

"And — you did n't tell us — did you cross with anybody in particular, Roger?" asked the lady in summing up.

"What mama means," said Paulina, "is the people of her own acquaintance. She 's like the woman who asked her husband at breakfast if he found any 'nice deaths' in his newspaper, please to read them aloud to her."

"We had the usual thing at this season of the year in those big liners," answered the young man — "a lot of what you call your smart set."

"Oh, my dear boy! as if you could renounce your birthright!" interrupted Mrs. Standish, comfortably.

"Considering I pulled up stakes in New York, and went to Wyoming to get rid of their rubbish of pretense! I don't mean your kind, my kind, if you will, but the strainers and strugglers who have made us so ridiculous. On this trip there were the H-ums and the H-aws, eager for the telegrams and notes inviting them to dinners and house-parties, which, they averred, were awaiting them at Queenstown."

"For shame, my dear! You are really too sarcastic at their expense. It is not fair."

"I don't say those families are not the darlings of English aristocracy, auntie."

"But remember, mummy dear," put in Paulina, with shining eyes of fun, "how Lady Watson-Jones spoke about your dear friends who are of our *fine fleur* in the American 'Siege of London,' as 'those pushing Yankees that keep everybody wondering what they will do next.'"

"Paulina, when you insist upon bringing up disagreeables," said her mother, compressing her lips and looking martyrized.

"Mother, why should you mind? I don't, one fig, so long as they and we pay our way honestly, and know that we don't push. Why should n't we, for instance, like numbers of our countrymen, who have a straight descent from English emigrants of the best stock dating two centuries back, have the right to come here and enjoy the land our fathers left, without sneers from our kinspeople who have remained?"

"Family feuds are always the hottest," said Roger. "But here am I keeping back an important item of fashionable news. One of my fellow-passengers was that star of New York society, the beautiful Miss Amaranth Clyde."

"Those people!" began Mrs. Standish, inflating her fine nostrils promptly.

"Now, mother, I know what you are going to say. You say it regularly every time Amaranth is brought up for discussion. Granted the Clydes are nobodies, what matters it? They have now won — they 're in, and Amaranth was their 'open-sesame.'"

"But I have had it from undoubted authority that the extraordinary woman, her mother, once walked around in a Western shop trying on cloaks for customers to see."

"That 's a vocation I reserve for myself in case you and I and Toodles and grandpapa get caught in a Wall-street panic some time, and lose all our money. You know everybody's clothes seem to fit me, and the dressmakers always compliment my back. Mrs. Clyde must have been a beauty. You can see it in her likeness to Amaranth, can't you, Roger?"

"I suppose so. They are like two sketches from the same model by draftsmen of unequal merit. I should think there is certainly enough resemblance to depress intending sons-in-law."

"Roger, don't ignore the fact that last summer at Newport, looking on you as the heir of all the Woodburys, Mrs. Clyde made the most barefaced exhibition of her willingness to call you hers."

"Really, Paulina — "

"No use being shocked, mother; it was town-talk, for all Roger looks so innocent. I 'd venture to assert that, if there was nobody more

desirable on board, Mrs. C. made Amaranth keep her hand in by allowing her to walk most of the way over with Roger. There! he is blushing; he is found out. But, oh, my dear Roger, unless the coming campaign fails to bring down their long-expected duke, or earl, or baron, what hope have you?"

"She 's a stunningly handsome girl, and has a way with her, when she likes, no fellow can resist," persisted Roger, in spite of his aunt's perturbation. Poor Mrs. Standish could not resign herself to the touch-and-go levity of this *fin de siècle* generation upon sacred themes. "She had a jolly little red cloak with a hood, like those Irish boatwomen, and of an evening she would lean over the rail with you, and tell your fortune by your palm."

"I know," cried Paulina, joyously; "several men have told me about her palmistry — and I know the red cloak with the hood. When it 's no longer absolutely fresh, she gets Redfern to make her another just like it. Now, mother, I see in your face that you are dying to say, 'Of course those people know all about cloaks!' but you won't, because you are too Christian. And Roger, tell me the plain truth. When you drew near England, was Amaranth quite — quite the same?"

"She was a little distracted by her Queenstown mail. And she opened, here and there, such dazzling vistas of important households that were in contention for her, I felt rather depressed and roughly republican. But, like all the truly great, she was gracious in her time of triumph. And she even condescended to hope I was invited to a 'very little' house-party to be given by our compatriot, Lady Edmund Blount, at Whitsuntide."

"Lucy Blount's? Why, we 're asked there, and of course you will be, Roger. Lucy 's devoted to you. She says she never can forget that canoeing you used to give her at Bar Harbor, and that another waltz with you, after these whirling English dervishes, would set her up for life. Let me see, where is her letter? Mama, is it in your blotter? We got it yesterday. No; here it is. Let me read you what dear old Lucy says. You 'll see she 's not changed a bit by having a handle to her name.

"Ted has taken a three years' lease of poor Sir Piers Gilchrist's place, Wooton Magna, up here in the East Country, where the winds blow over us straight from the German Ocean. We are 'seven miles from a lemon,' a telegraph-station, railway, or neighbor. I 'm in love with the old house, and though Ted had expected to use it chiefly for men in the shooting-season, I 've persuaded him to let me freshen things up indoors, and stay on here till baby has brought out his new tooth, after which event we go back to the house in Pont street for the rest of the season. Ted's own place in Leicestershire is like a reformatory for juvenile delinquents, and even baby and I can't make it lively. Of course you must come to me, you and dear Mrs. Standish, and that adorable Toodles. How good it will be to see you, and to talk American as much as I please, and hear all your gossip and tell you mine! I 'm to have a few people at Whitsuntide, so do come before that, and stay on — none of your beggarly three days will suit me; ten at the least, or two weeks, you darling things! How I wish Roger could be with us, and my brother Billy; but they 're like two buckets in a well — only one comes up at a time.

"Then follows what I told you, and a lot more there 's no need to read," interpolated Miss Standish, growing roseate during the scanning of certain lines. "But here I will go on:

"You will be interested, as I was, in hearing about Sir Piers, the owner of this rather gone-to-seed paradise, which he has not lived in since Lady Gilchrist left him and their small daughter (it was years ago, a famous London scandal, he not a bit in fault, she dying abroad, and almost forgotten by society — I hate to resurrect old gossip). Sir Piers, my husband says, is one of the best fellows in the world, and, though a young man still, not much over forty, and tremendously good-looking (as you 'll see by his portrait in the hall here), chooses to live out of England, traveling or painting in Spain, I think, and only once in a long time turns up at his clubs in town. Now and then, they say, he puts in an appearance at Wooton Magna village, but has never set foot across this threshold since the trouble with his wife, preferring to inhabit rooms always ready for him in a little thatched dower-house buried in rhododendrons on the border of a wood — where I 'll take you to listen to the nightingales, and chat with the old dame who keeps it and swears by her absent master.

"Naturally, the estate is a good deal down, and but for the income Sir Piers gets from the shooting (Ted hires his, and two others, making five thousand acres, as good as any hereabout), I don't know what the poor dear man would do, since he is very hard up, and has to educate his girl, who lives with an old great-aunt somewhere, and has never been here since she left her home in babyhood. The villagers and all the cottage people adore Sir Piers, and make me feel like a base usurper when I drive about in my victoria and receive their bobs. But my Ted is winning them, too. (That darling Ted, of course he would, as you will say when you know him, Anglophobe though you be, my Polly!) And this reminds me that Ted charges me to say he is prepared to fall in love with you at once, as the most charming of all my American swans. Now that he has got one of us, he can't be satisfied without cultivating the acquaintance of the rest; wants me to invite the prettiest American girls I know, and says my bunch of bridesmaids was a dream he cannot forget."

"Lucy Lansing was always a chatterbox," said Mrs. Standish.

"But such a jolly one — so frank, so generous!" said Roger.

"I always thought it strange Lord Edmund should have picked out the sister whose nose turned up," pursued the lady, pensively.

"Lucy's nose, like herself, is tip-tilted, characteristic, quaint," cried Paulina. "I 'm glad we are to go to her so soon. I shall write at once, Roger, and tell her you 're here. Of course she will want to hear about her brother Billy's pudding."

"Would n't it be nice to start earlier, and get in a day or two at Leamington? It 's a little early for town, and I am almost sure the air would benefit Woodbury's throat," suggested Mrs. Standish.

"Then, while you put in at that amiable, jog-trot spa," said Roger, "Polly and I will take a jaunt over to Warwick and Kenilworth and Stratford. There 's a path to Shottery, Paulina, where, once having put your feet into lush greenery, you enter straightway into the Shaksperian spirit, and evermore rejoice in his singing phrases about nature out of doors, as you could not have done before."

"Too — I mean Woodbury — should certainly see Stratford, if we can possibly induce him to consent," murmured Woodbury's mama.

"I 'll undertake Toodles," said Roger, with a masterful certainty that compelled the mother's awe; and the door just then opening, the object of her solicitude effected a bursting entrance, to spring upon his new-found male supporter with the abandonment of a happy dog.

"You 'd better look out — there 's somebody coming up the stairs after me," remarked Toodles, simultaneously. "Got out of a four-wheeler, and was jawing the cabby about his fare — the old witch from Rome."

"Lady Watson-Jones," announced the butler, and at once a dread silence fell upon the little group.

"How do you do? You see I was quite right about there being no objections to Mrs. Cryder's taking you, if you mentioned me," observed her ladyship.

"Oh, but it was really by accident we came — quite a coincidence," Mrs. Standish strove vainly to explain; but her suavity was overborne.

"Odd, was n't it, my hearing you were here through Lady Jenkins, who had it from Mrs. Cryder when she sent down Lady Jenkins's new maid. Excellent people, the Cryders, so faithful to their old patrons, and so obliging. It must quite cut her up to see any one else in Lady Jenkins's rooms. No; not near the fire, please. I *am* astonished to see fire on a warm day like this."

Then Lady Watson-Jones plumped into an arm-chair against the wall opposite the fire, and, to shade her face, held her closed umbrella rigidly before her in an attitude suggestive of war upon the company. During these preliminaries to sociable conversation, she had not assumed to mention or introduce the very tall, blonde young girl, so simply attired that she might have been either a princess or a lady's-maid, who followed in her wake, and for whom Roger advanced a chair, into which she dropped, blushing a vivid red.

"My niece," said Lady Watson-Jones, meeting the glance of inquiry from Mrs. Standish. "Of course, seeing that I had got you into this place, I had to come to be sure that all was right. I live a goodish bit from here, in Bryanstone Square, a part I dessay you Americans don't know. But you 'll come to luncheon with me some day, and I 'll show you my cats. One of them is ailing to-day, and I 'm half afraid he 's got the influenza. I had a touch of it myself, and kept abed two days for safety's sake; but, thank God! I 'm better, and I hope Tom will be soon. When I 'm sure Tom is better, I 'll set a day for you to lunch."

"And does this young lady help you to take care of Tom?" asked Mrs. Standish, vaguely hoping to elicit some allusion that might throw light on the unknown visitor.

"She? Oh, no. I never let her touch them. She 's to be presented at the next drawing-room, and we 've been seeing after her frock."

"Presented? What fun!" cried Polly Standish.

"Humph! Not funny in the least," resumed Lady Watson-Jones. "And a pretty penny Aline asks for a plain white silk train, with *mousseline de soie* puffings and lilies of the valley bunched around the edge."

"Are n't you excited?" asked Polly of the nameless one, while Roger and Toodles conversed together in the window-seat.

"No," ventured the maiden; "I think not."

"So many of my friends have told me about their presentations," pursued the American girl, anxious to put her guest in some sort at her ease, "I feel as if I knew the whole affair, and could do it with my eyes shut."

Polly was not prepared for the startled look turned on her at this.

"I don't mean really with my eyes shut. I mean that I could go through the ceremony without being told. But I have no great curiosity to try the experiment. It seems to me pointless for a republican girl to have to bend and bow and kotow like that, just to kiss an old lady's hand."

"Oh!" said the visitor, her surprise now evident alarm.

"If I 've said anything impolite, you must excuse me," said Polly, laughing, and hastening to discourse of everything, grave or gay, that she could imagine, to coax the stranger from her shell. Monosyllables only, uttered in a beautiful and perfectly educated voice, rewarded Polly's pains; and when Lady Watson-Jones arose to go, and marshaled her charge away, the door closed upon a smiling ring of faces.

"What a piece of still life that girl is!" said Mrs. Standish.

"She has been abstracted from Madame Tussaud's," said Paulina.

"I hope, if we go there to lunch, they 'll put the cat next to me," observed Toodles.

"She looks intelligent," said Roger, "and when she did speak, I never heard a sweeter voice. Who could suppose a grown girl to be so painfully shy!"

"She has an exquisite complexion," remarked Mrs. Standish, looking with an involuntary sigh at her daughter's clear pale cheeks.

"But to think we don't even know what to call her!"

"Anyhow, here 's their card," announced Woodbury, who had been foraging in a biscuit-jar upon the side-table.

"Dear me! 'Miss Gilchrist,'" read out Paulina. "Where have we heard that name?"

III.

PAULINA has always declared that the immediate cause of their runaway from London just after being settled in the Half Moon street lodgings was the dread they all shared of having to take luncheon with Lady Watson-Jones. Paulina's mother, on hearing this sally, has invariably said: "Nonsense! It was because of the risk from influenza, and on account of Toodles's throat." Paulina's cousin Roger, a dear lover of pastoral England, kept his own counsel, and never let the ladies know how subtly he had schemed to hold them to the point of giving him a week of Paulina's company in blossom-time in the country. As to Paulina's brother, Toodles was in the robust juvenility of a young dog, to whom any move with anybody, anywhere, is acceptable.

They had a week to spend before repairing to Lady Edmund Blount's, to whose Whitsuntide party an urgent invitation for Roger had arrived. A vagabond week in England — what more delightful? A week without too much luggage, without any responsibility, without previous plan of travel. A week of loitering in daisy-sprinkled meads, under ivied minster walls, upon rivers shining clear — only, whither, whither should they go?

So much time was lost in discussing this, they bid fair to go nowhere at all, and at last settled down to what Roger had called "amiable, jog-trot" Leamington.

From the Manor Inn of that staid, many-gardened old spa there were pleasant excursions to be made to Kenilworth, Stratford, Guy's Cliff, Warwick Castle, Charlcote, Stoneleigh Abbey — excursions afoot or by rail, or in a carriage rolling over the smoothest roads, in which Mrs. Standish could easily join, while to Toodles the facility of hiring a bicycle and speeding whither he would, offered an outlet for his zeal.

In those early days of May so few trippers were abroad that they had hotels and railway compartments practically to themselves; and the fine, dry weather was a marvel to be spoken of under the breath, lest it should disappear.

"I did not know the world contained so many green checkerboards of fields, with blackthorn hedges, and shaggy sheep, and weak-kneed lambs," said Paulina; "so many cottage doors with fruit-trees trained above them, and old women knitting, and cats purring at the old women's knees."

"The peace and rest and rich verdure of it almost pass American understanding," observed Roger. "No wonder our country-people are accused of appropriating Warwickshire."

They had gone over to Stratford for the afternoon, and, Paulina having made the rounds of the town in a rather perfunctory fashion, the young people returned from Shottery by the field path, carrying nosegays of pansies and bleeding-heart presented by Ann Hathaway's descendant, who sat drinking her tea in the corner of the wide-mouthed chimney where sun and moon had looked in upon Shakspere's courtship.

"Have you heard," Roger added, "what an old crippled woman in Leamington said recently to a visitor about Shakspere? 'Law! who was he? On'y a plowboy. An' he was never thought nothin' of till the Americans came over and took him up.' Now, Polly, what did I tell you? Is n't this the perfection of rural landscape?'

"Oh, yes," she said wilfully; "it 's all pretty, placid, well-fed. But my heart pants for an open, rolling hill-country such as we have in our own Berkshire, in Massachusetts, with miles of wild, rock-strewn pasture on the slopes, and green tors, and wild roses, and life-everlasting, and sweet-fern cropping up around the boulders; and the Housatonic winding like a silver ribbon in the valley; and old Greylock and the Dome looking down on the lower mountains!"

"I did not suppose our Polly would join the noble army of trippers who make comparisons with what they have left at home," he

said, smiling. "The obvious answer to which is, Why did n't you stay where you were so well satisfied?"

"Good one on Polly!" cried Toodles, who believed in fair play.

"Oh, well, one must see things," the girl said. "And you know, Roger, I never professed to be a creature of sentiment." Then, drawing her brother's arm through hers, she started ahead of Roger to walk to the train that was to restore the excursionists to Leamington and Mrs. Standish in time for dinner.

They were sitting in the train, presently, waiting for it to start, and breathing the moist air surcharged with odors of lilac and hawthorn, that made of their compartment

a box where sweets compacted lie,

while looking on at a game of cricket among the boys of the King Edward school in a field close to the station. Suddenly, without premonition, a shower fell from an apparently clear sky, breaking up the sport, and sending the merry, manly fellows scampering in search of jackets, sweaters, and bicycles. Looking back at Stratford, through the pearly mist of summer rain, all that our travelers saw not softest gray, was exquisitely green.

"Roger, I suppose I am unreasonable," vouchsafed Paulina, as, in a gentler mood, she turned toward him. "I am trying to see with your eyes; but for the life of me I 've never been able to enjoy cut-and-dried privileges."

"What sort of privileges, for instance?" he said good-humoredly.

"Well, Kenilworth and Stratford — and what grandpapa wants us to be to one another — now, don't be angry! If I can't speak out what I feel when I feel it, I become a horrible repressed object, like a bomb of dynamite."

"Then you have had no real pleasure in these beautiful days we 've spent together?" he said, Toodles buried in a penny newspaper opposite them.

"Pleasure! Every day is full of pleasure. How can any one who is only twenty years old, who has n't an ache, and who sleeps like a top, help being happy when a new day comes around?" And the elusive look in her eyes warned him not to pursue his inquiries.

In her room that night Polly reproached herself fiercely. Who was there, after all, better in her world than Roger; who more patient with her whims, who stronger, truer, more good to look at? Every day, every hour they spent together but confirmed her in this opinion. So long as the question of the great Woodbury estate did not loom up on her horizon, Roger was entirely to her taste. And yet there was that goading spirit within her, ever driving her to defy, rebuff, wound him. But then, who that is born of woman can answer for the vagaries of a young girl's heart? Polly gave it up.

Full of good resolution for the future, she walked with her cousin next day to Warwick, and went over that most satisfying of all English castles, in the wake of a stupid little party of sightseers, who huddled like sheep, and looked almost as intelligent, while listening to the remarks of their smart soldier-guide.

"Roger," said Paulina, sweetly, stopping behind to lean with her cousin from the boudoir-window, looking down, through the dusky boughs of cedars planted by the Crusaders, into the placid sheen of Avon, far below, "if I have been a little horrid to you, lately, forgive me. I am going to turn over a new leaf. Don't ask for particulars, but await results."

"Are n't you feeling quite well, my daughter?" Mrs. Standish inquired that afternoon, as they were driving, Roger and Toodles facing them in the landau.

"Perfectly well, mother. I have only experienced a change of heart, and the first day of such goodness is depressing," she said, with a glance at Roger.

"Roger, what does she mean?" asked the mother, with knitted brows; but then, Mrs. Standish had been puzzling over Paulina from her cradle.

"I mean that I now love fat sheep and green meadows and things settled as much as Roger does. Though, to tell you the truth, I think Roger is inconsistent. He left New York to go and be a cow-boy and with the cow-boys stand; but when over here, he falls down and worships what he calls the perfected civilization of English society. He 's tremendously up in English politics; in London, at the galleries, and so on, he 's quite a greenery-yallery young man; and in the country he is ready to weep at the note of a cuckoo."

"I 'm afraid your reformation is short-lived," said Roger, with the smile her nonsense always won from him. "But please let me beg you to remember, Polly, that Wyoming is my place, this is my playground. And, if I do believe in the 'government of the people, by the people, and for the people' — "

"Eh?" said Polly, with raised eyebrows.

"Oh, I 'm not going to talk politics to you. If I do believe in that with all my heart, I say, may n't I feast my gaze upon the afternoon of England's monarchy? If I delight in the finished structure of England's social life, the peace, security, exclusiveness of her homes, her settled views upon the social questions that are still disrupting us, and that make such jackasses of us in foreign eyes — "

"Hear! Hear!" cried Polly.

"All this does n't blind me to make me in the least disloyal to the real glory of an exhaustless

land like ours — a buoyant atmosphere, a vivid, original, picturesque nature, that fill my moral lungs with fresher air only to speak of them."

"My dears," said Mrs. Standish, turning to look at a carriage just then passing, "there is the rather nice old lady who is so civil to us at the hotel. She told me last night she had been always interested in America, since a gentleman she knew once had gone there and brought home to his wife some such excellent porous plasters."

"Now has our nation achieved its destiny!" cried Paulina. "Look, Roger, at this wagonette full of women that 's coming toward us. They are all alike, big, blooming, buxom. And the rosiest one of them has got on a respirator — a thing like a black stereopticon — over her mouth. Perhaps she 's the youngest and prettiest sister, and that 's their way of keeping her under till the older ones are married off."

"Let me see the stereopticon," said Toodles, twisting around in his seat. "I say, Polly, what a jolly guy she is!"

"Listen to the infected Toodles," said his sister. "When we played billiards last night he called out, 'I say, Polly, what a beastly fluke!'"

"I did n't," said Toodles, growing red.

"Oh, yes; we are all so. But so long as Roger is happy, what does anything matter? Roger, tell me, when there are six grown-up daughters, as in that family,— here! see! they are passing us,— what do they do for husbands, in the present lack of marriageable men?"

"They touch the button, and the chaperons do the rest. All eligible Englishmen tell you they are obliged to keep a sharp lookout against the mothers and chaperons. Fancy the poor girls brought up to feel they must marry to relieve their families of the dead weight of them, and to fill the purse of the elder brother, so that he may make ducks and drakes at his leisure — the way it must drive them on! No wonder so many of their fellows come after our girls, who keep them in refreshing doubt till the last minute whether they 'll say yes or no."

"And no wonder the British matron calls us sad poachers on her preserves," answered Polly, with a curling lip. "But I can tell you, Roger, the more I hear and see of the way Englishmen talk about women, the more it makes me want to utter a war-whoop of contempt! Ah! There 'd be no sort of doubt in my mind about the answer I 'd give an Englishman who wanted to marry me."

"Paulina, the people in the carriage behind can almost hear you," said her mother.

"Did n't I tell you I want to utter an Indian whoop?" cried Polly. "I can't see how an American girl can give up her home, and habits, and individuality, to marry over here. If you are socially anybody, you live as a marked personage, applauded as they clap a clown when he makes a joke in the sawdust. If you are nobody — what outer darkness!"

"Lucy Blount has been most kindly received by her husband's relatives," said Mrs. Standish.

"That 's what we always hear at home, and then we come to England, and find out the reverse of the medal. 'She 's nice-looking, certainly, and not so vulgar as the rest,' was what Helena Van Kort's noble father-in-law remarked about *her*, for instance."

"That seems incredible, when we realize what the Van Korts are in New York," sighed Mrs. Standish.

"I second Polly's motion," said Roger. "I don't think American popularity in English society is a prize sufficiently glittering to marry for. And the international marriage does n't appeal to me, otherwise, in the least. *I* would n't pluck a British blossom to wear in my buttonhole, if I could. There is enough disparity of taste and temper to be overcome in a marriage between two of a kind, without adding to it a lifetime of petty disputes over what each has been brought up to accept in habit or environment."

They had decided to spend two or three days in Cambridge, going on to Lady Edmund's on the Tuesday before Whitsunday. In the coffee-room of the Bull they found two mothers, one Scotch, the other English, giving entertainment to their undergraduate sons, and meekly receiving patronage over the joint and gooseberry-tart — "quite as we do at home," said the American mama.

In the clear evening light Roger carried Paulina off for a stroll among the buildings, and, Mrs. Standish pleading headache, Toodles was invited to accompany the walkers — an invitation civilly declined as he sat in the window poring over a book found among the Dead Sea fruit of hotel sitting-room literature.

"Bless him!" said his mother, carrying into retreat her aching head. "I never like to interfere with Toodles when he *voluntarily* takes up a book."

Long after Polly — whose room joined his — had climbed into her high, quaint bed, the candle of the studious Toodles was alight. Awakening from her first sleep, and hearing him move, Miss Standish felt herself in duty bound to investigate this phenomenon. There was Toodles, still dressed, his hair tousled, absorbed in reading — what? "Miss Nobody of Nowhere"!

"You might have stayed in America for that," said his sister, mildly.

"Oh, let up on lectures, Polly!" observed

the student. "Can't a fellow have any fun, to make up for being lugged about England?"

The first rain of their northward pilgrimage fell on that Sunday morning in Cambridge. Toodles, appearing wan and dull at breakfast, committed the indiscretion of a sneeze, and by his mother was at once dosed with quinine, and sentenced to keep the bounds of their sitting-room, where she left him with a number of interesting views of the colleges, and the lessons for the day, while with the others she repaired to service at Trinity College chapel.

Sitting stone-cold upon rush-bottomed chairs in the antechapel, under the guardianship of Roubillac's marble statue of Sir Isaac Newton, they saw the belated men straggle in to service, to be checked off by an official who kept tally as they passed — the last-comer putting on his gown distractedly in the court while he ran, resembling a huge bird just alighted.

Discomfort of all kinds was happily forgotten when at the afternoon service they had the privilege of listening to the angelic choir of King's. Occupying stalls in the center of the church, their eyes at once soared to the majestic beauty of that peerless interior roof, where scallop-shells of carved stones meet, and are fixed at the point of contact by corbels of stone fruit and flowers. East and west the great windows glowed with the soft radiance of old sapphire-blue glass that has no peer in modern days, with emerald and amber, and blots of deep Burgundian red, which, repeated in the four-and-twenty side windows, defied the gloom of the outer world.

When after a while the organ chime arose, and the voices of the perfect choir rang out like the lark at heaven's gate, Paulina turned, trembling with delight, to whisper in Roger's ear, "This is the best of all."

So sitting and rejoicing, Polly little knew of a pair of eyes turned in amused, then pleased, then reverent, gaze on her rapt face.

A man near by, clearly at home in the place, bent over, and called the attention of a young woman beside him to the girl with a score in her lap, and a face like one of the young-eyed cherubim of an old Italian master. The young woman so addressed leaned forward with a gleam of recognition, but, as Polly did not look their way, drew back as it were within her shell, and the opportunity for greeting never came.

"I have heard the Pope's choir in the Sistine Chapel recently," Polly said, as they walked in a downpour back to the hotel; "but this affected me quite differently: it seemed as if they were carrying up my own faith, my own prayers, to the great white throne. Then those amens, breathed without organ — and all in that glorious place! Do you know, Roger, poking about in Italy and France in their splendid churches and cathedrals, I used to yearn after music to fill up the vast echoing spaces, and there was never any, or rarely. Yes; this is the best of all."

"Do you remember Wordsworth's lines, 'Within King's Chapel'?" he asked, while Mrs. Standish and her umbrella and kilted petticoats filled up the narrow pavement ahead.

"You know I don't. I never remember lines and things that are appropriate. But you may say them for me, please."

"This much will do for you," he answered:

"That branching roof,
Self-poised and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Ling'ring and wandering on, as loath to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality."

"Roger, I hate myself for thinking it, but how much more these undergraduates have in their lives than ours! How much loftier in soul they must be when they sit in such inspiring places of worship than are our men, who go to those dreary, bare chapels of American universities."

"Hum," said Roger, quizzically, "I don't know that; but I will say most of the fellows I 've met who have been graduated at Oxford or Cambridge bring away a thoroughly manly love for their university, and keep up their college friendships; which is more than we do, as a rule. Perhaps it is your Puritan ancestry, Paulina, that makes you feel such an affinity for Cambridge. Do you know, the founders of New England, or many of the best of them, were trained here; they took from these parts their Boston, Ipswich, Framingham, Eastham, Dedham, Lincoln, Haverhill, Newbury, and a lot more."

"You dear, beautiful King's, I am glad even that little piece of you is mine," said the girl, looking back to wave the gray old building a fantastical farewell.

By the following afternoon the sun had returned all-glorious, and they went rowing on the little river that holds Cambridge in the crook of its arm, and gives a suggestion of Venice to the rear of some of the colleges. At such an hour the famous "backs" show their exceeding beauty in full light. The wide sheets of living green, with their great soaring, black-armed trees misty with foliage, are best to look at when swarming with the young life of the university on diversion bent. Caps and gowns thrown aside, the men appear in flannels, sweaters, straw hats with their college colors — all that is bright and spring-like in male attire. With pipe and dog for companions, some lounge on benches under elms or willows; some seek the

greater solitude of canoes on the Cam. Cricket, tennis, boating in all forms, are the visible amusements of the throng. But upon the river concentrates the chief charm of human interest in the panorama. To row once or twice its length within interesting limits, to try to escape the ignominy of a bump from some mischief-making boat, to shoot under the triple arches where reflected sunshine glitters in a golden checker-work overhead, then to pull in close ashore and hang on by a daisy springing from the velvet bank opposite Trinity or King's, and there idly to watch the floating show pass by, are pleasures safely to be recommended.

From Polly's lot was not withheld the treat of tea-drinkings in one or two of those luxurious rooms behind the flower-boxes looking into the college courts. The pretty American girl, with her gracious smiles, her charming gestures, her ready wit, was speedily the center of attraction among the young fellows she ordered hither and thither with the frank audacity of her species in its native atmosphere. Indeed, when Miss Standish was torn away from the old town by her natural protectors the following day, there was at the station a group of admiring youngsters to bestow on her flowers and photographs, and to pledge future meetings in London or New York, which caused Polly to pronounce Cambridge the most "homelike" place in England.

And now they were en route through the fen-country, green and monotonous as an American prairie, with its intersecting ditches, its great haystacks like cheeses from which slices have been cut, and cottages that loom dimly into sight on the horizon line, as one becomes aware of ships far off at sea.

A little while — for in England, as Polly said, you hardly get used to one county before you are in another — and they were running through a region of gorse-clad uplands, where the hillsides were honeycombed with rabbit-burrows, and the rabbits sat on their hind quarters, gazing like village urchins at the train. At one spot a grove of black-visaged pines harbored an almost Southern warmth, but elsewhere there was a free, delicious air that told of the North Sea hard by.

"Now that it 's over, I 'll admit your week of idling was a success," Polly vouchsafed to Roger. In the last days she had grown to depend upon his ready sympathy, the fillip of his masculine comment upon passing events, and to look almost with regret upon the forthcoming introduction of other people into her life. Roger, in whom this latter feeling was stronger, echoed the faint sigh with which she spoke.

"If it were not for Billy Lansing's sister, I believe I 'd leave you at the station, and go off and prowl by myself over this East Country that I don't know. I don't believe I am going to enjoy that houseful of people, where I 'll never be a minute alone with you. I have a presentiment I shall be sorry that we went."

"Don't grumble, Roger. Here we are at Lucy's station, and that must be Lucy's carriage awaiting us. Of course you will be civil to Billy Lansing's sister."

Grateful to every sense was the change from cushioned railway-seat to open carriage, as they drove through a rich rural country, the roadsides springing with flowers; past thatched cottages, and stone churches with round bell-towers, and wayside inns bearing the quaintest names on their swinging signs — everywhere the tokens of a region that knows no change save the passing of generations and the birth of new leaves and lambs.

"It 's like a page from Hardy," Roger said. "And what a smell of woods and fields!"

"Dear me, how the toll-gate and village women drop courtesies to Lucy's livery," said Paulina. "I am beginning to realize that she is Lady Edmund, and that in her carriage I must hold myself with dignity."

"And when I remember," meditated Mrs. Standish, "what trouble they had to make Lucy's teeth even, when she was a child! Woodbury, my love, don't let me forget to take you to the dentist as soon as we get back to London. I shall be really glad to see Lucy again."

Seven miles of smooth going had cleared their lungs of railway smoke, when the footman, turning on the box, touched his hat, and said:

"Wooton Magna village, sir. The Hall is just beyond."

Commonplace in the casket of English gems was this sequestered hamlet of thatched-roofed cottages gathered around a pond where water-lilies grew and ducks and children paddled; while cows, standing breast-high in the water, sought the shadow of its overhanging trees. From the tiny houses, with their diamond-paned lattices, the unusual warmth had coaxed grandams and grandsires, who sat sunning themselves under the roses and woodbine trained above their doors, or stood in the garden-patches where already blue comfrey had drawn the bees, who forsake for it flowers of another color.

Upon the passing of the Hall carriage, these old people blinked and bobbed obeisance, the children stopping play to follow suit.

And now through a lodge-gate into a deep wood jubilant with bird-songs, through an avenue of Portugal laurel, rhododendron, and arbor-vitæ, into open park ground, and Wooton Magna Hall came in sight.

It was a great square pile of brick with mar-

ble facings and many windows and chimneys; and on the front steps, that seemed freshly coated with pipe-clay so dazzling white were they, two footmen assisted the arrivals to descend, and ushered them across a hall filled with stuffed birds and fishes, into the long chintz-furnished drawing-room, hung around with water-colors, and littered with modern bibelots, where a grate-fire of coal and wood was burning, despite the warmth of the afternoon.

"I think my lady must have stepped out into the garden," said the footman, who had been gazing in search of her with a faintly puzzled look into china cabinets and jardinières. Directly thereafter a pair of glass doors leading into a flowery realm outside flew open, and my lady, carrying a rosy English baby in her arms, ran into the room.

"You dears, you dears, you dears!" was what Lucy said; and, kissing them all save Roger, she consoled him by letting him hold the baby.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

THE sea lay smiling and laughing, and dimpling and dancing, and doing all the other things that a sea does or is supposed to do on a fine August morning when there is not a cloud in the sky and a fresh breeze is blowing in from the offing. The crisp waves beat lazily on the shore, and it was so still that the sound of their slow, regular wash could be clearly heard across the beach where the big country house stood among the trees. The wide awnings, now drawn down to keep out the bright morning glare, concealed the spreading verandas; and upon one of these — on the side toward the ocean, where the cool noises made by the tumbling billows came drowsily — was hidden a young girl. The Scheveningen chair in which she sat was turned away from the sea, and she had evidently been occupied with the morning's post. A quantity of newspapers still in their wrappers lay on the floor, and a number of torn envelops were scattered about the place, while the letters which they had contained were thrust under an unopened work-basket that stood upon a table. She had finished with the mail, however, and now, from her alert bearing, it was evident that she was listening for something. She sat a little bent forward, with her head slightly thrown back, and her lips just the least bit parted. She was a very pretty girl with a slight figure and a vivid face, and her attitude of animated attention became her exceedingly.

Suddenly she started to her feet as she softly murmured:

"Jack!"

In an instant the slight crunch of gravel was distinctly audible, and the sound of a light but firm tread on the steps leading from the garden below made itself heard.

"Jack!" she repeated in a tone of greater assurance, and then hurried across the veranda.

The young man who appeared had hardly put his foot upon the dark-stained floor when she was at his side.

"Jack!" she cried, this time aloud, with an air of radiant content.

He looked at her, but she held up her finger warningly, and he only took her hand, and led her to the place where she had been sitting.

"Sit there!" she commanded, pushing around the big covered chair. "I 'll sit in the hammock." Without spreading it out, she placed herself in the suspended netting, her feet still on the floor. "Now," she continued, with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, "what makes you so late?"

"Am I late?" he laughed.

"Don't you know that you are?" she said. "Worse and worse! To be late in keeping an appointment with your lady-love is bad enough — but not to know it! Jack," she went on severely, "I should be perfectly justified in breaking off our engagement."

"But you won't when I tell you what kept me," he urged.

"It must be something very important," she admonished, "or I shall do something desperate. So be very sure that you tell a good big, efficient fib — or else —"

"I don't need anything better than the truth this time," he answered laughingly: "the horse cast a shoe."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I am disappointed in you. I thought you had more invention, not to say imagination."

"It 's the truth," he urged.

"Well," she said, "I 'll believe you."

"Because it is the truth?" he insisted.

"No; because I want to do it."

"And if you did n't want to do it, would n't you?" he asked.

"No," she replied perversely; "not unless you made me."

"The idea of my making *you* do anything!" he said adoringly.

"Don't you think you could?" she asked curiously.

"I don't know," he answered. "I never thought. I have been too busy doing things that you made *me* do, to have a chance to think whether I could or not."

"But do you think you could?" she insisted.

"Honestly, how can I tell?" he answered, laughing. "But what difference does it make, anyway?"

"I don't know," she continued slowly — "I don't know what made me think about it, but — yes, I do."

"What?" he asked carelessly.

"Do you remember that Lucy Hyslop said that nothing would induce her to go to the country house at Masaqua, although 'Jim,' her husband, wanted her to do it?"

"Yes," he said, as she paused.

"I have just got a letter from her," she continued, "and she has evidently gone there like a little woolly lamb; and I should imagine from what she says that she rather likes it."

"I should think she would hate him," he observed.

"I am not sure," said the girl. "You see, she must have known that it was the best thing for her. She needed the rest, and those pine-woods — "

"But she did n't want to go," he urged.

"I know; but she 's awfully in love with him," said the girl, with the air of making a direct answer. Then, after a pause, she asked, "Would you let me do anything that I wished?"

"Really — " he began doubtfully.

"Jack," said the girl, "how stupid you are this morning! Do wake up!"

"I 'm perfectly awake," he replied; "but I am thinking. When I 've had anything to do with it, I 've found I 've generally let women do pretty much what they please. It may have been the worse for them, but I did n't get myself disliked."

"And do you think," she asked, gazing unblinkingly out at the glittering expanse of ocean before her, "that you cared very much for — those women?"

"I don't suppose that I did," he replied comfortably. "But you know that a woman would n't like you any better for keeping her from doing a thing that would make her trouble, because if she did n't do it she would never be convinced that there would have been any difficulty about it."

"No," she conceded; "a woman would n't like you any better for *that* reason."

"Is n't that all there is of it?" he demanded.

"Perhaps," she said hesitatingly.

"Of course it is," he assented confidently. "But what is the matter?"

"Oh," she said, "I 'm just like you — I am thinking."

"But I thought out loud."

"I can't," she said impatiently. "It 's too complicated, and one can think out loud only when one is sure of what one thinks."

For a moment the silence was broken only by the distant swash of the sea and the gentle flapping of the awning.

"You see — " she began at length.

"What?" he asked. He had tried to take her hand, but she had perversely withdrawn it, and now he resignedly settled back in the chair. "What do I see?"

"You say," she continued, "that you have always let women have their own way, and that you have n't cared very much for any of — those." There was a perceptible accent of disdain in her voice, but there was also a slight tone of anxiety. "You are sure you are telling the truth," — her hand, which she had withheld from him, now went out to him, — "that you did n't care?"

"Positive," he replied.

"Well," she sighed contentedly, "I have always had my way with men. Do you suppose they did n't care?" She glanced at him a moment, and then looked out again upon the ocean. "You know some — several — have said that they did."

"But that 's different," he remonstrated.

"Why is it different?" asked the girl.

"Because you are different," he replied readily. "They would n't dare not to let you have your own way."

She shook her head.

"It 's true," he said; "they were afraid of you."

"When I shook my head," she exclaimed, "I did n't mean that you should imply that they were n't. I shook it because of something else." Then, turning and looking squarely at him, she concluded, "I should n't like to think that you were afraid of me."

"Oh, but I am," he assured her; "dreadfully."

"I don't believe you are," she said.

He laughed.

"You must n't be," she said. "They always have been afraid of me — all of them."

"And did n't you like it?" he asked.

"I liked *it*," she answered sententiously; "but I did n't like *them*."

"There is a difference," he admitted.

"The greatest," she said. "It amuses a wo-

man to command at first; but when you are good-looking enough, and all that, it is so very easy. Men are only too willing to be ruled, and it becomes stupid, and then you want something else; and there is n't anything else except being ruled one's self, and that does n't come every day. It was because you seemed to make me feel that you were strong that— it 's happened as it has. Jack," she exclaimed, "I could n't make you do what I wanted, could I?"

"Certainly you could," he answered with promptness.

"I should hate to think that," she said mournfully; "I should despise you."

"But it seems to me," he suggested, "since I love you—"

"No — no — no," she interrupted; "that is the way a woman should love, not the way a man should love. He must be strong and forcible and determined—"

"You leave me a cheerful alternative," he laughed; "I must either be a brute or be nothing."

"Although you put it rather strongly," she assented, "there is really a little truth in what you say. I have always been able to make all men do exactly as I wanted; and it 's just because, for some reason, I have felt that I could not make you, that it has been different. I wish I were sure."

"Of what?" he asked, looking at her as she continued to gaze intently at the horizon. "That it is different?"

"No," she replied; "that I could n't."

"Suppose you try," he suggested.

"It would n't be any use," she replied hopelessly. "It could only be about some silly little thing, and of course you 'd do that. I should hate you if you did n't. Or if I wanted you to do some big thing, it could only be something that I had invented on purpose, and I should be ridiculous — and it would n't be significant or conclusive."

She hastily drew away her hand, and looked quickly around.

"What is it, Beaton?" she said to the servant who appeared hesitatingly in the distance.

"If you please, Miss Amy," he said doubtfully, "might I speak to you a moment?"

"Certainly," she replied severely, as she rose, and advanced toward the farther end of the balcony.

The young man in the Scheveningen chair watched her with joyous pride as she moved along, and clearly saw no reason why he should remove his eyes from her as she stood talking a short distance from him.

They had been engaged for some time. It was while they were staying in a country house together, in the preceding autumn, that they had first met; and then and there, after two weeks, he had told her that the two score years or more that were probably left to him would be nothing without her, and she had promptly replied, or rather intimated, that the half-century that in all likelihood lay before her would be a barren blank had it chanced that he thought otherwise. And though it was only after a fortnight that they had discovered that they were all in all to each other, now, in spite of the fact that it was August,— ten months afterward,— they were quite as convinced of it as at any time before. At first they had expected to be married immediately, for they were both rich, and there was no opposition from any side; indeed, the few relatives and friends to whom the engagement was announced at once expressed themselves as greatly delighted, and predicted that every one would consider the arrangement most fitting and fortunate. But the unexpected had happened: a great-aunt had died before the betrothal had been made known, and the wedding-day, which had been fixed for some time in April, had been put off. Now it was August, and at last their intention had been communicated to the world,— something that, to their amazement, seemed to create but little astonishment,— and it had been arranged that the marriage should take place some time in October. Nothing had ever gone along more simply, more easily, and more typically.

He saw that after listening to the servant for a moment she quickly asked a question, and as she received the answer he noticed that a sudden seriousness saddened her face. Again she made some inquiry, and as the reply was given he could hear her exclaim: "Yes; certainly. Have it done at once." Realizing that the interruption had not been altogether of a trivial nature, he got to his feet, and waited for her to come back.

"What is it?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it 's too sad! Mrs. Brough — she 's the wife of the lodge-keeper, you may remember — her little girl has suddenly been taken ill."

"Is that all?" he said, with an evident feeling of relief.

"But you don't know how terrible it is," she continued earnestly. "She simply adores the child, for it is all she has; and if she lost it she would be heartbroken."

"And is it very ill?" he asked, with greater gravity.

"They cannot tell," she replied. "Grandmama, you know, never comes down as early as this, and Beaton came to ask me if one of the grooms could take a horse and go for the doctor in the village. I hope they will find him, but I 'm afraid they won't. Poor woman! She

will be distracted, and she does n't in the least know what to do." For an instant the girl stood beating her fingers on the rope by which the hammock was hung; then she turned and faced him. "I must go at once," she said.

"Is it necessary?" he asked. "There must be a great many to help her."

"Oh, I have no doubt there are a number on the place who will be ready and glad to do anything, but they don't know. You remember that I went regularly to the hospital in town for a long time, and really I am a very good nurse."

"What a bore!" he muttered.

"We must n't be selfish," she insisted. "I honestly understand such things, and then, you know, the kind of people that will be there always lose their heads at such a time."

"Yes," he said resignedly. "What is the matter with the child?"

"They don't seem to know exactly," she replied. "They think — they are not sure, but they think that it is scarlet fever."

He had been lounging against the balustrade, but, quickly removing his hand from the railing on which he had been almost supporting himself, he straightened up, and took a step toward her.

"But I say, you know, is n't that dangerous?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes," she said.

"I don't mean for the child," he went on quickly, "but for any one who goes near it. Is n't there a chance that they might take it? Is n't there a possibility that if you go there you may have it, too?"

"A possibility —" she began.

"A possibility!" he exclaimed indignantly. "And you are going to take the chances of that possibility when you are not needed there — when, indeed, there is hardly any likelihood that you could do any good?"

"But I might," she urged.

"It 's a thousand to one you could n't," he asserted; "and exposing yourself to such danger without the assurance of being of any real assistance is folly, and, what is more, it is wrong."

"It 's wrong if I don't go," she replied.

"It is wrong if you don't stay," he repeated. "It might be different if there were no one else to help them; but as it is — there is a duty that you owe yourself — others. Your life is important —"

"And so is the life of that child to that mother," she said. "If the child dies she will go mad. If I can do the least thing, I should go, and be prepared to take the consequences."

"I do not agree with you," he maintained determinedly.

"Jack," she urged, going closer to him, "let me go. Even if I cannot do anything to save the child, I may help the mother. She is in great trouble — distracted, wild, for she is a frail, impressionable creature. I have given her aid before, and she comes to me for advice; she in a measure depends on me. I must go."

"Do you care more for her than you do for those who are nearer to you," he asked — "than you do for your own people — than you do for me?"

"It is n't a question of caring, Jack," she argued. "You know that I care for them and that I love you, but — but there are times when one must forget, or rather one must not remember. The soldier in a 'forlorn hope' is right to banish all thought of those at home —"

"But he is obliged to risk his life."

"And so am I," she answered determinedly, "if there is any risk about it. Jack," she repeated, "let me go."

"No," he answered.

They stood facing each other, and gazing directly into each other's eyes. Her color was slightly brighter, but his face, if anything, was paler than usual, and both were very quiet. They spoke quickly, though, with the hastily overlapping words of complete absorption, and the questions and answers came short and sharp.

"Jack," she said, "it 's the first time I ever asked you to let me do anything."

"I know," he replied.

"In a case of this kind I think that it would be right for me to act without reference to you. It is n't as if it were only myself."

"But it is yourself," he insisted. "You are not alone in the world. There are others who are dependent on you. If anything should happen to you, it would make great trouble for a great many. I will not speak of myself, because I can't very well give you an idea, — I could n't very well realize myself, — but if you don't know now, I never could make you understand. I tell you that what you are doing is cruel and selfish."

"Selfish!" she repeated.

"There is a selfishness sometimes in an adherence to what is merely a personal duty — and I do not grant that this is a duty," he continued. "There are larger considerations."

"You may look at it in that way — as a man," she said impatiently. "I do not blame you for doing it; but I am not a man, and I cannot stop to weigh your 'larger considerations.' There is something to be done now, — here, — and it seems to me that is an answer to everything. You say I am selfish in going, and I understand you, and realize that you imply that in doing so I am merely acting in such a way that I shall be able to escape any possible self-reproach in the future —"

"Not exactly that," he interrupted — "not that at all. You are sorry, and you are sympa-

thetic, and to you, being you, it is a pain not to be allowed to translate that pity and compassion into some action that might seem to be of some use even if it were not."

"You think," she said hotly, "that to escape from the annoyance of knowing that there is some one in trouble, I am seeking to deceive myself with the idea that I am helping to put an end to it."

"You are unjust," he replied.

"Perhaps," she said; "I have n't the time to find out. I cannot wait any longer."

"You said a moment ago," he went on hurriedly, "that you had asked me only this one thing. Let me ask something of you. Do not go. Please."

She stood for a moment motionless, looking at the floor.

"I can't. I can't," she replied. "You said I was selfish. Are n't you selfish, too? You say that you love me. Is it not selfish to refuse to let me do a thing that may mean much to others, just because of the fear that something will happen to me? Is it not your duty, out of common humanity, to risk any possible suffering for yourself if I can carry aid to our fellow-creatures?" She spoke eagerly, and with a certain dramatic force, although without a gesture, and without stirring from the place where she stood. "Must we not sacrifice ourselves for others? Is not that what we are taught by religion — even by the principle of the mere utilitarians? And if I can do any good, ought you not to be willing to give me up, even if you were sure to lose me, instead of dreading, as you do now, the danger of a remote possibility?"

"Then I am selfish," he cried. "I would n't give you up even if I knew that you could relieve the suffering of the world. When I think of you, all the rest seems dim and distant, and I cannot even remember that there is a world to suffer. There is only you — you — you."

She stood, her breath coming quickly, and the fingers of one hand gathered in on the palm.

"Then if you do not care because you are selfish in that way," she continued, "perhaps you will care because you are selfish in another. I want to go," she said distinctly, "and if you love me you would let me do it."

"Why do you make it so hard?" he asked.

"Do I make it hard? I do not know. It seems to me that I cannot believe that you really love me if you will not agree that I should do what is necessary."

"But it is best for you that you should remain here, and how can I help thinking, since I love you as I do, what is best for you?"

"But I can judge," she said; "I am not a child. What is best for me is what I want, and I want — " she paused, and then continued proudly, "I wish to go."

"Please," he said, "think in what a position you place me. I must consent to your doing something that I know is not for your good, or I must displease you — make you hate me. If I truly love you, with the love that is really the best, I must insist that you stay; and I do love you in that way, and it is terrible to me to stand in opposition to you. Every impulse leads me to say 'Yes,' and yet I know that I ought not. Is n't there any way? Cannot I go?"

"No, no," she said hastily, putting her hands upon his shoulders. "I — you could do no good."

"You must not — you must not," he continued.

"Think of it," she said, still letting her hands rest where they were. "The little thing is there ill — in danger, and perhaps if I go I can save it. I do not mean that I know enough to be able to do what a physician could do, but they may be acting foolishly in some way, — you know such people are so strange, — and I could prevent them. There is a life at stake — a human life. A life — perhaps two lives — for the child's death might kill the mother. You will let me go, Jack — I must — I must!"

She withdrew her hands, and turned as if she would leave him.

"It is n't right," he cried. "You shall not!"

His tone or his manner, or both, perhaps, made her pause, and she gazed up at him in astonishment.

"You make it very hard," he said, with a short exclamation; "but you cannot." He seized her hands, and held her fast before him. "I will not let you."

"You mean," she said wonderingly, looking down at the fingers so firmly clasped about her own, "to keep me — that way?"

"I could," he said rapidly; "and if I could, perhaps I ought to do it. You are astonished, and I am not surprised; but I cannot bear the thought of any harm coming to you that I can prevent. I would do anything to protect you from the slightest evil, — sacrifice anything, — and I am willing to risk your displeasure even, if I am acting for your good. You may hate me."

"Let me go!" she commanded.

"I cannot," he answered.

"I *shall* hate you," she said.

"I have no doubt," he replied bitterly. "I suppose that you hate me now. I probably am acting like a brute, but it is because I love you so much that I am as I am. You talk of selfishness. Do you not suppose that if I were acting selfishly I should not let you go, should not do as I have done with other women? Do you not see that I am risking what is most to me in all the world? After this you may refuse to speak to me — to see me — all may be

lost; for I cannot expect that you will understand —"

From the sound a person was evidently approaching on the veranda, and would soon turn the corner.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "there is somebody!"

He let her hands fall, and stepped quickly back.

The servant who had before appeared advanced around an angle of the house, and again stood in doubting silence.

"You want to speak to me?" she said, making her way to the man.

The conference was short, and in a moment she had returned to the place where she had been standing.

"I do not know what to think, or what to say," she resumed deliberately, as he slowly shifted his position until they were again face to face. "It has all been so sudden — such a surprise."

"You will not go?" he said gladly.

She paused for some time before answering, then said hesitatingly, "I cannot say I will not."

"It never seemed," he said, almost with a groan, "that any question could come between us; but it has come. I do not think that it is right that you should go. I cannot think that it is right, and if I told you that I was willing that you should go, you would know that I was not telling the truth. I should say it only because I cared more for your love than I cared for you, and to consent — would it not be cowardly? Should you not despise me if I did?"

He paused a moment, and then went on:

"A moment ago I tried to restrain you by force. It was brutal and foolish; but I was very much in earnest, and I forgot myself. In not forgiving me for *that*, you may be right. I shall not forget myself again, but I cannot say 'Go.'" She did not speak, and he continued: "I have said all I can. You must do as you will."

"And do you not say that I may?" she demanded.

"I cannot," he replied steadily.

"And you leave it for me to decide?" she asked.

"Wholly," he replied. "I love you, as you know, and it has been very hard, and — forgive me — forgive me — I go away to suffering and torment, for I have brought this between us —"

He paused abruptly at the top of the steps, and looked back at her as she stood with her hands clasped nervously before her, and her head bent forward. He stood there for a minute, gazing at her intently; but she did not speak, or even look up, and with a short, quick catching of his breath, he disappeared.

A horse walked with strong, even stride along a sweep of the long, hard, winding drive that led from the house. This particular turn was hidden by a thick growth of trees, and was indeed a rather secluded spot. Not a leaf stirred, not a sound broke the stillness, and gradually the nervous alertness of the animal was quieted, and he was content to proceed in other than the sidewise, three-legged, triangular fashion that, since setting out, had marked his course. He was going along, indeed, in wholly apathetic fashion, when suddenly he started and slightly shied. Moving quickly from the bushes, some one stood by his head.

"Jack!" exclaimed the girl, putting her hand on the animal's neck as the horse was quickly brought to a standstill.

In an instant the rider slipped off, and stood beside her, with the bridle passed through his bent elbow.

"Jack," she repeated breathlessly, for it was evident that she had been running, "I was afraid I could n't catch you, although I took the short cut through the grove; and if I had n't, I don't know what I should have done."

They were out of sight of every one, and he slipped his free arm around her.

"I don't think I could have waited another minute, and I believe I should have run the whole way after you. I wanted to tell you — I — I did n't go."

The horse moved restlessly, and the rider was obliged to give it his attention.

"You beast!" he said impatiently; for such interruption was certainly at that moment very trying.

"No," she went on; "I am sure I should not have gone, anyway; but when Beaton came to speak to me that last time, he told me that they had by the merest chance met the doctor in the road just outside the gate, and that he said that it was n't the fever, and that the child was in no danger at all."

"But," he asked in amazement, "why did n't you tell me?"

She hesitated a moment, looking away from him.

"Don't you see," she said slowly, "I wanted you to *force* me to say that I would n't. Dearest, don't you understand? I thought that you were stronger than I, but I wanted to be sure. I wanted to feel that you could make me do something. I suppose that it was foolish and wrong, but it is such a relief to know that it is — different. I did not believe, when you went away just now, that you would n't come back; but I could n't bear to let you go like that even for a short time, and I had to give up — and you made me do it, and now I am sure —"

George A. Hibbard.



SEE "CHRISTMAS PICTURES" IN "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

BY PERMISSION OF FRANZ HANFSTAENGL.

MARY MEETS A SHEPHERD-BOY. BY J. SCHEURENBERG.

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AZÉLIE.

WITH PICTURES BY ERIC PAPE.



AZÉLIE crossed the yard with slow, hesitating steps. She wore a pink sunbonnet and a faded calico dress that had been made the summer before, and was now too small for her in every way. She carried a large tin pail on her arm. When within a few yards of the house she stopped under a chinaberry-tree, quite still, except for the occasional slow turning of her head from side to side.

Mr. Mathurin, from his elevation upon the upper gallery, laughed when he saw her; for he knew she would stay there, motionless, till some one noticed and questioned her.

The planter was just home from the city, and was therefore in an excellent humor, as he always was, on getting back to what he called *le grand air*, the space and stillness of the country, and the scent of the fields. He was in shirt-sleeves, walking around the gallery that encircled the big square white house. Beneath was a brick-paved portico upon which the lower rooms opened. At wide intervals were large whitewashed pillars that supported the upper gallery.

In one corner of the lower house was the store, which was in no sense a store for the general public, but maintained only to supply the needs of Mr. Mathurin's "hands."

"*Eh bien!* what do you want, Azélie?" the planter finally called out to the girl in French. She advanced a few paces, and, pushing back her sunbonnet, looked up at him with a gentle, inoffensive face—"to which you would give the good God without confession," he once described it.

"*Bon jou', M'si' Mathurin,*" she replied; and continued in English: "I come git a li'le piece o' meat. We plumb out o' meat home."

"Well, well, the meat is n' going to walk to you, my chile: it has n' got feet. Go fine Mr. 'Polyte. He 's yonda mending his buggy unda the shed." She turned away with an alert little step, and went in search of Mr. 'Polyte.

"That 's you again!" the young man exclaimed, with a pretended air of annoyance, when he saw her. He straightened himself, and looked down at her and her pail with a comprehending glance. The sweat was standing in shining beads on his brown, good-looking face. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and the legs of his trousers were thrust into the tops of his fine, high-heeled boots. He wore his straw hat very much on one side, and had an air that was altogether *fanfaron*. He reached to a back pocket for the store key, which was as large as the pistol that he sometimes carried in the same place. She followed him across the thick, tufted grass of the yard with quick, short steps that strove to keep pace with his longer, swinging ones.

When he had unlocked and opened the heavy door of the store, there escaped from the close room the strong, pungent odor of the varied wares and provisions massed within. Azélie seemed to like the odor, and, lifting her head, snuffed the air as people sometimes do upon entering a conservatory filled with fragrant flowers.

A broad ray of light streamed in through the open door, illumining the dingy interior. The double wooden shutters of the windows were all closed, and secured on the inside by iron hooks.

"Well, w'at you want, Azélie?" asked 'Polyte, going behind the counter with an air of hurry and importance. "I ain't got time to fool. Make has'e; say w'at you want."

Her reply was precisely the same that she had made to Mr. Mathurin.

"I come git a li'le piece o' meat. We plumb out o' meat home."

He seemed exasperated.

"*Bonté!* w'at you all do with meat yonda? You don't reflec' you about to eat up yo' crop befo' it 's good out o' the groun', you all. I like to know w'y yo' pa don't go he'p with the killin' once aw'ile, an' git some fresh meat fo' a change."

She answered in an unshaded, unmodulated voice that was penetrating, like a child's: "Popa he do go he'p wid the killin'; but he say he can't work 'less he got salt meat. He got plenty to feed—him. He 's got to hire he'p wid his crop, an' he 's boun' to feed 'em; they won't year no diffe'nt. An' he 's got gra'ma to feed, an' Sauterelle, an' me—"

"An' all the lazy-bone 'Cadians in the country that know w'ere they goin' to fine coffee-pot always in the corna of the fire," grumbled 'Polyte.

With an iron hook he lifted a small piece of salt meat from the pork-barrel, weighed it, and placed it in her pail. Then she wanted a little



AZÉLIE.

coffee. He gave it to her reluctantly. He was still more loath to let her have sugar; and when she asked for lard, he refused flatly.

She had taken off her sunbonnet, and was fanning herself with it, as she leaned with her elbows upon the counter, and let her eyes travel lingeringly along the well-lined shelves. 'Polyte stood staring into her face with a sense of aggravation that her presence, her manner, always stirred up in him.

The face was colorless but for the red, curved line of the lips. Her eyes were dark, wide, innocent, questioning eyes, and her black hair was plastered smooth back from the forehead and temples. There was no trace of any intention of coquetry in her manner. He resented this as a token of indifference toward his sex, and thought it inexcusable.

"Well, Azélie, if it 's anything you don't see, ask fo' it," he suggested, with what he flattered himself was humor. But there was no responsive humor in Azélie's composition. She seriously drew a small flask from her pocket.

"Popa say, if you want to let him have a

li'le dram, 'count o' his pains that 's 'bout to cripple him."

"Yo' pa knows as well as I do we don't sell whisky. Mr. Mathurin don't carry no license."

"I know. He say if you want to give 'im a li'le dram, he 's willin' to do some work fo' you."

"No! Once fo' all, no!" And 'Polyte reached for the day-book in which to enter the articles he had given to her.

But Azélie's needs were not yet satisfied. She wanted tobacco; he would not give it to her. A spool of thread; he rolled one up, together with two sticks of peppermint candy, and placed it in her pail. When she asked for a bottle of coal-oil, he grudgingly consented, but assured her it would be useless to cudgel her brain further, for he would positively let her have nothing more. He disappeared toward the coal-oil tank, which was hidden from view behind the piled-up boxes on the counter. When she heard him searching for an empty quart bottle, and making a clatter with the tin funnels, she herself withdrew from the counter against which she had been leaning.

After they quitted the store, 'Polyte, with a perplexed expression upon his face, leaned for a moment against one of the whitewashed pillars, watching the girl cross the yard. She had folded her sunbonnet into a pad, which she placed beneath the heavy pail that she balanced upon her head. She walked upright, with a slow, careful tread. Two of the yard dogs that had stood a moment before upon the threshold of the store door, quivering and wagging their tails, were following her now, with a little businesslike trot. 'Polyte called them back.

The cabin which the girl occupied with her father, her grandmother, and her little brother Sauterelle, was removed some distance from the plantation house, and only its pointed roof could be discerned like a speck far away across the field of cotton, which was all in bloom. Her figure soon disappeared from view, and 'Polyte emerged from the shelter of the gallery, and started again toward his interrupted task. He turned to say to the planter, who was keeping up his measured tramp above:

"Mr. Mathurin, ain't it 'mos' time to stop givin' credit to Arsène Pauché? Look like that crop o' his ain't goin' to start to pay his account. I don't see, me, anyway, how you come to take that triflin' Li'le River gang on the place."

"I know it was a mistake, 'Polyte, but *que voulez-vous?*" the planter returned, with a good-natured shrug. "Now they are yere, we can't let them starve, my frien'. Push them to work all you can. Hole back all supplies that are not necessary, an' nex' year we will let some one else enjoy the privilege of feeding them," he ended, with a laugh.

"I wish they was all back on Li'le River," 'Polyte muttered under his breath as he turned and walked slowly away.

Directly back of the store was the young man's sleeping-room. He had made himself quite comfortable there in his corner. He had screened his windows and doors; planted Madeira vines, which now formed a thick green curtain between the two pillars that faced his room; and had swung a hammock out there, in which he liked well to repose himself after the fatigues of the day.

He lay long in the hammock that evening, thinking over the day's happenings and the morrow's work,—half dozing, half dreaming, and wholly possessed by the charm of the night, the warm, sweeping air that blew through the long corridor, and the almost unbroken stillness that enveloped him.

At times his random thoughts formed themselves into an almost inaudible speech: "I wish she would go 'way f'om yere."

One of the dogs came and thrust his cool, moist muzzle against 'Polyte's cheek. He caressed the fellow's shaggy head. "I don' know w'at 's the matta with her," he sighed; "I don' b'lieve she 's got good sense."

It was a long time afterward that he murmured again: "I wish to God she 'd go 'way f'om yere!"

The edge of the moon crept up—a keen, curved blade of light above the dark line of the cotton-field. 'Polyte roused himself when he saw it. "I did n' know it was so late," he said to himself—or to his dog. He entered his room at once, and was soon in bed, sleeping soundly.

It was some hours later that 'Polyte was roused from his sleep by—he did not know what; his senses were too scattered and confused to determine at once. There was at first no sound; then so faint a one that he wondered how he could have heard it. A door of his room communicated with the store, but this door was never used, and was almost completely blocked by wares piled up on the other side. The faint noise that 'Polyte heard, and which came from within the store, was followed by a flare of light that he could discern through the chinks, and that lasted as long as a match might burn.

He was now fully aware that some one was in the store. How the intruder had entered he could not guess, for the key was under his pillow with his watch and his pistol.

As cautiously as he could he donned an extra garment, thrust his bare feet into slippers, and crept out into the portico, pistol in hand.

The shutters of one of the store windows were



IN THE PORTICO.

open. He stood close to it, and waited, which he considered surer and safer than to enter the dark and crowded confines of the store to engage in what might prove a bootless struggle with the intruder.

He had not long to wait. In a few moments some one darted through the open window as nimbly as a cat. 'Polyte staggered back as if a heavy blow had stunned him. His first thought and his first exclamation were: "My God! how close I come to killin' you!"

It was Azélie. She uttered no cry, but made one quick effort to run when she saw him. He seized her arm and held her with a brutal grip. He put the pistol back into his pocket. He was shaking like a man with the palsy. One by one he took from her the parcels she was carrying, and flung them back into the store. There were not many: some packages of tobacco, a cheap pipe, some fishing-tackle, and the flask which she had brought with her in the afternoon. This he threw into the yard. It was still empty, for she had not been able to find the whisky-barrel.

"So — so, you a thief!" he muttered savagely under his breath.

"You hurtin' me, Mr. 'Polyte," she complained, squirming. He somewhat relaxed, but did not relinquish, his hold upon her.

"I ain't no thief," she blurted.

"You was stealin'," he contradicted her sharply.

"I was n' stealin'. I was jus' takin' a few li'le things you all too mean to gi' me. You all treat my popa like he was a dog. It 's on'y las' week Mr. Mathurin sen' 'way to the city to fetch a fine buckboa'd fo' Son Ambroise, an' he 's on'y a nigga, *après tout*. An' my popa he want a picayune tobacca? It 's 'No'—" She spoke loud in her monotonous, shrill voice. 'Polyte kept saying: "Hush, I tell you! Hush! Somebody 'll hear you. Hush! It 's enough you broke in the sto'—how you got in the sto'?" he added, looking from her to the open window.

"It was w'en you was behine the boxes to the coal-oil tank — I unhook' it," she explained sullenly.

"An' you don' know I could sen' you to Baton Rouge fo' that?" He shook her as though trying to rouse her to a comprehension of her grievous fault.

"Jus' fo' a li'le picayune o' tobacca!" she whimpered.

He suddenly abandoned his hold upon her, and left her free. She mechanically rubbed the arm that he had grasped so violently.

Between the long row of pillars the moon was sending pale beams of light. In one of these they were standing.

"Azélie," he said, "go 'way f'om yere quick; some one might fine you yere. W'en you want something in the sto', fo' yo'se'f or fo' yo' pa — I don' care — ask me fo' it. But you — but you can't neva set yo' foot inside that sto' again. Go 'way f'om yere quick as you can, I tell you!"

She tried in no way to conciliate him. She turned and walked away over the same ground she had crossed before. One of the big dogs started to follow her. 'Polyte did not call him back this time. He knew no harm could come to her, going through those lonely fields, while the animal was at her side.

He went at once to his room for the store key that was beneath his pillow. He entered the store, and refastened the window. When he had made everything once more secure, he sat dejectedly down upon a bench that was in the portico. He sat for a long time motionless. Then, overcome by some powerful feeling that was at work within him, he buried his face in his hands and wept, his whole body shaken by the violence of his sobs.

After that night 'Polyte loved Azélie desperately. The very action which should have revolted him had seemed, on the contrary, to inflame him with love. He felt that love to be a degradation — something that he was almost ashamed to acknowledge to himself; and he knew that he was hopelessly unable to stifle it.

He watched now in a tremor for her coming. She came very often, for she remembered every word he had said; and she did not hesitate to ask him for those luxuries which she considered necessities to her "popa's" existence. She never attempted to enter the store, but always waited outside, of her own accord, laughing, and playing with the dogs. She seemed to have no shame or regret for what she had done, and plainly did not realize that it was a disgraceful act. 'Polyte often shuddered with disgust to discern in her a being so wholly devoid of moral sense.

He had always been an industrious, bustling fellow, never idle. Now there were hours and hours in which he did nothing but long for the sight of Azélie. Even when at work there was that gnawing want at his heart to see her, often so urgent that he would leave everything to wander down by her cabin with the hope of seeing her. It was even something if he could catch a glimpse of Sauterelle playing in the weeds, or of Arsène lazily dragging himself about, and smoking the pipe which rarely left his lips now that he was kept so well supplied with tobacco.

Once, down the bank of the bayou, when 'Polyte came upon Azélie unexpectedly, and was therefore unprepared to resist the shock of her sudden appearance, he seized her in his arms, and covered her face with kisses. She

was not indignant; she was not flustered or agitated, as might have been a susceptible, coquettish girl; she was only astonished and annoyed.

"W'at you doin', Mr. 'Polyte?" she cried, struggling. "Let me 'lone, I say! Let me go!"

"I love you, I love you, I love you!" he stammered helplessly over and over in her face.

"You mus' los' yo' head," she told him, red from the effort of the struggle, when he released her.

"You right, Azélie; I b'lieve I los' my head," and he climbed up the bank of the bayou as fast as he could.

After that his behavior was shameful, and he knew it, and he did not care. He invented pretexts that would enable him to touch her hand with his. He wanted to kiss her again, and told her she might come into the store as she used to do. There was no need for her to unhook a window now; he gave her whatever she asked for, charging it always to his own account on the books. She permitted his caresses without returning them, and yet that was all he seemed to live for now. He gave her a little gold ring.

He was looking eagerly forward to the close of the season, when Arsène would go back to Little River. He had arranged to ask Azélie to marry him. He would keep her with him when the others went away. He longed to rescue her from what he felt to be the demoralizing influences of her family and her surroundings. 'Polyte believed he would be able to awaken Azélie to finer, better impulses when he should have her apart to himself.

But when the time came to propose it, Azélie looked at him in amazement. "*Ah, b'en*, no. I ain't goin' to stay yere wid you, Mr. 'Polyte; I 'm goin' yonda on Li'le River wid my popa."

This resolve frightened him, but he pretended not to believe it.

"You jokin', Azélie; you mus' care a li'le about me. It looked to me all along like you cared some about me."

"An' my popa, *donc? Ah, b'en*, no."

"You don' rememba how lonesome it is on Li'le River, Azélie," he pleaded. "W'enever I think 'bout Li'le River it always make me sad—like I think about a graveyard. To me it's like a person mus' die, one way or otha, w'en they go on Li'le River. Oh, I hate it! Stay with me, Azélie; don' go 'way f'om me."

She said little, one way or the other, after that, when she had fully understood his wishes, and her reserve led him to believe, since he hoped it, that he had prevailed with her, and that she had determined to stay with him and be his wife.

It was a cool, crisp morning in December that they went away. In a ramshackle wagon, drawn by an ill-mated team, Arsène Pauché and his family left Mr. Mathurin's plantation for their old familiar haunts on Little River. The grandmother, looking like a witch, with a black shawl tied over her head, sat upon a roll of bedding in the bottom of the wagon. Sauterelle's bead-like eyes glittered with mischief as he peeped over the side. Azélie, with the pink sunbonnet completely hiding her round young face, sat beside her father, who drove.

'Polyte caught one glimpse of the group as they passed in the road. Turning, he hurried into his room, and locked himself in.

It soon became evident that 'Polyte's services were going to count for little. He himself was the first to realize this. One day he approached the planter, and said: "Mr. Mathurin, befo' we start anotha year togetha, I betta tell you I 'm goin' to quit." 'Polyte stood upon the steps, and leaned back against the railing. The planter was a little above on the gallery.

"W'at in the name o' sense are you talking about, 'Polyte!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"It 's jus' that; I 'm boun' to quit."

"You had a better offer?"

"No; I ain't had no offa."

"Then explain yo'se'f, my frien'—explain yo'se'f," requested Mr. Mathurin, with something of offended dignity. "If you leave me, w'ere are you going?"

'Polyte was beating his leg with his limp felt hat. "I reckon I jus' as well go yonda on Li'le River—w'ere Azélie," he said.

Kate Chopin.





SEE "CHRISTMAS PICTURES" IN "OPEN LETTERS." ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON. BY PERMISSION OF FRANZ HANFSTAENGL.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE ANGEL TO THE SHEPHERDS. BY F. VON UHDE.

A WALKING DELEGATE.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Barrack-Room Ballads," "The Jungle Book," etc.

ACCORDING to the custom of Vermont, Sunday afternoon is salting-time on the farm, and, unless something very important happens, we attend to it ourselves. Dave and Pete, the red oxen, are salted first; they stay in the home meadow ready for work on Monday. Then come the cows and Pan, the calf, who should have been turned into veal long ago, but survived on account of his manners; and lastly the horses, scattered through the seventy acres of the Back Pasture.

You must go down by the brook that feeds the ram; up through the sugar-bush, where the young maple undergrowth closes round you like a shallow sea; then follow the faint line of an old county road running past two green hollows fringed with wild rose that mark the cellars of two ruined houses; then by Lost Orchard, where nobody ever comes except in cider-time; then across another brook, and so into the Back Pasture. Half of it is pine and hemlock and spruce, with sumach and little juniper bushes, and the other half is rocks and boulders and moss, with green streaks of brake and swamp; but the horses like it well enough — our own, and the others that are turned down there at fifty cents a week. Most people walk to the Back Pasture, and find it very rough work; but one can get there in a buggy, if the horse knows what is expected of him. The safest conveyance is our coupé. This began life as a buckboard, and we bought it for five dollars from a sorrowful man who had no other possessions; and the seat came off one night when we were turning a corner in a hurry; and after that alteration it made a beautiful salting-machine, if you held tight, because there was nothing to catch your feet when you fell out, and the slats rattled tunes.

One Sunday afternoon we went off with the salt. It was a broiling hot day, and we could not find the horses anywhere till we let Tedda Gabler, the bob-tailed mare who throws dirt exactly as a tedder throws hay, have her head; and she tipped the coupé over twice in a hidden brook before she came out on a ledge of rock where all the horses had gathered, and were switching flies.

The Deacon was the first to call to her. He is a very dark iron-gray four-year-old, son of Grandee, and has been man-handled since he was two, was driven in a light cart before he was three, and now ranks as an absolutely steady lady's horse — proof against steam-rollers, grade crossings, and street processions.

"Salt!" said the Deacon, joyfully. "You 're dreffle late, Tedda."

"Any — any place to cramp the coupé?" Tedda panted. "It weighs turr'ble this weather. I 'd 'a' come sooner, but they did n't know what they wanted — nor haow. Been out twice, both of 'em. I don't understand sech foolishness."

"You look consider'ble het up. Guess you 'd better cramp her under them pines, an' cool off a piece."

Tedda scrambled on the ledge, and cramped the coupé in the shade of a tiny little wood of pines, while my companion and I lay down on the needles, and gasped. All the home horses were gathered round us, enjoying their Sunday out. There were Rod and Rick, the seniors on the farm. They were the regular road pair, bay with black points, full brothers, aged, sons of a Hambletonian sire and a Morgan dam. There were Nip and Tuck, seal browns, six, brother and sister, Black Hawks, perfectly matched, just finishing their education, and as handsome a pair as a man could wish to find in a forty-mile drive. There was Muldoon, our ex-car-horse, bought at a venture, any color you choose that is not white; and Tweezy, who comes from Kentucky, with an affliction on his left hip, which makes him a little uncertain how his hind legs are moving. He and Muldoon had been hauling gravel all the week. The Deacon you know already. Last of all, eating something, as usual, was our faithful Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the black buggy-horse, who had seen us through every state of weather and road, the horse who was always standing in harness at some door or other, a philosopher with the appetite of a shark and the manners of an archbishop. Tedda Gabler was a new "trade," with a reputation for vice which was really the result of bad driving. She had one working gait, which she could keep till further notice; a Roman nose; a large, prominent eye; a shaving-brush of a tail; and an irritable temper. She took her salt through her bridle; but the others came and nuzzled

and wickered for theirs, till we emptied it out on the clean rocks. They were all standing at ease, on three legs for the most part, talking the ordinary gossip of the Back Pasture,— about the scarcity of water, and gaps in the fence, and how the early windfalls tasted, and so on,— when little Rick blew the last few grains of his salt into a crevice, and said:

"Hurry, boys! Might ha' knowed that livery-plug would be round."

We heard a clatter of hoofs, and there climbed up from the ravine below a fifty-center, a transient — a wall-eyed, yellow frame-house of a horse, sent up to board from a livery-stable in town, where they called him "The Lamb," and never let him out except at night. My companion, who knew and had broken most of the horses, looked at the ragged hammer-head as it rose, and said quietly:

"Ni-ice beast. Man-eater, if he gets the chance — see his eye. Kicker, too — see his hocks. Western horse."

The animal lumbered up to the others. His feet showed he had not worked for weeks and weeks, and our creatures drew together significantly.

"As usual," he said, with an underhung sneer — "bowin' your heads before the Oppressor that comes to spend his leisure gloatin' over you."

"Mine 's done," said the Deacon, and he licked up the last of his salt with a gulp, dropped his nose in his master's hand, drew it up and down the shirt-front, and sang a little grace all to himself. The Deacon has the most enchanting manners of any one I know.

"An' fawnin' on them for what is your inalienable right. It 's humiliatin'," said the yellow horse, sniffing to see if he could find a few spare grains.

"Go daown hill, then, Boney," the Deacon replied. "Guess you 'll find somefin' to eat still, if yer hain't hogged it all. You 've ett more 'n any three of us to-day, an' day 'fore that, an' the last two months, sense you 've been here."

"I am not addressin' myself to the young an' immature. I am speakin' to those whose opinion *an'* experience commands respect."

I saw Rod raise his head as though he were about to make a remark; then he dropped it again, and stood looking like a plow-horse. Rod can do his mile in a shade under three minutes on an ordinary road in an ordinary Concord. He is tremendously powerful behind, but, like most Hambletonians, he grows a trifle sullen as he gets older. No one can love Rod very much; but no one can help respecting him.

"I wish to wake *those*," the yellow horse went on, "to an abidin' sense o' their wrongs an' their injuries an' their outrages."

"Haow 's that?" said Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, dreamily. He thought Boney was talking of some kind of feed.

"An' when I say outrages and injuries,"— Boney waved his tail furiously,—"I mean 'em, too. Great Oats! That 's just what I *do* mean, plain an' straight."

"The gentleman talks quite earnest," said Tuck, the mare, to Nip, her brother. "There 's no doubt thinkin' broadens the horizon o' the mind. His language is quite lofty."

"Hesh, sis," Nip answered. "He hain't widened nothin' 'cep' the circle he 's ett in pasture. They feed words fer beddin' where he comes from."

"It 's elegant *talkin'*, though," Tuck returned, with an unconvinced toss of her pretty little head.

The yellow horse heard her, and struck an attitude which he meant to be extremely impressive. It made him look as though he had been badly stuffed.

"Now I ask you,— I ask you without prejudice an' without favor,— what has Man the Oppressor ever done for you? Are you not inalienably entitled to the free air o' heaven, blowin' acrost this boundless prairie?"

"Ever wintered here?" said the Deacon, merrily, while the others snickered.

"Not yet," said Boney. "I come from the boundless *con*fines o' Kansas, where the noblest of our kind have their abidin'-place among the sunflowers on the threshold o' the settin' sun in his glory."

"An' they sent you ahead as a sample?" said Rick, with an amused quiver of his long, beautifully groomed tail, as thick and as fine and as wavy as a quadroon's back hair.

"Kansas, sir, needs no adver*tise*ment. Her native sons rely on themselves an' their native sires. Yes, sir."

Then Tweezy lifted up his wise and polite old head. His affliction makes him bashful as a rule, but he is ever the most courteous of horses.

"Excuse me, suh," he said slowly, "but, unless I have been misinfohmed, most of you' prominent siahs, suh, are impo'ted from Kentucky; an' *I 'm* from Paduky."

There was the least little touch of pride in the last words.

"Any horse dat knows beans," said Muldoon, suddenly (he had been standing with his head on Tweezy's broad quarters), "gits outer Kansas 'fore dey crip his shoes. I blew in dere from Ioway in de days o' me youth an' innercence, an' I wuz grateful when dey boxed me fer N' York. You can't tell me anything about Kansas I don't wanter fergit. De Belt Line stables ain't no Hoffman House, but dey 're Vanderbilts 'longside o' Kansas."

"What the horses o' Kansas think to-day,

the horses of America will think to-morrow; an' I tell *you* that when the horses of America rise in their might, the day o' the Oppressor is ended."

There was a pause, till Rick said, with a little chuckle:

"Ef you put it that way, every one of us has riz in his might, 'cep' Marcus, mebbe. Marky, 'j ever rise in yer might?"

"Nop," said Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, calmly quidding over a mouthful of grass. "I seen a heap o' fools try, though."

"You admit that you riz?" said the Kansas horse, excitedly. "Then why — why in Kansas did you ever go under again?"

"Horse can't walk on his hind legs *all* the time," said the Deacon.

"Not when he's jerked over on his back 'fore he knows what fetched him. We 've all done it, Boney," said Rick. "Nip an' Tuck they tried it, spite o' what the Deacon told 'em; an' the Deacon he tried it, spite o' what me an' Rod told him; an' me an' Rod tried it, spite o' what Grandee told us; an' I guess Grandee he tried it, spite o' what his dam told him. It 's the same old circus from generation to generation. Colt can't see why he 's called on to back. Same old rearin' on end — straight up. Same old feelin' that you 've bested 'em this time. Same old little yank at yer mouth when you 're up good an' tall. Same old Pegasus act, wonderin' where you 'll 'light. Same old *wop* when you hit the dirt with your head where your tail should be, and your in'ards shook up like a bran-mash. Same old voice in your ear: 'Waal, ye little fool, an' what did you reckon to make by that?' We 're through with risin' in our might on *this* farm. We go to pole er single, accordin' ez we 're hitched."

"An' Man the Oppressor sets an' gloats over you, same as he 's settin' now. Hain't that been your experience, madam?"

This last remark was addressed to Tedda, and any one could see with half an eye that poor, old, anxious, fidgety Tedda, stamping at the flies, must have left a wild and tumultuous youth behind her.

"'Pends on the man," she answered, shifting from one foot to the other, and addressing herself to the home horses. "They abused me dreffle when I was young. I guess I was sperrity an' nervous some, but they did n't allow for that. 'T was in Monroe County, Noo York, an' sence then, till I come here, I 've run away with more men than 'u'd fill a boardin'-house. Why, the man that sold me here he says to the master, s' he: 'Mind, now, I 've warned you. 'T won't be none of my fault if she sheds you daown the road. Don't you drive her in a top-buggy, ner 'thout winkers,' s' he, 'ner 'thout this bit, ef you look to come home behind her.' 'N' the fust thing the master did was to git the top-buggy."

"Can't say as I like top-buggies," said Rick; "they don't balance good."

"Suit me to a ha'r," said Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. "Top-buggy means the baby 's in behind, an' I kin stop while she gathers the pretty flowers — yes, an' pick a maouthful, too. The women-folk all say I hev to be humored, an' — I don't kerry things to the sweatin'-point."

"Course I 've no pre*ju*dice against a top-buggy s' long 's I can see it," Tedda went on quickly. "It 's ha'f-seein' the pesky thing bob-bin' an' balancin' outer the winkers gits on *my* nerves. Then the master looked at the bit they 'd sold with me, an' s' he: 'Jiminy Christmas! This 'u'd make a clothes-horse stan' 'n end!' Then he gave me a plain bar bit, an' fitted it 's if there was some feelin' to my maouth."

"Hain't ye got any, Miss Tedda?" said Tuck, who has a mouth like velvet, and knows it.

"Might 'a' had, Miss Tuck, but I 've forgot. Then he give me an open bridle,— my style 's an open bridle,— an' — I dunno as I ought to tell this by rights — he — give — me — a kiss."

"My!" said Tuck, "I can't tell fer the shoes o' me what makes some men so fresh."

"Pshaw, sis," said Nip, "what 's the sense in actin' so? *You* git 'em reg'lar 's hitchin'-up time."

"Well, you need n't tell, smarty," said Tuck, with a squeal and a kick.

"I 'd heard o' kisses, o' course," Tedda went on, "but they had n't come my way specially. I don't mind tellin' I was that took a-back at that man's doin's he might ha' lit fire-crackers on my saddle. Then we went out jest 's if a kiss was nothin', an' I was n't three strides into my gait 'fore I felt the master knoo his business, an' was trustin' me. So I studied to please him, an' he never took the whip from the dash,— a whip drives me plumb distracted — an' the upshot was that,— waal, I 've come up the Back Pasture to-day, an' the coupé 's tipped over twice, an' I 've waited till 't wuz fixed each time. You kin judge for yourselves. I don't set up to be no better than my neighbors, specially with my tail snipped off the way 't is, but I want you all to know Tedda 's quit fightin' in harness or out of it, 'cep' when there 's a born fool in the pasture, stuffin' his stummick with board that ain't rightly hisn, 'ca'se he hain't earned it."

"Meanin' me, madam?" said the yellow horse.

"Ef the shoe fits, clinch it," said Tedda, with a snort. "*I* named no names, though, to be sure, some folks are mean enough an' greedy enough to do 'thout 'em."

"There 's a deal to be forgiven to ignorance," said the yellow horse, with an ugly look in his blue eye.

"Seemin'ly, yes; or some folks 'u'd ha' been kicked raound the pasture 'bout onct a minute sence they came—board er no board."

"But what you do *not* understand, if you will excuse me, madam, is that the whole principle o' servitood, which includes keep an' feed, starts from a radically false basis; an' I am proud to say that me an' the majority o' the horses o' Kansas think the entire concern should be relegated to the limbo of exploded superstitions. I say we 're too progressive for that. I say we 're too enlightened for that. 'T was good enough 's long 's we did n't think, but now—but now—a new loominary has arisen on the horizon!"

"Meanin' you?" said the Deacon.

"The horses o' Kansas are behind me with their multitoodinous thunderin' hoofs, an' we say, simply but grandly, that we take our stand with all four feet on the inalienable rights of the horse, pure and simple, the high-toned child o' nature, fed by the same wavin' grass, cooled by the same ripplin' brook—yes, an' warmed by the same gen'rous sun as falls impartially on the outside an' the *in*side of the pampered machine o' the trottin'-track, or the bloated coupé-horses o' these yere Eastern cities. Are we not the same flesh and blood?"

"Not by a bushel an' a half," said the Deacon, under his breath. "Grandee never was in Kansas."

"My! Ain't that elegant, though, abaout the wavin' grass an' the ripplin' brooks?" Tuck whispered in Nip's ear. "The gentleman 's real convincin', *I* think."

"I say we *are* the same flesh an' blood! Are we to be separated, horse from horse, by the artificial barriers of a trottin'-record, or are we to look down upon each other on the strength o' the gifts o' nature—an extry inch below the knee, or slightly more powerful quarters? What 's the use o' them advantages to you? Man the Oppressor comes along, an' sees you 're likely an' good-lookin', an' grinds you to the face o' the earth. What for? For his own pleasure; for his own convenience. Young an' old, black and bay, white an' gray, there 's no distinctions made between us. We 're ground up together under the remorseless teeth o' the engines of oppression!"

"Guess his breechin' must ha' broke goin' daown-hill," said the Deacon. "Slippery road, maybe, an' the buggy come onter him, an' he did n't know 'nough to hold back. That don't feel like teeth, though. Maybe he busted a shaft, an' it pricked him."

"An' I come to you from Kansas, wavin' the tail o' friendship to all an' sundry, an' in the name of the uncounted millions o' pure-minded, high-toned horses now strugglin' toward the light o' freedom, I say to you, Rub noses with us in our sacred an' holy cause. The power is yourn. Without you, I say, Man the Oppressor cannot move himself from place to place. Without you he cannot reap, he cannot sow, he cannot plow."

"Mighty odd place, Kansas!" said Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. "Seemin'ly they reap in the spring an' plow in the fall. Guess it 's right fer them, but 't would make me kinder giddy."

"The produc's of your untirin' industry would rot on the ground if you did not weakly consent to help him. *Let* 'em rot, I say! Let him call you to the stables in vain, an' nevermore! Let him shake his ensnarin' oats under your nose in vain! Let the Brahmas roost in the buggy, an' the rats run riot round the reaper! Let him walk on his two hind feet till they blame nigh drop off! Win no more soul-destroyin' races for his pleasure! Then, an' not till then, will Man the Oppressor know where he 's at. Quit workin', fellow-sufferers an' slaves! Kick! Rear! Plunge! Lie down on the shafts, and woller! Smash an' destroy! The conflict will be but short, an' the victory is certain. After that we can press our inalienable rights to eight quarts o' oats a day, two good blankets, an' a fly-net an' the best o' stablin'."

The yellow horse shut his yellow teeth with a triumphant snap; and Tuck said, with a sigh: "Seems 's if somethin' ought to be done. Don't seem right, somehow, oppressin' us an' all, to my way o' thinkin'."

Then said Muldoon, in a far-away and sleepy voice: "Who in Vermont 's goin' to haul de oats? Dey weigh like Sam Hill, an' sixty bushel at dat allowance ain't goin' to last t'ree weeks here. An' dere 's de winter hay for five mont's!"

"We can settle those minor details when the great cause is won," said the yellow horse. "Let us return simply but grandly to our inalienable rights—the right o' freedom on these yere verdant hills, an' no invijjus distinctions o' track an' pedigree."

"What in stable 'jer call an invijjus distinction?" said the Deacon, stiffly.

"Fer one thing, bein' a bloated, pampered trotter jest because you happen to be raised that way, an' could n't no more help trottin' than eatin'."

"Know anythin' about trotters?" said the Deacon.

"Seen 'em trot. That was enough for me. *I* don't want to know any more. Trottin' 's immoral."

"Waal, I 'll tell you this much. They don't bloat, an' they don't pamp—much. I don't hold out to be no trotter myself, though I am free to say I had hopes that way—onct. But I *do* say, fer I 've seen 'em trained, that a trotter don't trot with his feet: he trots with his head;

an' he does more work — ef you know what *that* is — in a week than you er your sire ever done in all your lives. He 's everlastingly at it, a trotter is; an' when he is n't, he 's studyin' haow. You seen 'em trot? Much you hev! You was hitched to a rail, back o' the stand, in a buckboard with a soap-box nailed on the slats, an' a frowy buff'lo atop, while your man peddled rum fer lemonade to little boys as thought they was actin' manly, till you was both run off the track and jailed — you intoed, shufflin', sway-backed, wind-suckin' skate, you!"

"Don't get het up, Deacon," said Tweezy, quietly. "Now, suh, would you consider a fox-trot, an' single-foot, an' rack, an' pace, *an'* amble, distinctions not worth distinguishin'? I assuah you, gentlemen, there was a time befo' I was afflicted in my hip, if you 'll pardon me, Miss Tuck, when I was quite celebrated in Paduky for *all* those gaits; an' in my opinion the Deacon 's co'rect when he says that a ho'se of any position in society gets his gaits by his haid, an' not — ah, his limbs, Miss Tuck. I reckon I 'm very little good now, but I 'm rememberin' the things I used to do befo' I took to transpo'tin' real estate with the help and assistance of this gentleman here." He looked at Muldoon.

"Invijjus arterficial hind legs," said the ex-car-horse, with a grunt of contempt. "On de Belt we don't reckon no horse wuth his keep 'less he kin switch de car off de track, run her round on de cobbles, an' dump her in ag'in ahead o' de truck what 's blockin' him. Dere is a way o' swinging yer quarters when de driver says, 'Yank her out, boys!' dat takes a year to learn. Onct yer git onter it, youse can yank a cable-car outer a man-hole. I don't advertise myself for no circus-horse, but I knew dat trick better than most, an' dey was good to me in de stables, fer I saved time on de Belt, an' time 's what dey want in N' York."

"But the simple child o' nature — " the yellow horse began.

"Oh, go an' unscrew your splints! You 're talkin' through yer bandages," said Muldoon, with a horse laugh. "Dere ain't no loose-box for de simple child o' nature on de Belt, wid de *Paris* comin' in an' de *Teutonic* goin' out, an' de trucks an' de coupés sayin' things, an' de heavy freight movin' down fer de Boston boat 'bout t'ree o'clock of an August afternoon in de middle of a hot wave when de fat Kanucks and Western horses drops dead on de block. De simple child o' nature had better chase himself inter de water. Every man at de end of his lines is mad or loaded or silly, an' de cop 's madder an' loadeder an' sillier than de rest. Dey all take it outer de horses. Dere 's no wavin' brooks ner ripplin' grass on de Belt. Run her out on de cobbles wid de sparks flyin', an' stop when de cop slugs you on de bone o' yer nose. Dat 's N' York; see?"

"I was always told s'ciety in Noo York was dreffle refined an' high-toned," said Tuck. "We 're lookin' to go there one o' these days, Nip an' me."

"Oh, *you* won't see no Belt business where you 'll go, miss. De man dat wants you 'll want you bad, an' he 'll summer you on Long Island er at Newport, wid a winky-pinky silver harness an' an English coachman. You 'll make a star-hitch, you an' yer brother, miss. But I guess you won't have no nice smooth bar bit. Dey checks 'em, an' dey bangs deir tails, an' dey bits 'em, de city folk, an' dey says it 's English, ye know, and dey darse n't cut a horse loose 'ca'se o' de cops. N' York 's no place fer a horse 'less he 's on de Belt, an' can go round wid de boys. Wisht *I* was in the Fire Department!"

"But did you never stop to consider the degradin' servitood of it all?" said the yellow horse.

"You don't stop on the Belt, cully. You 're stopped. An' we was all in de servitood business, man an' horse, an' Jimmy dat sold de papers. Guess de passengers were n't out to grass neither, way dey acted. I done my turn, an' I 'm none o' Barnum's crowd; but any horse dat 's worked on de Belt four years don't train wid de simple child o' nature — not by de whole length o' N' York."

"But can it be possible that with your experience, and at your time of life, you do not believe that all horses are free and equal?" said the yellow horse.

"Not till they 're dead," Muldoon answered quietly. "An' den it depends on de gross total o' buttons an' mucilage dey gits outer youse at Barren Island."

"They tell me you 're a prominent philosopher." The yellow horse turned to Marcus. "Can *you* deny a basic and pivotal statement such as this?"

"I don't deny anythin'," said Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, cautiously; "but ef you *ast* me, I should say 't wuz more different sorts o' clipped oats of a lie than anything I 've had my teeth into sense I wuz foaled."

"Are you a horse?" said the yellow horse.

"Them that knows me best 'low I am."

"Ain't *I* a horse?"

"Yep; one kind of."

"Then ain't you an' me equal?"

"How fer kin you go in a day 'fore a loaded buggy, drawin' five hundred?" Marcus asked carelessly.

"That has nothing to do with the case," the yellow horse answered excitedly.

"There 's nothing I know hez more to do with the case," Marcus replied.

"Kin ye yank a loaded car outer de tracks ten times in de mornin'?" said Muldoon.

"Kin ye go forty-two mile in an afternoon with a mate," said Rick, "and turn out bright an' early next mornin'?"

"Was there evah any time in your careah, suh,— I am not referrin' to the present circumstances, but our glorious past,— when you could carry a pretty girl to market hahnsome, an' let her knit all the way on account o' the smoothness o' the motion?" said Tweezy.

"Kin you keep your feet through the West River Bridge, with the narrer-gage comin' in on one side, an' the Montreal flyer the other, an' the old bridge teeterin' between?" said the Deacon. "Kin you put your nose down on the cow-catcher of a locomotive, an' let 'em do 'Curfew shall not ring to-night' with the big brass bell?"

"Kin you hold back when the brichin' breaks? Kin you stop fer orders when your nigh hind 's over the trace an' ye feel good of a frosty mornin'?" said Nip, who had only learned that trick last winter, and thought it was the crown of horsely knowledge.

"What 's the use o' talkin'?" said Tedda Gabler, scornfully. "What kin ye do?"

"I rely on my simple rights — the inalienable rights o' my unfettered horsehood. An' I am proud to say I have never, since my first shoes, lowered myself to obeyin' the will o' man."

"Must ha' had a heap o' whips broke over yer yaller back," said Tedda. "Found it paid any?"

"Sorrow has been my portion since the day I was foaled. Blows an' boots and whips an' insults — injury, outrage, an' oppression. I would not endoor the degradin' badges o' servitood that connect us with the buggy an' the farm-wagon."

"It 's amazin' difficult to draw a buggy 'thout traces er collar er breast-strap er somefin'," said Marcus. "Power 's 'most the only thing there 's no straps to 'cept the bar behind. I 've helped saw 's much as three cord in an afternoon in a Power. Slep', too, most o' the time; but 't ain't half as interestin' ez goin' daown-taown in the Concord."

"Concord don't hender you goin' to sleep any," said Nip. "My throat-lash! D' you remember when you lay down in the sharves last week, waitin' at the piazza?"

"Pshaw! That did n't hurt the sharves any. They wuz good an' wide, an' I lay down keerful. The folks kep' me hitched up nigh an hour 'fore they started; an' larfed — why, they all but lay down themselves with larfin'. Say, Boney, if you 've got to be hitched *to* anything that goes on wheels, you 've got to be hitched *with* somefin'."

"Go an' jine a circus," said Muldoon, "an' walk on your hind legs. All de horses dat knows too much to work [he pronounced it wy-yk, New York fashion] jine de circus."

"I am not sayin' anythin' again' work," said the yellow horse; "work is the finest thing in the world."

"Seems too fine fer some of us," Tedda snorted.

"I only ask that each horse should work for himself, an' enjoy the profit of his labors. Let him work intelligently, and not as a machine."

"There ain't no horse that works like a machine," Marcus began.

"There 's no way o' workin' that does n't mean goin' to pole or single — they never put me in the Power — er under saddle," said Rick.

"Oh, shucks! We 're talkin' same ez we graze," said Nip, "raound an' raound in circles. Rod, we hain't heard from you yet, an' you 've more know-how than any span here."

Rod, the off horse of the pair, had been standing with one hip lifted, like a tired cow; and you could only tell by the quick flutter of the haw across his eye, from time to time, that he was paying any attention to the argument. He thrust his jaw out sidewise, as his habit is when he pulls, and changed his leg. His voice was hard and heavy, and his ears were close to his big, plain Hambletonian head.

"How old are you?" he said to the yellow horse.

"Nigh thirteen, I guess."

"Mean age; ugly age; gettin' that way myself. How long hev ye been pawin' this fire-fanged stable-litter?"

"If you mean my principles, I 've held 'em since I was three."

"Mean age; ugly age; teeth give heaps o' trouble then. Set a colt to actin' crazy fer a while. *You* 've kep' it up, seemin'ly. Talk much to your neighbors fer a steady thing?"

"I uphold the principles o' the Cause wherever I am pastured."

"Done a heap o' good, I guess?"

"I am proud to say I have taught a few of my companions the principles o' freedom an' liberty."

"Meanin' they ran away er kicked when they got the chanst?"

"I was talkin' in the abstrac', an' not in the concrete. My teachin's educated them."

"What a horse, specially a young horse, hears in the abstrac', he 's liable to do in the Concord. You wuz handled late, I presoom."

"Four, risin' five."

"That 's where the trouble began. Driv' by a woman, like ez not — eh?"

"Not fer long," said the yellow horse, with a snap of his teeth.

"Spilled her?"

"I heard she never drove again."

"Any childern?"

"Buckboards full of 'em."

"Men too?"

"I have shed considerable men in my time."

"Kickin'?"

"Any way that come along. Fallin' back over the dash is as handy as most."

"They must be turr'ble afraid o' you daown taown?"

"They 've sent me here to get rid o' me. I guess they spend their time talkin' over my campaigns."

"*I* wanter know!"

"Yes, *sir*. Now, all you gentlemen have asked me what I can do. I 'll just show you. See them two fellers lyin' down by the buggy?"

"Yep; one of 'em owns me. T' other broke me," said Rod.

"Get 'em out here in the open, an' I 'll show you something. Lemme hide back o' you peoples, so 's they won't see what I 'm at."

"Meanin' ter kill 'em?" Rod drawled. There was a shudder of horror through the others; but the yellow horse never noticed.

"I 'll catch 'em by the back o' the neck, an' pile-drive 'em a piece. They can suit 'emselves about livin' when I 'm through with 'em."

"Should n't wonder ef they did," said Rod.

The yellow horse had hidden himself very cleverly behind the others as they stood in a group, and was swaying his head close to the ground with a curious scythe-like motion, looking sidewise out of his wicked eyes. You can never mistake a man-eater getting ready to knock a man down. We had had one to pasture the year before.

"See that?" said my companion, turning over on the pine-needles. "Nice for a woman walking 'cross lots, would n't it be?"

"Bring 'em out!" said the yellow horse, hunching his sharp back. "There 's no chance among them tall trees. Bring out the — oh! Ouch!"

It was a right-and-left kick from Muldoon. I had no idea that the old car-horse could lift so quickly. Both blows caught the yellow horse full and fair in the ribs, and knocked the breath out of him.

"What 's that for?" he said angrily, when he recovered himself; but I noticed he was not drawing any nearer to Muldoon than was necessary.

Muldoon did not take the trouble to answer, but discoursed to himself in the whining grunt that he uses when he is going down-hill in front of a heavy load. We call it singing; but I think it 's something much worse, really. The yellow horse blustered and squealed a little, and at last said that, if it was a horse-fly that had stung Muldoon, he would accept an apology.

"You 'll get it," said Muldoon, "in de sweet by and by — all de apology you 've any use for. Excuse me interruptin' you, Mr. Rod, but I 'm like Tweezy — I 've a Southern drawback in me hind legs."

"Naow, I want you all here to take notice, and you 'll learn something," Rod went on. "This yaller-backed skate comes to our pastur'—"

"Not havin' paid his board," put in Tedda.

"Not havin' earned his board, an' talks smooth to us abaout ripplin' brooks an' wavin' grass, an' his high-toned, pure-souled horsehood, which don't hender him sheddin' women an' childern, an' fallin' over the dash onter men. You heard his talk, an' you thought it mighty fine, some o' you."

Tuck looked guilty here, but she did not say anything.

"Bit by bit he goes on ez you have heard."

"I was talkin' in the abstrac'," said the yellow horse in an altered voice.

"Abstrac' be switched! Ez I 've said, it 's this yer blamed abstrac' business that makes the young uns cut up in the Concord; an' abstrac' or no abstrac', he crep' on an' on till he come to killin' plain an' straight — killin' them as never done him no harm, jest beca'se they owned horses."

"An' knowed how to manage 'em," said Tedda; "that makes it worse."

"Waal, he did n't kill 'em, anyway," said Marcus. "He 'd ha' been half killed ef he had tried."

"Makes no differ," Rod answered. "He meant to; an' ef he had n't — s'pose we want the Back Pasture turned into a biffin'-ground on our only day er rest? S'pose *we* want *our* men walkin' round with bits er lead pipe an' a twitch, an' their hands full o' stones to throw at us, same 's if we wuz hogs er hooky keows? More 'n that, leavin' out Tedda here,— an' I guess it 's more her maouth than her manners stands in her light,— there ain't a horse on this farm that ain't a woman's horse, an' proud of it. An' this yer bog-spavined Kansas sunflower goes up an' daown the length o' the country, traded off and traded on, boastin' as he 's shed women — an' childern. I don't say as a woman in a buggy ain't a fool. I don' say as she ain't the lastin'est kind er fool, ner I don't say a child ain't worse,— spattin' the lines an' standin' up an' hollerin',— but I *do* say, 't ain't none of our business to shed 'em daown the road."

"We don't," said the Deacon. "The baby tried to git some o' my tail for a sooveneer last fall when I was up to the haouse, an' I did n't kick. Boney's talk ain't goin' to hurt us any. We ain't colts."

"Thet 's what you *think*. Bimeby you git

into a tight corner, 'Lection day er Valley Fair, like 's not, daown-taown when you 're all het an' lathery, an' pestered with flies, an' thirsty, an' sick o' bein' worked in an' aout 'tween buggies. *Then* somethin' whispers inside o' your winkers, bringin' up all that talk abaout servitood an' inalienable truck an' sech like, an' jest then a gun goes off, er your wheels hit, an'—waal, you 're only another horse as can't be trusted. I 've been there time an' again. Boys,—fer I've seen you all bought er broke,—on my solemn repitation fer a three-minute clip, I ain't givin' you no bran-mash o' my own fixin'. I 'm tellin' you my experiences, an' I 've had ez heavy a load an' ez high a check 's any horse here. I wuz born with a splint on my near fore ez big 's a walnut, an' the cussed, three-cornered Hambletonian temper that sours up an' curdles daown ez you git older. I 've favored my splint; even little Rick he don't know what it 's cost me to keep my end up sometimes; an' I 've fit my temper in stall an' harness, hitched up an' at pasture, till the sweat trickled off my hoofs, an' they thought I wuz off condition, an' drenched me."

"When my affliction came," said Tweezy, gently, "I was very near to losin' my manners. Allow me to extend to you my sympathy, suh."

Rick said nothing, but he looked at Rod curiously. Rick is a sunny-tempered child who never bears malice, and I don't think he quite understood. He gets his temper from his mother, as a horse should.

"I've been there, Rod," said Tedda. "Open confession 's good for the soul, an' all Monroe County knows I 've had my experriences."

"But if you will excuse me, suh, that pusson"—Tweezy looked unspeakable things at the yellow horse—"that pusson who has insulted our intelligences comes from Kansas. An' what a ho'se of his position, an' Kansas at that, says cannot, by any stretch of the halter, concern gentlemen of *our* position. There 's no shadow of equal'ty, suh, not even for one kick. He 's beneath our contempt."

"Let him talk," said Marcus. "It 's always interestin' to know what another horse thinks. It don't tech us."

"An' he talks so, too," said Tuck. "I 've never heard anythin' so smart for a long time."

Again Rod stuck out his jaw sidewise, and went on slowly, as though he were slugging on a plain bit at the end of a thirty-mile drive:

"I want all you here ter understand thet ther ain't no Kansas, ner no Kentucky, ner yet no Vermont, in *our* business. There 's jest two kind o' horse in the United States—them ez can an' will do their work after bein' properly broke an' handled, an' them as won't. I 'm sick an' tired o' this everlastin' tail-switchin' an' wickerin' abaout one State er another. A horse kin be proud o' his State, an' swap lies abaout it in stall or when he 's hitched to a block, ef he keers to put in fly-time that way, but he hain't no right to let that pride o' hisn interfere with his work, ner to make it an excuse fer claimin' he 's different. That 's colts' talk, an' don't you fergit it, Tweezy. An', Marcus, you remember that bein' a philosopher, an' anxious to save trouble,—fer you are,—don't excuse you from jumpin' with all your feet on a slack-jawed, crazy clay-bank like Boney here. It 's leavin' 'em alone that gives em their chance to ruin colts an' kill folks. An', Tuck, waal, you 're a mare anyways—but when a horse comes along an' covers up all his talk o' killin' with ripplin' brooks, an' wavin' grass, an' eight quarts of oats a day free, *after* killin' his man, don't you be run away with by his yap. You 're too young an' too nervous."

"I 'll—I 'll have nervous prostration sure ef there 's a fight here," said Tuck, who saw what was in Rod's eye; "I 'm—I 'm that sympathetic I 'd run away clear to next caounty."

"Yep; I know that kind o' sympathy. Jest lasts long enough to start a fuss, an' then lights aout to make new trouble. I hain't been ten years in harness fer nuthin'. Naow, we 're goin' to keep school with Boney fer a spell."

"Say, look a-here, you ain't goin' to hurt me, are you? Remember, I belong to a man in town," cried the yellow horse, uneasily. Muldoon kept behind him so that he could not run away.

"I know it. There must be some pore delooded fool in this State hez a right to the loose end o' your hitchin'-strap. I 'm blame sorry fer him, but he shall hev his rights when we 're through with you," said Rod.

"If it 's all the same, gentlemen, I 'd ruther change pasture. Guess I 'll do it now."

"Can't always have your 'druthers. Guess you won't," said Rod.

"But look a-here. All of you ain't so blame unfriendly to a stranger. S'pose we count noses."

"What in Vermont fer?" said Rod, putting up his eyebrows. The idea of settling a question by counting noses is the very last thing that ever enters the head of a well-broken horse.

"To see how many 's on my side. Here 's Miss Tuck, anyway; an' Colonel Tweezy yonder 's neutral; an' Judge Marcus, an' I guess the Reverend [the yellow horse meant the Deacon] might see that I had my rights. He 's the likeliest-lookin' trotter I 've ever set eyes on. Pshaw, boys! You ain't goin' to pound *me*, be you? Why, we 've gone round in pasture, all colts together, this month o' Sundays, hain't we, as friendly as could be. There ain't a horse alive—I don't care who he is—

has a higher opinion o' you, Mr. Rod, than I have. Let 's do it fair an' true an' above the exe. Let 's count noses same 's they do in Kansas." Here he dropped his voice a little, and turned to Marcus: "Say, Judge, there 's some green food I know, back o' the brook, no one hain't touched yet. After this little *frakas* is fixed up, you an' me 'll make up a party an' 'tend to it."

Marcus did not answer for a long time, then he said: "There 's a pup up to the haouse 'bout eight weeks old. He 'll yap till he gits a lickin', an' when he sees it comin' he lies on his back, an' yowls. But he don't go through no cir*kit*uous nose-countin' first. I 've seen a noo light sence Rod spoke. You 'll better stand up to what 's served. I 'm goin' to philosophize all over your carcass."

"*I* 'm goin' to do yer up in brown paper," said Muldoon. "I can fit you on apologies."

"Hold on. Ef we all biffed you now, these same men you 've been so dead anxious to kill 'u'd call us off. Guess we 'll wait till they go back to the haouse, an' you 'll have time to think, cool an' quiet," said Rod.

"Have you no respec' whatever fer the dignity o' our common horsehood?" the yellow horse squealed.

"Nary respec' onless the horse kin do something. America 's paved with the kind er horse you are — jist plain yaller-dog horse waitin' ter be whipped inter shape. We call 'em yearlings an' colts when they 're young. When they 're aged we pound 'em — in this pastur'. Horse, sonny, is what you start from. We know all about horse here, an' he ain't any high-toned, pure-souled child o' nature. Horse, plain horse, same ez you, is chock full o' tricks, an' meannesses, an' cussednesses, an' shirkin's, an' monkey-shines, which he 's took over from his sire an' his dam, an' thickened up with his own special fancy in the way o' goin' crooked. Thet 's *horse*, an' thet 's about his dignity an' the size of his soul 'fore he 's broke an' rawhided a piece. Now we ain't goin' to give ornery unswitched *horse*, that hain't done nawthin' wuth a quart of oats sence he wuz foaled, pet names that would be good enough fer Nancy Hanks, or Alix, or Directum, who *hev*. Don't you try to back off acrost them rocks. Wait where you are! Ef I let my Hambletonian temper git the better o' me I 'd frazzle you out finer than rye-straw inside o' three minutes, you woman-scarin', kid-killin', dash-breakin', unbroke, unshod, ungaited, pastur'-hoggin', saw-backed, shark-mouthed, hair-trunk-thrown-in-in-trade son of a bronco an' a sewin'-machine!"

"I think we 'd better get home," I said to my companion when Rod had finished; and we climbed into the coupé, Tedda whinnying, as we bumped over the ledges: "Well, I 'm dreffle sorry I can't stay fer the sociable; but I hope an' trust my friends 'll take a ticket fer me."

"Bet your natchul!" said Muldoon, cheerfully, and the horses scattered before us, trotting into the ravine.

. . . . . .

Next morning we sent back to the livery-stable what was left of the yellow horse. It seemed tired, but anxious to go.

Rudyard Kipling.

THE FLOATING BETHEL.

"WELL, bless the Lord for savin' sinners!" Babe exclaimed one evening as she came out and sat on the porch by my side, untying the strings of her white sunbonnet, and letting it fall back on her shoulders. "I never told you about the Floatin' Bethel, did I? Well, last April, soon after I got sanctification, old Brother Hunter, over at Sandersville, heard me talk at Holiness Meeting here at the Station about how bad I wanted to work for the Lord and save souls, and the next week he wrote for me to come and go down the Ohio and Mississippi with the Floatin' Bethel. Brother Hunter he 's just a real full-salvation man, and eat up with zeal, and he had went about and raised money for the Lord, and bought the bottom of a' old wharf-boat cheap, and mended it up, and built two stories and a steeple on it, and named it the Floatin' Bethel. And he said he was goin' to carry the Gospel into waste places, and convert the world.

"Well, of course I just more 'n blessed the Lord for the chance to go, and I got ready, and rode over to Sandersville, and we started from there up Green River to the Ohio. There was Brother Hunter, and Sister Hunter, and young Sister Hunter, their son Sam's wife,— one of the godliest women you ever saw,— and her baby, that was just three months old, but she said when the people scoffed at her for goin' that no amount of babies or husbands or the devil hisself could hold her back from the Lord's work, and go she *would*. Then there was Brother Gummy Bangs from the Station here, that Brother Hunter paid to go

along and be held up as an example to the sinners, and do other odd jobs. And there was me. That was all the saved on board. Then there was a' unregenerate deck-hand, and Sister Hunter's little fice dog.

"The Floatin' Bethel was made this way. There was two stories. The lower one was one long room, like a church, with the pulpit at one end, and benches set in rows all the way back, and big doors openin' out on both sides, so 's the gang-planks could be laid right to 'em for the people to get in easy, and the devil would n't have any room to talk about religious folks holdin' theirselves so up and above others. The top story had a hall down the middle, and sleepin'-rooms on each side. We eat in the hall, and had one of the little rooms for a cook-room. Then there was a real nice little steeple on top. Of course we never had no way to make ourselves go, so Brother Hunter 'd have to hire a steamboat or a tug-boat to pull us from place to place. When we left Sandersville, he got the Green River packet to take us a piece.

"Most all of Sandersville was there to see us off. The saved on the bank they all sung a hymn, and waved their handkerchiefs at us. I felt plumb scared and lonesome when we pulled off, and the river looked so big and deep I wished I was back home at the Station. But Sister Hunter she went up-stairs to get supper, and Brother Hunter he read the Bible and talked and shouted till I got ashamed of myself, and did n't feel afraid no more, but would just have been willin' to jump right out into the river if I 'd had the call from the Lord, and me not knowin' how to swim a lick, either.

"When I woke up next mornin' we was tied up at a town, and the packet it had left us, and Brother Hunter and Brother Gummy and the deck-hand was out throwin' around posters that Brother Hunter had struck off at Sandersville, like this:

ETERNITY!

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND IT?

THE FLOATING BETHEL

Is Here!

Preaching Day and Night.
Come One! Come All!

PREPARE TO MEET YOUR GOD!
FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME!

"It was wonderful to see how quick it got norated around, and how the people was moved by the Spirit to turn out. By ten o'clock there was a big crowd standin' on the bank lookin' at the Floatin' Bethel, and then Brother Hunter he got back and invited 'em all, black and white, in to hear the preachin'. Brother Hunter preached, and me and Brother Gummy sang, and young Sister Hunter played the accordeon when the baby 'd let her. Brother Hunter he give it to the sinners, and preached about the burnin' pit and the old Adam and the carnal mind and the wages of sin is death, and how smart the devil was and how deceivin', and how he 'd ketch 'em all first thing they knew, and how maybe they 'd die that very night, unbelievin' and unregenerate, and go straight to hell, and burn forever. Then he 'd tell 'em about the savin' blood, and that now was their chance to lay holt on free grace and forgiveness of sins, and maybe it 'd be the last time the Spirit 'd ever speak to 'em. Then he 'd call on Brother Gummy to stand up and let the people see a man the Lord had saved mightily — snatched back from hell-fire — a man that was once lost in sin and served the devil, that used to drink and cuss and fight and shoot,— a regular *limb*,— saved, born again, justified, sanctified, and regenerated wholly! Brother Gummy he 'd stand up and turn round and let the sinners look at him good, and then we 'd sing a song, him and me, with the accordeon,— 'Amazin Grace,' or 'The Pleasin' Path,' or somethin' like that:

"Amazin' grace, how sweet the sound
That saves a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I 'm found,
Was blind, but now I see!

"We are pass—in' away, we are pass—in' away,
We are pass—in' away to the great Judgment Day!

"But it was 'The Pleasin' Path' that Brother Gummy sang best:

"Why do I shun the pleasin' path
That sinners love so well?
Because it is the way of wrath,
The Open Road to Hell!

"The Open Road to Hell!
The Open Road to Hell!
Because it is — the way of wrath,
The Open Road — to Hell!

"It would have done your soul good to see how fierce Brother Gummy sung that word 'Hell.' He just dwelt and swelt on it! Seem to me like it must shake the sinners all up to the very foundation. Then any of us saved that felt led would get up and tell our experience, and shout. It was a movin' sight to see young Sister Hunter get up there with the baby in her arms and tell what the Lord had done for her. The baby 'd always get scared and cry, but that never fazed young Sister Hun-

ter; she 'd just talk and shout as long as she was moved of the Spirit, cry or no cry.

"We 'd have preachin' pretty nearly all day, and then again at night. The sinners would mostly get warmed up at night. We stayed at that first place three days, and got the folks consid'ably stirred up over their souls, and then a tugboat come along, and Brother Hunter said he 'd sowed and watered and the Lord must quicken, and we went on to the next place. We kep' on down the Ohio, stoppin' at Evansville and Shawneetown and Paducah and all the little towns between. Sometimes we would n't stop more 'n a day; it was just as Brother Hunter felt led, and as the boats happened to come along to pull us. Sometimes we 'd have to quit right in the middle of a sermon, and move on. When we got to Cairo we stopped a whole week, and had a regular hallelujah time. I could tell you of some wonderful things the Lord did there, some of the gloriousest conversions you ever heard tell of. Then Brother Hunter said it did seem a pity, bein' that close, not to give the folks at St. Louis a chance of salvation — that bein' such a terrible lost place, a plumb Sodom and Gomorrah and Satan's stompin'-ground. So we went up there. The first day or two there was n't nobody come to hear us, because we got out of posters by that time. But Brother Hunter he had some more struck off, and hired boys to throw 'em all over town, and then the people commenced to fairly roll in.

"One day, after we 'd been there three or four days, young Sister Hunter and me went up-town to buy some saxony to knit the baby a sack. The store we went to was a great big place takin' up a whole square. A man told us where to find the saxony-counter, and we went on back, and young Sister Hunter commenced to price the saxony. I was plumb outdone by the worldliness in that store! There was all sorts of things to buy that you ever heard of, and the ladies they was pullin' and draggin' all kinds of goods about, and talkin' as fast as they could, and half of 'em looked like they was plumb distracted. It made me miserable to think how people was wearin' out their lives gettin' clothes when they never had no time to *think* of gettin' salvation. Young Sister Hunter says to the pretty young lady that showed us the saxony: 'It looks to me like y' all ain't got much room for the Lord in St. Louis. I expect the devil is plumb rampant here,' she says. The young lady she looked at me and young Sister Hunter like we was curious varmints, and then she giggled, and said somethin' to the young lady at the next counter about 'Salvation Army.'

"I kep' lookin' around, though it did hurt my soul awful to see so much vanity. Once I thought I 'd shut my eyes and would n't look no more, but just then I saw such a pretty lady buyin' somethin' at the next counter, with such lovely yellow hair and rosy cheeks and white skin, and dressed so beautiful, that I could n't keep my eyes off of her. Then there was a young girl with her that had awful pretty yellow hair, too, frizzed out a' inch or two all over her head. I could n't see the girl's face, but there was somethin' about her motions that reminded me of somebody, I could n't tell who. I knew I never had no friends with such pretty hair as that. I kept watchin' for her to turn her face around. Presently she did. 'Maggie!' I says, runnin' over quick, and huggin' and kissin' her, 'w'y, Maggie Marks! Is it really you? You sweet thing! I 'm *so* glad to see you!' Her face turned red in all the white places, and she kind of drew off. I s'posed she was ashamed of me and my old black dress and hat, and I could n't blame her much, for, accordin' to *her* light, my clothes did look plumb bad by the side of her silk dress with the little flowers and lace all over it, and her big white hat with piles and piles of feathers. 'Maggie,' I says, 'don't you know me? You have n't forgot Babe, have you? Don't you know how you and me used to play together all the time at the Station, and be such dear friends? W'y, I 'd 'a' knew you anywheres, in spite of your hair turnin' light!'

"'I never knew you just at first,' she says, 'not expectin' to see you here.'

"'I 'm here with the Floatin' Bethel,' I says, 'down on the river. And it 's *so* nice to see somebody from home! I 've been feelin' so lonesome. And I 'm so surprised to find you here, Maggie,' I says. 'When did you come, and where are you workin'?' 'I ain't workin' nowheres,' she says. 'W'y, then you 're married, of course,' I says. 'Well, I do think you might have wrote us somethin' about it,' I says. 'No; I ain't married, neither,' she says. 'I 'm just visitin' a lady friend — that lady there,' she says, pointin' at the beautiful lady, who 'd just walked off a little piece. 'Well, it 's *mighty* nice to see you again,' I says. 'And you must come right down to see me,' I says. 'I 'll be here two or three weeks, down at the Floatin' Bethel, on the river. You won't have no trouble findin' it.' 'All right,' she says, 'maybe I will; I 've got to go now.' The lady was standin' in the store door, lookin' back after her, and she run and caught up, and I saw 'em get in a fine carriage with two horses, and ride off.

"I felt right hurt at Maggie not askin' me to come and see *her*. But I know how pride puffeth up, and did n't blame her for bein' ashamed of the outside of me. Still, when I thought how Maggie and me had lived next door since we was babies, and till her ma died

when she was fourteen, and her pa took to drink, and they left the Station, and how we was together all the time, and used to spend the night with each other pretty near every night, and play 'lady-come-to-see' in our stable-loft all the rainy days, and swing, and gather blackberries and sweet-gum and hazelnuts and things, and just growed up together, so to speak, w'y, then I did feel pretty bad to think of her noticin' my old clothes. I just felt like I could n't help criny'. But then I remembered that it was n't Maggie treatin' me that away, but the devil hisself, that loves to persecute the righteous, 'Yea, and all them that will live godly in Christ Jesus will suffer persecution,' and I did n't lay it up against her, 'cause I kept rememberin' them days we played together, and that she was my friend.

"Young Sister Hunter had got her saxony by this time, and we went on back to the Floatin' Bethel. I was glad to get back out of the worldliness of them stores and streets. People was a-pushin' and a-crowdin' each other, and gazin' in the store windows, and never speakin' to each other, or actin' a bit neighborly or like they lived in the same town.

"All durin' preachin' that night I could n't get Maggie out of my head. I kept wonderin' how she fell in with such rich friends, and how she ever got to St. Louis, anyhow. I 'd heard, a year or two after they left the Station, that Maggie had gone to work in some big cotton-mills, and was makin' good money. I could n't account no way for her bein' 'way over in St. Louis, and with such stylish folks, because, though Maggie was always a nice, sweet girl, her folks was ornery kind of people, and shiftless, all except her ma. I tried not to think about the way Maggie treated me, and sung as loud as I could, and did all I could to help save the sinners. There was a pretty good crowd there, and lots of them that had come to scoff stayed to pray. There was all sorts. Some would come there drunk, and lay down and go to sleep on the benches. Lots was in rags, and awful dirty. Then there was nicer-dressed people, too, though the Lord knows if their hearts was any cleaner.

"After we 'd been there about two weeks, the Spirit commenced to be poured out considerable. There was a good many convictions, and some come through and got religion, and commenced livin' righteous. One night about this time, while Brother Gummy and me was singin' the openin' hymn,

"With all my sins I come to thee,
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb!
Its cleansin' power will set me free,
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb!
"Wash me in the Blood, precious cleansin' Blood,
Save me as I am!
With thy mighty power, bless me at this hour!
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb!

it come to me all of a sudden that I must get up, and preach on that line. I felt the strongest kind of leadin'—just plumb moved of the Spirit. So after we finished the song I went up and says to Brother Hunter, 'Brother Hunter, I feel called to preach this evenin'.' So he went and set with the people, and I went up in the pulpit, and read from first John, chapter first and second, and preached from the text, 'The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' I could n't tell you just what I did say—or of course it was n't me sayin' it, but the Spirit sayin' it through me. I just knew I felt like Jesus was standin' right there, and I was pleadin' with 'em all to come and fall down at his dear feet, and be washed from all unrighteousness, and made whiter than snow. I just felt somehow like I was talkin' to some lost soul havin' its last chance. I told 'em it did n't make no difference what they 'd done, or what their sins was; that he was mightier than the power of sin, and could sweep it all off with one touch, if they 'd just call on him—just lift up their eyes! I told 'em how dear their souls was to the Master, and how he 'd come down and suffered and died for 'em, and how lovin' he was—how he was standin' there with his arms stretched out, and his eyes like mothers' eyes, longin' to save 'em and blot out their sins. I just wep' and plead with 'em. Look like the words come quicker 'n I could say 'em. When I finished I was plumb give out. I went down out of the pulpit, and Brother Gummy he started up, 'Are you ready for the Judgment Day?' I was so faint I went over to the water-bucket that set by the door, to get me a drink. I started to throw the water that was left in the cup outdoors, and run right up against somebody standin' outside in the shadow. I could see it was a woman. She pulled herself back in the dark, quick, and when I reached out my hand after her she run along the gang-plank and up the bank and was gone.

"About a week after that I was settin' out on the guards readin' the Bible to a' old blind woman and a cripple boy that was seekin' the way, and tryin' to teach 'em all I could before we left, for Brother Hunter said we 'd have to be movin' on in a day or two; and here come a boy dressed in blue clothes and red braid, and give me a note. I opened it quick. It said: 'Maggie is dyin', and wants you. Come if possible. The messenger will bring you.' There was n't no name signed. It had on the outside, 'Miss Babe Baxter, Floatin' Bethel.' I run

quick for my hat, and me and the boy walked a piece, and then took a street-car, and rode a long ways. Finally we got off, and walked a square more, and then the boy opened the gate before a beautiful big brick house with colored glass in the windows, and white stone steps, and flowers and vines, and took me to the door, and rung the bell. Maggie's friend, the same beautiful lady that was with her in the store that day, come to the door and let me in. Her face was all white and pale now. 'I would n't have sent for you,' she says, 'but Maggie 's been callin' for you three days and nights, and the doctor says she can't live.'

"I followed her up-stairs. The carpet was so soft and pretty I hated to step on it. There was several other ladies settin' in the hall up-stairs, whisperin' and cryin'. She took me in a room and shut the door. Maggie was layin' up high on the pillows, her eyes all bright, and big red spots on her cheeks, and her face all thin. She put out her arms when she saw me. 'I thought you never was comin'!' she says. 'I 've been waitin' and waitin' for you. I was afraid to die by myself.' I kissed her, and held her close in my arms. 'Darlin' child,' I says, 'you must n't be afraid to die. W'y, it 's lots better than livin'. When you die you 'll think you never *did* live before. The dear, sweet Jesus and the dear Father 's just a-waitin' there for you!' 'Oh, I ain't so afraid of meetin' *them*,' she says; 'I don't mind *that* so much. It 's my mother I can't bear to see! That 's what I can't stand! Oh, I 'm so scared, Babe! It 's awful to die!' She held my arm so tight it hurt me. 'W'y, darlin',' I says, 'you just talkin' that a-way because you ain't at yourself. W'y, your dear ma 's just a-waitin' there and a-*longin'* for you. W'y, you 're her own dear child, Maggie.' 'No, I ain't!' she says. 'I ain't her child no more! I ain't good — I ain't good like I used to be, Babe. You don't know, you don't understand. We 're all wicked here. I never meant to be, Babe, but — I 'll tell you all about it some time when I can talk better. Now I 'm afraid — afraid! Oh, Babe, help me — hide me! Don't let mother see me! I could n't stand that!'

"Look to me like my heart stood still. But I held her tighter and closer. 'Maggie, dear child,' I says, 'you are safe! It 's the dear Jesus that loves you and will save you from your sins. He 's done said so, dear. Just look up to him, and he 'll forgive you, and take you right to his bosom. That 's what he come into the world for, to save sinners. And you ain't the only sinner, Maggie; we 're all sinners till we get the love of Christ in our hearts. One ain't any worse 'n the other, though some has been tempted a heap more. He don't hate you because you 've been tempted and sinned. He knows all about it, dear, and loves you just the same. And so do I, too, just the same as when we used to swing, and play dolls in the hayloft all day together. Don't you remember it, Maggie? And Jesus is right here with his tender lovin' eyes, bendin' right over you, dear child, callin' you home to him. Just put all your trust in him, and don't take no trouble about it, but leave it all to the dear Master.'

"'But the sins!' she says, shiverin'. 'There 's so many, Babe — they 're so black!'

"'He 'll wash 'em all off,' I says, 'till you 're whiter than snow.'

"'But do you reckon he could wash 'em off right *quick* — before mother 'll see me?' she says.

"''Deed he can,' I says. 'And he 's washin' mightily right now. I can just *see* the spots fadin' off, dear, and your soul gettin' clean and white like you was a little baby. They 're comin' off one by one, bless the Lord! They 're pretty near all gone now, glory to God! And when your ma sees you there won't be *none* on you, and she won't never know, Maggie. Just think of it! You 'll just be her same little girl that she left! I can just see 'em gettin' dimmer and dimmer and dimmer — and now you 're plumb white and shinin'! Glory! Bless the dear Lord!'

"She sunk back in my arms, smilin' so sweet and peaceful, and I just wep' and wep' for joy.

"The lady was kneelin' at the foot of the bed, cryin' like her heart would break. Maggie fell into a sleep, and I still kep' my arms around her, tight and close, and kep' a-prayin' and blessin' God. Finally I felt somethin', and looked around, and there was the lady kneelin' near me. She had picked up the hem of my old black dress, and was kissin' it. I put one of my arms around her. 'Sister,' I says, 'the message is for you too. Let us pray together!'

"Maggie lived several hours, but she slep' all the time, and never knew nothin' more, and passed away so peaceful and blessed, in my arms."

Babe paused to dry her eyes on the skirt of her sunbonnet.

"And Maggie's friend?" I said.

"She 's nursin' in a big hospital. She went right off to learn nursin'. I hear from her every week. Her sins is all forgive and blotted out, and she 's happy in the Lord, and workin' day and night with the poor and sick for the Master's sake."

Lucy S. Furman.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN IN POLITICS.

NOW that the New York Constitutional Convention of 1894 has refused to recommend that the word "male" be stricken from the constitution of the State, a dispassionate word on the subject may perhaps find a gracious hearing on both sides. Many of the women who opposed the introduction of woman suffrage differed from those who advocated it more in premises than in conclusions. In the heat of debate many misunderstood and misjudged each other, because they were arguing from different standpoints. One took the side of abstract right; the other, of concrete reasons. One called the present condition of women slavery; the other termed the proposed condition enslavement. But upon two points most women were agreed: that the politics of the country, as now managed solely by men, offers a wide field for experiment and improvement, and that, whatever share in the affairs of the State women ask to have given to them, it is the desire of none to sacrifice to it the duties that are distinctively feminine.

These two points should form a sufficient basis for reapproachment, and for the effacement of whatever was bitter in party differences.

Among the literary productions of the campaign, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi's "Common Sense as Applied to Woman Suffrage" is, on her side of the question, certainly the most important. The book will continue to be read with interest and profit, and, by women, with a recognition of Dr. Jacobi's lifelong labors in behalf of their sex. The title of the book has such a flavor of monopoly, its pages are so crowded with historic illustration, philosophic thought, and positive statement, that it would take an arsenal of argument to discuss its opinions in detail.

There is one point, however,—and it is the main point of divergence between the advocates and opponents of woman suffrage,—that this able treatise leaves unanswered. This is the point of unrestricted suffrage. Dr. Jacobi repeatedly refers to the injustice of granting to the "negro, the Pole, the Italian, the Irishman," a right denied to the American woman,—"the woman in whose veins runs the blood of the colonists who founded our country,"—but she omits to mention the negro, the Italian, the Irish woman at their side, and to tell us how the American woman, by *her* vote, is to prevail against them.

Universal man suffrage is here to stay. We cannot do away with the evils that accompany it; we must, therefore, try to overcome them, rejoicing all the while that the great experiment is being made in a country where the chances are in favor of success. And what better way is there of making this success apparent and permanent than by the intelligent and public-spirited women of the country, through their good judgment and watchfulness, helping the intelligent and public-spirited men to hold their own against the strength of mere numbers—a task that is daily increasing in difficulty? If women will only assume, at election-times, the responsibility of making the men of their households register and vote, and of guarding, as far as possible, against carelessness and indifference in the matter, they will render a valuable service to the State.

If the vote of the present day were to be doubled by opening the sluice-gates to all women, we could directly divide it into four parts: the educated men and the educated women; the ignorant men and the ignorant women (the word "ignorant" seems best to represent the perverse and the unlettered). Why are we not distinctly better off—looking at the question still from a numerical standpoint, and never forgetting for a moment that our government is, as Dr. Jacobi clearly emphasizes, "a government by *public opinion*"—if, by uniting the vote and the influence of the two higher groups, we make the hard struggle not a struggle of two against two, but of two against one?

The suffragists assert that women will not take part in public affairs unless they are rewarded with the franchise. This is a statement that women, by their disinterested, impersonal work in every direction, are daily contradicting. What they do need, before in numbers they become the political helpmates of men, is the conviction that they can learn to be helpful, and that their help is needed in the body politic. This they have never been taught seriously. And when they set to work to find out how they can best make themselves useful, they will discover that it is only by a mastery of hard, dry facts, and by the onward propelling power of disinterested effort, that men in politics attain the best results. The so-called "coaxing" and "wheedling" power of women, supposed to be in such force and favor with men, and sometimes used as an ill-natured taunt by one kind of woman to another kind, is an overestimated power. Men can usually be coaxed into giving

away only that which they themselves do not value. The occasion of a first conference between two of opposite sex may be marked by grace and graciousness, but after that a woman must depend, as do men among men, upon the merits of her cause and the practical knowledge and good sense that she is able to bring to its support. Almost every woman who interests herself in public affairs, and has had experience with officers of government and men of personal influence, will corroborate this statement. She will gladly confess, too, that the more she works, the more she learns that her own best strength lies in the strength of the object that she has at heart. She will win or fail, too, just in proportion to her ability and the single-mindedness of purpose with which she keeps this object in view. Here is an instance in point, quoted from a woman's letter to a woman:

At the time of the Central Park Speedway Bill I wrote to the only man of my acquaintance who had been influential in the passage of that bill, and asked him to come to see me. He paid me an afternoon visit, and I used all the power of persuasion at my command to convince him that he had done wrong, and that the driveway as planned would destroy the beauty of the west side of the park. My talk had absolutely no effect upon him; he laughed at me, and assured me that the outcry against the bill was hysterical and absurd. After he had gone it came over me suddenly that I had no real knowledge of what I had been talking about; I too had only taken up the general cry of the newspapers. I set immediately to work, obtained a map of the park and of the proposed changes, studied and marked them carefully, and on the following Saturday afternoon, when the park was especially crowded with children, I marched my unrepentant friend from the lower to the upper end, pointing out to him, step by step, the havoc which his pet scheme would cause. By the time that we reached the limit of our walk he frankly confessed — being, like most men, not of evil intent — that he was horrified at the destruction proposed. He directly withdrew his support from the movement, and the subject — to my everlasting credit be it recorded — was never again mentioned between us.

This incident illustrates the power that invariably lies, irrespective of sex, in knowing what one is talking about. The writer of the letter quoted failed when she did not know, despite tea-gown and tea-tray, and won easily when she did. It might be suggested by some that a vote on her part would have helped settle the matter more effectually than a walk; but as events proved, there was already enough vote in the question. What was needed was more *voice*.

Many opponents of woman suffrage will agree with the other side, that the question of sex as a physical disability has entered too largely into the discussions of this subject. If women can work as hard as they do, at almost every employment in life, from factory wheel to circus trapeze, the argument of feminine weakness, as applied to the mere duty of depositing votes, seems more obstructionary than forcible. As to what the subtle and secondary influences upon sex would be,— not the action so much as the reaction,— nobody can foretell. Probably the one side underestimates and the other overstates them. It is certainly the most bitter point of disagreement between the two, and is the one where the conservative hold is the strongest, for it is here that not only does the head argue, but the heart cling.

The question of what services women could render to the State, in return for the full privileges of citizenship, remains undetermined. There is silence on this point if on no other. Men give military and jury service; the fact that all men are not able to do this does not constitute a denial of the duty. Many women when told that the State has need of a certain proportion of soldiers to voters dismiss the remark lightly. But surely they must all have observed during the recent days of excitement and of military rule at Chicago, that there are times in the history of every country when government, if it is government in fact as well as in figure, must measure its strength on the plane of physical force.

Dr. Jacobi says that women, if given the franchise, should perform jury duty. Many will agree with her in this, not because they see in the proposition any economic application of forces, nor because of any clear notion how the plan could be practically and pleasantly carried out, but from sheer unwillingness to accept all and to give nothing. The burden of jury duty would fall principally upon the women whose occupations, paid or unpaid, are connected with house- and home-keeping, for the reason that these constitute the larger number, and their physique is not, as a rule, taxed so heavily as that of the bread-winning women outside. But here, aside from the question of strength and fitness, we touch upon a point of deep significance. When the State summons a man to the courts, it says to him, "Drop your business and serve me; your highest duty is your civic duty." To the woman,— after having excluded the long list of "excused,"— it would be obliged to say, "Leave your domestic affairs and attend to me; the State has the right to summon you peremptorily from your home." This right, by fixing arbitrarily, for uncertain periods of time, the woman's absence from home, would establish the principle that personal duties may at any moment become secondary in a woman's life, and, if put into effect, would clog many a wheel in domestic machinery. The daily round

of a woman's duties, household or personal, is often spoken of slightingly, for the reason that, taken singly, the duties often do seem small. But anybody knows how much of the well-being, the comfort, and the good-temper of life depends upon trifles. "Madam," said a philosopher, recently, in answer to a young woman's impatient plea for more poetry and less prose in every-day life, "I am an old man, and experience has taught me that there is much poetry in well-ordered prose."

There are reasons against women serving on mixed juries in the trial of promiscuous cases, which a mere reading of the court and police reports in any daily newspaper will help make evident. Jury duty for women, viewed from this point, changes from a practical into a social and ethical question.

Americans (perhaps better said the people of a republic) are always peculiarly suspicious of men in the community who show willingness to step to the front in public affairs. These men are directly branded by the do-nothings as "ambitious," and their motives are easily discredited. Do American women fail to see the great advantage that for this reason they possess over men, and are they willing to throw it impatiently away? A woman can expend upon public affairs to-day almost as many forces — time, money, and vital energies — as can a man. She may lose a great deal by failure; she can win nothing but inner satisfaction by success. Herein lies the strength of her position. Disinterestedness of motive is a mighty weapon and a strong shield.

If any woman would study what opportunities are within her grasp to-day, let her examine into the life-work of Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, and learn what she has accomplished, not as a philanthropist, but as a practical politician. It is safe to say that no man in the State of New York knows more accurately than Miss Schuyler what laws have been enacted at Albany during the last twenty years, and the records of the men whose names have been associated with them, in the Senate and the Assembly, to say nothing of the knowledge of municipal affairs. In the interest of some measures for the introduction of which Miss Schuyler was herself responsible, she has worked with unflagging industry, watchfulness, knowledge of detail, and patience, without which they would hardly have been carried through to success. Two laws recently enacted represent the one three years, the other five years, of unceasing political activity on her part. Miss Schuyler has undoubtedly exceptional gifts in conceiving and shaping philanthropic measures, but her victories have been won, as she herself would be the first to urge, by means of qualities possessed in common with many women who to-day are waiting for the political shackles to fall before they take hold in real earnest of public affairs.

Whatever be the future history of woman suffrage, the recent wide-spread agitation should result in developing a greater interest in public affairs on the part of all women of serious purpose, and in awakening them to a keener sense of personal responsibility to the community at large.

The effect of the movement upon the State, it is to be hoped, will be a franker and more generous recognition of the women who possess strength, ability, and leisure to serve the public good. Without erasing the word "male" from the constitution,— startling phraseology! — the State has ample power to-day to enlarge the scope of their work. In the expenditure of the vast sums of public revenue to which women largely contribute, there are many directions in which the watchfulness of well-chosen, competent women would tend to increase economy and honesty. In the management of State hospitals, asylums, and prisons, women should be allowed an influential voice. Over every public school for girls there should be the superintendence, official but voluntary, of properly qualified women. In municipal matters that concern health and cleanliness, the purifying and beautifying of waste places, the enforcement of tenement-house and poor laws, and the reform of the rules that govern the employment of women and children in factories and shops, the woman's hand should be felt and her special knowledge be utilized. In all these directions, the best qualities of mind, of heart, and of consecrated service could find ample outlet, without any infringement, strain, or discussion of the natural laws that govern the relation, and divide the world's work, between the two sexes.

May the State be induced, through enlightenment or pressure, to take these important matters into consideration, and to act upon them. And may all women, be they suffragists or anti-suffragists, appreciate that the best promise for to-morrow lies always in the best use made of the opportunities of to-day.

Eleonora Kinnicutt.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A New Napoleon.

THE details of Napoleon's youth given in the opening pages of Professor Sloane's "Life," as published in THE CENTURY, will prove a real surprise to the general reading public. Hitherto the early history of the emperor has been illuminated by a few well-known stories — like that, for instance, of the battle of the snow forts at Brienne. The close narrative of events has generally begun only at Toulon. It is, indeed, not a matter of wonder that the emperor was by no means anxious that the shifts, adventures, and political escapades of his Jacobin boyhood should ever be brought into too great historical prominence; and yet these years of Napoleon's life — as described by Professor Sloane in the chapters which have appeared, and those which will next be published — are full of the deepest interest and significance. At no time did his amiable and commendable traits — his devotion to his family, his industry and studiousness — show in a clearer light. It is a new Napoleon,— this devourer of books, this unsuccessful literary aspirant, this ineffectual Corsican political agitator,— but the new Napoleon certainly makes the old Napoleon much more easily comprehended.

The World's Supply of Gold.

WE have been called upon several times during the last year to answer such questions as "Has gold appreciated in value because of its scarcity?" "Is there too little gold in the world to transact the business of the world on a gold standard alone?" and "Has the appreciation in the value of gold led to a fall in the prices of commodities?" Our readers will remember that we have answered all these and similar questions in the negative, taking the ground that the alleged scarcity of gold was a misapprehension; that the fall in prices which has taken place in the last twenty years was not traceable to the appreciation of gold, but to improvements in machinery, to cheaper transportation, and to the progress of invention and civilization; and that there was no convincing evidence that there is not an ample supply of gold in the world to transact the world's business.

Whatever doubt there may have been on these points, and we are frank to admit that there has been a good deal that was honest and intelligent, it must melt away in the presence of the figures of the increased gold product of the world during the last two years. The product for 1893, according to the figures of the Director of the Mint, amounted to $155,522,000, which was the largest recorded for any year in history, being $522,000 greater than that of 1853, when the newly discovered and easily worked placer mines of California and Australia were giving their largest yield. The estimated product for 1894 is placed by the director at fully $174,000,000, or $19,000,000 greater than the output of 1893. This estimate is based upon actual production for the greater part of the year, and is not in any way open to the charge of guess-work. What it shows is that the yield of gold this year will be nearly twenty millions greater than that of any previous year in the world's history.

In order to realize the full significance of this fact, let us consider the figures of the gold product since the maximum of 1853. That was $155,000,000. The product began to dwindle after that year till it reached $95,400,000 in 1883. From 1885 to 1889 it fluctuated between $105,775,000 and $110,197,000. After that it began to rise rapidly, reaching $118,840,000 in 1890, $130,650,000 in 1891, and $146,297,600 in 1892. The increase between 1887 and 1893 was over fifty per cent., and the increase between 1887 and the close of the present year will be nearly or quite 75 per cent. The present yield of gold is greater in volume than the average yield of both gold and silver in the period 1861–1865, which was about $170,500,000. From 1866 to 1873 the average value of both the gold and the silver product was nearly $191,000,000, and it is not improbable that in 1895 the value of the gold product will reach even that amount.

The increase has been general in the gold-producing countries of the world, Africa leading with an advance of ten millions this year over its product for 1893, and the United States coming second with an advance of almost seven millions. All the evidence points to a continuation of this increase in the future. The strongest reason for expecting this is to be found in the fact that alluvial deposits, which are easily exhausted, are no longer the chief source of the world's supply. The uncertain quantity of these deposits made it difficult to foreshadow accurately the gold product of the future. The greater part of the increased supply of the last two years has come from well-developed lode mines, which give a comparatively steady yield, and the future output of which can be calculated with reasonable accuracy. This is especially the case with the mines in the United States — those of California, Colorado, South Dakota, and Montana. In addition to this change in the character of deposits, a fresh stimulus has been given to gold-mining by the decline in the value of silver. Many silver-mines which can be worked successfully no longer have been closed, and many gold-mines which had not been operated for years because of the greater profit from silver-mining have been reopened during the last year.

Finally, the invention of new processes of reducing ores, and improvements in methods of mining, have reduced the cost of production, making it possible to increase the output of gold by working ores which it has been impossible heretofore to work at a profit.

It will be difficult to maintain, in the face of this great increase in the supply of gold, that there is either a scarcity existing now, or that there is danger of one existing in the future. The statistics and the facts of the production show that if the demand for gold increases, the supply will in some way be made to keep pace with it. It is only reasonable to infer that the increased production reflects the conviction of the financial world that the gold standard is to be permanent, since the experience of all civilized nations has shown that it is the safest and best.

In regard to the alleged appreciation of gold, and its effect in reducing the price of commodities, it will be difficult to maintain that contention in face of the

fact that the seven years which have increased the gold product 75 per cent. have also witnessed a decline in general prices. If these two coincident developments show anything, it is that the decline in prices was in no way due to the supply of gold, but was the natural result of human progress in the art of living. Prices are lower because human ingenuity and invention have made it possible to buy more with a dollar than was ever bought before. The dollar remains the same, but the world has more to give in exchange for it.

The Reign of the Bicycle.

WHAT may be called, not improperly, the bicycle passion has full possession of several leading countries of the world. England and France, notably those parts of them in and about London and Paris, have been so given over to it for some time that a large portion of their population come and go on their errands of business or pleasure "on a wheel." Americans who have recently traveled abroad have been astonished at the general use of the bicycle there, and have been still more astonished, on returning to their own country during the last year, to discover what headway the passion has made here. It is said to be a conservative estimate by competent authorities that during the year now closing a quarter of a million bicycles have been sold in this country, and that the number of riders approaches a million. There are said to be over fifty thousand in New York and its neighborhood, and fully half that number in and about Boston. The latter city caught the passion from Europe some time before New York did, and has a larger proportion of its population, male and female, regularly devoted to it.

Observers of the phenomenon are wondering whether it is merely a passing whim, or whether it "has come to stay"; whether those who have taken it up will continue it after the novelty has worn off, or whether they will drop it for the next new fad that shall come along. There are many reasons for thinking that its stay will be permanent. Undoubtedly many of those who take it up because of its vogue will tire of it after a while, but these will not constitute a large proportion of the whole number. The great body of riders find in the bicycle a new pleasure in life, a means for seeing more of the world, a source of better health through open-air exercise, a bond of comradeship, a method of rapid locomotion either for business or pleasure, and many other enjoyments and advantages which they will not relinquish. The bicycle has, in fact, become a necessary part of modern life, and could not be abandoned without turning the social progress of the world backward. Few who have used it for a tour through the country would think for a moment of giving it up and returning to pedestrianism instead. Aside from the exhilarating joy of riding, which every bicycle devotee will assure you is the nearest approach to flying at present possible to man, there is the opportunity of seeing a constantly changing landscape.

The bicycle-rider journeys, too, virtually unencumbered with luggage; for the weight of his kit, which would be constantly growing more and more perceptible were it strapped upon his back while he was walking, has no appreciable effect upon the speed of the wheel or the amount of energy required to propel it. The rider slips past farm and cottage, through woods and along the banks of streams, with almost the ease and freedom of a bird. At the same time he travels with wonderful cheapness, covering double and even treble the number of miles a day that a horse could regularly travel, and doing it all without a dollar of expense for food or shelter for his "beast of burden."

The bicycle is indeed the great leveler. It puts the poor man on a level with the rich, enabling him to "sing the song of the open road" as freely as the millionaire, and to widen his knowledge by visiting the regions near to or far from his home, observing how other men live. He could not afford a railway journey and sojourn in these places, and he could not walk through them without tiring sufficiently to destroy in a measure the pleasure which he sought. But he can ride through twenty, thirty, fifty, even seventy miles of country in a day without serious fatigue, and with no expense save his board and lodging. To thousands of men and women the longing of years to travel a little as soon as they could afford it is thus gratified, virtually without limit; for a "little journey in the world" can be made on every recurring holiday or vacation.

But it is not only as a means of enjoyment and healthful exercise that the bicycle has a strong hold on popular favor. In smaller cities, and in towns and villages, it has become a necessity of every-day life. The tradesmen solicit and deliver orders upon it; messenger boys use it in carrying their despatches; doctors in visiting their patients; clergymen in making their pastoral calls; mail-carriers in delivering letters; and policemen in pursuing offenders against the laws. Insurance and other agents travel from town to town upon it, and in every community it is the ever-ready vehicle for countless errands of every description.

At a recent election in Alabama, the Birmingham Bicycle Club, composed of thirty members, collected the returns from remote sections of the State, and brought them to Birmingham before the city votes had been counted, traveling, in order to accomplish this, over one thousand miles of rough and sandy mountain roads. All the returns were in hand by midnight, and for almost the first time in its history the verdict of the entire State was known on the day of the election. This was a use of the bicycle which is certain to be imitated in many States in the future. Somewhat similar is the use which is made of it in the armies of the world for the sending of despatches between both adjacent and widely separated points. Not long ago a message was sent from Washington to Denver by relays of bicycle-riders. The distance, nearly two thousand miles, was covered in six days. A recent trial in Great Britain was scarcely less striking in its results. A plan was arranged to carry a message from London to Edinburgh and to bring back an answer. Relays of riders, in pairs to avoid delay in case of accident, were stationed along the route. Through a portion of the journey rain descended in torrents, the roads were in bad condition, and there was a strong head wind; yet in spite of these disadvantageous circumstances the round trip of eight hundred miles was made in fifty hours and twenty-seven minutes. The best time ever made when fast coaching was at its height was forty-two hours and twenty-three minutes for half the journey. Demonstrations like these show that the bicycle occupies a field of human activity which is both new and capable of such expansion as to make it a necessity henceforth.

No one can study this subject and not reach the conviction that, instead of declining, the use of the bicycle is destined to increase. Fifteen years ago the total sale of bicycles in this country in twelve months was only ninety-two. It was not till 1886, when the perfected modern "safety" made its appearance abroad (it appeared in this country a year later), that the marvelous modern development of the passion began. It grew slowly for a few years; but within the last three years its progress has carried all before it, till now the man who does not ride is an exception whose life is a burden under the weight of advice which the devotees of the sport pour upon him. That the effect upon us as a people of such healthful exercise in the open air will be most beneficial cannot be questioned, and from that point of view alone the practice should be encouraged. Many a boy will start in life with a more vigorous constitution because of his bicycle, and many a man who was growing old too fast by neglect of active exercise will find himself rejuvenated by the same agency.

A direct and salutary effect of the great popularity of bicycle-riding will be to spread abroad the gospel of good roads. Every bicycle-rider is a natural and eloquent missionary of scientific road construction, and every cyclist club is perforce a good-road club as well. There is thus growing up, in all parts of the land, an organized body of road reformers who will, before many years have passed, be powerful enough to make their wishes law in many States.

No Backward Step in Copyright!

IT was not to be expected that the International Copyright Bill of March 3, 1891, would be entirely satisfactory to all of its friends — much less to its enemies. When it is remembered that in the conferences between the House of Representatives and the Senate in the last hours of an exciting session it was virtually pulled to pieces and put together again, it would be astonishing if its language did not present ambiguities, or if its workings should be altogether smooth. These are objections, however, which concern all legislation, and it is remarkable how little actual friction has characterized the operation of this law; it is indicative, also, of the growth among us of the sense of justice toward literary property that nearly all the criticism of the act has been on the ground that it does not go far enough in the protection of authors' rights.

The first tangible evidence of organized hostility was the introduction in Congress by Mr. Hicks of Pennsylvania, in the closing days of the last session, of a bill to limit copyright in etchings and engravings to such as are manufactured in this country, and in fact to remove from the security of the law all such articles so far as their publication in a daily or weekly newspaper is concerned. The absurdity of the first provision is as transparent as the effort to obtain by the second provision the support of the daily and weekly press.

This bill is not rightly named. It should be called "An Act for the Forcible Importation of Foreign Artists." Not only is the deprivation of existing property rights to extend to foreign etchers and engravers, — to great artists such as Gravesende, Hamerton, or Flameng, — but to any American artist working abroad. If these gentlemen wish to have their property secured in this country, they can easily do so by taking up their residence in the land of the free! If Mr. Whistler wishes to etch a view of the Grand Canal, by all means let him come to the United States to do it! If Mr. Pennell wishes to make etchings of French cathedrals, what better point of view than, let us say, the suburbs of Philadelphia! If Mr. Cole wishes to continue his matchless series of engravings from the old masters, what more convenient spot for his work than the mountain region of middle Pennsylvania! It is too absurd for serious consideration. *To offer copyright to an artist on impossible terms is to offer him no copyright at all.* This whole question was fought out in the Senate in 1891, and Mr. Hicks's bill is not more likely to find favor in a Congress which has lately honored itself by removing the barbarous duty on paintings and sculpture.

Another obstacle to the withdrawal of the security given by the United States law, is that such action would be in the nature of a breach of existing understanding with other countries. The present law is the basis of reciprocal arrangements with Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, and Portugal, according to which our engravers and etchers are among those whose rights are secure in those countries. Is the American artist to be prevented from accepting the remuneration which foreigners offer for his work, because somebody in the United States does not wish to pay for the use of foreign art? Certainly the art-producing countries of Europe are not likely to sit idly by while we recant any part of the honorable professions of the Copyright Bill.

Nor is this new form of piracy likely to obtain support from the American press, which won such credit by its advocacy of justice to intellectual property, and made possible the passage of the present law. Even the piratical classes soon discovered that the bill conferred benefits upon them by giving them security in purchased rights, when before they had only the instability of a general scramble. Honest journals do not need to be convinced of the wisdom of the policy of paying for what they print, and there is no reason whatever why a monthly magazine, a weekly illustrated journal, or a daily newspaper, should be exempted from the obligation of paying for the use of illustrative material. To do them justice, we know of none that advocates the exemption. Such a policy would be bad enough, but if, in addition, weeklies and dailies are not to be permitted to acquire property rights for which they are eager to pay, then is chaos come again, and the reversion to the old days of piracy but a question of time.

It is incredible that Congress can be induced to pass a measure so objectionable from the points of view of morality and the public interest, and so injurious to literature and art.

The Growth of Civil-Service Reform.

IN a large sense all progress toward good government by the selection of able and honest men is a triumph of the principles of civil-service reform; but the past year has been productive of other and striking evidences that the people realize the value of the merit system as an indispensable means to good govern-

ment in this country. Within a year the "Anti-Spoils League" has attained a membership of 10,000, representing every State and Territory, and including many prominent men of every political faith. In New York city the platform of the non-partizan Committee of Seventy, which headed the revolt against government by the criminal and semi-criminal classes, contained a specific and downright indorsement of the system. Very significant also was the nomination for Congress in the Louisville district of Mr. Edward J. McDermott, an avowed civil-service reformer. The platform of the Massachusetts Democratic Convention, and the speech of the presiding officer, ex-Governor William E. Russell, were most pronounced in favor of the reform. As a new evidence that business men are alive to the necessity of abolishing the spoils system may be cited the reference to the subject by Mr. Herman Justi of Nashville at the recent convention of bankers at Baltimore. Indeed, there has never been more certainty that the people are in advance of their representatives on this subject, and would willingly support a radical policy which would substitute demonstrated merit for the wish of the spoilsman as a test in the selection of all government employees of the non-political grades.

OPEN LETTERS.

About Children.

A FURTHER WORD ON IMITATION.[1]

THERE are one or two considerations of such practical importance to all those who wish to observe cases of imitation by children, that I venture to throw them together, only saying by way of introduction that they all follow from the general statement that nothing less than the child's personality is at stake in the method and matter of its imitations; for the "self" is but the form or process in which the personal influences surrounding the child take on their new individuality.

First. No observations are of much importance which are not accompanied by a detailed statement of the personal influences which have affected the child. This is the more important since the child sees few persons, and sees them constantly. It is not only likely — it is inevitable — that he *make up his personality*, under limitations of heredity, by imitation out of the "copy" set in the actions, temper, emotions, of the persons who build around him the social inclosure of his childhood. It is only necessary to watch a two-year-old closely to see what members of the family are giving him his personal "copy"— to find out whether he sees his mother constantly and his father seldom; whether he plays much with other children, and what their dispositions are, to a degree; whether he is growing to be a person of subjection, equality, or tyranny; whether he is assimilating the elements of some low unorganized social content from his foreign nurse. For, in Leibnitz's phrase, the boy or girl is a social monad, a little world, which reflects the whole system of influences coming to stir his sensibility. And just in as far as his sensibilities are stirred, he imitates, and forms habits of imitating. And habits? — they are character!

Second. A point akin to the first is this: every observation should describe with great accuracy the child's relation to other children. Has he brothers or sisters; how many of each, and of what age? Does he sleep in the same bed or room with them? Do they play much with one another alone? The reason is very evident. An only child has only adult "copy." He cannot interpret his father's actions, or his mother's, oftentimes. He imitates very blindly. He lacks the mere childish example of a brother or sister near himself in age. And this difference is of very great importance to his development. He lacks the stimulus, for example, of games in which personification is a direct tutor to selfhood, as I shall remark farther on. And while he becomes precocious in some lines of instruction, he fails in imagination, in brilliancy of fancy. The dramatic, in his sense of social situations, is largely hidden. It is a very great mistake to isolate children, especially to isolate one or two children. One alone is perhaps the worse, but two alone are subject to the other element of social danger which I may mention next.

Third. Observers should report with special care all cases of unusually close relationship between children in youth, such as childish favoritism, "platonic friendships," "chumming," in school or home, etc. We have in these facts — and there is a very great variety of them — an exaggeration of the social or imitative tendency, a narrowing down of the personal suggestive sensibility to a peculiar line of well-formed influences. It has never been studied — never even to my knowledge been mentioned — by writers either on the genesis of social emotion or on the practice of education. To be sure, teachers are alive to the pros and cons of allowing children and students to room together; but it is with a view to the possibility of direct immoral or unwholesome contagion. This danger is certainly real; but we, as psychological observers, and above all as teachers and leaders, of our children, must go even deeper than that. Consider, for example, the possible influence of a school chum and room-mate upon a girl in her teens; for this is only an evident case of what all isolated children are subject to. A sensitive nature, a girl whose very life is a branch of a social tree, is placed in a new environment, to ingraft upon the members of her mutilated self — her very personality (it is nothing less than that) — utterly new channels of supply. The only safety possible, the only way to conserve the lessons of her past, apart from the veriest chance, and to add to the structure of her present character, lies in securing for her the greatest possible variety of social influences. Instead of this, she meets, eats, walks, talks, lies down at night, and rises in the morning, with one other person, a "copy" set before her, as immature, in all likelihood, as herself, or, if not so, yet a single personality, put there to wrap around her growing self the confining cords of unassimilated and foreign habit. Above all things, fathers, mothers,

[1] Suggested by Professor Royce's interesting paper on "The Imitative Functions," in THE CENTURY for May, 1894.

teachers, elders, give the children room! They need all that they can get, and their personalities will grow to fill it. Give them plenty of companions, fill their lives with variety,— variety is the soul of originality, and its only source of supply. The ethical life itself, the boy's, the girl's, conscience, is born in the stress of the conflicts of suggestion — born right out of his imitative hesitations; and just this is the analogy which he must assimilate and depend upon in his own conflicts for self-control and social continence. For himself, later, so impressively true is this from the human point of view, that it is my opinion — formed, it is true, from the very few data accessible on such points, still a positive opinion — children should never be allowed, after infancy, to room regularly together; special friendships of a close exclusive kind should be discouraged or broken up, except when under the immediate eye of the wise parent or guardian; and even when allowed, these relationships should, in all cases, be used to entrain the sympathetic and moral sentiments into a wider field of social exercise.

Fourth. The remainder of my space must be devoted to the further emphasis of the need of close observation of children's games, especially those which may be best described as "society games." All those who have given even casual observation to the doings of the nursery have been impressed with the extraordinary fertility of the child mind, from the second year onward, in imagining and plotting social and dramatic situations. It has not been as evident, however, to these casual observers, or to many really more skilled, that they were observing in these fancy-plays the putting together anew of fragments, or larger pieces, of their own mental history. But here, in these games, we see the actual use which our children make of the personal "copy" material which they have got from you and me. If a man study these games patiently in his own children, and analyze them, he gradually sees emerge from the child's inner consciousness its picture of the boy's own father, whom he aspires to be like, and whose actions he seeks to generalize and apply anew. The picture is poor, for the child takes only what he is sensible to. And it does seem often, as Sighele pathetically notices on a large social scale, and as the Westminster divines have urged without due sense of the pathetic and home-coming point of it, that he takes more of the bad in us for reproduction than of the good. But be this as it may, what we give him is all he gets. Heredity does not stop with birth: it is then only beginning. And the pity of it is that this element of heredity, this reproduction of the fathers in the children, which might be used to redeem the new-forming personality from the heritage of past commonness or impurity, is simply left to take its course for the further establishing and confirmation of it. Was there ever a group of school children who did not leave the real school to make a play school, erecting a throne for one of their number to sit on and "take off" the teacher? Was there ever a child who did not play "church," and force her father, if possible, into the pulpit? Were there ever children who did not "buy" things from fancied stalls in every corner of the nursery, when they had once seen an elder drive a trade in the market? The point is this: the child's personality grows; growth is always by action; he clothes upon himself the scenes of his life, and acts them out; so he grows in what he is, what he understands, and what he is able to perform.

In order to be of direct service to observers of games of this character, I shall now give a short account of an observation of the kind made a few weeks ago — one of the simplest of many actual situations which my two little girls, Helen and Elizabeth, have acted out together. It is a very commonplace case, a game the elements of which are evident in their origin; but I choose this rather than one more complex, since observers are usually not psychologists, and they find the elementary the more instructive.

On May 2 I was sitting on the porch alone with the children — the two mentioned above, aged respectively four and a half and two and a half years. Helen, the elder, told Elizabeth that she was her little baby; that is, Helen became "mama," and Elizabeth "baby." The younger responded by calling her sister "mama," and the play began.

"You have been asleep, baby; now it is time to get up," said mama. Baby rose from the floor,— first falling down in order to rise,— was seized upon by "mama," taken to the railing to an imaginary wash-stand, and her face washed by rubbing. Her articles of clothing were then named in imagination, and put on, one by one, in the most detailed and interesting fashion. During all this, mama kept up a stream of baby talk to her infant: "Now your stockings, my darling; now your skirt, sweetness — oh, no — not yet — your shoes first," etc. etc. Baby acceded to all the detail with more than the docility which real infants usually show. When this was done: "Now we must go tell papa good morning, dearie," said mama. "Yes, mama," came the reply; and hand in hand they started to find papa. I, the spectator, carefully read my newspaper, thinking, however, that the reality of papa, seeing that he was so much in evidence, would break in upon the imagined situation. But not so. Mama led her baby directly past me to the end of the piazza, to a column in the corner. "There 's papa," said mama; "now tell him good morning." "Good morning, papa; I am very well," said baby, bowing low to the column. "That 's good," said mama, in a *gruff, low voice*, which caused in the real papa a thrill of amused self-consciousness most difficult to contain. "Now you must have your breakfast," said mama. The seat of a chair was made a breakfast-table, the baby's feigned bib put on, and her porridge carefully administered, with all the manner of the nurse who usually directs their breakfast. "Now" (after the meal, which suddenly became dinner instead of breakfast) "you must take your nap," said mama. "No, mama; I don't want to," said baby. "But you must." "No; you be baby, and take the nap." "But all the other children have gone to sleep, dearest, *and the doctor says you must*," said mama. This convinced baby, and she lay down on the floor. "But I have n't undressed yet." So then came all the detail of undressing, and mama carefully covered her up on the floor with a light shawl, saying, "Spring is coming now; that 'll be enough. Now shut your eyes, and go to sleep." "But you have n't kissed me, mama," said the little one. "Oh, of course, my darling!" — so a long siege of kissing. Then baby closed her eyes very tight, while mama went on tiptoe away to the end of the porch. "Don't go away, mama," said baby. "No; mama would n't leave her darling," came the reply.

So this went on. The nap over, a walk was pro-

posed, hats were put on, etc., the mama exercising great care and solicitude for her baby. One further incident to show this: when the baby's hat was put on — the real hat — mama tied the strings rather tight. "Oh! you hurt, mama," said baby. "No; mama would n't draw the strings too tight. Let mama kiss it. There, is that better, my darling? "—all comically true to a certain sweet maternal tenderness which I had no difficulty in tracing.

Now, in such a case, what is to be reported, of course, is the facts. Yet knowledge of more than the facts is necessary, as I have said above, in order to get the full psychological lesson. We need just the information which concerns the rest of the family, and the social influences of the children's lives. I recognized at once every phrase which the children used in this play, where they got it, what it meant in its original context, and how far its meaning had been modified in this process which I have called "social heredity." But as that story is reported to strangers who have no knowledge of the children's social antecedents, how much beyond the mere facts of imitation and personification do they get from it? And how much the more is this true when we examine those complex games of the nursery which show the brilliant fancy for situation and drama of the wide-awake four-year-old?

Yet we psychologists are free to interpret; and how rich the lessons even from such a simple scene as this! As for Helen, what could be a more direct lesson,— a lived-out exercise in sympathy, in altruistic self-denial, in the healthy elevation of her sense of self to the dignity of kindly offices, in the sense of responsibility and agency, in the stimulus to original effort and the designing of means to ends,— and all of it with the best sense of the objectivity which is quite lost in wretched self-consciousness in us adults when we personate other characters; what could further all this highest mental growth better than the game by which the lessons of her mother's daily life are read into the child's little self? And then, in the case of Elizabeth certain things appear. She *obeys* without command or sanction, she takes in from her sister the elements of personal suggestion in their simpler childish forms; and certainly such scenes, repeated every day with such variation of detail, must give something of the sense of variety and social equality which real life afterward confirms and proceeds upon. And lessons of the opposite character are learned by the same process.

All this exercise of fancy must strengthen the imaginative faculty. The prolonged situations, maintained sometimes whole days, or possibly weeks, give strength to the imagination and train the attention. I think, also, that the sense of essential reality, and its distinction from the unreal, the merely imagined, is helped by this sort of symbolic representation. But it has its dangers also — very serious ones. And possibly the best service of observation just now is to gather the facts with a view to the proper recognition and avoidance of the dangers.

In closing, I may be allowed a word to interested parents. You can be of no use whatever to psychologists — to say nothing of the actual damage you may be to the children — unless you *know your babies through and through*. Especially the fathers. They are willing to study everything else. They know every corner of the house familiarly, and what is done in it, *except the nursery*. A man labors for his children ten hours a day, gets his life insured for their support after his death, and yet he lets their mental growth, the formation of their character, the evolution of their personality, go on by absorption — if no worse — from common, vulgar, imported and changing, often immoral, attendants! Plato said the state should train the children; and added that the wisest man should rule the state. This is to say that the wisest man should tend his children! Hugo gives us, in Jean Valjean and Cosette, a picture of the true paternal relationship. We hear a certain group of studies called the *humanities*, and it is right. But the best school in the humanities for every man is in his own house.

J. Mark Baldwin.

Our Christmas Pictures.

SOME of us of an older generation are familiar with the Christmas pictures of a John Gilbert, a Kenney Meadows, a Hoppin, those queer conventional contributions to the magazines and annuals of some forty years ago,— the bringing in of the boar's head, the kissing under the mistletoe, the Yule log, and the singing of carols,— without which no Christmas publication was complete. The boar's head and Yule log had virtually passed out of existence even at that time, but the mistletoe still claimed its osculatory rights. To-day we have changed all this. Coal fires have taken the place of Yule logs; canvasback, that of the boar's head; Chopin and Grieg, the carols; and the mistletoe — well, that still hangs from the chandelier, but in a perfunctory way, as a memento of the rough and boisterous fun of former times.

One wonders whether Mr. A. B. Wenzell's excellent drawings are as true to the times in which we live as were the designs of forty years ago. He introduces us into more fashionable if not better company; for Mr. Wenzell is the cleverest of the clever. His art is chic and knowing, and although his types are a little too much of the earth, earthy, they are the people whom one finds in the majority at ball and opera. His two designs show us the outside of a New York florist's, with smart and rich buyers, connoisseur-like, picking out the genuine English mistletoe from its native, smaller-berried American rival, and an interior where these same smart people at a Christmas gathering promenade in fashionable weariness under the mysterious plant. Mr. Wenzell is a native of Detroit, Michigan, and is thirty years of age. He spent seven years in art study in Munich and Paris — under Professors Löfftz and Gysis in the former place, and under Boulanger and Lefebvre in the latter.

F. S. Church's experience of Christmas cookery is, I fear, on a par with the last generation's experience of boars' heads and Yule logs. His cold sauce is very cold sauce indeed, and the effect of Christmas pudding thus served surely is to be dreaded. But who besides Church would have thought of such diverting grotesquery as this? He draws and paints what he must draw and paint, and no less an authority than "L'Art," the great French journal, has thought him worthy of a two-page article. Is Mr. Church more painter or illustrator? His quality of color is always agreeable and always pleasant. He is American through and through, unique, indebted to no man living or dead for his quaint con-

ceits and queer fancies. Mr. Church was born at Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1842. He was a student of the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts and the National Academy of Design, and was elected an associate of the latter in 1888. He is also a member of the Society of American Artists.

The remainder of these Christmas pictures deal with religious aspects of the festival. Von Uhde's work in this field usually presents as his central figure, not the Christ, the Messiah enthroned in eternal glory, but the poor and lowly man born on Christmas day, the friend of publican and sinner; in one picture he enters the cottage of a Bavarian peasant at meal-time, and the children shrink from him; in another, on the first Christmas eve, the peasant carpenter knocks at the door of a peasant house, while the tired woman, on the eve of maternity, leans wearily against a fence, wondering if they will gain admittance. Von Uhde paints Jesus, not the Christ, because Jesus is the human, the comprehensible, and because his life as man touches the life of his fellow-men. His angels, too, as the one in the composition we engrave, have a human aspect, in contrast with the conventional loveliness of a cloistered monk's dream of womanly beauty. Fritz Von Uhde was born in Volkenburg, Saxony, in 1848. He was a pupil of Munkacsy, and received a medal of the third class in the Paris Salon of 1885. His picture "The Appearing to the Shepherds" is a good representative of his work.

Joseph Scheurenberg was a student of the school of Düsseldorf when Karl Sohn was its director. He was born in Düsseldorf in 1846. He was professor at the Cassel Academy from 1879 to 1881. He afterward settled in Berlin. He is one of that large class of German artists who, correct in drawing and true in composition, seem in their painting always to bear the market in view, and to paint religious pictures or profane, according to the public demand. His ideas are good, his pictures from an academic standpoint almost faultless, but somehow in German painting of this school, notwithstanding its great skill, one cannot help feeling a certain left-handedness.

The Dagnan-Bouveret composition (here printed by the kind permission of the artist) is little more than a sketch, a clever, graceful *ébauche* from the hand of a man of genius. It was made on lithographic paper and transferred to stone, as an accompaniment to a poem written by one of his friends — Charles Grandmougin. Slight as it is, it shows the power of this extraordinary painter, and (although M. Dagnan says that had he had the stone at hand he would have made several alterations and corrections) is quite worthy of the author of "La Marchande des Cierges" of the last Champ de Mars salon. THE CENTURY for May, 1894, contains an article on this artist.

Mrs. Lamb's composition, "The Christ Child," is purely decorative, in the sense that it might serve for a mural painting or a stained-glass window. It is sweet and pretty, well drawn, and conventional only in that quality which is akin to originality — the conventionality of the decorator. This talented artist was the subject of an "Open Letter" in THE CENTURY for December, 1893.

Joseph Leon Guipon's work shows frankly the influence of Dagnan-Bouveret. He has a light touch and a graceful fancy. He is already a good draftsman, and if not spoiled by too early a success may be expected to develop into a strong illustrator. Guipon was born in Paris in 1872, and was brought to this country by his parents when about twelve years of age. He is a pupil of the Art Students' League of New York, under George de Forest Brush and Frank Vincent Du Mond.

W. Lewis Fraser.

The Tramp and the Reform School.

IN the September number of THE CENTURY Josiah Flynt, in the course of an article entitled "What to do with the Tramp," has this to say:

> There is a crying need for an institution which shall take the place of the reform school — a kind of industrial home and manual-training school, in which the least contaminated may be separated from the viciously trained and criminally inclined boy, and taught useful employment and obedience to authority.

I can assure Mr. Flynt that just the sort of school he proposes "shall take the place of the reform school" is to be found in the reform school itself. With a few exceptions, the various reform schools throughout the country are veritable industrial homes and manual-training schools. In fact, they are so patterned that in some States the name "reform" has been changed to that of "industrial."

The last decade has seen a wondrous change in the conducting and management of these schools. It may almost be called a revolution. They are now run on what is called the "open," or "cottage," system. Where children ranging from eight to eighteen years of age, and in some cases even younger than eight years, were formerly penned up behind bars and stone walls, and held subject to the stern discipline common to our penitentiaries, they are now housed in pleasant and comfortable homes, with neither bars nor stone walls to hold them, and are surrounded by every influence calculated to make good and honest citizens of them. In the matter of discipline humane methods now prevail; and where unfortunate or erring boys and girls were once treated like confirmed criminals, an earnest and effective effort is now being made to *reform* them. The introduction of trade-teaching into these schools has been a move in the right direction; and so successful has been the experiment that even the youngest schools are prepared to, and do, teach most of the common trades, while many of the older schools embrace in their work the teaching of all the way from twenty to twenty-five. Thus it will be seen that our reform school of to-day does not fall far short of the school Mr. Flynt would establish.

W. M. Hutt.



IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Christmas Goose.

(*A True Tale of the Provinces.*)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIDA'S MOURNING."

IT was in the days when colonial fireplaces were a necessity, not a luxury, and the boys of the family hated the poetic backlog and forestick as symbols of their servitude to the woodpile; when raftered ceilings betokened poverty rather than elegance, and strings of dried apples and yellow corn swung from them.

The little clearings for the farmsteads were cut out of a wild tangle of primeval wood. Bears levied frequent toll upon the flocks of sheep, and the cry of the Indian devil made the children shiver o' nights. The roads laid out on each bank of the great river were overgrown with grass, flourishing unharmed despite the occasional passage of an ox-cart, or a stout farmer on horseback. For the river itself was the natural highway. It needed neither construction nor repairs to bear the settlers' boats in summer, and their sledges and skating-parties in winter. So perhaps it is no wonder that all the earlier houses turned their backs determinedly upon the road, and offered their front-door courtesies to the river, as you may still see should you chance to journey provinceward.

In these old days, then, two log cabins stood not far apart on the river bank, in what seemed a common clearing, separated only by a worm-fence. They had a particularly friendly and knowing air, shut off as they were from other neighbors by at least a mile of savage forest on each side. Perhaps the houses were on good terms. What is absolutely certain is that the owners were not. John O'Mar and Peter Murray were bad neighbors.

Peter Murray always protested stoutly that it was not his fault.

"I rose up one morning," he would say, "and what did I see? All O'Mar's young cattle in my field of rye, and a panel of the line-fence as down as ever could be, when it was standing straight and strong as my rye the night before. 'Thim plaguy young steers!' says O'Mar, when I showed it him with never a word. 'It 's strange what cr'atur's 'll do,' says he. 'Fags, it is strange,' says I; and I was the less surprised when my sheep took out round the end of the water-fence, one day, and filled themselves full of O'Mar's turnips."

From this beginning matters went from bad to worse. The wives and children took up the quarrel, and the feud began to wear the aspect of a bloodless vendetta. Mrs. Murray never paid John O'Mar's wife the compliment of borrowing from her if she happened to be out of molasses, but sent her little boys two miles up the shore to her cousin Malcolm's. John O'Mar never asked Murray to "change work" with him if he needed help in getting in his intervale hay, but went to Christopher McQueen across the river. It is an uncomfortable thing to quarrel with your nearest neighbor at any time, but in a new country the inconveniences make themselves specially felt.

As for the children, they carried on a continual guerrilla warfare over the line-fence. The Murrays got the worst of it if it came to blows, for the O'Mars were stouter and stronger and more accomplished fighters, having large practice among themselves, and outnumbered the Murrays by at least three, besides having a reserve of big brothers to call in. But the Murrays were valiant and nimble of tongue, and confined the war to words when it was possible. Their father was known as forehanded and industrious, and the world went better with him than with John O'Mar, who possessed little more than his fine impudence and his family of boys. So the Murrays sat often upon the line-fence, and in a sort of high-voiced runic rhyme chanted the praises of many things which they owned and the O'Mars did not. A new plow made the galled O'Mars wince for many a day, and a white tea-pot which Murray brought home as the spoils of one of his infrequent trips to town went far toward crushing them permanently.

But the goose was the most unanswerable argument of all — the great gray goose that from its green goslinghood had been designed by Peter for his family's Christmas dinner, and had at last reached that advanced stage of preparation which confinement in the barn betokens. It was the first that Peter's thrift had allowed him to save from the market-dragon that eternally devours a farmer's best, and the little Murrays were counting the days to the Christmas dinner, which would teach them what roast goose was.

Words fail me to depict that goose as the little Murrays did. It needs the runic rhyme.

"Oh, you 'd oughter see our goose," shrilled the exasperating chorus from the line-fence.

"The bake-pan ain't big enough to hold it."

"Mammy says so."

"We 'll have to take down the side of the barn to get it out; it won't go through the door."

"Daddy says so."



SEE "CHRISTMAS PICTURES" IN "OPEN LETTERS."

BUYING THE MISTLETOE. BY A. B. WENZELL.

The O'Mars retired discomfited. The smallest O'Mar even burst into tears as he entered the house.

"What be ye snawtherin' and cryin' for?" demanded his father, who awaited in tipped-back chair the serving of the boiled potatoes which formed their daily dinner.

As he listened to the tale of the wondrous goose, a crafty smile stole into his deep-set eyes.

"Niver ye mind thim," said he, nodding his head. "I 'll see that my brats gets as grand a Christmas dinner as any — Murray or whativer. Niver ye mind thim," and the front legs of his chair struck the floor with energy as he tipped forward and fell to.

ON Christmas morning the time between breakfast and dinner scarcely seemed long to the Murrays, so delicious were the delays of preparation.

The children could not be separated from the goose. They followed it from its hook in the lean-to, where it had been hanging for a couple of days plucked and cleaned, through the mysteries of stuffing and skewering, and placing in the bake-pan. Then the bake-pan was set in the ashes of the great fireplace, and live coals were piled between its legs and on its lid. On the iron crane hung the pot in which the potatoes and turnips were presently to seethe their lives away to keep it company. All would be well if the children could be induced to pay the goose less attention. One by one they slipped the poker into the handle of the lid, and lifted it, coals and all, to peer into the recesses of the pan.

"I 'm only seein' if it ain't 'most done," said Janet, the eldest girl, with an injured sniff as her mother rebuked her third investigation. "Don't you want me to help?"

Helped or hindered, the goose proceeded on its way to perfection. The most luscious aroma arose from it and scented the whole room as Mrs. Peter at last assisted it from the pan to the great platter. The table, which had been pretending it was nothing but a chest of drawers all the morning, now admitted the ultimate end of its being, and upheld great store of good things. Plates piled high with bread of rye and creamy, home-raised wheat, a smoking heap of potatoes and turnips, three pumpkin pies, and vast provision of crullers, left scarcely room for the guest of honor at the head of the table. How proudly Mrs. Peter bore it to its place, the children dancing about her, and "taking their first mouthfuls with their eyes," she said, laughing! Her husband proceeded to a solemn sharpening of the great knife, when the door suddenly and quietly opened.

On the threshold stood John O'Mar; behind him, his wife; behind her, his big boy John, junior, and Thomas, almost as old as he; and behind them in turn, Jimmy, and Richie, and Mary, and Maggie, and Archie, and Patrick — in short, all the little O'Mars.

Peter Murray laid down the knife, and stared as one who sees ghosts. For two years neither John O'Mar, nor his wife, nor one of his children, had set foot in his house.

John O'Mar stepped in unconcernedly, stamped the snow off his heavy boots, walked over to the fire, and warmed his hands. So did his wife. So did his two tall sons, and his four small sons, and his two little girls. The room was full of O'Mars.

Astonishment deprived the Murrays of speech. Whether the O'Mars were waiting for a neighborly greeting, or an inquiry concerning the reason of their advent, never appeared, for, not being spoken to, neither did they speak. Each took a splint-bottomed chair and sat down. They lined the walls of the little room.

Now indeed was Peter Murray in dismay. His family was outnumbered by O'Mar's larger and stronger one. If he ordered them out, he and his own small boy were no match for powerful John O'Mar and his two large boys and all his small ones. Furthermore, little as was the love between them, and impudent as their intrusion might be, it was contrary to all the hospitable traditions of that thinly settled country to turn a man and his family out of one's house — neighbors, too, and coming in quietly and peaceably. The simplest way out of the dilemma was to ignore them entirely, and that Peter determined to do.

A glance at his wife and a wave of the hand to his children directed them to take their places at the table, while he went on carving. The chairs were in possession of the O'Mars, so they could not sit down. But each Murray stood at his post with silent and splendid determination.

At last the goose was carved, and Peter Murray began to distribute it among his children.

Then up rose John O'Mar and all his family with him and surrounded the small table, bringing their chairs with them. It made close quarters for the little Murrays. Davy's knees were so sharply squeezed between two of the O'Mar chairs that he extricated himself with difficulty, making a wry mouth that would have emitted a powerful protest but for the prevailing silence.

The hot blood rushed into Murray's face, but he finished helping his family, and took up his own knife and fork.

John O'Mar reached out his hand, grasped the carving-knife and -fork his host had let fall, and helped his own family in their turn. Little Patrick fell heir to a leg, Mary to a wing, and the rest had choice cuts of the breast. It was wonderful how the richness held out. The little teeth cut into the delicious meat with a fervor akin to ecstasy, and a great smacking of lips ensued.

It was more than Peter Murray could bear. He tried in vain to eat. Pushing away his almost untasted food, without a word he backed out as literally as little Davy had done, and his wife and daughters followed his example. The O'Mars remained in possession of the table.

Never in their lives had the O'Mars enjoyed such a dinner. They finished the goose to the last morsel, and picked the bones with relish. They made short work of the crullers, and the "pies did go like the djew before the sun," Peter Murray said, telling the tale afterward. When they had cleared the table, they rose, and, always in the same silence and good order, walked out of the door, and tramped homeward in single file through the snow.

TRADITION is obstinately silent as to the sequel. Whether the Murrays gave up the unequal fight and moved away, whether some common calamity or spiritual stress softened all hearts and made reconciliation possible, or whether the feud passed down through two or three generations till it formed a background for the loves of some provincial *Romeo* and *Juliet*, it is impossible to know, and the chronicler declines to invent.

Grace Wilbur Conant.



SEE "CHRISTMAS PICTURES" IN "OPEN LETTERS."

UNDER THE MISTLETOE. BY A. B. WENZELL.

The Penitent.

MARIE had some beauty, but less beauty than charm — charm which when analyzed was found to be laughter, indifference, caprice, sympathy, disdain, sweetness, cruelty, and other qualities peculiarly feminine in combination. If any desirable ones were lacking, their places were filled by vanity and coquetry, which may, unwittingly, assume all disguises, even that of conscience itself. She had been born with a genius to charm. She knew it; she gloried in it and cultivated it unweariedly. For, being gifted with this siren power, she was enabled to revel in the passion of her soul — flirtation. She had flirted enthusiastically since her coming out, and before. She had broken many hearts. Her power increased with years. So time went by.

But one spring she fell ill — so ill that she came near dying. She did not die, but she came back to life awed and cowed out of likeness to herself. During her illness she had frightful visions. In her early convalescence they haunted her, and she wondered if they might not have been an earnest of the future of the unregenerate. Everything seemed to have a gloomy significance. She looked at the flowers on her table, and shrank from them, saying to herself, "These might have been lying on my coffin!" Then the clergyman came, preaching the vanity of all things, and trying to convince her that since her life had been spared, it had been spared for repentance. So in her own way she repented. She resolved that she would never flirt again.

She had an aunt who lived a half-day's journey distant, in a land hemmed in by marsh, woods, and water. Her aunt's place was called "Plain Dealing," and she remembered well the old brick house with its moss and mildew, the broad lawn, the avenue of hundred-year-old catalpas, the roses and the river with the woods behind it. She had been there as a child, and now, because it was just the place for convalescing, she went again as a woman.

Down there in that world-forgotten spot time brings few changes except additional moss, mildew, and gray hairs. Therefore she found all the remembered things and people about as she had left them. But she found something — some one besides. This was the nephew of her aunt's late husband, who was carrying on the farm. His name was Allan Ward. He was an open-hearted, gentle-mannered fellow of about her own age, but with little experience. He knew nothing of women (except his aunt), but he reverenced them as superior beings who, in their youth, resembled angels. He welcomed Marie with frank pleasure.

But she took his welcome with mixed feelings. She had resolved never to flirt again. But was she not still charming? Might she not do harm unwittingly? Before she took off her hat to sit down to supper she had decided on her course: she would look as ugly as she could (almost any woman can look ugly if she will); she would be as disagreeable as she could (and almost any woman can also be disagreeable); and she would wear her oldest gowns. In short, she would do all that a woman can do (but which few have done) to keep a man from falling in love with her. The enthusiasm of honorable intention brought to her lips almost the first smile of her convalescence.

And she did all that she meant to do, seriously, religiously; but alas! before two days were gone she suspected that her efforts were in vain — that Allan's heart was caught in the fatal current. She sighed; she knew the signs. After another day or two there was no mistaking his eyes, his stammering tongue, his little self-conscious gallantries. Was it that her charm penetrated its disguise? Was it propinquity? At any rate, it was. But she was not discouraged. If love could not be forestalled, it might be nipped.

The country is very sweet in May, when the air is laden with the perfumes of roses, honeysuckle, and many other flowers; and very mysterious when, in the twilight, bats gyrate against an orange sky, and at night the breeze brings plaintive melodies from a negro village across the water. If mutual love were joined to this! But here was no question of mutual love. As the days went by, and one-sided love sank from depth to depth, and its tormentor gained in health and courage, fresh means were taken to subdue it. Marie snubbed her lover informally and inconsequently; she laughed at the things he held sacred; she affected heartlessness and worldliness. She excused herself as a surgeon excuses himself.

But his devotion never waned. He brought her roses wet with dew, and early strawberries in lettuce-leaves, and during the chilly blackberry rain,— that long rain which brings the blackberry-blossoms into bloom, making the roadsides and ditch-banks look as though they lay under a light fall of snow,— when she had to stay in the house, he got down on his knees on the hearth, and blew her fire until he was red in the face. He endured her snubbings silently; he seemed to expect no reward. It may be that love was enough in itself. Later, when she was strong enough, he took her rowing on the river, walking in the pine-woods, and riding and driving.

Gradually her health and spirits came back. Once more the world felt solid underfoot. Her illness lay behind her, and its gloomy aftermath had vanished like a mist before the sun. With the languor of her body the languor of her spirit had departed. Yet she clung to her old rôle. She played it now, not with regret, but with enthusiasm.

The weeks went by. The roses bloomed, and ceased to bloom, and the poppies spread their gaudy banners to the sky. It was June. Her girl friends began to write about summer gowns and house-parties. She grew restless. She fixed a day for her departure. She told Allan that she was going, and he looked at her with great, sad eyes. She had watched the progress of his passion from the contented stage to the humble stage, from the humble stage to the restless stage,— he was of such a gentle temper that he skipped the savage stage,— and, being self-consciously hopeless,— it was not her fault if he was not,— from rose to ashes of rose. One day he had seemed about to tell her of it, but she cut him short, and left him. After this she avoided him; she kept her room, but sometimes saw him through the half-closed blinds wandering about aimlessly, or picking flowers which she knew were meant for her, but which he, being greatly changed in these weeks, had not the courage to present to her.

From this he passed on to the apparently indifferent stage. This stage is of two kinds, the philosophical and the explosive. Marie anticipated the latter, which is fatal, and decided that, after all, it would be best that he should have an opportunity to speak of his



SEE "CHRISTMAS PICTURES" IN "OPEN LETTERS."

COLD SAUCE WITH THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING. BY F. S. CHURCH.

love in order that she might have an opportunity to assure him of its fruitlessness, and gently, and in the kindest way possible, to induce him to forget her, and to turn his mind to other and worthier things.

This frame of mind was reached on the eve of the day fixed for her departure, when her trunks were already packed and strapped, and the order had been given for the carriage to be ready the first thing in the morning to take her to the train; and it was on this account that she accepted his invitation to take a last walk with him.

It was one of those silent and motionless June afternoons when everything seems to be asleep, even time, and that is why one has the vaguely defined impression that the silence and motionlessness are going to last forever. They turned toward the pine-woods, which were deliciously dark, green, and cool. They strolled along a grass-grown cart-road. He made talk about the harvest, and the colt that had torn its leg on the wire fence. But it was all made talk; she knew it. She said little; she was secretly compounding a salve of words of which there would soon be need. She felt a little nervous, as women do when everything that is said delays or hastens a declaration of love.

Finally they sat down on the moss to rest. She leaned her back against a tree. He looked at her, and smiled a smile that seemed to hurt him. For a moment neither spoke.

Then, with a nervous movement, he said bruskly, "Before you go there is something I must tell you—"

She interrupted him: "I know what you are going to say. Don't say it."

He looked at her. He smiled again; there was a tinge of mockery in his smile.

"Why not?" he asked. Then he continued in the manner of a boy who is speaking his piece: "I only wanted to say how glad I am that you came; we never know how we stagnate down here till we meet somebody from away. You have given me something to think about, you know, and all that. I never knew a girl before — that is, never so well as I have known you. I consider you a friend. And now you are going away, and we may never meet again,— for people of the world don't come to this out-of-the-way place more than once or twice in a lifetime,— but I hope that you will always think of me as kindly as I shall of you."

The words of this valedictory, though a little incoherent, perhaps, were freighted with meaning, and each seemed to hang heavy in the air, suspended and undissolved. A dove mourned far away, and Marie experienced a sense of insult and deceit. It is this sense that nerves some natures to throw the weight of their intentions on the side of revenge.

There was a long and ominous pause, and when he looked up for an answer she was laughing — laughing only visibly at first, then audibly, then almost hysterically.

As soon as she could quench her laughter she made a full and free confession, and told him all without reserve. She told him frankly about her old life, her flirtations and conquests, and her rooted belief in her own irresistibility. Then she told him of her illness, and its disturbing and softening influence, and her awakened conscience, and her effort — just proved so fruitless and absurd — to live up to her new ideals. She spoke eloquently, and her manner was of the kind that carries conviction.

He listened solemnly, and without interrupting, and she went on:

"And I thought you loved me! And I thought you meant to tell me so! And I pitied you! And I tried to save you! Ah! why don't you laugh at me? You may."

He did not laugh, however; he merely sat and gazed at her.

She went on in a charming, half-embarrassed way:

"That is why I have been so disagreeable. That is why I have worn my oldest gowns. That is why I have affected worldliness and heartlessness. That is why I have avoided you. Don't you see? I was trying to save you from myself. And, in spite of everything, I kept on trying. And you? You were treating me as you would have treated any other woman in my place. Had I known! But, see, I was not without excuse; the men of my world are never genuine except when they love,— even *they* love sometimes,— but their courtesy, their friendship, is all a sham. Is it strange, therefore, that I should have taken all genuineness for love? Is it strange that when you were good to me I should have thought, 'He loves me?'"

He made no answer.

After waiting a while she said in a meek little voice, and with her eyes charmingly lowered:

"I 'm afraid you despise me."

"Ah, no — no indeed!" he protested.

"Will you prove it?"

"If I can."

"Then give me a chance to do myself justice in your eyes: let me, who have shown myself to be a fool, prove that I can be a woman of sense. May I try? You spoke of friendship; let me be your friend. From the first I felt instinctively that you were one of the few men who could be a friend to a woman. Now there is no fancied barrier to our friendship. Already you have acted the part — you have shown me to myself. Do you think it will ever be possible for me to deceive myself again? To be presumptuous and vain again? Let me repay you."

She leaned toward him; she gazed into his eyes; she laid her hand beseechingly upon his sleeve.

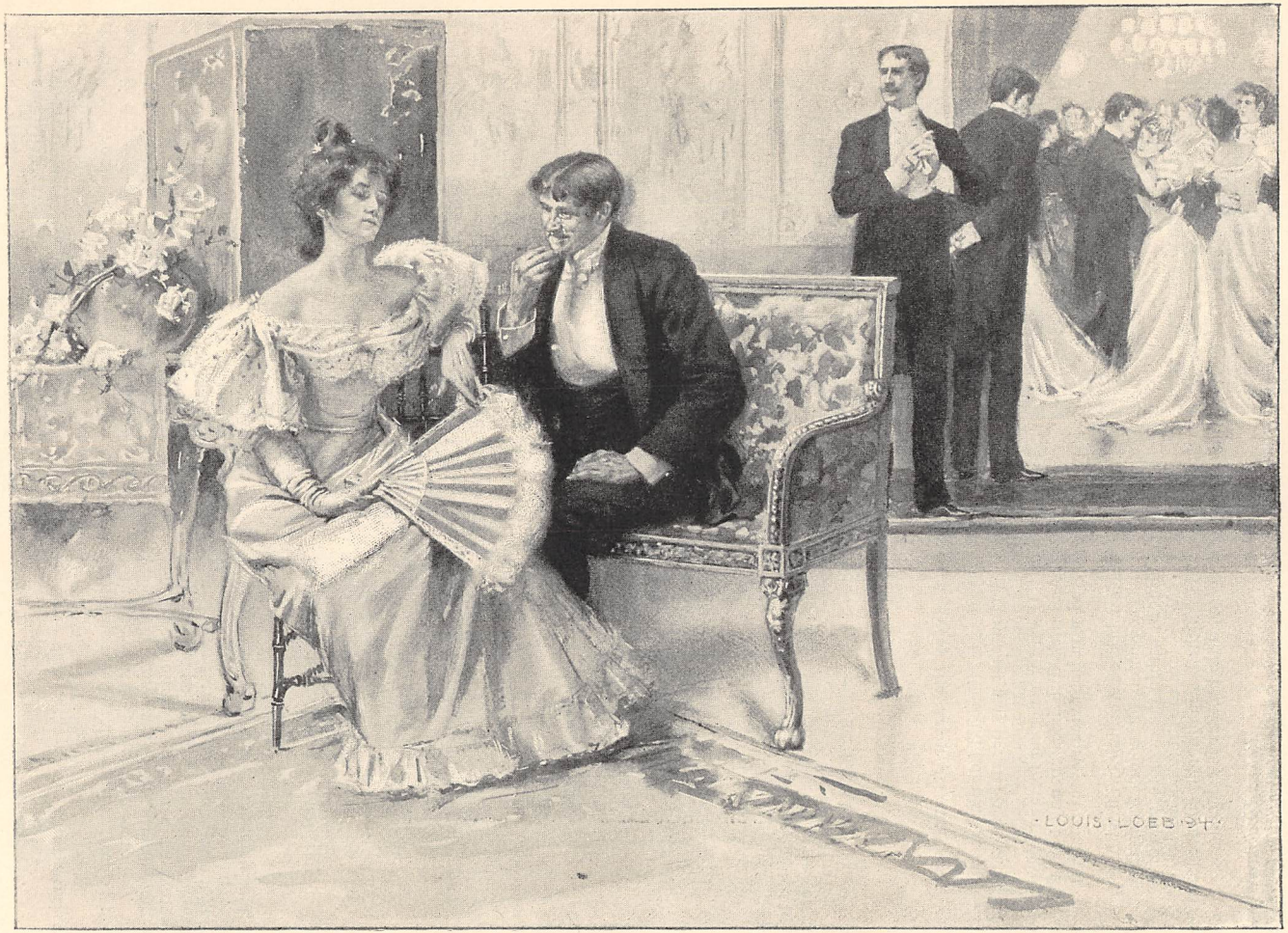
He roused himself, and said almost triumphantly:

"But you are going away to-morrow."

She answered innocently:

"What? I thought I told you. I have decided to stay another week."

Another week passed, during which Marie was her charming self — more than her charming self; for charm may be unlimited provided one has genius and an object. She avoided Allan no longer; she sought him, rather, with a sisterly regardlessness. She talked with him on his favorite topics and her own, and she talked eloquently. She walked with him everywhere — in the pine-woods again, and along the shore at twilight when the moon rose over fields of yellowing wheat. She showed him a sweet and serious side to her nature, a graciousness and quietness of soul that rested and refreshed him. And she wore her prettiest gowns,— simple French things that she had been saving for house-parties on the Hudson,— and spent an hour every day doing her hair, and carried herself with the queenliness of a woman who knows that she is well dressed and beautiful.



HIS OPINION OF THE FUNNY YOUNG MAN.

"WHY DO GIRLS WHO HAVE BRAINS ADMIRE MEN WHO HAVE NONE?"

It was twilight. The catalpa-boughs bent low with their weight of mottled blossoms, the air was heavy with perfume, the river lay like molten brass under the yellow sky, and the trees and marsh were of that luminous green which seems to give light of itself. Marie and Allan were standing just beyond the garden, at the point where the high box-hedge divided it and the marsh. The splendor of nature was lost upon them; he saw only her as she stood there in her white gown in the yellow glow, and she saw many things, but with the mind's eye only. He was pale. She smiled.

"Marie, Marie!" he cried impetuously. "I love you — I have always loved you. You were right; I loved you then — that day in the pine-woods, don't you remember? But I did not believe that you cared for me,— I had every reason to think that you did not,— and that is why I said what I did. I loved you then, but not as I love you now. Then I could have kept silent, and perhaps forgotten in time, but not now — not now. And you, Marie?"

"And I?" she answered. "I am very sorry, but it is impossible — quite impossible." Then, moved by a sudden impulse, she cried, "Forgive me!"

He looked at her. He did not understand. She bowed her head. Then, catching up her white skirts from the dew, she left him.

Nannie A. Cox.

Her Violin.

I would I were her violin,
To rest beneath her dimpled chin,
And softly kiss her swan-white throat,
And breathe my love through every note.
When o'er my strings her fingers fair
Should lightly wander here and there,
The while her flashing bow did press
My bosom with its swift caress,
Then would I waken into song
The rapture that had slumbered long.
Mine ear against her swelling breast
Should harken to its sweet unrest,
And — happy spy! — then should I know
How, deep beneath that drifted snow,
A blissful tumult in her heart
Made all her fluttering pulses start.
Then that high calm, that maiden grace,
That meekly proud and peerless face,
That aureole of sun-bright hair,
That brow such as the seraphs wear —
No longer these should baffle quite
The anxious lover's dazzled sight.
Ah, would I were her violin,
That thus her secret I might win.

James B. Kenyon.

Merlin and Vivien.

The gnarlèd Oak stood gaunt and bare,
Type of the heart sore bruised in bitter strife;
But gracious Spring, nymph of the air,
By loving, led him into perfect life.

Heileman Wilson.

FANCIES FROM THE SERVIAN.

(ZMAI IOVAN IOVANOVICH.)

I.

A Fairy from the Sun-shower.

[When the Servians see the sun-rays of a summer shower they say it is the fairies combing their hair.]

Over the meadow a shower is roaming;
Just beyond is the summer sun;
Fair is the hair that the fays are combing —
Myth come true! here 's my dainty one
Tripping the path in the wind's soft blowing;
Her slender form through her gown is showing,
Her foot scarce whispers the way she 's going.
"Come, my bright one, come, my soul,
Let my kisses be your goal."

But the path has heard my sighing,
Turns aside, and leads my fay
Into the forest, love defying.
Path, accursèd be! — but stay!
Lost to love each moment gliding,
What if in the woodland hiding
Still for me my fay be biding! . . .
"Wait, my bright one, wait, my soul,
Your sweet kisses are my goal."

II.

Quid pro Quo.

I begged a kiss of a little maid;
Shyly, sweetly, she consented;
Then of a sudden, all afraid,
After she gave it, she repented;
And now as penance for that one kiss
She asks a poem — I 'll give her this.

But how can my song be my very best
When she, with a voice as soft as Circe's,
Has charmed the heart from my lonely breast —
The heart, the fountain of all true verses?
Why, oh, why should a maid do this?
No — I must give her back her kiss.

III.

Why the Army Became Quiet.

Some said they did but play at war,—
How that may be, ah! who can tell?
I know the gallant army corps
Upon their fleeing foemen fell,
And sacked their camp, and took their town,
And won both victory and renown.

Now home returning, wild with song,
They come, the colors flying free.
But as within the door they throng,
Why does the army suddenly
Hush the fierce din, and silence keep? —
Why, little brother is asleep.

Robert Underwood Johnson
(*After literal translation by Nikola Tesla*).

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ÉLISE, ELDEST SISTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE;

PRINCESS OF PIOMBINO, GRAND DUCHESS OF TUSCANY, COUNTESS OF COMPIGNANO.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON AND THE REVOLUTION.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS EPOCH OF NAPOLEON'S LIFE — THE REVOLUTION IN THE RHONE VALLEY — BONAPARTE THE CORSICAN JACOBIN — BONAPARTE THE FRENCH JACOBIN — A JACOBIN HEJIRA.



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

BONAPARTE AS LIEUTENANT-COLONEL IN THE NATIONAL GUARD.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS EPOCH OF NAPOLEON'S LIFE.

THE tortuous course of Napoleon's life for the next four years (1791–1795) has been neither described nor understood by those who have written in his interest. It was his own desire that his biographies should begin with the recovery of Toulon for the Convention. His detractors, on the other hand, have studied this period with such evident bias that dispassionate readers have been repelled from its consideration. And yet the sordid tale well repays perusal; for in this epoch of his life many of his characteristic qualities were tempered and ground to the keen edge they retained throughout life. Swept onward toward the trackless ocean of political chaos, the youth seemed afloat without oars or compass: in reality, his craft was well under control, and his chart correct. Whether we attribute his conduct to accident or to design, from an adventurer's point of view the instinct which made him spread his sails to the breezes of Jacobin favor was quite as sound as that which later, when Jacobinism came to be abhorred, made him anxious that the fact should be forgotten.

THE REVOLUTION IN THE RHONE VALLEY.

IN the earlier stages of army reorganization, changes were made without much regard to personal merit, the dearth of efficient officers being such that even the most indifferent had some value. About the first of June, 1791, Buonaparte was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant, with a salary of thirteen hundred livres (francs), and transferred to the Fourth Regiment, which was stationed in Valence. He heard the news with mingled feelings: promotion was, of course, welcome, but he shrank from returning to Valence. On the ground that the arrangements he had made for educating Louis would be disturbed by the transfer, he besought the War Office for permission to remain at Auxonne with his old regiment, now known as the First. Probably the real ground of

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his disinclination was the fear that a residence at Valence might revive the painful emotions which time had somewhat withered. But the authorities were inexorable, and on June 14 the brothers departed, Napoleon for the first time leaving debts which he could not pay: for clothes, a sword, and some wood, he owed about a hundred and fifteen livres (francs).

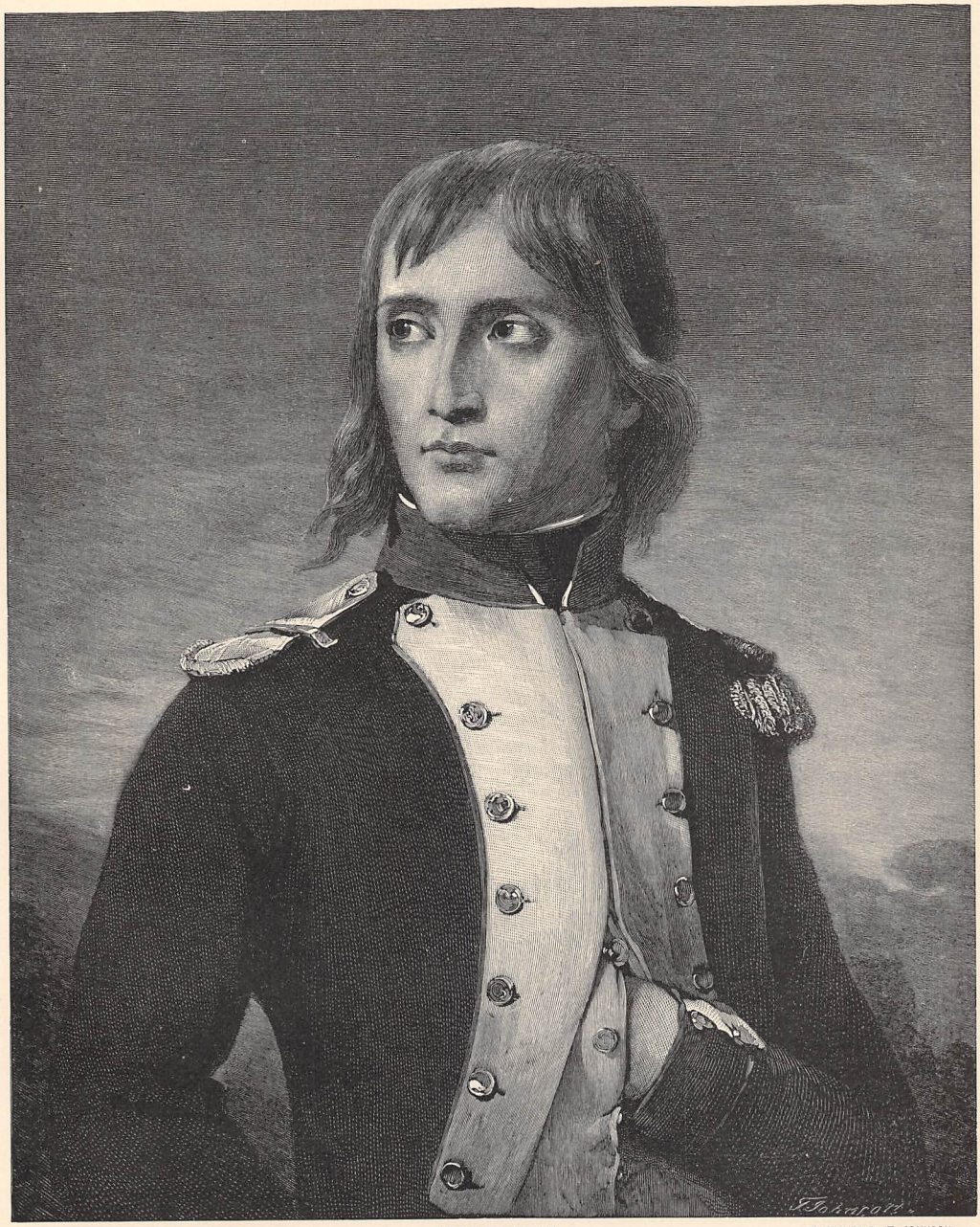
Arrived at Valence, he found that the old society had vanished. Both the bishop and the Abbé Saint-Ruf were dead. Mme. du Colombier had withdrawn with her daughter to her country-seat. The brothers were able, therefore, to take up their lives just where they had made the break at Auxonne: Louis pursuing the studies necessary for entrance to the corps of officers, Napoleon teaching him, and frequenting the political club; both destitute and probably suffering, for the officer's pay was soon far in arrears. In such desperate straits it was a relief for the elder brother that the allurements of his former associations were dissipated; such companionship as he now had was among the middle and lower classes, whose estates were more proportionate to his own, and whose sentiments were virtually identical with his.

By the summer of 1791 the first stage in the transformation of France had almost passed. The reign of moderation in reform was nearly over. The National Assembly had apprehended the magnitude but not the nature of its task, and was unable to grasp the consequences of the new constitution it had outlined. The nation was sufficiently familiar with the notion of the crown as an executive, but hitherto the executive had been at the same time legislator; neither king nor people quite knew how the king was to obey the nation when the former, trained in the school of the strictest absolutism, was deprived of all volition, and the latter gave its orders through a single chamber, responsive to the levity of the masses and uncontrolled either by an absolute veto power or by any feeling of responsibility to public opinion. This was the urgent problem which had to be solved under conditions the most unfavorable that could be conceived.

In the preceding autumn famine was actually stalking abroad. In Paris the populace grew gaunt and dismal, but at Versailles there was food in plenty, and the contrast was heightened by a lavish display. The royal family was betrayed by one of its own house, the despicable Philip "Égalité," who sought to stir up the basest dregs of society, that in the ferment he might rise to the top; hungry Paris, stung to action by rumors which he spread and by bribes he lavished, put Lafayette at its head, and on October 5 marched out to the gates of the royal residence in order to make conspicuous the contrast between its own sufferings and the wasteful comfort of its servants. Louis and the National Assembly yielded to the menace, the court returned to Paris, politics grew hotter and more bitter, the fickleness of the mob became a stronger power. Soon the Jacobin Club began to wield the mightiest single influence, and as it did so it grew more radical.

Throughout the long and trying winter the masses remained, nevertheless, quietly expectant. There was much tumultuous talk, but action was suspended while the Assembly sat and labored to solve its problem, making a fine paper constitution. Unfortunately, the provisions of the document had no relation to the political habits of the French nation, or to the experience of England and the United States, the only free governments then in existence. Feudal privilege, feudal provinces, feudal names having been obliterated, the whole of France was rearranged into administrative departments, with geographical in place of historical boundaries. It was felt that the ecclesiastical domains, the holders of which were considered as mere trustees, should be adapted to the same plan. Both ecclesiastical and aristocratic bodies were thus overwhelmed by the stroke of a pen. The king was denied all initiative, being granted merely a suspensive veto, and in the reform of the judicial system the power of the lawyers was also destroyed. Every form of the guardianship to which for centuries the people had been accustomed was thus removed—royal, aristocratic, ecclesiastical, and judicial. Untrained to self-control, they were as ready for mad excesses as were the German Anabaptists after the Reformation or the English sectaries after the execution of Charles.

Attention has been called to the disturbances which arose in Auxonne and elsewhere, to the emigration of the nobles from that quarter, to the utter break between the parish priests and the higher church functionaries in Dauphiny; this was but a sample of the whole. When, on July 14, the king accepted a constitution which decreed the secular reorganization of the hierarchy whereby both bishops and priests were to be elected by the taxpayers, two thirds of all the clergy in France refused to swear allegiance to it. All attempts to establish the new administrative and judicial systems were more or less futile; the disaffection of officials and lawyers grew more intense. In Paris alone the changes were introduced with some success, the municipality being rearranged into forty-eight sections, each with a primary assembly. These were the bodies which later gave Buonaparte the opening whereby he entered his real career. The influence of the Jacobin Club grew hourly as the majority of its members grew more radical. Necker trimmed to their de-



PAINTED BY H. E. F. PHILIPPOTEAUX. (VERSAILLES MUSEUM.) ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

BONAPARTE, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OF THE FIRST BATTALION OF CORSICA.

mands, but lost popularity by his monotonous calls for money, and fell in September, reaching his home on the Lake of Geneva only with the greatest difficulty. Mirabeau succeeded him as the sole possible prop to the tottering throne. Under his leadership the moderate monarchists, or "Feuillants," as they were later called from the convent of that order to which they withdrew, seceded from the Jacobins, and before the Assembly had ceased its work the land was cleft in two, divided into opponents and adherents of monarchy. As if to insure the disasters of such an antagonism, the Assembly, which numbered among its members every man in France of ripe political experience, committed the incredible folly of self-effacement, voting that in the coming election not one of its members should be eligible for reëlection.

A new impulse to the revolutionary movement was given by the death of Mirabeau on April 2, 1791. His obsequies were celebrated in many places, and, being a native of Provence, there were of course solemn ceremonies at Valence. Buonaparte superintended the draping of the church choir in that city. The hangings were arranged to represent a funerary urn, and beneath, in conspicuous letters, ran the legend: "Behold what remains of the French Lycurgus." Mirabeau had indeed displayed a genius for politics, his scheme for a strong ministry, chosen from the Assembly, standing in bold relief against the feebleness of Necker in persuading Louis to accept the suspensive veto and to choose his cabinet without relation to the party in power. When the mad dissipation of his youth demanded its penalty at the hour so critical for France, the king and the moderates alike lost courage. In June the worried and worn-out monarch determined that the game was not worth the playing, and fled. Though he was captured, and brought back to act the impossible rôle of a democratic prince, the patriots who had wished to advance with experience and tradition as guides were utterly discredited. All the world could see how pusillanimous was the royalty they had wished to preserve, and the masses made up their mind that, real or nominal, the institution was not only useless, but dangerous. This feeling was strong in the Rhone valley and the adjoining districts, which have ever been the home of extreme radicalism. Sympathy for Corsica and the Corsicans had always been lively in southeastern France. Neither the island nor its people were felt to be strange. When Louis in September again accepted the constitution revised and completed, a society for its defense was formed in Valence, as in other towns. Buonaparte, though a Corsican, was first secretary, then president, of the association.

The "Friends of the Constitution" grew daily more numerous, more powerful, and more radical in Valence; and when the great solemnity of swearing allegiance to the new order was to be celebrated, that place was chosen as a convenient and suitable one for a convention of twenty-two similar associations from the neighboring districts. The meeting took place on July 3, 1791; the official administration of the oath to the civil, military, judicial, and ecclesiastical authorities occurred on the fourteenth. Before a vast altar erected on the drill-ground, in the presence of all the dignitaries, with cannon booming and the air resounding with shouts and patriotic songs, the officials in groups, the people in mass, swore with uplifted hands to sustain the constitution, to obey the National Assembly, and to die, if need be, in defending French territory against invasion. Scenes as impressive and dramatic as this occurred all over France. They appealed powerfully to the imagination of the nation, and profoundly influenced public opinion. "Until then," said Buonaparte, referring to the solemnity, "I doubt not that if I had received orders to turn my guns against the people, habit, prejudice, education, and the king's name would have induced me to obey. With the taking of the national oath it became otherwise; my instincts and my duty were henceforth in harmony."

But the position of liberal officers was still most trying. In the streets and among the people they were in a congenial atmosphere; behind the closed doors of the drawing-rooms, in the society of ladies, and among their fellows in the mess, there were misprision, constraint, and suspicion. Out of doors all was exultation; in the houses of the hitherto privileged classes all was sadness and uncertainty. But everywhere, indoors or out, was spreading the fear of war — if not civil, at least foreign war, with the French emigrants as the allies of the assailants. On this point Buonaparte was mistaken. As late as July 2, 1791, he wrote to Naudin, an intimate friend: "Will there be war? No; Europe is divided between sovereigns who rule over men and those who rule over cattle and horses. The former understand the Revolution, and are terrified; they would gladly make personal sacrifices to annihilate it, but they dare not lift the mask for fear the fire should break out in their own houses. See the history of England, Holland, etc. Those who bear the rule over horses misunderstand and cannot grasp the bearing of the constitution. They think this chaos of incoherent ideas means an end of French power. You would suppose, to listen to them, that our brave patriots were about to cut one another's throats, and with their blood purge the land of the crimes committed against kings."

The news contained in the same letter is most



ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK. FROM A PAINTING BY REALIER-DUMAS. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

NAPOLEON, DURING HIS LATER SERVICE IN VALENCE.

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT HAS JUST TRACED OUT A FORTIFICATION WITH HIS WALKING-STICK.

interesting. There are accounts of the zeal and spirit everywhere shown by the patriots, of a petition for the trial of the king sent up from the recent meeting at Valence, and the assurance that his regiment is "sure," except as to half the officers. He adds in a postscript: "Southern blood courses in my veins as swiftly as the Rhone. Pardon me if you feel distressed in reading my scrawl."

Restlessness is the habit of the agitator, and Buonaparte was no exception. He had been but two months with his new command, yet he longed for change; the fever of excitement and the discomfort of his life, with probably some inkling that a Corsican national guard would before long be organized, gave rise to his determination to be off once more. His colonel, a very lukewarm constitutionalist, angry at the notoriety which the lieutenant had acquired, had already sent in a complaint of Buonaparte's insubordinate spirit and inattention to duty. Standing on a formal right, he would therefore grant no leave to his subordinate. With the quick resource of a schemer, Buonaparte turned to a higher authority—the inspector-general of the department, who was moreover an old acquaintance. The latter was favorable, and made the necessary application.

While awaiting a decision from Paris, Napoleon was restless. To friends he said that he would soon be in Paris; to his great-uncle he wrote, "I am waiting impatiently for the six crowns my mother owes me; I need them sadly." And again: "Send me three hundred livres; that sum would take me to Paris. There, at least, a person can show himself, overcome obstacles. Everything tells me that I shall succeed there. Will you stop me for lack of a hundred crowns?" The explanation of this impatience is simple enough. One by one the provincial societies which had been formed to support the constitution were affiliating themselves with the influential Jacobins at Paris, who were now the strongest single political power in the country. Buonaparte was the recognized leader of their sympathizers in the Rhone valley. He would go to headquarters and see for himself what the outlook was. With such backers the long-desired command in Corsica might be secured.

It was rare good fortune that Buonaparte was not yet to be cast into the seething caldron of French politics. The time was not yet ripe for the exercise of his powers. The storming of the Bastille had symbolized the overthrow of privilege and absolute monarchy; the flight of the king meant the overthrow of monarchy, absolute or otherwise. The executive gone, the legislature popular and democratic, but ignorant how to administer or conduct affairs, the judiciary equally disorganized, and the army transforming itself into a patriotic organization—was there more to come? Yes. Thus far, in spite of well-meant attempts to substitute new constructions for the old, all had been disintegration. French society was to be reorganized only after further pulverizing; cohesion would begin only under pressure from without—a pressure applied by the threats of erratic royalists that they would bring in the foreign powers to coerce and arbitrate, by the active demonstrations of the emigrants, by the outbreak of foreign wars. These were the events about to take place; they would in the end evolve from the chaos of mob rule first the irregular and temporary dictatorship of the Convention, then the tyranny of the Directory; at the same time they would infuse a fervor of patriotism into the whole mass of the French nation, stunned, helpless, and leaderless, but loyal, brave, and vigorous. In such a crisis the people would tolerate if not demand a man strong to command respect for France and to enforce his commands, would prefer the vigorous mastery of one to the feeble misrule of the many or the few. Still further, the man was as unready as the time; for it was, in all probability, not as a Frenchman but as an ever true Corsican patriot that Buonaparte wished to "show himself, overcome obstacles" at this conjuncture. On July 22, 1791, the National Assembly at last decided to form a paid volunteer national guard of a hundred thousand men. The term of enlistment was a year. Four battalions were to be raised in Corsica; Buonaparte thought the hour for realizing his long-cherished aspirations had finally struck. He could certainly have done much in Paris to secure office in a French-Corsican national guard, and on receipt of the news he immediately wrote a memorandum on the armament of the new force, and with characteristic assurance addressed it to the minister of war. When, however, three weeks later (August 30, 1791), his leave of absence arrived, he had abandoned all idea of service under France in the Corsican guard. The disorder of the times was such that while retaining office in the French army he could test in an independent Corsican command the possibility of climbing to leadership there before abandoning his present subordinate place in France. Full of the new adventure, he had for some time been taking advances on his pay from the regimental quartermaster, until he had now in hand a considerable sum—two hundred and ninety livres (francs). A formal announcement to the authorities might have elicited embarrassing questions from them, so he and Louis quietly stole away without explanations, leaving for the



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

BONAPARTE ADDRESSING A JACOBIN CLUB IN CORSICA.

second time unpaid debts of considerable amount, and arriving in Ajaccio on September 6, 1791. Napoleon was not yet a deserter, but he had taken another step toward the defiance of French military authority.

BONAPARTE THE CORSICAN JACOBIN.

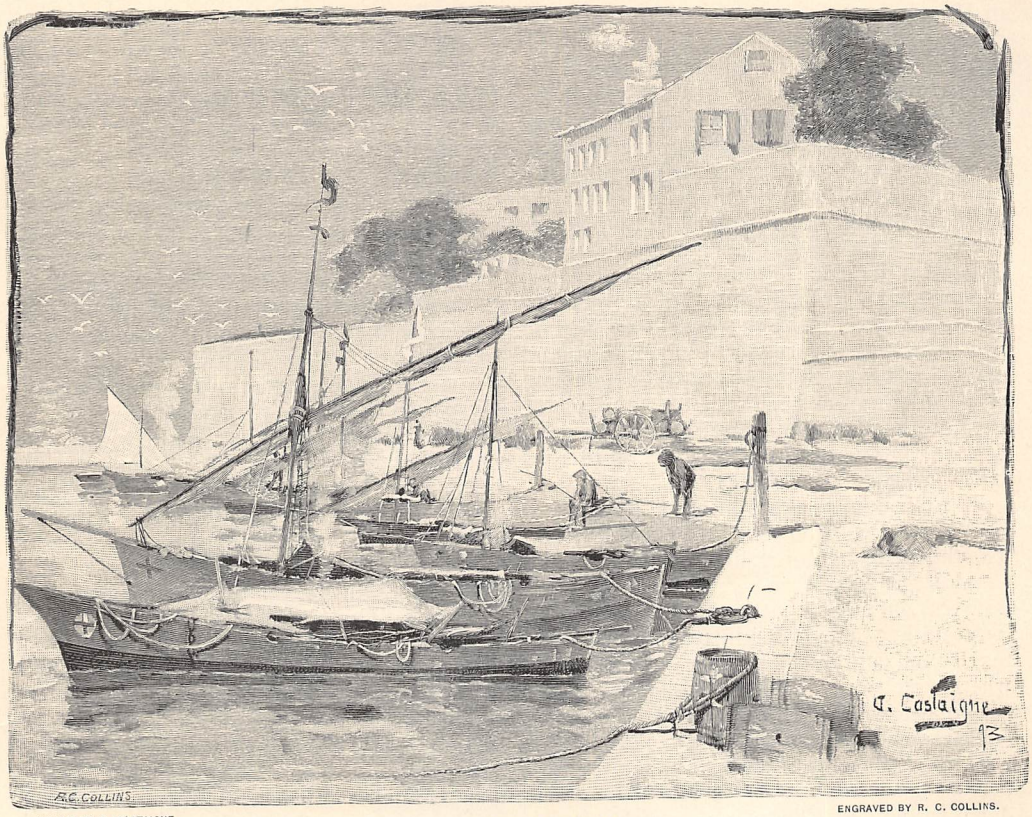
THIS was the third time in four years that Buonaparte had revisited his home. On the plea of ill health he had been able the first time to remain a year and two months, giving full play to his Corsican patriotism and his own ambitions by attendance at Orezza, and by personal agitation among the people. The second time he had remained a year and four months, retaining his hold on his commission by subterfuges and irregularities which, though condoned, had strained his relations with the ministry of war in Paris. He had openly defied the royal authority, relying on the coming storm for the concealment of his conduct if it should prove reprehensible, or for preferment if Corsica should secure her liberties. There is no reason, therefore, to suppose that his intentions for the third visit were other than they had been, although again solicitude for his family was doubtless one of several motives which combined in his decision.

During his six months' absence from Corsica the condition of the family had not materially changed. Soon after his arrival the old archdeacon died, and his little fortune fell to the Buonapartes. Joseph being absorbed in the duties of his place as secretary to the mayor of Ajaccio, Fesch, as the eldest male, the mother's brother, and a priest at that, expected to assume the direction of their affairs. But he was doomed to speedy disenchantment: thenceforward Napoleon was the family dictator. The self-important lieutenant talked much in the home circle concerning the greatness of classical antiquity, and wondered "who would not willingly be stabbed, if only he could have been Cæsar? One feeble ray of his glory would be an ample recompense for sudden death." Such chances for Cæsarism as the island of Corsica afforded were daily becoming better.

The religious agitation was steadily increasing. Pious Catholics were embittered by the virtual expulsion of the old clergy and the induction to office of new priests who had sworn to uphold the constitution. Amid the disorders of administration the people in ever larger numbers had secured arms; as of yore, they appeared at their assemblies under the guidance of their chiefs, ready to fight at a moment's notice. It was but a step to violence, and without any other provocation than religious exasperation the townsfolk of Bastia had lately sought to kill their new bishop. Even Arena, who had so recently seized the town in Paoli's interest, was now regarded as a French radical, maltreated, and banished with his supporters to Italy. The new election was at hand; the contest between the Paolists and the extreme French party grew hotter and hotter. Deputies to the new assembly and superior officers of the new guard were to be elected. Buonaparte, being only a lieutenant of the regulars, could according to the law aspire no higher than an appointment as adjutant-major with the title and pay of captain. It was not worth while to lose his standing in the regular army for this, so he determined to stand for one of the higher elective offices, that of lieutenant-colonel, a place which would give him more power and, under the latest legislation, entitle him to retain his grade in the regular army.

There were now two political clubs in Ajaccio: that of the Corsican Jacobins, country people for the most part; and that of the Corsican Feuillants, composed of the officials and townsfolk. Buonaparte became a moving spirit in the former, and determined at any cost to destroy the influence of the latter. The two previous attempts to secure Ajaccio for the radicals had failed: a third was already under consideration. The new leader began to garnish his language with those fine and specious phrases which thenceforth were never wanting in his utterances at revolutionary crises. "Law," he wrote about this time, "is like those statues of some of the gods which are veiled under certain circumstances." For some weeks there was little or nothing to do in the way of electioneering at home; he therefore obtained permission to travel with Volney, the commissioner sent by the Assembly to report on the condition of the island, and the same who afterward became so famous in connection with the Egyptian expedition. This journey was for a candidate like Buonaparte invaluable as a means of observation and of winning friends for his cause.

Before the close of this trip his furlough had expired, his regiment had been put on a war footing, and orders had been issued for the return of every officer to his post before Christmas day. But in the execution of his fixed purpose the young Corsican patriot was heedless of military obligations to France, and wilfully remained absent from duty. Once more the spell of a wild, free life was upon him; he was enlisted for the campaign, though without position or money to back him. The essay on happiness which he had presented to the Academy of Lyons had failed, as a matter of course, to win the prize, the judges pronouncing it "too badly arranged, too uneven, too disconnected, and too badly written to deserve attention."



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

THE CITADEL OF AJACCIO.

This decision was a double blow, for it was announced about this time, at a moment when fame and money would both have been most welcome. The legacy of the old archdeacon remained the only resource of the family for the lavish hospitality which was required of a Corsican candidate according to immemorial, semi-barbarous tradition.

A peremptory order was now issued from Paris that those officers of the line who had been serving in the National Guard with a grade lower than that of lieutenant-colonel should return to regular service before April 1, 1792. Here was an implication which might be turned to account. As an officer on leave, Buonaparte should of course have returned on December 25; as an adjutant-major he could plead the new order. Though as yet the recruits had not come in, and no companies had been formed, the mere idea was sufficient to suggest a means for securing the semblance of legality. The major-general in command of the department obtained authorization from Paris, and granted the appointment. Safe from the charge of desertion thus far, it was absolutely essential for his reputation, for his ambition, and for his pocket that Buonaparte should be elected lieutenant-colonel in the National Guard. Success would enable him to plead that his first lapse in discipline was due to irregular orders from his superior, that anyhow he had been an adjutant-major, and that finally the position of lieutenant-colonel gave him immunity from punishment, and left him blameless.

He nevertheless was uneasy, and wrote two letters of a curious character to the commissioner-general. In the first, written five weeks after the expiration of his leave, he calmly reports himself, and gives an account of his occupations, mentioning incidentally that unforeseen circumstances, duties the dearest and most sacred, had prevented his return. In the second he plumply declares that in perilous times the post of a good Corsican is at home, that therefore he had thought of resigning, but his friends had arranged the middle course of appointing him adjutant-major in the volunteers so that he could make his duty as a soldier conform to his duty as a patriot. Asking for news of what is going on in France, he says, writing like an outsider, "If your nation loses courage at this moment it is done with forever."

It was toward the end of March that the

volunteers from the mountains began to appear in Ajaccio for the election of their officers. Napoleon had bitter and powerful rivals, but his recent trip had apparently enabled him to win many friends among the men. While, therefore, success was possible by that means, there was another influence almost as powerful — that of three commissioners appointed by the directory of the island to organize and equip the battalion. With skilful diplomacy Buonaparte agreed that he would not assume to be a candidate for the office of first lieutenant-colonel, which was to go to Peretti, a near friend of Paoli, but would seek the position of second lieutenant-colonel. In this way he was assured of good will from two of the three commissioners; the other was hostile, being a partizan of Peraldi, the rival candidate. Peretti himself declared in favor of a nobody, his brother-in-law, Quenza.

The election, as usual in Corsica, seems to have passed in turbulence and noisy violence. The third commissioner, living as a guest with Peraldi, was seized on election morning by a body of Buonaparte's friends, and put under lock and key in their candidate's house — "to make you entirely free; you were not free where you were," said the instigator of the stroke, when called to explain. To the use of fine phrases was now added a facility in employing violence at a pinch which likewise remained characteristic of Buonaparte's career down to the end. There is a story that in one of the scuffles incident to this brawl a member of Pozzo di Borgo's family was thrown down and trampled on. Be that as it may, Buonaparte was successful, and from that moment the families of Peraldi and of Pozzo di Borgo were his deadly enemies.

As it turned out, the insignificant Quenza, and not Peretti, was chosen first lieutenant-colonel. Buonaparte, therefore, was in virtual command of a sturdy, well-armed, legal force. Having been adjutant-major, and being now a regularly elected lieutenant-colonel according to statute, he applied, with a well-calculated effrontery, to his regimental pay-master for the pay which had accrued during his absence. It was at first refused, for in the interval he had been cashiered for remaining at home in disobedience to orders; but such were the irregularities of that revolutionary time that later, virtual deserter as he had been, it was actually paid. No one was more adroit than Buonaparte in taking advantage of possibilities. He was a pluralist without conscience. A French regular, if the emergency should demand it, he was likewise a Corsican patriot and commander in the National Guard of the island, fully equipped for another move. Perhaps, at last, he could assume with success the liberator's rôle of Sampiero. But an opportunity must occur or be created. One was easily arranged.

Ajaccio had gradually become a resort for many strong Roman Catholics who had refused to accept the new order. The town authorities, although there were some extreme radicals among them, were, on the whole, in sympathy with these conservatives. Through the devices of his friends in the city government, Buonaparte's battalion, the second, was on one pretext or another assembled in the town. A demand was then made that according to the recent ecclesiastical legislation of the National Assembly, the Capuchin monks, who had been so far undisturbed, should evacuate their friary. At once the public order was jeopardized: on one extreme were the religious fanatics, on the other the political agitators, both of whom were loud with threats and ready for violence. In the middle, between two fires, was the mass of the people, who sympathized with the ecclesiastics, but wanted peace at any hazard. Buonaparte's first step was to seize and occupy the cloister, which lay just below the citadel, his final goal. Once inside the citadel walls, the Corsican regulars would, he hoped, fraternize with their kin; with such a beginning all the garrison might in time be won over.

This further exasperated the ultramontanes, and on Easter day, April 8, they made demonstrations so serious that the scheming commander found the much desired pretext to interfere; there was a mêlée, and one of his officers was killed. Next morning the burghers found their town beset by the National Guard. Good citizens kept to their houses, and by order of Buonaparte the mayor and council were assembled to authorize an attack on the citadel. The authorities could not agree, and dispersed; the following forenoon it was discovered that the mayor and his sympathizers had taken refuge in the citadel. From the vantage of this stronghold they proposed to settle the difficulty by the arbitration of a board composed of two from each side, under the presidency of the commandant. There was again no agreement.

Worn out at last by the haggling and delay, an officer of the garrison finally ordered Buonaparte to withdraw his forces. The determined agitator flatly refused, and the night was spent in preparation for a conflict which seemed inevitable. But early in the morning the commissioners of the department, who had been sent by Paoli to preserve the peace, arrived in a body. They were welcomed gladly by the majority of the people, and, after hearing the case, dismissed the battalion of volunteers to various posts in the surrounding country. Public opinion immediately turned against Buonaparte as the author of the entire disturbance. The commander of the garrison was embit-



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

THE GROTTO ON THE ESTATE OF MILELLI, THE PROPERTY OF NAPOLEON'S FATHER. NAPOLEON'S FAVORITE PLACE OF STUDY.

tered, and sent a report to the War Department displaying the young officer's behavior in the most unfavorable light. Buonaparte's defense was contained in a manifesto which made the citizens still more furious by its declaration that the whole civic structure was worthless, and should have been overthrown.

The aged Paoli found his situation more trying with every day. Under a constitutional monarchy such as he had admired and studied in England, such as he even yet hoped for and expected in France, he had believed his own land might find a virtual autonomy. With riot and disorder in every town, it would not be long before the absolute disqualification of his countrymen for self-government would be proved and the French administration restored. For his present purpose, therefore, the peace must be kept, and Buonaparte removed elsewhere, if possible; but as the troublesome youth was the son of an old friend and the head of a still influential family, it must be done without offense. The government at Paris might be pacified if the absentee officer were restored to his post; with Quenza in command of the volunteers there would be little danger of a second outbreak in Ajaccio.

It was more than easy, therefore, for the discredited revolutionary, on condition that he should leave Corsica, to secure from the authorities the papers necessary to put himself and his actions in the most favorable light. Buonaparte armed himself accordingly with an authenticated certificate as to the posts he had held, and the period during which he had held them (*obligation de résidence*), and with another as to his "civism"— the phrase used at that time to designate the quality of friendliness to the Revolution. The former seems to have been framed according to his own statements, and was speciously deceptive. Valence, where the royalist colonel regarded him as a deserter, was of course closed, and in Paris alone could the necessary steps be taken to secure restoration to rank with back pay, or rather the reversal of the whole record as it then stood on the regimental books. For this reason he likewise secured letters of introduction to the leading Corsicans in the capital, and, borrowing money for the journey, sailed from Bastia on May 2, 1792. The outlook might have disheartened a weaker man. Peraldi, the Corsican deputy, was a brother of the defeated rival; Paoli's displeasure was only too manifest; the bitter hate of a large element in Ajaccio was unconcealed. Rejected by Corsica, would France receive him? Would not the few French friends he had be likewise alienated by these last escapades? Could the formal record of regimental offenses be expunged? In any event, how slight the prospect of success in the great mad capital, amid the convulsive throes of a nation's disorders!

But in the last consideration lay his only

chance: the nation's disorder was to supply the remedy for Buonaparte's ills. The king had refused his sanction to the secularization of the estates which had once been held by the emigrants and recusant ecclesiastics; the Jacobins retorted by open hostility to the monarchy. The plotting of noble and princely refugees with various royal and other schemers two years before had been a crime against the king and the constitutionalists, for it jeopardized their last chance for existence, even their very lives. Within so short a time what had been criminal in the emigrants had seemingly become the only means of self-preservation for their intended victim. His constitutional supporters recognized that, in the adoption of this course by the king, the last hope of a peaceful solution to their awful problem had disappeared. It was now certain and generally known that Louis himself was in negotiation with the foreign sovereigns; to thwart his plans and avert the consequences it was essential that open hostilities against his secret allies should be begun. Consequently, on April 20, 1792, war had been declared against Austria by the king's friends. The populace, awed by the armies thus called out, were at first silently defiant, an attitude which changed to open fury when the defeat of the French armies in the Austrian Netherlands was announced.

The moderate republicans, or Girondists, as they were called from the district where they were strongest, were now the mediating party, and a number of them were summoned into the ministry to appease this popular rage. It was one of the new ministers who had examined the complaint against Buonaparte received from the commander of the garrison at Ajaccio. According to a strict interpretation of the military code there was scarcely a crime which Buonaparte had not committed: desertion, disobedience, tampering, attack on constituted authority, and abuse of official power. The minister reported the conduct of both Quenza and Buonaparte as most reprehensible, and declared that if their offense had been purely military he would have court-martialed them.

Learning first at Marseilles that war had broken out, and that the companies of his regiment were dispersed to various camps for active service, Buonaparte hastened northward. A new passion, which was indicative of the newly awakened patriotism, had taken possession of the popular fancy. Where the year before the current and universal phrase had been "federation," the talk was now all for the "nation." It might well be so. Before the traveler arrived at his destination further disaster had overtaken the French army, one whole regiment had deserted under arms to the enemy, and individual soldiers were escaping by hundreds. The officers of the Fourth Artillery were resigning and running away in about equal numbers. Consternation ruled supreme, treason and imbecility were everywhere charged against the authorities. War within, war without, and the army in a state of collapse! The emigrant princes would return, and France be sold to a bondage tenfold more galling than that from which she was struggling to free herself.

When Buonaparte reached Paris on May 21, 1792, there was a poor outlook for a suppliant bankrupt in funds and nearly so in reputation; but he was undaunted, and his application was made without the loss of a moment. A new minister of war had been appointed but a few days before,— there were six changes in that office during as many months,— and the assistant now in charge of the artillery seemed favorable to the request. For a moment he thought of restoring the suppliant to his position, but events were marching too swiftly, and demands more urgent jostled aside the claims of an obscure lieutenant with a shady character. Buonaparte at once grasped the fact that he could win his cause only by patience or by importunity, and began to consider how he could arrange for a prolonged stay in the capital. His scanty resources were already exhausted, but he found Bourrienne, a former schoolfellow at Brienne, in equal straits, waiting like himself for something to turn up. Over their meals in a cheap restaurant on the Rue St. Honoré they discussed various means of gaining a livelihood, and seriously contemplated a partnership in subletting apartments. But Bourrienne very quickly obtained the post of secretary in the embassy at Stuttgart, so that his comrade was left to make his struggle alone by pawning what few articles of value he possessed.

The days and weeks were full of incidents terrible and suggestive in their nature. The Assembly dismissed the king's body-guard on May 29; on June 14 the Girondists were removed from the ministry; on the seventeenth a more moderate and conservative cabinet was formed. Three days later the popular insurrection began, and on the twenty-eighth Lafayette endeavored to stay the tide which was now rising in the Assembly. But it was as ruthless as that of the ocean, and on July 11 the country was declared in danger. There was, however, a temporary check to the rush, a moment of repose in which the king, on the fourteenth, celebrated among his people the fall of the Bastille. But an address from the local assembly at Marseilles had arrived, demanding the dethronement of Louis and the abolition of the monarchy. Such was the impatience of that city that without waiting for the logical effect of their declaration, its inhabitants determined to make a demonstration in Paris. On

the thirtieth a deputation five hundred strong arrived before the capital. On August 3 they entered the city singing the immortal song which bears their name, but which was written at Strasburg by an officer of engineers, Rouget de Lisle. The southern fire of the newcomers kindled again the flame of Parisian sedition, and the radicals fanned it. At last, on August 10, the conflagration burst forth in such an uprising as had not yet been seen of all that was outcast and lawless in the great town; with them



FROM A COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING BY WILLIAM DANIELL, AFTER A DRAWING BY GEORGE DANCE.

PAOLI IN OLD AGE.

consorted the discontented and the envious, the giddy and the frivolous, the curious and the fickle, all the unstable elements of society. This time the king was unnerved; in despair he fled for asylum to the chamber of the Assembly. That body, unsympathetic for him, but sensitive to the ragings of the mob without, found the fugitive unworthy of his office. Before night the kingship was abolished, and the royal family were imprisoned in the Temple.

There is no proof that the young Corsican was at this time other than an interested spectator. We hear of him as visiting his sister Élise at St. Cyr. She was soon to be stripped of her pretty uniform, the neat silk gown, the black gloves, and the dainty bronze slippers which Mme. de Maintenon had prescribed for the noble damsels at that royal school. We hear also of his running to watch the ever more threatening demonstrations of the rabble; of his being present when the mob recoiled at the very door of the Tuileries before the calm and dignified courage of the king. There is even a story told as of the time, but doubtless invented later, of his openly expressing contempt for riots. "How could the king let the rascals in! He should have shot down a few hundred, and the rest would have run."[1]

In a letter written about the beginning of July, probably to Lucien or possibly to Joseph, and evidently intended to be read in the Jacobin Club of Ajaccio, there are clear indications of its writer's temper. He speaks with judicious calmness of the project for educational reform; of Lafayette's appearance before the Assembly, which had pronounced the country in danger and was now sitting in permanence, as perhaps necessary to prevent its taking an extreme and dangerous course; of the French as no longer deserving the pains men took for them, since they were a people old and without continuity or coherence;[2] of their leaders as poor creatures engaged in low plots; and of the damper which such a spectacle puts on ambition. Clearly the lesson of moderation which he inculcates is for the first time sincerely given. The preacher, according to his own judgment for the time being, is no Frenchman, no demagogue, nothing but a simple Corsican anxious to live far from the madness of mobs and the emptiness of so-called glory.

It has been asserted that on the dreadful day of August 10 Buonaparte's assumed philosophy was laid aside, and that he was a mob leader at the barricades. His own account of the matter does not bear this out. "I felt," said he, "as if I should have defended the king if called to do so. I was opposed to those who would found the republic by means of the populace. Besides, I saw civilians attacking men

1 These statements, like others made by Bourrienne, are to be received with the utmost caution. This anecdote, in particular, is characteristic rather of Napoleon the dictator than of Buonaparte the adventurer.

2 The rare and curious pamphlet entitled "Manuscrit de l'Île d'Elbe," attributed to Montholon and probably published by Edward O'Meara, contains headings for ten chapters which were dictated by Napoleon at Elba on February 22, 1815. The argument is: The Bourbons ascended the throne, in the person of Henry IV., by conquering the so-called Holy League against the Protestants, and by the consent of the people; a third dynasty thus followed the second; then came the republic, and its succession was legitimatized by victory, by the will of the people, and by the recognition of all the powers of Europe. The republic made a new France by emancipating the Gauls from the rule of the Franks. The people had raised its leader to the imperial throne in order to consolidate their new interests: this was the fourth dynasty, etc., etc. The contemplated book was to work out in detail this very conception of a nation as passing through successive phases: at the close of each it is worn out, but a new rule regenerates it, throwing off the incrustations and giving room to the life within. It is interesting to note the genesis of Napoleon's ideas and the pertinacity with which he held them.

in uniforms; that gave me a shock." Neither the fact of the incident nor the truth of the statement can be established.

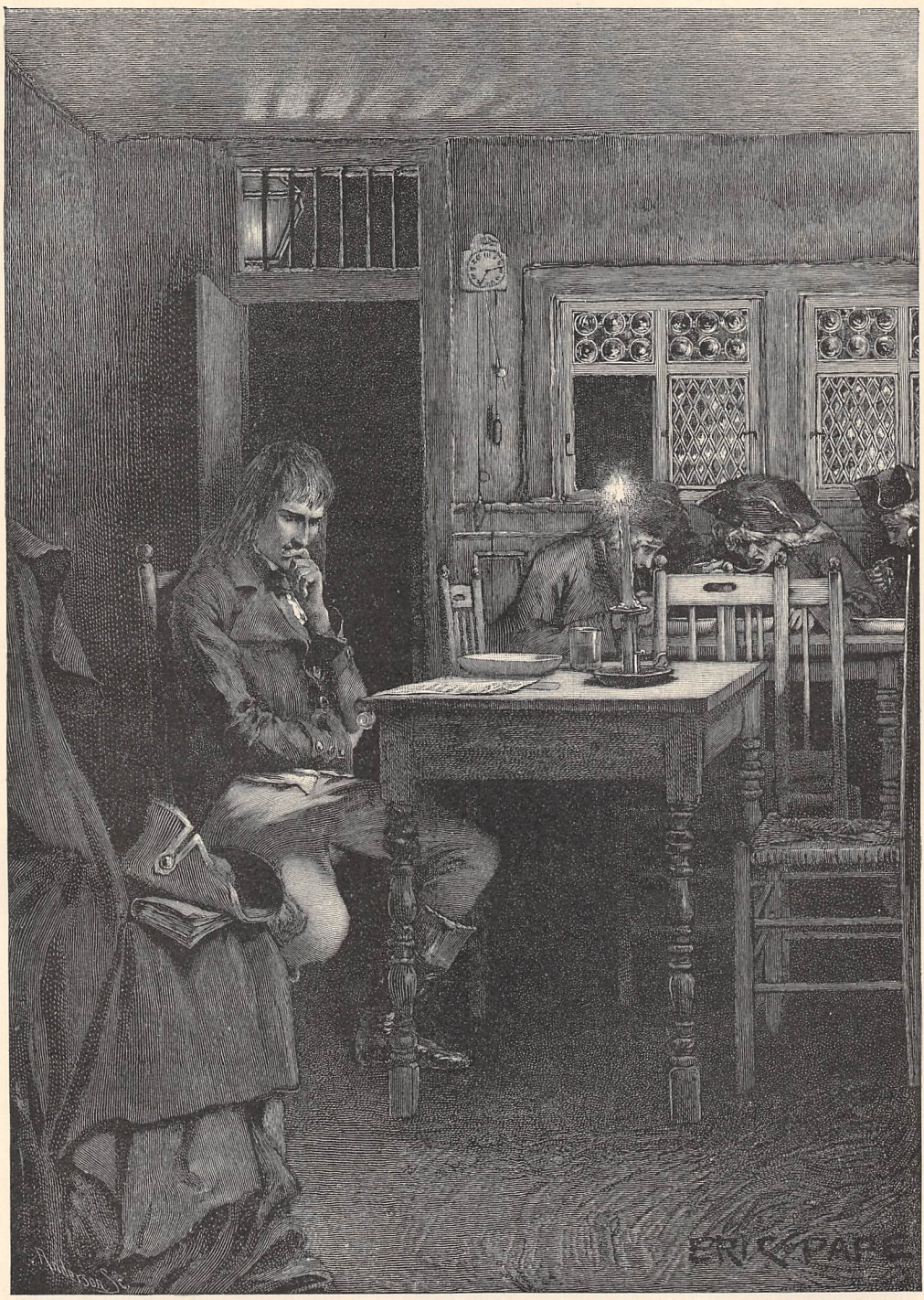
It is not likely that an ardent radical leader like Buonaparte, well known and influential in the Rhone valley, remained a stranger to the Marseilles deputation. Joseph, in his memoirs, declares that his brother was present at the conflict of August 10, and that Napoleon wrote him at the time: "If Louis XVI. had appeared on horseback, he would have conquered. After the victory of the Marseillais," continues the passage quoted from the letter, "I saw a man about to kill a soldier of the guard. I said to him, 'Southron, let us spare the unfortunate!' 'Art thou from the South?' 'Yes.' 'Well, then, we will spare him.'" Moreover, it is a fact that Santerre, the notorious leader of the mob on that day, was three years later, on 13 Vendemiaire, most useful to Buonaparte; that though degraded from the office of general to which he was appointed in the revolutionary army, he was in 1800 restored to his rank by the first consul. All this is consistent with Napoleon's assertion, and proves nothing conclusively; but there is certainly ground for suspicion when we reflect that these events were ultimately decisive of Buonaparte's fortunes.

The old ministry fell with the king, and a new one composed of radicals took its place. For one single day Paris reeled like a drunkard, but on the next the shops were open again. On the following Sunday the Opéra was packed at a benefit performance for the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in victory. A few days later Lafayette, as commander of the armies in the North, issued a pronunciamento against the popular excesses. He even arrested the commissioners of the Assembly who were sent to supplant him and take the ultimate direction of the campaign. But he quickly found that his old prestige was gone; he had not kept pace with the mad rush of popular opinion; neither in person nor as the sometime commander of the National Guard had he any longer the slightest influence. Impeached and declared an outlaw, he lost his balance like the king, and fled for refuge into the possessions of Liège. The Austrians violated the sanctuary of neutral territory, and captured him, exactly as Napoleon at a later day violated the neutrality of Baden in the case of the Duc d'Enghien. On August 23 the strong place of Longwy was delivered into the hands of the Prussians, the capitulation being due, as was claimed, to treachery among the French officers.

BONAPARTE THE FRENCH JACOBIN.

A REPORT in Buonaparte's favor was drawn up by the new ministry of war on August 20. On the thirtieth he was reinstated, or rather his record was entirely sponged out and consigned, as was hoped, to oblivion; for he was raised to the rank of captain, while his commission was dated back from February 6, 1792, the day on which his promotion would have occurred in due course if he had been present in full standing with his regiment. His arrears for that rank were to be paid in full. Such success was intoxicating. Monge, the great mathematician, had been his master at the military school in Paris, and was now minister of the navy. True to his nature, with the carelessness of an adventurer and the effrontery of a gambler, the newly fledged captain promptly put in an application for a position as lieutenant-colonel in the marine artillery. The authorities must have thought the petition a joke, for the paper was pigeonholed, and has been found marked S. R. (*sans réponse* — without reply). Probably it was written in earnest, the motive being possibly an invincible distaste for the regiment in which he had been disgraced, which was still in command of a colonel who was not disposed to leniency.

An easy excuse for shirking duty and returning to the old habits of a Corsican agitator was at hand. Among other royal foundations suppressed by the Assembly on August 18 was that of St. Cyr, formally styled the Establishment of St. Louis. It was now to be closed, and the pupils would soon be dismissed to their homes. The beneficiaries were to receive a mileage of one livre for every league they had to traverse. Three hundred and fifty-two was the sum due to Élise. Some one must escort an unprotected girl on the long journey; no one was so suitable as her elder brother and natural protector. Accordingly, on September 1, the brother and sister appeared before the proper authorities to apply for the traveling allowance of the latter. Whatever other accomplishments Mlle. de Buonaparte had learned at the school of St. Louis, she was still as deficient in writing and spelling as her brother. The formal requisitions written by both are still extant; they would infuriate any conscientious teacher in a primary school. But they sufficed; the money was paid on the next day, and that night the brother and sister lodged in the Holland Patriots' Hotel in Paris, where they remained for a week. Part of the time was spent by the new captain in procuring the necessary leave of absence. Judging from subsequent events, it is possible that he was also seeking further acquaintance and favor with the influential Jacobins of Paris. But he did not seriously compromise himself, even if he were scheming for the future. It may have become clear during these weeks, for it was true, that France was not yet ready for him, nor he for France.



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

BONAPARTE AT A SIX-CENT RESTAURANT IN PARIS.

One fact seems to indicate that Buonaparte's interest in the French Revolution was so far purely tentative: as soon as the desired leave was granted, without waiting for the all-important fifteen hundred livres of arrears, now due him, but not paid until a month later, he and his sister set out, in the second week of September, for home. They traveled by diligence to Lyons, and thence by the Rhone to Marseilles. During the few hours' halt of the boat at Valence, Napoleon's friends, among them some of his creditors who apparently bore him no grudge, waited on him with kindly manifestations of interest. His former landlady, Mme. Bou, although her bill had been but insignificantly diminished by payments on account, brought as her gift a basket of the fruit in which the neighborhood abounds at that season. The regiment was no longer there, the greater portion, with the colonel, being now on the northeastern frontier under Dumouriez, facing the victorious legions of Prussia and Austria. On the fourteenth the travelers were at Marseilles, next day they sailed for Corsica, and on the seventeenth Buonaparte was once more in his home, no longer so confident, perhaps, of a career among his own people, but determined to make another effort. It was his fourth return. Lucien and Fesch were leaders in the radical club; Joseph was at his post; Louis, as usual, was disengaged and idle; Mme. Buonaparte and the younger children were well; he himself was of course triumphantly vindicated by his promotion. The ready money from the fortune of the old archdeacon was about exhausted, to be sure; but the excellent vineyards, mulberry plantations, and gardens of the family inheritance were still productive, and Napoleon's private purse would soon be replenished by the quartermaster of his regiment.

The course of affairs in France had materially changed the aspect of Corsican politics; the situation was, if anything, more favorable for a revolutionary venture than ever before. Salicetti had come back to Corsica after the adjournment of the Constituent Assembly with many new ideas which he had gathered from observing the conduct of the Paris commune, and these he unsparingly disseminated among his sympathizers. They proved to be apt scholars, and quickly caught the tricks of demagogism, bribery, corruption, and malversation of the public funds. Before Buonaparte arrived, he had returned to France as a member of the newly elected Assembly, but his evil influence survived his departure, and his lieutenants were ubiquitous and active. Paoli had been rendered helpless, and was sunk in despair. He was now commander-in-chief of the regular troops in garrison, but it was a position to which he had been appointed against his will, for it weakened his influence with his own party. Pozzo di Borgo, his stanch supporter and Buonaparte's enemy, was attorney-general in Salicetti's stead. As Paoli was at the same time general of the volunteer National Guard, the entire power of the islands, military and civil, was in his hands: but the responsibility for good order was likewise his, and the people were, if anything, more unruly than ever; for it was to their minds illogical that their idol should exercise such supreme power, not as a Corsican, but in the name of France. The composition of the two chief parties had therefore changed materially, and although their respective views were modified to a certain extent, they were more embittered than ever against each other.

Buonaparte could not be neutral; his nature and his surroundings forbade it. His first step was to resume his command in the volunteers, and, under pretext of inspecting their posts, to make a journey through the island; his second was to go through the form of seeking a reconciliation with Paoli. In the clubs, among his friends and subordinates, at the various military stations, his talk was loud and imperious, his manner haughty and assuming. A letter written by him at the time to Costa, one of the militia lieutenants and a thorough Corsican, explains that the writer is detained from going to Bonifacio by an order from the general (Paoli) to come to Corte; he will, however, hasten to the post on the very next day, and there will be an end to all disorder and irregularity. "Greet our friends, and assure them of my desire to further their interests." The epistle was written in Italian, but that fact signifies little in comparison with the new tone used in speaking about France: "The enemy has abandoned Verdun and Longwy, and recrossed the river to return home, but our people are not asleep." Lucien added a postscript explaining that he had sent a pamphlet to his dear Costa, as to a friend, not as a co-worker, for that he had been unwilling to be. Both the brothers seem already to have considered the possibility of abandoning Corsica.

No sooner had war been declared against Austria in the previous April (1792), than it became evident that the powers whose territories bordered on those of France had previously reached an agreement, and were about to form a coalition in order to make the war general. The Austrian Netherlands (Belgium) were already saturated with the revolutionary spirit. It was not probable that much annoyance would come from that quarter. The Empire, Spain, Prussia, and Holland would, however, surely join the alliance; and if the Italian principalities, with the kingdom of Sardinia, should take the same course, France would be in dire straits. It was therefore suggested in the Assembly



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

NAPOLEON, ON HIS WAY TO CORSICA WITH HIS SISTER ÉLISE, IS MET AT VALENCE BY HIS FORMER LANDLADY, WHO BRINGS HIM A PRESENT OF FRUIT.

that a blow should be struck at the house of Savoy, in order to awe both that and the other courts of Italy into inactivity. The idea of an attack on Sardinia for this purpose originated in Corsica, but among the friends of Salicetti, and it was he who urged the scheme successfully. In order to secure Paoli's influence not only in his own island, but in Sardinia, where he was likewise well known and admired, the ministers forced upon him the unwelcome ap-

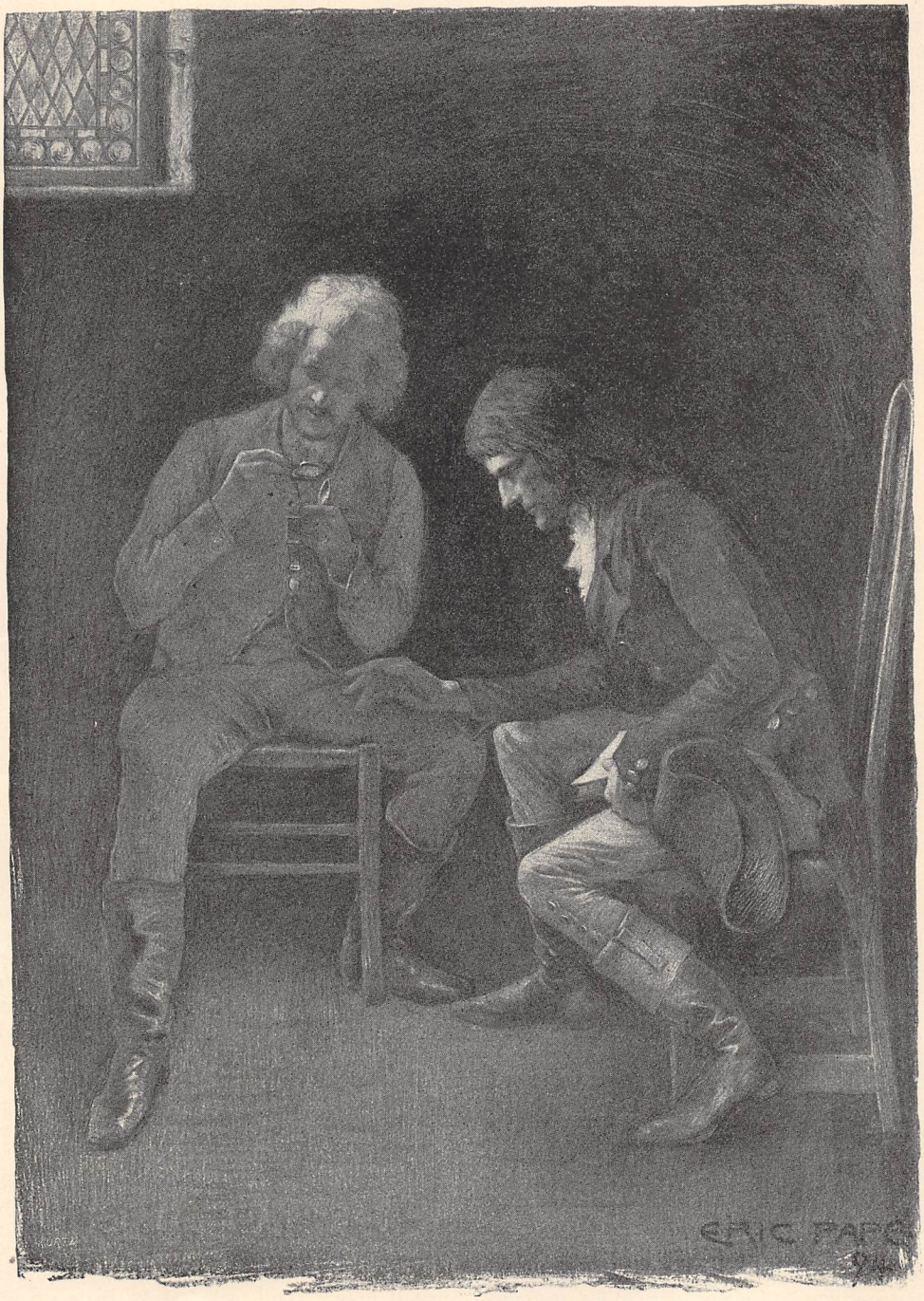
pointment of lieutenant-general in the regular army, and his friend Peraldi was sent to prepare a fleet at Toulon.

The events of August 10 put an end for the time being to constitutional government in France. The commissioners of the Paris sections supplanted the municipal council, and Danton, climbing to power as the representative "plain man," became momentarily the presiding genius of the new Jacobin commune, which was soon able to usurp the supreme control of France. A call was issued for the election by manhood suffrage of a National Convention, and a committee of surveillance was appointed with the bloodthirsty Marat as its motive power. At the instigation of this committee large numbers of royalists, constitutionalists, and others suspected of holding kindred doctrines, were thrown into prison. The new Assembly went through the form of confirming the new despotism, including the commune of the sections and a Jacobin ministry in which Danton held the portfolio of justice. It then dispersed. On September 2 began a general clearance of the jails under mock forms of justice. It was really a massacre, and lasted five days. Versailles, Lyons, Meaux, Rheims, and Orléans were similarly "purified." Amid these scenes the immaculate Robespierre, whose hands were not soiled with the blood spilled on August 10, appeared as the calm statesman controlling the wild vagaries of the rough and impulsive but unselfish and uncalculating Danton. These two, with Philip Égalité and Collet d'Herbois, were among those elected to represent Paris in the Convention. That body met on September 21. As they sat in the amphitheater of the Assembly, the Girondists, or moderate republicans, who were in a strong majority, sat on the right of the president's chair. High up on the extreme left sat the Jacobins, or "Mountain"; between were placed those timid trimmers who were called the "Plain" and the "Marsh" according to the degree of their democratic sentiments. The members were, of course, without exception republicans. The first act of the Convention was to abolish the monarchy, and to declare France a republic. The next was to establish an executive council. It was decreed that September 22, 1792, was the "first day of the year 1 of the republic." Under the leadership of Brissot and Roland the Girondists asserted their power as the majority, endeavoring to restore order in Paris, and to bridle the extreme Jacobins. But with all its right views and its numbers, the Girondist party displayed no sagacity; before the year 1 was three months old, the unscrupulous Jacobins, with the aid of the Paris commune, had reasserted their supremacy.

The declaration of the republic only hastened the execution of Salicetti's plan regarding Sardinia, and the Convention was more energetic than the Assembly. The fleet was made ready, troops from France were to be embarked at Villefranche, and a force composed in part of regulars, in part of militia, was to be equipped in Corsica and to sail thence to join the main expedition. Buonaparte's old battalion was among those who were selected from the Corsican volunteers. From the outset Paoli had been unfriendly to the scheme; its supporters, whose zeal far outran their means, were not his friends. Nevertheless, he was in supreme command of both regulars and volunteers, the government had authorized the expedition, and the necessary orders had to be issued through him as the only channel of authority. Buonaparte's reappearance among his men had been of course irregular. Being now a captain of artillery in the Fourth Regiment, on active service and in the receipt of full pay, he could no longer legally be a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers, a position which had also been made one of emolument. But he was not a man to stand on slight formalities, and had evidently determined to seize both horns of the dilemma.

Paoli, as a French official, of course could not listen for an instant to such a preposterous notion. But as a patriot anxious to keep all the influence he could, and as a family friend of the Buonapartes, he was unwilling to order the young captain back to his post in France, as he might well have done. The interview between the two men at Corte was, therefore, indecisive. The older was benignant but firm in refusing his formal consent; the younger pretended to be indignant that he could not secure his rights: it is said that he even threatened to denounce in Paris the anti-nationalist attitude of his former hero. So it happened that Buonaparte returned to Ajaccio with a permissive authorization, and, welcomed by his men, assumed a command to which he could have no claim, while Paoli shut his eyes to an act of flagrant insubordination. Many have believed that there was a plot among members of the French party to give Buonaparte the chance, by means of the Sardinian expedition, to seize the chief command at least of the Corsican troops, and thus eventually to supplant Paoli. If this conjecture be true, Paoli either knew nothing of the conspiracy, or behaved as he did because his own plans were not yet ripe. The drama of his own personal perplexities, cross-purposes, and ever false positions was rapidly moving to an end; the logic of events was too strong for the upright but perplexed old patriot, and a scene or two would soon complete the final act of his public career.

The plan for invading Sardinia was over-complex and too nicely adjusted. One portion



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

BONAPARTE PAWNING HIS WATCH.

(AN INCIDENT RELATED BY BOURRIENNE.)

of the fleet was to skirt the Italian shores, make demonstrations in the various harbors, and demand in one of them — that of Naples — public reparation for an insult already offered to the new French flag, which displayed the three colors of liberty. The other portion was first to embark the Corsican guards and French troops at Ajaccio, then to unite with the former in the Bay of Palma, and to proceed against Cagliari. But the French soldiers to be taken from the Army of the Var under General Anselme were in fact non-existent; the only military force to be found was a portion of the Marseilles national guard — mere boys, unequipped, untrained, and inexperienced. Winds and waves, too, were adverse: two of the vessels were wrecked, and one was disabled. The rest were badly demoralized, and their crews became unruly. On the arrival of the ships at Ajaccio, a party of roistering sailors went ashore, affiliated immediately with the French soldiers of the garrison, and in the rough horse-play of such occasions picked a quarrel with certain of the Corsican militia, killing two of their number. The character of the islanders showed itself at once in further violence and the fiercest threats. The tumult was finally allayed, but it was perfectly clear that for Corsicans and French to be embarked on the same vessel was to invite mutiny, riot, and bloodshed.



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING AFTER THE DESIGN BY VICART, IN THE COLLECTION OF W. C. CRANE.
CRISTOFANO SALICETTI.

Buonaparte thought he saw his way to an independent command, and at once proposed what was manifestly the only alternative — a separate Corsican expedition. The French fleet accordingly embarked the garrison troops, and proceeded on its way; the Corsicans remained ashore, and Buonaparte with them. Scenes like that at Ajaccio were repeated in the harbor of St. Florent, and the attack on Cagliari by the French failed, partly, as might be supposed, from the poor equipment of the fleet and the wretched quality of the men, partly because the two flotillas (or what was left of them) failed to effect a junction at the appointed place and time. When they did unite, it was February 14, 1793; the men were ill fed and mutinous; the troops that landed to storm the place fell into a panic, and would actually have surrendered if the officers had not quickly reëmbarked them. The costly enterprise met with but a single success: Naples was cowed, and the court promised neutrality, with reparation for the insult to the tricolor.

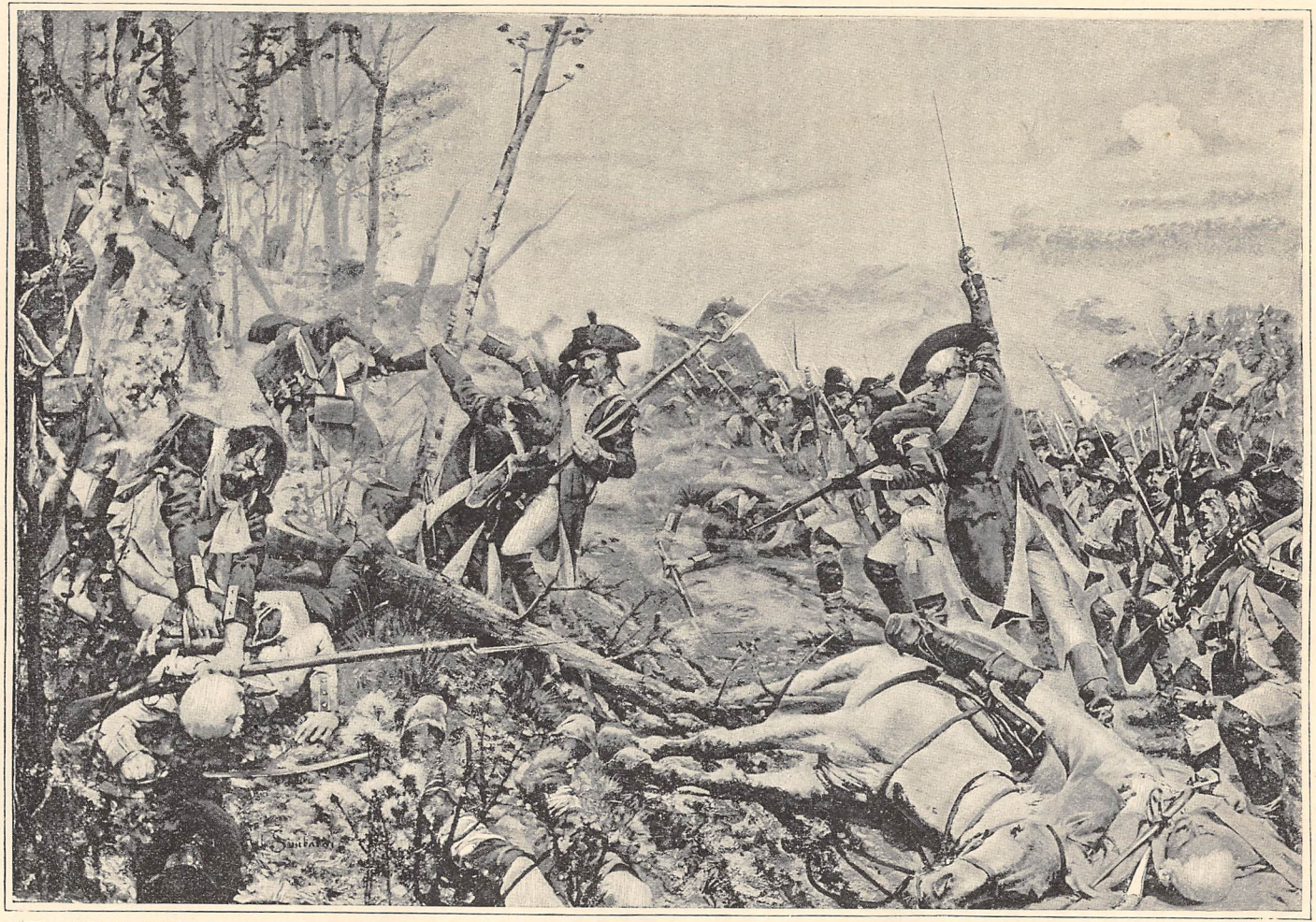
The Corsican expedition was quite as ill-starred as the French. Paoli accepted Buonaparte's plan, but appointed Cesari Colonna to lead. The disappointed but stubborn young aspirant remained in his subordinate place as an officer of the second battalion of the Corsican national guard. It was a month before a French corvette and her attendant feluccas could be made ready to sail. On February 20, 1793, the vessels were finally manned, equipped, and provisioned. The destination of the flotilla was the Magdalena Islands, one of which is Caprera, since renowned as the home of Garibaldi. The troops embarked, and put to sea. Almost at once the wind fell; there was a two days' calm, and the ships reached their destination with diminished supplies and dispirited crews. The first attack, made on St. Stephen, was successful. Buonaparte and his guns were landed on that spot to bombard — across a narrow strait — Magdalena, the chief town on the main island. The enemy's fire was soon silenced, and nothing remained but for

the corvette to work slowly round the intervening island of Caprera, and take possession. At that moment her crew mutinied, and seized the vessel. Coöperation was no longer possible; the artillery and their commander were reembarked only with the utmost difficulty; the unlucky expedition returned on February 27 to Bonifacio. It is significant of the utter anarchy then prevailing that nobody was punished for the disgraceful fiasco. Buonaparte, on landing, at once bade farewell to his volunteers. When he entered Ajaccio, on March 3, he found that he was no longer, even by assumption, a lieutenant-colonel; for during his short absence the whole Corsican guard had been disbanded to make way for two battalions of light infantry whose officers were to be appointed by the directory of the island.

Strange news now greeted his ears. Much of what had occurred since his departure from Paris he already knew. France having destroyed root and branch the tyranny of feudal privileges, the whole social edifice was slack in every joint, and there was no strong hand to rivet the bolts; for the king, in dallying with foreign courts, had virtually deserted his people. The monarchy had therefore fallen, but not until its friends had resorted to the expedient of a foreign war as a prop to its fortunes. The early victories won by Austria and Prussia had stung the nation to madness. Robespierre and Danton having become dictators, all moderate policy was eclipsed. The executive council of the Convention, determined to appease the nation, gathered their strength in one vigorous effort, and put three great armies in the field. On November 6, 1792, to the amazement of the world, Dumouriez won the battle of Jemmapes, thus conquering the Austrian Netherlands as far north as Liège. The Scheldt, which had been closed since 1648 through the influence of England and Holland, was reopened, trade resumed its natural channel, and, in the exuberance of popular joy, measures were taken for the immediate establishment of a Belgian republic. The other two armies, under Custine and Kellermann, were less successful. The former, having occupied Frankfort, was driven back to the Rhine; the latter defeated the Allies at Valmy, but failed in the task of coming to Custine's support at the proper moment for combined action. Meantime the agitation in Paris had taken the form of personal animosity to "Louis Capet," as the leaders of the disordered populace called the king. In November he was summoned to the bar of the Convention and questioned. When it came to the consideration of an actual trial, the Girondists, willing to save the prisoner's life, claimed that the Convention had no jurisdiction, and must appeal to the sovereign people for authorization. The Jacobins insisted on the sovereign power of the Convention, Robespierre protesting in the name of the people against an appeal to the people. Supported by the noisy outcries not only of the Parisian populace, but of their followers elsewhere, the radicals prevailed. By a vote of 366 to 355 the verdict of death was pronounced on January 17, 1793, and six days later the sentence was executed. This act was a defiance to all monarchs, or, in other words, to all Europe.

The younger Pitt was at this juncture prime minister of England. Like the majority of his countrymen, he had mildly approved the course of the French Revolution down to 1789; with them in the same way his opinions had since that time undergone a change. By the aid of Burke's biased but masterful eloquence the English people were gradually convinced that Jacobinism, violence, and crime were the essence of the movement, constitutional reform but a specious pretext. Between 1789 and 1792 there was a rising tide of adverse public sentiment so swift and strong that Pitt was unable to follow it. By the execution of Louis the English moderates were silenced; the news was received with a cry of horror, and the nation demanded war. Were kings' heads to fall, and republican ideas, supported by republican armies, to spread like a conflagration? The still monarchical liberals of England could give no answer to the case of Louis or to the instance of Belgium, and were stunned. The English anti-Jacobins became as fanatical as the French Jacobins. Pitt could not resist the torrent. In this invincible necessity he saw his chance for a double stroke: to throw the blame for the war on France, and to consolidate once more his nearly vanished power in Parliament. With masterly adroitness France was tempted into a declaration of war against England. Enthusiasm raged in Paris like fire amid dry stubble. France, if so it must be, against the world! Liberty and equality her religion! The land a camp! The entire people an army! Three hundred thousand men to be selected, equipped, and drilled at once!

Nothing indicates that Buonaparte was in any way moved by the terrible news of the September massacres, or even of the king's unmerited fate. But the declaration of war was a novelty which must have deeply interested him; for what was Paoli now to do? From gratitude to England he had repeatedly and earnestly declared that he could never take arms against her. He was already a lieutenant-general in the service of her enemy, his division was assigned to the feeble and disorganized Army of Italy, which was nominally being equipped for active service, and the leadership had been confided to him. The radicals of the Convention had long been aware



AFTER A PAINTING BY SINIBALDI.

THE BATTLE OF JEMMAPES, NEAR MONS, BELGIUM, NOVEMBER 6, 1792. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED BY THE ARTIST.

The crowning incident of the battle was the taking of a redoubt by Dampierre, who led parts of broken battalions that charged singing the "Marseillaise."

of his devotion to constitutional monarchy, and now saw their way to be rid of so dangerous a foe. Three successive commanders of that army had already found disgrace in their attempts with inadequate means to dislodge the Sardinian army from the mountain passes of the Maritime Alps. Mindful, therefore, of their fate, and of his obligations to England, Paoli firmly refused the proffered honor. On April 17 he was summoned to appear before the Convention. For a moment Paoli became again the most popular man in Corsica. He had always retained many warm personal friends even among the radicals; the royalists were now forever alienated from a government which had killed their king; the church could no longer expect protection when impious men were in power. These three elements united immediately with the Paolists to protest against the arbitrary act of the Convention. Suspicion as to the existence of an English party in the island had early been awakened among the members of the Mountain; for half the Corsican delegation to the Convention had opposed the sentence passed on the king. When the ill-starred Sardinian expedition reached Toulon, the blame of failure was laid by the Jacobins on Paoli's shoulders. Salicetti, who was now a real power among the leaders at Paris, hastened to his department to forestall events, if possible, and was active in keeping together the remnants of sympathy with France: a commission had also arrived to enforce in the island the decrees of the Convention. Even in that land of confusion there was a degree of chaos hitherto unequaled.

Buonaparte was for an instant among the most zealous of Paoli's supporters, and wrote an impassioned appeal in his behalf to the Convention. His regiment had already been some five months in active service. If his passion had been only for military glory, that was to be found nowhere so certainly as in the ranks, where he should have been. But his passion for political renown was clearly far stronger. Where could it be so gratified as in Corsica under the present conditions? The personality of the young adventurer had for a long time been curiously double: he had successfully retained the position of a French officer in France, but his identity as a Corsican patriot had been nearly obliterated in Corsica by his constant quarrels and repeated failures. Was there now a last chance for some success in this rôle, or was there none? Whatever may have been either the plan of Napoleon or the principles of his conduct, it appears as if the decisive answer now to be given had no relation to either or to both, but that it was given by a chance development of events which he could not have foreseen, and which he was utterly unable to control.

It is unknown whether Salicetti or he began the negotiations for mutual support which seem to have begun almost before the ink on the address in behalf of Paoli was dry; but within a fortnight the determining step was taken. There was a sudden and inexplicable but open and final rupture between Paoli and the Buonapartes; Salicetti now became their patron and protector. Joseph was his secretary, Lucien his emissary sent on a confidential mission to embitter the Jacobins at Toulon against Paoli, and Napoleon was appointed inspector-general of artillery for Corsica. Salicetti had granted what Paoli would not: Buonaparte was free to strike his blow for Corsican leadership. With swift and decisive measures he arranged and put in action the last scene in his Corsican adventures. Several great guns which had been saved from the wrecked war-ship in the harbor were lying on the shore unmounted. Buonaparte hypocritically declared that they were a temptation to insurgents and a menace to the public peace; they should be stored in the citadel. His plan was to seize the moment when the heavy pieces were passing the drawbridge, and at the head of his followers to take possession of the stronghold he had so long coveted, and so often failed to capture. If he could hold it for the Convention, a career in Corsica would be at last assured.

But again he was doomed to failure. The former garrison had been composed of French soldiers. After the failure of the Sardinian expedition these had been landed at Toulon, where they still were. The present one was made up of islanders, and the new commander was a Paolist who refused to be hoodwinked, and would not act without an authorization from the general-in-chief. The value of the seizure depended on its promptness. Thwarted in one notion, the "inspector" proposed to his followers two alternatives: to erect a barricade behind which the guns could be mounted and trained on the citadel, or, easier still, to carry one of the pieces to some spot before the main entrance and then batter in the gate. Neither scheme was considered feasible, and it was determined to secure by bribes, if possible, the coöperation of a portion of the garrison. The attempt failed through the integrity of a single man, and is interesting only as having been Napoleon's first lesson in an art which was thenceforward an unfailing resource. Rumors of these proceedings soon reached Paoli, and Buonaparte was summoned to report immediately at Corte. Such was the intensity of popular bitterness against him for his desertion of Paoli that he was compelled to flee in disguise to Bastia, which he reached on May 10, 1793.

A desire for revenge on his Corsican perse-

cutors now became an additional stimulus to Buonaparte, and still another device to secure the now passionately desired citadel of Ajaccio was proposed by him to the commissioners of the Convention, and adopted by them. The remnants of a Swiss regiment stationed near the place were to be marched into Ajaccio, as if for embarkment; two French frigates from the harbor of St. Florent were then to appear unexpectedly, and with the help of the Switzers to overawe the town and seize the citadel. Corsican affairs had now reached a crisis, for this was a virtual declaration of war. Paoli so understood it, and measures of mutual defiance were at once taken by both sides. The French commissioners formally deposed the officials who sympathized with Paoli; they, in turn, took steps to increase the garrison of Ajaccio, and to strengthen the popular sentiment in their favor.

It was on April 2, two months after the declaration of war against England, that Paoli had been summoned to Paris and the hostile commissioners sent to take his place. The news was received a fortnight later in Corsica. At once Paoli forwarded, by the hands of two friendly representatives, a temperate letter offering to resign and leave the country. His messengers were arrested and temporarily detained, but in the end they reached Paris, and were kindly received. On May 29 they appeared on the floor of the Convention, and won their cause. On June 5 the former decree was revoked, and two days later a new and friendly commission of two members started for Corsica. But at Aix they fell into the hands of a royalist mob, and were arrested. Ignorant of these favorable events, and the untoward circumstances by which their effect was thwarted, the disheartened statesman wrote and forwarded on May 14 a second letter, of the same tenor as the first. This measure likewise failed of effect, for the messenger was stopped at Bastia, now the focus of Salicetti's influence, and the letter never reached its destination.

A JACOBIN HEJIRA.

It was probably in this interval that Paoli finally adopted, as a last desperate resort, the hitherto hazy idea of putting the island under English protection, in order to maintain himself in the mission to which he felt that Providence had called him. The actual departure of Napoleon's expedition from St. Florent gave the final impulse. That event so inflamed the passions of the conservative party in Ajaccio that the whole Buonaparte family was compelled to flee from their home for safety, leaving their small estates to be ravaged and their slender resources to be destroyed, while their partizans were proscribed or imprisoned. They finally found a temporary asylum with a relative in Calvi. The attacking flotilla had been detained nearly a week by a storm, and reached Ajaccio on May 29, in the very height of these turmoils. It was too late for any possibility of success. The few French troops on shore were cowed, and dared not show themselves when a party landed from the ships. On the contrary, Napoleon and his volunteers were received with a fire of musketry, and, after spending an anxious night in an outlying tower which they had seized and held, were glad next morning to reëmbark and sail away. Their leader rejoined his family at Calvi. The Jacobin commission held a meeting, and determined to send Salicetti to justify their course at Paris. He carried with him a wordy paper written by Buonaparte in his worst style and spelling, and containing a bitter tirade against Paoli, which remains to lend some color to the charge that the writer had been from the first a spy and an informer, influenced by no high principle of patriotism, but only by a base ambition to supplant the aged president, and then to adopt whichever plan would best further his own interest: ready either to establish a virtual autonomy in his fatherland, or to deliver it entirely into the hands of France.

In this painful document Buonaparte sets forth in fiery phrase the early enthusiasm of republicans for the return of Paoli, and their disillusionment when he surrounded himself with venal men like Pozzo di Borgo, with relatives like his nephew Leonetti, with his vile creatures in general. The misfortunes of the Sardinian expedition, the disgraceful disorders of the island, the failure of the commissioners to secure Ajaccio, are all alike attributed to Paoli. "Can perfidy like this invade the human heart? . . . What fatal ambition overmasters a graybeard of sixty-eight? . . . On his face are goodness and gentleness, in his heart hate and vengeance; he has an oily sensibility in his eyes, and gall in his soul, but neither character nor strength." These were the sentiments proper to a radical of the times, and they found acceptance among the leaders of that class in Paris. More moderate men did what they could to avert the impending breach, but in vain. Corsica was far, communication slow, and the misunderstanding which occurred was consequently unavoidable. It was not until July 1 that Paoli received news of the pacificatory decrees passed by the Convention more than a month before, and then it was too late; groping in the dark, and unable to get news, he had formed his judgment from what was going on in Corsica, and had therefore committed himself to a change of policy. To him, as to most thinking men, the entire structure of

France, social, financial, and political, seemed rotten. Civil war had broken out in Vendée; in Brittany the wildest excesses passed unpunished; the great cities Marseilles, Toulon, and Lyons were in a state of anarchy; the revolutionary tribunal had been established in Paris; the Committee of Public Safety had usurped the supreme power: the France to which he had intrusted the fortunes of Corsica was no more. Already an agent was in communication with the English diplomats in Italy. On July 10 Salicetti arrived in Paris; on the seventeenth Paoli was declared a traitor and an outlaw, and his friends were indicted for trial. But the English fleet was already in the Mediterranean, and although the British protectorate over Corsica was not established until the following year, in the interval the French and their few remaining sympathizers on the island were able at best to hold only the three towns of Bastia, St. Florent, and Calvi.

After the last fiasco before the citadel of Ajaccio, the situation of the Buonapartes was momentarily desperate. Salicetti had arranged for his own return to Paris, where he would be safe. Napoleon felt that flight was the only resort for him and his. Accordingly, on June 11, three days earlier than his patron, he and Joseph, accompanied by Fesch, embarked with their mother and the remainder of the family, to join Lucien, who had remained at Toulon.[1] The Jacobins of that city had received Lucien, as a Corsican sympathizer, with honor. Doubtless his family, homeless and destitute for their devotion to the republic, would find encouragement and help until some favorable turn in affairs should restore their country to France, and reinstate them not only in their old possessions, but in such new dignities as would fitly reward their long and painful devotion. Such, at least, appears to have been Napoleon's general idea. He was provided with a legal certificate that his family was one of importance and the richest in the department. The Convention had promised compensation to those who had suffered such losses.

As had been hoped, on their arrival the Buonapartes were treated with every mark of distinction, and ample provision was made for their comfort. By act of the Convention, women and old men in such circumstances received 75 francs a month, infants 45 francs. Lads received simply a present of 25 francs. With the preliminary payment of 150 francs, which they promptly received, the Buonapartes were better off than they had been at home. Lucien had appropriated Napoleon's certificate of birth in order to appear older than he was, and, having now developed into a fluent demagogue, was soon earning a small salary in the commissary department of the army. Fesch also found a comfortable berth in the same department. Joseph calmly displayed Napoleon's commission in the national guard as his own, and received a higher place with a better salary. The sovereignty of the Convention was everywhere acknowledged, their revolutionary courts were established far and wide, and their legations, clothed with dictatorial power, were acknowledged in every camp of the land as supreme, superior even to the commanders-in-chief. It was not exactly a time for further military irregularities, and Napoleon, armed with a certificate from Salicetti that his presence in Corsica for the past six months had been necessary, betook himself to the army headquarters at Nice, still cherishing hope, it seems, that he might find some opportunity to lead a successful expedition against the little citadel of Ajaccio. Such a scheme, at all events, occupied him intermittently for nearly two years, or until it was banished forever by visions of a control far transcending the limits of Corsica.

Not that the outcast Buonaparte was any longer exclusively a Corsican. It is impossible to conceive of a lot more pitiful or a fate more obdurate than his had so far been. There was little hereditary morality in his nature, and none had been inculcated by training; he had no vital piety, nor even sincere superstition. A butt and an outcast at a French school under the old régime, he had imbibed a bitter hatred for the land indelibly associated with such haughty privileges for the rich and such contemptuous disdain for the poor. He had not even the consolation of having received an education. His nature revolted at the religious formalism of priestcraft; his mind turned in disgust from the scholastic husks of its superficial knowledge. What he had learned came from inborn capacity, from desultory reading, and from the untutored imaginings of his garden at Brienne, his cave at Ajaccio, or his barrack chambers. What more plausible than that he should first turn to the land of his birth with some hope of happiness, usefulness, or even glory! What more mortifying than the

[1] This account seems partly to reconcile the conflicting statements of both Napoleon and Lucien concerning this epoch of their lives. The latter gives in his "Mémoires," Vol. I, p. 89, a purely fictitious account of his own experiences. We do not even know certainly whether he had managed to get to Toulon ahead of his family. It can be proved by existing documents and admitted facts that he did not land at Marseilles, as he says he did. Either what he professes to recall never happened, or it happened at Toulon. In all probability the connection with the Jacobins was so close during these months that the Buonapartes were afterward put to desperate straits to conceal it. We gather that Lucien's mission was eventually to approach the Paris Jacobins for aid, but that, terrified by their excesses, he was content to secure the good will of those at Toulon.

stupefying revelation that in manhood he was too French for Corsica, as he had been in boyhood too Corsican for France!

The story of his reception and adventures in Corsica has no fascination; it is neither heroic nor satanic, but belongs to the dull and mediocre realism which makes up so much of commonplace life. It is difficult to find even a thread of continuity in it: there may be one as to purpose; there is none as to either conduct or theory. There is the passionate admiration of a Southern nature for a hero as represented by the ideal Paoli. There is the equally Southern quality of quick but transient hatred. The love of dramatic effect is shown at every turn, in the perfervid style of his writings, in the mock dignity of an edict issued from the grotto at Milelli, in the empty honors of a lieutenant-colonel without a real command, in the paltry style of an artillery inspector with no artillery but a few dismantled guns.

But the most prominent characteristic of the young man was his shiftiness, in both the good and bad senses of the word. He would perish with mortification rather than fail in devising some expedient to meet every emergency; he felt no hesitation in changing his point of view as experience destroyed an ideal or an unforeseen chance was to be seized and improved. Moreover, repeated failure did not dishearten him. Detesting garrison life, he neglected its duties, and endured punishment, but he secured regular promotion; defeated again and again before the citadel of Ajaccio, each time he returned undismayed to make a fresh trial under new auspices or in a new way.

He was no spendthrift, but he had no scruples about money. He was proud in the headship of his family, and reckless as to how he should support them, or should secure their promotion. Solitary in his boyhood, he had become in youth a companion and leader; but his true friendships were not with his social equals, whom he despised, but with the lowly, whom he understood. Finally, here was a citizen of the world, a man without a country: his birthright was gone, for Corsica repelled him; France he hated, for she had never adopted him.[1] He was likewise without a profession, for he had neglected that of a soldier, and had failed both as an author and as a politician. He was apparently, too, without a single guiding principle; the world had been a harsh stepmother, at whose knee he had neither learned the truth nor experienced kindness. He appears consistent in nothing but in making the best of events as they occurred. So far he was a man neither much better nor much worse than the world in which he was born. He was quite as unscrupulous as those about him, but he was far greater than they in perspicacity, adroitness, adaptability, and persistence. During the period before his expulsion from Corsica these qualities of leadership were scarcely recognizable, but they existed. As yet, to all outward appearance, the little captain of artillery was the same slim, ill-proportioned, and rather insignificant youth; but at twenty-four he had had the experience of a much greater age. Unconscious of his powers, he had dreamed many day-dreams, and had acquired a habit of boastful conversation in the family circle; but, fully cognizant of the dangers incident to his place, and the unsettled conditions about him, he was cautious and reserved in the outside world.

When Buonaparte reached Nice no awkward questions were asked by the authorities. The town had but recently been captured, men were needed to hold it, and the Corsican refugee was promptly appointed captain of the shore battery. To casual observers he appeared perfectly content in this subordinate position.

[1] Just a few weeks before the family flight, Napoleon, as Lucien tells us ("Mémoires," Vol. I, p. 74), had spoken longingly of India, of the English empire as destined to spread with every year, and of the career which its expansion opened to good officers of artillery, who were scarce among the British — scarce enough everywhere, he thought. "If I ever choose that career," said he, "I hope you will hear of me. In a few years I shall return thence a rich nabob, and bring fine dowries for our three sisters."

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

ON THE FLY-LEAF OF A COPY OF OMAR.

DEEM not this book a creed: 't is but the cry
Of one who fears not death, yet would not die;
Who at the table feigns with sorry jest
To love the wine the Master's hand has pressed,
The while he loves the absent Master best —
The bitter cry of love for love's reply!

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

WANTED — A SITUATION.

Jan. 8.

MY DEAREST ADELAIDE: Did you get a wretched, whimpering little note, full of self-commiseration and sighing, showing a dejected maiden looking out upon a world of hollowness? Did she say she was without hope, and life was a book read through; and oh, Adelaide, did she say — let me whisper it! — did she say the cause of all this was a man, a wretched being called a lover — a false, untrue lover? Forget it. Tear up the letter. I never wrote it. It was another girl. You shall see.

Now what do you suppose restored my sanity? I 'll tell you. You see, whatever you do, there is absolutely no privacy in this world; there is always an audience, and you 've got to make your bow to it, bleeding heart in hand. When my engagement was announced, I thought the audience very pretty. It gave me quite a flutter of pleasure. But when I had gradually come to see the folly of that engagement, and had nerved myself to break it, I thought I could shut out the audience whose gaze had been so pleasing and would now be so painful. And my reserve did shut it out largely. But can any power stifle the interest of relatives? They insisted on a private view. They have probed and investigated, and proved all their theories on me. And I have winced and suffered, wept, and pitied myself. Amy has wept with me. You know how she is. She became my double. We had but one thought, one feeling between us, and not a ray of light from any source. Your letter was what you are always, a well-spring of sympathy and hope. It was too good for me. I took the sympathy, and left the hope. I went on weeping, and Amy wrote about my pitiable state to you girls. Then came a letter from Isabel. "I hope," she said, "that you 're not making a sight of yourself. I suppose you know that crying ruins not only your eyes, but your complexion." I looked in the glass. It was a revelation to my vanity. It takes Belle to touch you in the weak spot. I could have kissed her for the strength she gave me. I have n't shed a tear since. My heart is nice and cool, my eyes are clear. Amy is relieved, but confused. She suspects me of grieving in secret, and takes it out in saying: "Isabel is very strange. No one would ever think she is our own sister!"

Now I want to speak seriously about myself, about my future. You tell me I am young and pretty, that I am bound to love again and be loved by a man worthy of me. As to worthiness, let us not talk of it, for I have done with love. Let it be understood between us that what you call woman's natural vocation is crossed off my list. Yet I must do and be something. Dear Addie, I want to go to work — I mean real work, to earn money.

Now listen! I do not remind you of how slender my income is, because you would reply that you and Henry would gladly double it. I am devoutly thankful for your attitude, but I must be independent. I cannot go on forever living first with you, then with Belle, and then with Amy. I love you all dearly, as you know, and you are all as good to me as sisters can be. While I looked forward to a home of my own in the near future, I did not feel my dependence upon you with the same keenness; but now I am set upon a change. I will not become the old-maid sister who is first in one family and then another, and of none of them. I know what you would say, dear. Amy says it daily, hourly, now — says it with tears. She is over-solicitous, over-watchful. I wish she would neglect me for a season. She follows me with a yearning gaze, and cannot forbear asking if I have slept well overnight.

I am sure that in your heart you approve of my desire. It will occupy me. I shall feel useful; and if I succeed in ever so small a way, think how happy I shall be! The only question is, *What* shall I do? What shall I choose? Which of my talents shall I favor? Advise me. I am serious. Devotedly yours,

SOPHIA.

Jan. 12.

DEAR ADELAIDE: Amy wants five yards of ribbon to match this sample, except it must be a little wider, and have a heavy cord on the edge: so there 's one day less for you in this world.

Now about me. Just now I am too important to be put aside. Your letter was all I could ask. I knew you would understand. Henry's comments and suggestions keep me smiling still. You can tell him, with my love, that he has a pretty wit, but he wants to guard it against surprises. I ask, What shall I do? You answer, What can you do? I have made an invoice. Shall I give it to you?

I am twenty-nine — we will say thirty, and not mince matters. It is not so sweet an age as twenty, but that 's past help. I have been

called pretty, also charming. I can play and sing a little, draw and paint decoratively, write a nice angular hand, read aloud when the book is interesting, ride and drive, and I can dance and play tennis to any tune that 's piped. Truly there 's a list to send a glow of honest pride to any sister's heart! When I sing there is always some one who says: "Why have you not done something with your voice? Really, Miss Barton, you ought to sing in public." When Amy shows my sketches, and calls attention to the dinner-cards as my work, there is the same cordial pressure brought to bear to let the world see my light, and all my correspondents say, "You ought to write." Which of these gold-mines shall I work, dearest? Give me your advice. Perhaps you know of something up there that I could do. Ask Henry to be serious, and say what I could do. But don't read him this letter. I am in earnest about work. Money I must have, and I am tired of idleness. Do not try to shake my resolution. You cannot, and I want something quite different from you. Write to me; write often and at length. Devotedly yours, SOPHIA.

P. S. Don't name work and me in the same breath to Isabel, if you write her. You know how positive she is, and there 's no knowing how she 'd look upon it. S. B.

Jan. 14.

DEAR ADDIE: Just a line before I go to bed. Amy has been urging me to take a few pupils in music — "if," as she said, "you must run after this new whim." She has no confidence in the earnestness and duration of my purpose. She thought I could get the three Price children. So this afternoon I went to Mrs. Price about them. She was very kind, and controlled her surprise remarkably well. She is to let me know her decision in a few days. They are dull little things, and I know I shall hate them. Love to Henry and the boys. I shall write again soon. Ever your loving SOPHY.

Jan. 22.

DEAREST ADELAIDE: I have the Price children and two others twice a week. I went to see Mrs. Price yesterday, and she smiled in her sweet way, and said that the children were young, and she had n't expected them to study music for a year or two, that she had never believed in forcing young minds, but that it would be so pleasant to have the children with me — she would feel so safe, and know that I would not look upon them as an ordinary teacher would, that my interest would extend beyond the mere mercantile transaction between us, and that after thinking it over she had decided to give them into my tender care.

What do you suppose I am paid? Twenty-five cents a lesson, two dollars and a half a week — scarcely a housemaid's wages! I consented to that figure in one of my modest moments, under the influence of that saintly Mrs. Price. Everybody says she is the sweetest woman in the world, and so good! With the utmost delicacy she proceeded to extract from me the confession that I valued my services at fifty cents per head per lesson. When you consider that teachers here receive from one to two dollars, it would seem that I had remembered my inexperience and shortcomings. Mrs. Price looked up to heaven in a brief supplication, and then cast her eyes upon the carpet. I ventured to say I considered the terms reasonable, and she replied in the gentlest, most sympathetic voice: "Yes, dear; you know of course what you can afford to do, and I must remember what I can afford. Of course I am not especially anxious to have the children study music; but with you it was, I confess, a temptation. Your terms would make it come to three dollars a week, you see." Think of it, Addie! And that woman keeps her carriage! The upshot of the whole matter was that she suggested twenty-five cents, and I in turn a half-hour at that figure. She demurred at this, saying she thought an hour better for young children; and I, in sheer weariness of spirit, consented. Amy was as angry as so gentle a creature can be.

I had a long, breezy letter from Isabel yesterday. She is all architecture and sanitary plumbing. She knows nothing of my plans for laying up treasures here below. I thought I would n't tell her until I was fairly launched.

Your own devoted SOPHIA.

P. S. Ask Henry what he thinks of typewriting for me. I have always detested the colored inks they use, but I dare say I could do violence to my prejudice if money lay that way. S. B.

March 3.

MY DEAREST ADDIE: I have been too busy to write, and have time only for a line now. I have two more pupils, seven in all — three dollars and a half a week — almost a cook's wages now! I am coming on. I must find something else to do. It is harder than breaking stones. The Price children realize my fondest anticipations: no ear, no sense of time. They wear my patience to a thread. I have a new scheme which I shall investigate to-morrow. I must fly now to my next lesson.

Yours lovingly, SOPHY.

March 6.

MY DEAR ADDIE: My scheme — you remember I had one — will, I am afraid, turn out to be like one of Ethel's little white can-

dles, the ghost of an idea. I heard there would be a vacancy in the public library, that one of the girls was about to leave. Visions of emancipation and independence opened out before me. I put on my plainest hat, and went down to inquire. The librarian said yes, there would be a vacancy, he believed; but all appointments were made by the board of directors. "Oh, I did n't know that," I remarked brilliantly. I had supposed I had only to present myself, and even wondered what I would do if they wanted me to stay and begin work at once. "Did you wish to suggest an applicant for the vacancy?" he asked. "Yes," I answered; "I should like to fill it myself." At this he readjusted his glasses. He had taken them off on my accosting him, presumably to see me; but now I believed it was simply to rest his nose, for his gaze appeared quite kind and friendly once his eyes were focused. He said, "You will have to make your application in the regular way. The board meets the third Monday of each month." "The third Monday of each month," I repeated pleasantly, as though I meant to tax my mind merely with the date, while I was wondering desperately what in the world the "regular way" was. He read it in my wooden smile. He drew out of his desk a printed form, and handed it to me. "You will have to fill this out, you know; and you will ask three of the directors to become your sponsors," he explained. "Then you will present your application down-stairs, and it will be acted upon whenever the matter of supplying the vacancy comes before the board."

Of course I did n't know who the directors were. He gave me the list of names, and I selected some I knew. Since then I have filed my application in the "regular way," which means yards of red tape on everything. And my sponsors! Well, it 's a curious feature of trying to become a working-woman that one's motives are challenged at every step, such an amount of explaining of a purely personal nature becomes necessary.

Eight hours a day at thirty dollars a month is n't exactly princely; yet I should be glad to get it. So would the other applicants. Amy sends love. Yours, SOPHIA.

March 13.

DEAR ADELAIDE: You may remember that I said I would die before I would earn my bread with my needle. I said so because I was sure I should die if I did. Yet this past week my needle brought me in four dollars, and I expect to make sixteen more in the course of time; that is, *ultimately*. I am doing a dozen doilies for Mrs. Waterman, at the rate of two dollars each. She wanted to give me three, but she could n't look me in the eye and say she 'd have to pay that price to an every-day business woman. So I refused flatly to take charity.

Mrs. Waterman 's an angel, though nobody calls her one. I opened my heart to her on the employment question, and I feel immensely encouraged. She was n't shocked or curious, or the least bit sorry for me. Her eye lighted up with enthusiasm and something very like affection. Since then I have talked several times with her. She is wide awake for opportunities for me. I must fly to the Price children.

Yours, SOPHY.

March 20.

MY DEAREST ADDIE: I thought I had a mind above such frivolities now that I am entering the ranks of the laboring-class, but I went to the german last night. Amy made a great point of it, her chief argument being, "Everybody will think all sorts of queer things if you don't go." The moment I saw the polished floor, and heard the music, I forgot all about the Price children, and the public library (which will probably never be mine to serve). I danced everything, and all the time. I had favors and favors, and I was asked for extra dances in all the odd bits of time, too. So you see what a raging belle your sister was. Perhaps they were sorry for me, perhaps they liked my pink pompadour silk. I did n't care. I was perfectly happy — what you call radiant. When you come to think of it, it is an awful confession to make, but I may as well admit that I love pleasure, and hate adversity. Talk about the ennobling influence! If I had plenty of silk stockings, a coupé, and becoming hats, I would be an angel! Last night, after I got home, while I was taking off all my finery, I tried to think how much better it was to be a brave, independent woman working out a future for herself. I recalled all I had ever heard or read about the dignity of labor, the sweetness of crusts earned, and the dwarfing influence of dependence. I used all the hard words I could think of on the girl whose soul did not turn instinctively to the higher plane. But it was no use. All the time I kept hearing the swing of the last waltz, and the inspiring military accent of the drum.

I must give up the music-lessons. I suppose you will think I won't do anything long enough to make it succeed. Yours devotedly,

SOPHIA.

March 22.

MY DEAREST ADDIE: I have recovered my balance, and decided against popular amusements for the working-classes. Balls do not agree with me, and I really want to get ahead with earning money.

Amy has the most intense sentiment against my working at all. She tried arguing with me at first, then weeping over me. At last she subsided into apparent acquiescence. But now here comes the strangeness of it. Notwithstanding this opposition, she has become my chief source of information in regard to avenues that are open to a girl of my class and attainments. She brings them into the conversation in quite a careless, accidental way beautiful to witness. It is the supreme expression of her affection.

And so Henry thinks it sheer waste of time to learn stenography and type-writing, does he? I cannot say I am reluctantly dissuaded, nor that I am greatly surprised to hear the market is overstocked. What I am looking for is a new province. I want to be a huge monopoly all in my own person.

What a curious thing money is! How riotously it spends itself, like a depraved, abandoned, conscienceless thing! You naturally feel it must be easy to get money when you see it go like that. Yet nothing on earth is so hard to do. It is locked up in mystery. I thought any woman with pluck and common sense, trained or untrained, could make her living if she had to. I do believe, however, if I were turned out to-morrow, absolutely on my own resources, to provide food, lodging, and clothes, I should perish.

I heard from the public library this morning. The answer was, "Thank you; no." I expected it, but I was disappointed.

Yours with love, SOPHIA.

April 9.

MY DEAR SISTER: Just time for a word. I have sold my dinner-cards, and they will take more. I have heard of another enterprise for young women. Strange how you have only to drive in a stake and it accumulates drift for you. Doubtless women have been doing all these things and countless others for years, but I never heard of them until I began to seek work. This time it is an elevated laundry business. Everybody has such a quantity of fine embroidered linen things for the table,—center-pieces, doilies, toilet- and tea-table covers,—bags, and so forth; and even washing silks can be subdued to dingy indistinctness by the ingenious ways of the washerwoman. Well, I heard of a girl, as Amy says, who has worked up a business in this line. She washes and irons with her own hands (and those of her assistants) the fine linen of the embroidered rich, and it pays. She employs "ladies,"—that is to say, intelligent, sympathetic labor.

Mrs. Carlton, a friend of Amy's, was here to luncheon yesterday. You know they found the estate was in a tangle just after her father died, and she got absolutely nothing out of it. Mr. Carlton is a dreamer, and has endless notions for the amelioration of the race, but no notion at all about earning an income. They moved out on a little farm, but they find it pretty hard. What do you suppose she is doing to make a little extra money? For one thing, she makes butter—such a high-class article that it commands a fancy price. Now I suppose you think she also probably makes cheese, and sells eggs. Not a bit of it! She teaches horseback riding to young ladies. Amy remembers that, as a girl, she rode better than anybody else, and was ready to mount any horse that was bridle-wise. She had two girls out from town to spend a few days with her. These girls went crazy over her riding. They begged her to teach them. Their father made Mrs. Carlton accept money for it; and there you are! Last year she had nine pupils, two of them little boys on ponies, and she has already several applicants for the coming season. She made a hundred and eighty dollars. My candle splutters. I must go to bed. Devotedly yours,

SOPHIA.

April 12.

MY DEAREST ADDIE: I am in a state of excitement this morning. Yesterday Mrs. Evans offered me a chance to work in the library for two weeks. They are taking on some extra helpers, and she thought of me. I was inclined to refuse at first, as it meant nothing for the future, and I am very busy now with music and embroidery and dinner-cards. But she indicated vaguely that it might lead to a permanent position later. In the autumn there will probably be another vacancy. Well, I have n't time to write more fully. I have accepted against Amy's wishes, and Isabel—I dare not think of Isabel. Mrs. Price goes to the country early in May, and that would end the lessons anyway. I go to work to-morrow at eight sharp. Remember me in your prayers.

Your own SOPHIA.

April 20.

DEAREST ADDIE: This is the end of my first week in the library. Going out scrubbing could n't be more exhausting than the work I did until yesterday. I had to fetch and carry. Returned books are piled high on the counter. I had to carry them to the proper section, and restore them to their places. Often I climbed the step-ladder, and reached to the farthest extent above my head with some heavy volume. And my hands! The first day I washed them every hour; but the second day I became temperate in my habits, and renounced fingernails as a feature.

But yesterday my work was changed. I was

given catalogue work to do. For the rest of the fortnight I shall have to write up cards of the new books, and place them in order in the index. It is easily learned, and becomes more and more interesting to do as I become expert. I suppose you know how it is done. Every book in the library has its title, author, publisher, and other items written on a card. Each card has a hole in it, through which a rod is passed to hold it in its place in a drawer. The great thing is to use some common sense, and not make any mistakes, even of a comma.

I believe my chances for a place here in the autumn are not bad, if there is a vacancy. Yet thirty a month is not so pleasing as at first.

Yours, SOPHIA.

May 7.

DEAR ADDIE: You will be surprised to see I am at Isabel's. I had not expected to come before the tenth, but she telegraphed me for a special occasion. The new house is charming.

Isabel and I have had it out on the labor question. As representing capital, she was full of ideas for me, once I had won her sympathy. Three months ago she would have dazzled my fancy with her impracticable schemes.

We are very gay. Isabel has a stunning new hat, which, contrary to the rule of hats, has an additional interest. Do you remember the Elston girls? They have climbed to the pinnacle of fame and fortune by the devious, vain path of millinery. And, what 's more, they 've built a railing around the pinnacle, so they 're not likely to fall off.

They were left suddenly with nothing but their wits and a stock of Paris clothes. You may recall what charming hats they always wore — hats with what we call an "air." It seems they made the most of them with their own hands, for the pure pleasure of exercising a talent. When their hour of need came, some woman with a mind and heart suggested that they could trim hats for other people, and proved her sincerity by giving an order on the spot. She showed it to her friends. Then she offered to give the girls an opening day at her own house. They took hold in earnest. They went down town, and bought supplies of wholesale dealers. They trimmed fifty hats and bonnets. They bought as many hat-boxes wholesale, and they rummaged out-of-the-way shops for old-fashioned wall-paper, all rosebuds and little green wreaths. They covered the boxes with it. And see what they had! At least two hundred ladies came to the opening. Their stock was "closed out," professionally speaking. Orders were left. That was two years ago. Now they have a regular shop — the daintiest place, Isabel says. And they went to Europe for styles last summer. They keep their standard up and their prices down. That shows what can be done.

Isabel was telling me the other day about two girls — friends, not sisters — who had cleared three thousand dollars a year teaching whist. It does n't seem possible, but it is vouched for. They had to have money, and that is the nucleus of everything. They were fine whist-players. A whist club was started among a set of younger girls, to many of whom the game was new. Some two or three went to these expert young women, and asked boldly to be taught — for love. Then these pupils made a record in the club. Other members thirsted for knowledge, but did n't feel at liberty to ask on the same terms. They took courage, and begged to have lessons for pay. That began it. Now they have classes in towns all about, and travel, giving lessons here one day, there another. They are simply the fashion, and are as much remarked for their grace and spirit as for their ability to impart a working knowledge of whist in a short time.

When there are so many roads to fame and fortune, it really seems as though the difficult thing would be to choose. I am told that going from house to house dusting bric-à-brac and taking care of lamps is done extensively. I even hear it pays so well in cities that the lamp-lady, in numerous instances, affords to drive about in a cab, taking her kit of tools with her, exacting only a supply of oil from her patrons.

Speaking of lamps, Isabel buys all her beautiful lamp-shades from a young woman who once had money, and now makes it. She re-covers old shades and makes new ones, furnishing materials. She charges from twelve to sixteen dollars for shades that sell for twenty to thirty in the shops. She told Isabel it paid her well, and she has opened a regular shop where she employs two or three girls in the busy season. If you care to have the pink shade on your Dresden lamp done, send me the frame.

Devotedly yours,

SOPHIA.

May 25.

DEAREST ADELAIDE: Just a line. I must tell you my very latest experiment. I have turned my mind to a domestic-social possibility. Again Mrs. Waterman is my genius. She wanted to give rather an elaborate dinner the other night, and was dreadfully torn up in her mind over being unable to get Frapelli to take charge of it.

You know I adore a dinner (I was n't asked to this one), and with all modesty I may say to you that I have a genius for menus and table "effects" generally, and Mrs. Waterman knows it. I somehow read it in her glance all

of a sudden that she was dying to say, "*Would* you?" and I flashed out, "Let me!"—whereupon we both laughed, and I assumed charge of that dinner. It seemed a great joke at first, but I became an earnest and enthusiastic worker, and soon developed the spirit of the true artist. I submitted the menu — perfect! I interviewed the cook — she accepted me, which was a triumph in itself. I gathered my forces. The day of the dinner I spent at the house from ten in the morning; and I want to say right here that I resisted all of Mrs. Waterman's overtures to come and be on terms of equality. She wanted to help me, hated to trouble me for this and that, urged me to come and lie down and rest. At last I had to speak plainly. "Am I a competent young person or not, Mrs. Waterman? Am I earning my wage, or is this a charity organization? And if I am, who is dispensing the bounty, you or I? Would you ask Frapelli to go and lie down, for example? Go away with you! I am a business woman, and I won't be interfered with. When I come as your guest we will exchange ideas on 'Why women fail.' I 've no time to gossip now."

The dinner was a complete success. Frapelli was nowhere; the table was a dream; and I have twenty-five dollars in my purse. I believe there is money in this direction. What do you say? Lovingly yours,

SOPHIA.

October 30.

DEAREST ADDIE: I wrote you I was going to spend a week with Isabel. You will be astonished to find me still here. But I was persuaded, like the weak, pleasure-loving thing I am, to stay; and now I am glad I did, as you shall see. We went again to dinner at the Nelsons'. You know how I have always felt toward that man — short, stout little steam-engine, always blowing the whistle and ringing the bell. He used to tire me to death. What will you think when I tell you I admire and am grateful to that man? Isabel thinks I have deteriorated, and she has made a theory out of me which sets forth the idea that young women of refinement lose their delicate sensibilities by contact with work. You can investigate the soundness of this at your leisure.

That night, for the first time, I talked with Mr. Nelson on the thing *he* knows. I adapted myself, and I got my reward. He found me interested, and he gave me such a bird's-eye view of business principles as I had never dreamed of. Before I realized it, I was telling about my own efforts to earn money to the most sympathetic listener I ever found. Well, in a word, as I look back upon that evening I think it not unlikely that the corner-stone of my fortunes was laid then and there, though the ceremony attracted no attention. At all events, Mr. Nelson gave me a catalogue to index, and I will confine myself to stating modestly that I distinguished myself in that undertaking, and added fifteen dollars to my bank account. Upon the strength of that, I got the work on the catalogue of another firm. And now what do you fancy I am embarked on? Legal indexing! This, too, I owe to Mr. Nelson. Not only was the inspiration his, but he gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Fulton, a big corporation lawyer, which must have been overwhelmingly convincing, because he gave me work at once. Perhaps it is a mere accident, his having the Devereux case just now, and all his assistants so busy he had no one to index the evidence; but I choose to regard it as an opening especially designed for me. My aim is to give satisfaction, as they say in domestic service, and I feel success in the air. If there is anything you do not understand about this work or its possibilities, Henry can tell you. I have n't time to go into it now.

Yours, SOPHIA.

April 26.

MY DEAREST ADELAIDE: I 've been at work six months, and you ask if I think Annie McKay could succeed at indexing. You beg me to advise her what to do. How you do tempt me! I love to give advice, but I am cultivating a conscience. Scarcely a day passes that some girl does not ask me just what Annie McKay asks. The only answer I can make is: "Indexing pays *me*, and *I* like it. But I know plenty of women who earn money in other ways which *they* like." I don't mind telling you in confidence that I think I 've learned a thing or two worth knowing about careers and how to find them; and of course I 'd like to let my light shine on the whole world of tired, discouraged women suddenly forced into the pursuit of their daily bread. But superiority has its disadvantages, and they would probably turn on me, and say my light is but a candle, and blinded my own eyes without disclosing the path, though it seems wonderfully illuminating to me.

There is a great stir made about our bondage and the limited number of profitable occupations open to women. I sign neither petition nor protest — you know my narrow-minded ways. I am fond of excitement, but I will be drawn into no whirlpool questions of the day. Perhaps it is ignorance that inclines me to be a little impatient; but within my own narrow limits I have seen so many women earning money out of what appeared to offer nothing, that I have a growing belief that life just bristles with opportunities. Sometimes an

occupation has such a novel air that it seems really to have been created. But I have yet to find one that was not evolved — developed — often out of the merest trifle.

To be alert, and to have a great enthusiasm — that is the thing! I am not sure but all the other virtues are straightway added unto it. Perhaps you might say that to Annie McKay. Ever devotedly yours,

SOPHIA.

Harriet Allen.

TO FRANCE.

1894.

MOTHER of Freedom! Mother and fond nurse!
Who, from thy mighty loins, with awful throes
And cries of anguish bore her! what new woes
Encompass thee? What long-forgotten curse
Revives to chill thy soul and dull its seeing?
Veiled are thy falcon-glances, as in death:
Thou bleedest, France! and, sobbing, drawest breath,
Sore smitten by the thing thou gavest being!

Is this thine offspring — once so nobly fair
That at her look were riven human chains,
And all men blessed thee for thy travail pains?
Behold! with serpents writhing in her hair
She stands, Medusa-like, the world appalling!
Her bloodless cheeks bespeak the vampire's lust;
Her victims fall before her in the dust;
Yet, unappeased, she still would see them falling.

Is this blest Liberty, this treacherous thing
That hides its venom 'neath a mask of flowers,
That smites its own defenders, and devours
The hands that feed it? This whose rancorous sting
Is uncontrolled by reason? Red and gory,
The standard it uplifts on land and sea
Reveals it truly, hell-born Anarchy!
Which borrows for its shame a name of glory.

Freedom disdains the cruel and the base,
Their praise she deems inexpiable wrong,
And in the homage of their savage song
She hears the voice of insult and disgrace.
Scorning the ransomed slaves who rule no better
Than the oppressors they in wrath hurl down,
Who make the Phrygian cap a despot's crown,
And others with their broken shackles fetter —

She leaves them to the evils they invoke;
And listening to the voices of the wild,—
As listens for the mother's voice her child,—
Courting the tempest and the lightning-stroke,
She opens to the void her pinions regal:
The clouds, the skies, she knows to be her own,
And rising to the mountain-summits lone,
She rests where rock the eyries of the eagle!

Florence Earle Coates.



SCENES IN CANTON.[1]

THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIMINALS, AND THE RIVER POPULATION.

THE population of the city of Canton, including the multitude living on the river, has been variously estimated at from one to three millions. European residents, from knowledge gained by trading, and from the familiarity they have acquired with the Chinese methods of living, assume that the city population numbers about one million, and the river population an additional half-million. The estimate is possibly as nearly correct as any that can be made: I could form no manner of conjecture concerning it. The anxiety to know such a detail is one of the peculiarities of Europeans which the Chinese cannot understand, as statistics of population appear to their minds entirely unimportant knowledge.

For the maintenance of order among this great mass of people, an application may be seen of the peculiar custom in vogue in China of passing responsibility from one body to another. It narrows down until the dwellers in each quarter are held responsible for riot, outrage, or robbery taking place there. The quarters are further subdivided into sections. Here and there across the streets may be noticed a series of square holes cut in the granite slab underfoot. Corresponding with them are round holes in a transverse beam overhead, and standing in a recess of the wall hard by are eight or ten stout saplings, like capstan-bars in a rack. In some streets at six, in others at seven, eight, and nine P. M., these bars are put up. In other streets there are actual gates, closed like a door; but they are rarer than the bars. If visitors dawdle too long in the shops, and happen to be shut into one of these sections, it is a difficult and tedious matter to rouse and move the head-man so as to be passed along; and the same difficulty occurs at every barrier.

There are, however, police patrols. I saw but few of them during the daytime, but the manner in which these functionaries got themselves up for night duty was very remarkable. They had some native weapons slung around them, and attached to the back of each man was a large, gaudy-colored Chinese lantern, which transformed him into a species of gorgeous glow-worm. Whether these lanterns were always carried in this manner I cannot say, but I doubt if they could serve any other purpose than that of enabling the thief to see the patrol. They had not even the advantage possessed by our policeman's boots, which, though they may warn the burglar of his approach, yet may serve, if the latter have not time to get away, as terrible weapons of offense and defense. There is a staging upon the housetops along which the Cantonese patrol walks. I am told that during the winter there are throughout the city bamboo structures, built up to a height of fifty feet, where watchmen sit aloft to look for fires, and there are also fire-brigades equipped with hand-pumps. In these organizations the men display much energy and *esprit de corps*, and perform police and sentry duty temporarily for the protection of property which has been attacked by fire.

Notwithstanding the system of subdivided authority and the responsibility of citizenship, it may readily be imagined that so large a population contains its share of law-breakers and criminals. For the edification of any of the inhabitants with criminal tendencies, and indeed for the salutary education of the people as a whole, the paternal government has fitted up one of the temples of the city with a place like a waxwork exhibition, only the models are of wood. Hundreds of idlers were congregated there; the show was free.

On each side of the approach to the temple, within bars, are shown methods of punishment — strangling a criminal; cutting in strips while alive; flogging; tying up by thumbs and toes; grinding in a mill; sawing asunder while held in position by boards; the sleep of death on a bed composed of large sharp spikes; and other

[1] A continuation of the article "In the City of Canton," page 59 of the November CENTURY.—EDITOR.

equally revolting methods of doing people to death.

Peddlers were selling their wares here, and quacks their nostrums, while fortune-tellers were doing a thriving business. A few old women and children begged for alms. Among the groups many persons walked about who appeared to be solely occupied in looking at the others. Truly it seemed a pleasant place of resort.

Leaving this museum, I next visited one of the police or correctional courts, and waited for the magistrate to open the proceedings. The day was hot, and he was apparently in no hurry; the courts appear to sit at any time that suits the convenience of the magistrates. One of the prisons being close by, I went through it while waiting. In these prisons are incarcerated not only the Cantonese malefactors, but also those brought from large districts outside the city.

Since visiting this prison, I have never ceased wondering at two things whenever I have thought of the subject: first, why the prisoners stay there at all; second, if determined to remain in prison when captured, how any one can dare to be a criminal in China.

The buildings were none of them above twelve or thirteen feet high at the loftiest part of the roofs, and many were much lower. The outer door, unguarded, stood open, leading to some narrow passages with rectangular turns. Seated drowsily in the shade were two or three men in ordinary Chinese outdoor dress. Some children were playing about the alley, while a woman or two looked on. There was nowhere to be seen an official uniform indicating the presence of a soldier or a warder.

Half-way down an alley was a gate; it was open. Even when shut it consisted only of a few wooden bars stuck in a rack, and one blow with a sharp tomahawk would cut the stoutest of them in half, while with an ordinary penknife any of the bars could have been whittled through in less than half an hour. Here a mild-looking Chinaman sat in a shallow niche in the wall, and some children ran in and out at will.

Inside were fifteen or twenty ferocious-looking creatures. They were human beings and tame, but they looked wild; the little clothing they wore was in rags and tatters. A chain about a foot long fastened the legs of each together, pieces of iron being bent round the ankles and looped into each end of the links. They were apparently half starved; their eyes were like those of wild beasts; their heads and faces were unshaven, and showed some inches of black growth standing straight on end. Though their queues were plaited, the hair was so ruffled as to make the plaiting almost indistinguishable.

The place was a small courtyard about twenty or twenty-five feet square. One great stall, like a cow-shed, ran round it, barred up in front with the usual flimsy round saplings, except here and there where an opening was left for convenience of passing in and out.

I did not feel particularly anxious to go in among the occupants, but as they all walked out to have a look at me, leaving the place empty, I entered. They then came back again, and stared at me. Possibly I was as strange a sight to them as they were to me.

The heat was intense, and beat fiercely upon the granite paving-stones; the heat in the stall was still greater. Nothing that in the remotest degree resembled a bed was anywhere to be seen; not a bit of straw or even any rags. There were only dirty granite slabs to lie upon. The place smelt ill, and was very dirty; so indeed were the prisoners.

The guide said they were all sentenced to be beheaded, and that at any time the mandate might arrive fixing an immediate date for their execution. But nobody seemed to trouble himself in the least about the matter.

I gave the convicts some small coins, and left the place. They followed me into the alley, still looking at me in a wondering way. The man at the door took no notice of them, and the children were still playing and running in and out unconcernedly as I turned the corner.

I was then taken through more alleys into the women's prison. It probably abutted in some way upon the other, and was within the same inclosing alleys and walls. As in the former case, men, women, and children were seated in the approaches, and, the door also being open, children ran in and out.

This courtyard presented much the same appearance as the other, save that its tenants were women — mostly wretched-looking old hags. I went inside the stalls or sheds, and saw there some low wooden tables for the prisoners to sleep upon, and a few screens of matting hanging about. The inmates were not chained, save one, a well-dressed and rather distinguished-looking woman.

"What has that woman done?" I asked the guide.

"She is sentenced to the 'ling-chee' for poisoning her husband," was his reply.

A very comely girl was in the prison. "What crime has she committed?" said I.

"She is not a prisoner," said the guide; "she is the jailer's daughter, and is only gossiping with the prisoners."

The alleged murderess was impassive; unlike any of the others, she evinced no desire for the money I offered her, and during the time I was there her face changed in expression no more than if it had been that of a statue.

I was taken from the alleys into the street immediately outside. The guide pointed to a narrow doorway; I went in, and he followed.

The place was stiflingly hot, and so dark that some seconds elapsed before my eyes could distinguish anything in the gloom. A man, the usual ununiformed jailer, was sitting inside. I heard something moving, and dimly saw, through the ordinary grating of wooden bars, an inner room in which were three prisoners, each wearing "the wooden collar." This was a contrivance about three feet square, made of planking one and a half inches thick. There was a hole in the center just large enough to encircle a man's neck, and the whole apparatus had the appearance of being built on to the prisoner.

With this collar on, no man could lie down. I was told they could not even brush the flies and mosquitos from their faces, nor yet indulge in their favorite head-scratching performance. Even without a collar, life in this inner prison must be supported with difficulty.

I now returned to the court, only to find the magistrate had not arrived. After some time I proposed to go, but the guide suggested waiting for another ten minutes, saying that five or six prisoners had been sent for.

I momentarily expected them to file in under the charge of an armed guard. Just as I was about to give up all hope of seeing the court sit, I heard the clank of chains. Here were the prisoners at last.

A Chinaman, unattended by any guard, came in, and sat on a long, low bench in one corner of the court. He wore hobble-chains of the usual pattern. Presently another walked in, apparently of his own volition, for no one was guarding or directing him. He also sat down. I noticed that the hobble-irons had made sores on his ankles, and he had tied a string round the calves of his legs which held the pieces of bent iron midway between his ankles and his calves. Then another prisoner, also unattended, clanked in, wearing one of the square wooden collars. He sat down, twisted the collar diamond-fashion, and supported its weight by holding its lower apex between his knees.

"He is a pirate," said the guide.

The information was hardly necessary; he looked more like what my imagination had figured a pirate to be than ever any picture had shown me.

All that could be seen, when he sat down, was a large diamond-shaped piece of wood, with a terrible head glaring in its center, bare knees and legs with ankles chained together, and fingers clasping the lower side of the diamond, where they helped to support it.

Those hands were like birds' claws, with long, dirty, curved talons on them; his queue was large and fuzzy like the tail of a maddened cat; the front half of his head, once shaven, wore a growth of black fiber standing straight on end, about two inches long—a sort of halo one might imagine a devil would wear. His chin and upper lip were covered with black hair standing straight out stiffly, like the bristles of a clothes-brush—perhaps the growth of two months. His black eyes, never resting for a moment, glittered like beads in the sunshine, and, with his strong white teeth, made strange contrast to their background of dirty, yellow, soaked-parchment-like skin. He was a typical pirate.

Perhaps it was not to be wondered at. Two months passed in such conditions as had environed this man would probably transform the most pious-looking church deacon into a pirate of the wildest and most bloodthirsty type, who as a model would make the fortune of a realistic painter.

I had hardly finished my investigation of this weird and morbidly fascinating picture when I heard a tremendous clanking of chains over the stone paving. Three men were coming along, and another walked about twenty yards behind. All wore hobble-chains, and, in addition, each carried a large block of granite in his hands that must have weighed at least fifty pounds.

As they drew closer, I saw that these stone blocks had holes in the center, and that through them ran long chains. Each chain was rove through another fastened around the man's waist, and, running free, was carried up and welded around his neck. The four men had hardly sat down when another, similarly fettered, appeared, coming down the long courtyard. He joined them, and they sat in a row.

I had not seen these fellows when walking through the prison. They presented the usual semi-ragged, unshaven, unwashed, hungry, and wholly rapacious appearance. Some looked defiant, others broken-spirited; one looked a coward and a sneak, and I said in my own mind that he was the worst scoundrel of all.

Still no magistrate appeared, and I had leisure to examine the surroundings. The materials for a turbulent scene were present: first, the prisoners; and, second, certain instruments of a coercive nature.

There were four or five wooden collars stacked like slates against a wall. A narrow ring at the edge of the neck-hole was worn bright and shiny. It ended abruptly in a ridge of black dirt, which edged off outwardly, and faded into the dull, dusty roughness of the main surface. A few knotted scourges hung from a nail close by, and also a piece of heavy leather like a boot-sole.

The guide told me that this was for beating the prisoners across the mouth when they cried out too much during examination.

Several heavy, springy bamboo slats about six feet long rested against the wall with others about two feet shorter. These things, with a coil of cords, had a wicked look.

Many people were about — boys, old men, middle-aged men, children, some carrying babies; all crowded round the "foreign devil." They gathered close, and quietly stared at me as I sat outside. The place was very hot, and the crowd made it hotter. I took off my hat to wipe the perspiration from my face; the crowd laughed. An old gentleman courteously handed me his fan, and when I began to use it the crowd laughed again. I motioned some of them away so as to get more air. This was another occasion for hilarity, but they politely drew back; then I laughed, and we all laughed together.

The old gentleman knew a few words of "pidgin-English," of which accomplishment he seemed very proud. He asked me my age, and then told it to the crowd; my nationality, and told that also. He said he was seventy-five, though he did not look more than fifty.

We were getting on very pleasantly, and I don't know how many interesting particulars we might not have gleaned of each other, when suddenly there was a buzz; the crowd melted, and I stood up and walked into the court. Several inoffensive-looking bystanders — including my old friend — transformed themselves into officials by putting on small, round, flattish hats shaped like a limpet-shell, with a ruddy-brown tassel hanging from the point of the cone.

In a minute or two several persons, dressed in white or light-colored garments of better material than those of the onlookers, came in, and arranged some papers. Then a benevolent-looking old gentleman with a kindly smile and a fussy manner followed, and seated himself at the table, a little back from the middle of the court.

The five men in chains drew forward: they knelt or sat on their feet, all made deep obeisance, touched the earth floor with their foreheads, and remained kneeling. A lot of papers were arranged; each man seemed to have a record, kept there to confront him with. At first they seemed to be dealt with separately.

The magistrate spoke with many inflections and with much emphasis and gesticulation. The prisoners understood him no more than I did. An interpreter stepped forward and, with each hand pointing from the magistrate to the prisoners and from the prisoners to the magistrate, gesticulated wildly, and took up the conversation. Then all — magistrate, prisoners, and interpreter — spoke together; but the magistrate prevailed, and secured a lengthy solo, whereupon a second interpreter came forward, pushed the first back, and took up the strain. Then followed another concerted movement of some duration.

There was a pause while a man pushed his way through the crowd, and made obeisance to the court. He was a malignant-looking ruffian, and I looked for his chains; there were none.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"The jailer," said the guide.

The jailer at once began to talk, and the magistrate, quickly joining, made a duet. The two interpreters chimed in, and then all the prisoners. A third interpreter now darted forward, and all gave way to him, and he spoke for a while alone.

My chief scoundrel looked more hangdog than ever, and very uneasy; he had become a still sicklier lemon-color than before.

Suddenly there was a hush, and all eyes turned down the long, paved courtyard. Two coolies, carrying something between them upon a bamboo, trotted up. The prisoners divided somewhat, and, with the jailer, knelt three on each side. The coolies quickly dumped their load between the prisoners. It was a man — or what remained of him — in a wicker basket; he was alive.

The magistrate made another long oration, an interpreter followed, then the jailer, and then all together. The records were consulted, and the magistrate continued. Then the wounded man broke in with startling volubility. At last my head scoundrel tremblingly produced a bag, and spilled its contents on the ground. They were pieces of metal, buttons, bits of wood, brass "cash," and bits of string. Prisoners, jailer, magistrate, witnesses, and interpreters all started to talk together; and the magistrate, lasting best, went on alone for a time, and then was followed by the three interpreters in turn, each with an energetic solo. The prisoners now looked uneasy, and well they might.

The policemen and officials, hitherto impassive spectators of the scene, began to move about the court, and three or four of them made selections from among the bamboo laths. They weighed them, felt their balance, and sprung them against the ground.

The hangdog scoundrel moved to the center of the cleared space, and tremblingly unfastened his loose, baggy breeches.

Then two policemen seized him: one wound some string around his legs, and sat upon them; another knelt on his shoulders. His chest was flat on the ground, but his hips were turned sidewise, with the right thigh uppermost. A policeman squatted on his haunches behind the prisoner and facing the magistrate, and began his work.

The bamboo whistled through the air, and

at the same moment began the most prolonged howl I ever heard in my life. There seemed no stoppage for breath: the bamboo and howl continued in unison.

Whack! whack! whack! About eighty strokes to the minute. All the blows were delivered high up on the right thigh, on a space which could be covered by an ordinary saucer. The first blow left a deep, red mark, and soon blood and skin together were flipped away at every blow. I counted the strokes. At the end of every fifty the wielder of the bamboo was relieved by another man. Four men took their turn at this fellow, making in the aggregate two hundred strokes. When the blows ceased, so did the howl.

Three other prisoners were each in turn treated to one hundred strokes; they howled also.

When the fifth man was stripped and knelt upon, he made no sound. Hitherto I had borne the punishment with extreme fortitude, but during this last correction something seemed to have gone wrong with me. To prevent any extreme disturbance I left the court hurriedly, not waiting to see how the pirate and the others were treated.

The guide told me I would probably lose the best part of the show, but I said it did not matter; I had had enough punishment for one day. He remonstrated. "The pirate," he said, "would probably have his arms drawn back at right angles to his body, and be suspended with cords by his thumbs, part of the weight being borne by his knees, just touching the stones, and the remainder by his great toes, which would be drawn up tight behind him and triced to a post by thin, strong cord. If, while in that position, he cried out, his mouth would be beaten with the boot-sole leather I had seen. It was the method employed in the court for eliciting information which the prisoner might otherwise be disposed to keep to himself." But even this promised treat did not alter my resolution. I was firm.

If I refused to go back to the court, the guide argued, I must at least visit the execution-ground. I asked if any execution was to take place that day. He replied sadly, "No." Upon these terms I consented, and as we walked toward the place I questioned him about the scene lately witnessed. He explained: "All those men, including the fellow in the basket, will be beheaded shortly. They are under sentence as pirates and murderers, but they have been gambling, and the wounded man having won everything, they nearly beat him to death, and took his winnings away from him. You saw what they were playing for."

"Were they punished for beating him?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he replied; "it was for gambling. The magistrate was very angry, and said he would have no gambling in prison. He even threatened the jailer with a flogging for having joined in the game."

We arrived at a place where a lot of rough, unbaked pipkins covered the ground. It was a narrow strip of land twenty or twenty-five feet wide and seventy or eighty long, the only patch of ground not built upon in the neighborhood.

"This is the place," said the guide; "it is one of the sights."

It was not much of a sight, I thought, after a hurried glance, and I did not feel inclined for deeper investigation. Hitherto it had seemed as if nothing could upset me, but that afternoon I was doubtful. Near the middle, where the pipkins were not so close together, the ground was discolored. "What is that?" said I. "Some men were beheaded there a day or two ago," he answered. "Would you like to see their heads? They are in those large jars standing near the wall." But I declined.

Some half-dozen T-shaped crosses were stacked against the wall. I inquired the uses of these harmless-looking instruments. "They are for tying people to, to keep them in position for the ling-chee," was the reply. I had heard this word before, so I asked about it.

"Oh," said the guide, as if imparting the most ordinary information, "the ling-chee is cutting into pieces while alive." "Is this form of execution often carried out?" I asked. "Yes," he replied; "frequently." I turned to flee. The guide called out, wishing me to see the executioner's sword; but I escaped, and he followed, evidently with great contempt for my capacity as a sight-seer.

THE aquatic life of Canton is a thing almost entirely apart from that of the city. The inhabitants, dwellers in the majority of those ever-shifting homes which go to make a huge city on the water, are a people ruled by different instincts and customs from their fellows on land. Some of them live in constructions like house-boats, which are practically a fixture at one anchorage in the river, but the greater number of the boats know no continued abiding-place.

The commonest type of boat is that locally known as a "sampan"; in reality, I believe this is the native word for boat. In this craft there was usually in the center a sort of well, with seats round it, all else being decked over. Above the well was a semicircular frame of bamboo covered with ratan matting. The boats varied greatly in size and accommodation: about twenty feet long, with a beam of about four feet, was perhaps an average size.



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

THE EXECUTION-GROUND AT CANTON.
Probably more executions have taken place here than on any other spot on the earth.

Whole families live entirely upon one of these boats. They are born, grow up, live oftimes to old age, and die there. In such cases the crews are of all sizes and both sexes, even children two years old lending a hand in managing the boats; but frequently all the working crew are women.

Occasionally I noticed on the boats small male children with blocks of wood tied to them. I asked an old resident of the city what this meant, and he told me it was in order that if the boys fell into the water they might be kept from drowning until they were fished out. Girls were not cared for with this consideration; for if they fell in and were drowned, it was not considered a family calamity. He said that among the Chinese female children were not counted in the number of the family. If a Chinese friend was asked how many children he had, and the answer was two, three, or four, my friend would say, "But I thought I saw quite a number of children playing about your house." "Ah, yes," the Chinaman would reply; "but the others are only girls."

Boat families, I noticed, stowed themselves away in the most marvelous manner; planks were pulled out from recesses and a flush deck made, and covers were shut back or stretched out. Sometimes on a boat apparently carrying a man and a woman, and seemingly large enough to accommodate only two persons, a whole family of children, from those well grown to little babies, emerged out of impossible corners and holes. The clothing worn by these people was always scanty. In wet weather they generally wore the ordinary large flat hat of the pattern shown in the pictures of Chinamen on tea-boxes; and, as an additional protection against rain, a cloak made of bamboo-leaves was usually thrown over their shoulders, and fluttered in the breeze like a mass of delicate yellow-silk ribbons.

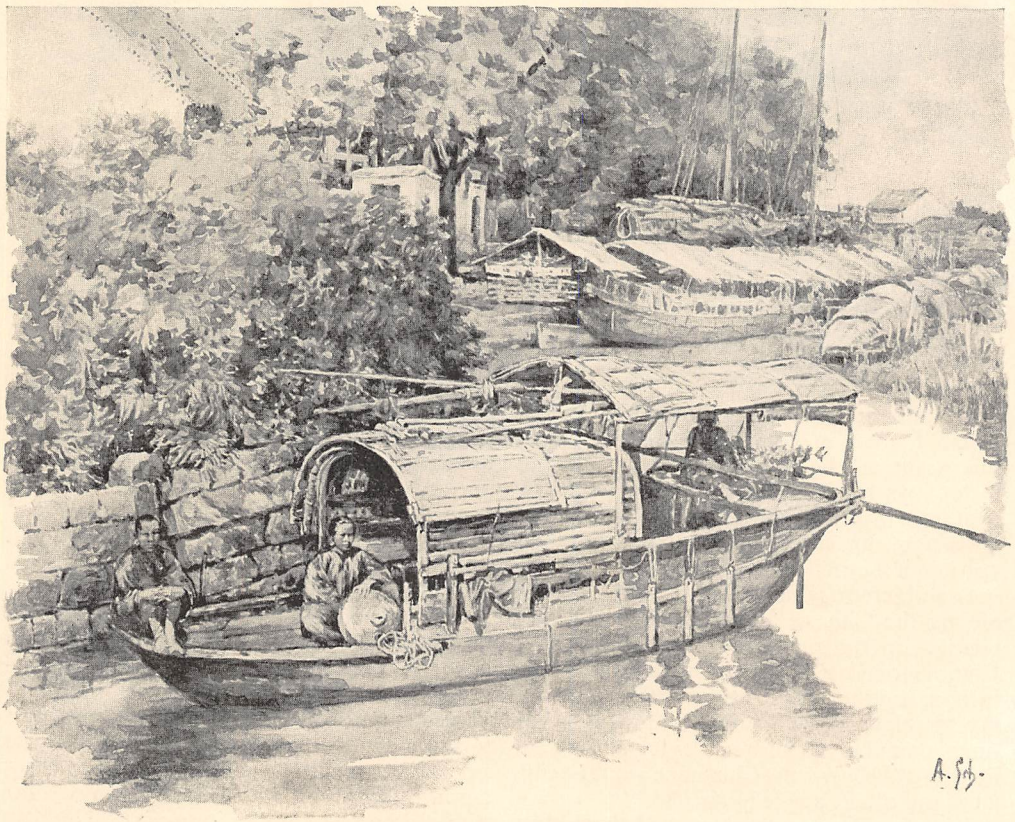
The method adopted for the propulsion of boats varied according to the class. Generally at the bows of the sampans a man sat cross-legged, pulling on one side an oar with a T-shaped handle fastened loosely with cane bands to a wooden pin in the gunwale, while at the stern a stooping woman sculled with a ponderously long oar that rocked upon a short stub of iron fixed on the stern-post. The oars were made in two pieces, and from the broad-

est part of the blade at their extreme end narrowed by imperceptible degrees to the haft, or handle, end; the splices in the center were made by cane wrappings.

In the "slipper boats," which are the swiftest travelers on the Canton River, and ply chiefly for hire, like our cabs, the oarsmen and women stood up at the stern, and pushed, instead of pulled, long oars. The oar on the right side crossed that on the left, the right-side men pushed the left oar, and the left-side men the right oar. Up in the toe, shaded by an overall cover just like the leather of a slipper, sat the passengers.

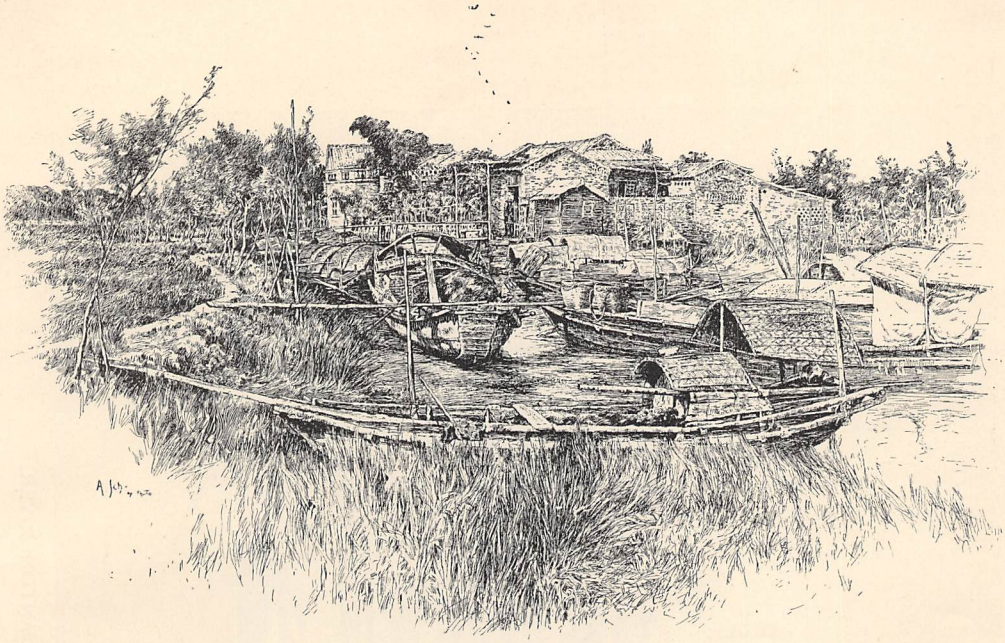
The stern-wheeled paddle-boats puzzled me greatly. I could see no funnel, no smoke, nor any of the usual accessories of a steamer, yet the wheels revolved as in a steamer. When one of them came close to me, however, the mystery was made clear. Under the deck of the boat — indeed, there were usually two or three decks, and a vast number of passengers — near the stern were three or four wooden drums running the whole width of the boat. The drums had cams, or steps, attached to them, and a row of men at each drum, holding on to a handle above, stepped from cam to cam as their weight brought them round, just as if they were working a treadmill; the faster they stepped, the faster the ship went. The gearing from the drums to the paddle-wheel was of the most primitive description. Occasionally, when the wind was fair, large sails were hoisted and sideboards to prevent leeway were put down; but even then the men on the treadmill did not cease working.

Then there were those extraordinary institutions called "duck-boats," in which a family lived just as in a sampan, only the number in the establishment was increased by the addition of from one to three thousand ducks. On each side of the boats, and for the greater part of their length, broad platforms were built out with wickerwork walls about eighteen inches high, and the whole covered over or roofed flat with matting. The width and length of these outrigged duck-houses varied of course with the size of the boat. Those I saw appeared to be as nearly as wide over all as the boats were long; some of them were certainly twenty-five or thirty feet across. Most extraordinary-looking craft they were, propelled and directed from the stern by a long sculling-oar, with the



DRAWN BY ALEXANDER SCHILLING.

A SAMPAN.



DRAWN BY ALEXANDER SCHILLING.

CARGO-BOATS USED AS DWELLINGS.

addition of the one-sided bow-oar already described.

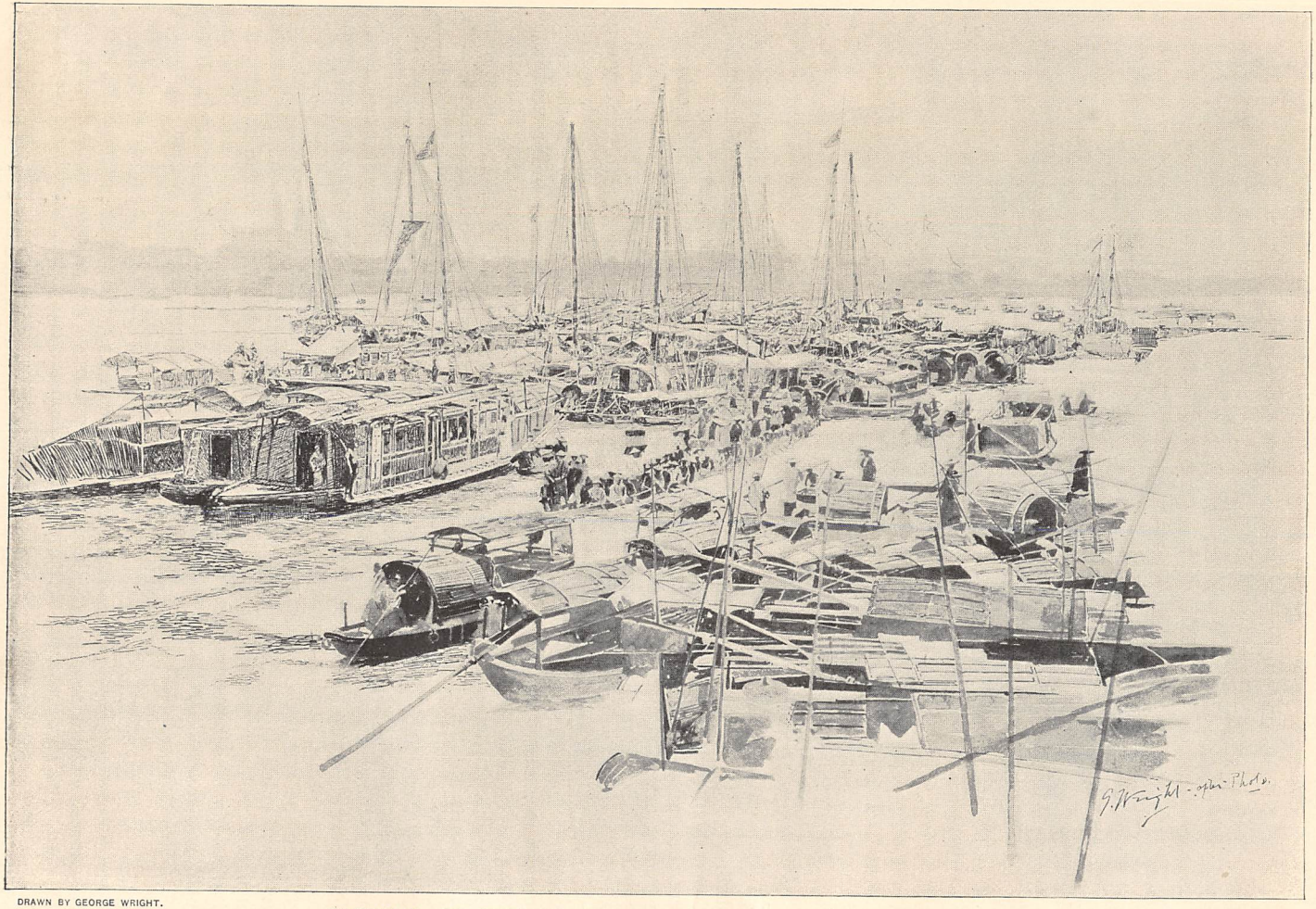
I was told of duck-boats, but did not see any, where the birds were kept in a large wicker construction extending over the roofed part of a sampan, while the family lived underneath. A ladder, it was said, was provided for the ducks to get up and down, and when the birds were called in at night they hustled one another vigorously in endeavoring to get up quickly, because the last duck up the ladder always got a beating. I don't vouch for the story, but give it as it was told to me.

The boats I saw were moved about the river to suitable feeding-grounds. A little before sunrise ladders were lowered from the platforms to the water, and the ducks went out to feed all day, during which time they were herded by the small boys or girls of the family. When the number of ducks was great, they were divided into flocks, and each flock was placed in charge of a boy or girl.

For a long time I watched with interest a boy tending a flock of about two thousand birds. They came at his call, and always kept fairly close to him. Scantily clad, under his big flat hat, holding in his hand a piece of split bamboo about five feet long, he sat upon the artificially raised embankment which lined the river-bank. This was about two feet wide on top, and inside, about a foot or so above the level of the river, were the paddy-fields where the young rice was showing green above the slushy mud in which it grew. The river itself was very muddy and shallow near the shore, and the current there was not running strongly. The boy's work was to keep the ducks upon this feeding-ground, and to prevent their climbing over the bank to eat the young rice.

If asked to tell of the happiest creatures I ever saw in my life, I should attempt to describe those ducks. The light breeze, and the sun shining from a clear sky, made the day very hot. How they splashed, quacked, guzzled and swam, stood on their heads in the water, fell over, chased one another, and preened themselves! How they seemed to glory in the river, and to brim over with fun! To look at them was to borrow some of their joyousness. Time after time they spread out in long strings, swung round, and massed themselves together, and then, hundreds in a body, making a triangle upon the water, started away at a furious rate toward one point, lifting themselves out of the water and beating it into foam with their feet and wings. Suddenly, with one accord, they stopped flapping, and then, with the impetus gained in the previous rush, slid far along the surface of the water.

The boy sat dreamily by all the while. Sometimes when the string drew out long or divided itself, a number of birds would climb up the bank to get into the paddy-field. While I was watching, I saw them attempt this three or four times, but as soon as the leaders got well on the top of the bank, back they were driven quickly. The boy lazily stretched out his arm, and plunged the end of his bamboo stick into the mud of the paddy, and, turning it round as though it were a butter-scoop, drew out upon the end of the stick a thick roll of soft mud. He then swung the stick with both



DRAWN BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

FESTIVAL OF THE DRAGON-BOATS ON THE CANTON RIVER.

hands over his head, and away through the air flew the roll of mud, and splashed right over the leaders as they scaled the embankment. Every time this was done they scurried back into the water, washed quickly, and began to feed away again with great vigor, as if really nothing at all had happened.

They were most discriminating ducks. Field coolies or laborers passed along the embankment near them, and absolutely no notice was taken of the intrusion; but when I walked by the whole flock hurried away with such desperate haste and so far that when I had passed the boy had to call them back.

I don't remember having seen half a dozen chickens anywhere in and around Canton, but I suppose I must have seen a million ducks, alive and dead. Large buildings are erected entirely for their incubation. Perhaps it is no exaggeration to say that not one out of every ten thousand Cantonese ducks ever saw its mother, or knew any other preceptor of its duckling web-steps than the duck-boy.

The incubating buildings were heated by wood fires, and divided into rooms where the eggs were differently arranged. Formerly the temperature was judged by those in charge, but of late years this method has been abandoned, and in the houses that I saw thermometers were hanging in every room. In some rooms the eggs were placed in flat padded baskets, in others in deep barrels padded and lined, or again, in other rooms, they were covered with matting upon enormous shelves with a high beading running all round. This was when the time approached for the young ducks to break the shell and to come out. When fairly out, they were kept for some little time upon these shelves and fed upon soft rice, but rarely more than a few days elapsed before a duck-boat came along and bought up a whole houseful of them. If by any chance the young birds were not sold, boys attached to the establishment took charge of them, and herded them out.

While being pulled about the river in my friend's boat — which was a magnificent affair manned by Chinamen in white native costumes edged with deep blue, as neat and as trim as a British man-o'-war's boat crew — I was surprised to see what appeared like large islands floating with the stream. When we drew near I found them to be thick masses of small bamboos piled together. They often made a mass over one hundred yards long, fifty wide, and eight or ten feet deep. They were canes for the thousand and one industries of Canton, where the bamboo is worked up for every conceivable use into countless shapes and designs. These floating masses often had masts somehow stuck in them, and were sailed, being guided by the boats tied alongside.

A book might be written about the Chinese fishermen and their customs. The fishing-boats are of every size and shape, from little canoes, holding one man, to large sea-going boats well equipped for deep-sea fishing. Upon the river near Canton the most fascinating fishing to look at was the operation of casting what I have described to myself as the "spider's-web" fishing-net. These nets were woven in square or



DRAWN BY V. PERARD, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROMYN HITCHCOCK.

MOHAMMEDAN TOWER IN CANTON, BUILT BY ARABS, AND KNOWN AS "THE ROUND TOWER."

octagonal forms increasing in size from the center. From that point long, stout strings radiated to the outside just like the main cords of a spider's web. The nets were made to a size of about twenty or twenty-five feet across, and the edges were weighted at the ends of the framework strings.

I have seen a Chinese boy stand in the stern of a boat, and after whirling a mass of netting around his head, let it go, and there would fly out horizontally a most graceful-looking web, which would settle down upon the water, all its edges touching at the same time. Then it would sink to the bottom of the river. The net was subsequently pulled up by a rope attached to the central point from which all the main cords radiated.

The river by night was a study I undertook

with the assistance of a native crew and a guide. Punctually at the appointed hour, waiting for me at one of the many stone steps along the river-front of the Shamien,— a Thames embankment in miniature,— was a sampan, a very elaborate affair with cushioned seats under the covered part, and hung with bright cloths and one or two colored lanterns.

On this particular night the temperature was close and muggy, the muddy river flowed swiftly, and we shot downward with the stream. Our destination was the "flower-boats."

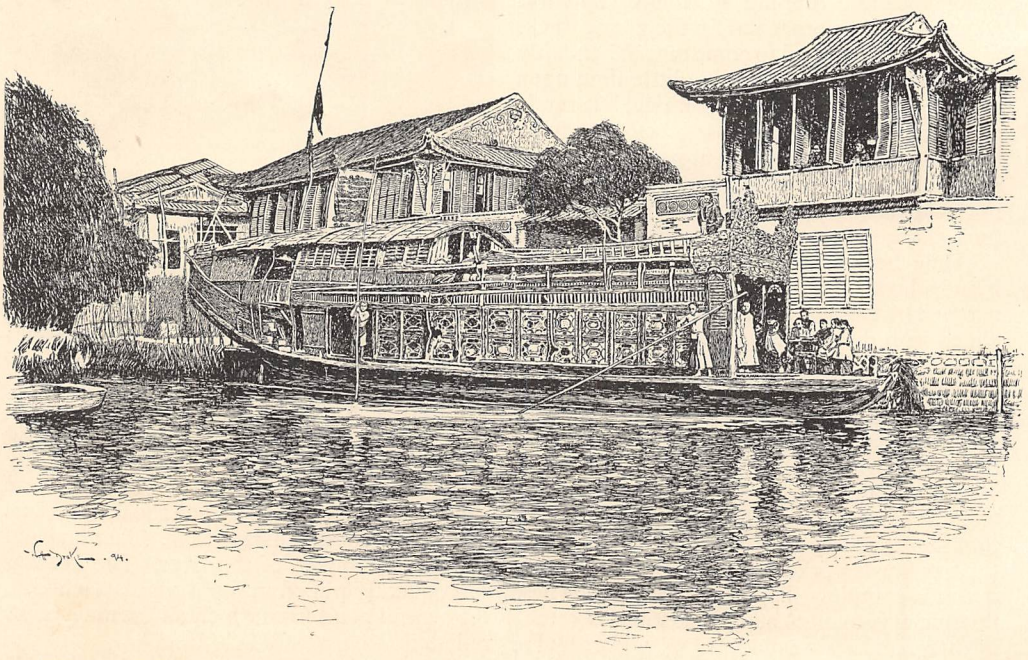
Of the life on these boats there is much to say. They constitute a city and almost a society apart in themselves and in their surroundings. Among those who do not take the trouble to investigate personally there is much misconception as to what they are, their uses, their organization, and their character.

As we neared our destination, thousands, hundreds of thousands, of lights sparkled and glimmered over the water. Junks at anchor loomed darkly as we shot past, smaller craft crossed and recrossed as we threaded our way through this anchored and moving boat-life. A ceaseless babble of voices and cries of passing boatmen sounded on all sides. Then lights shone close and thick, and stretched away in an unbroken line far down the river; my sampan was slued around, headed up-stream, bumped softly against a large flat craft, and was moored there.

I stepped aboard a house-boat, and was then on the confines of another city. Many a city has fewer people dwelling within its boundaries. House-boats were moored in rows; their fore-and-aft decks formed streets and lanes; there were broad ways and narrow passages down which one might walk, gaily lighted thoroughfares, and dark, crooked byways. So much song, music, revelry, and brightness there was, that I was lost in amazement at the variety of sound and color on all sides — lost to all sense that I was afloat, and could hardly believe that I had not imperceptibly gone from the boats to land.

But no; every now and then a turn revealed the turbulent yellow river bearing us so steadily. Sometimes, crossing a few planks to make a short cut, a look at the eddying waters made me almost shudder. How easily could one forever be lost! — a slip, a splash, and then to drift beneath acres and acres of boats, never to rise again till past all human aid. The lights, the life, the feasting and noise, made the river to me ever so mysterious: it was covered so completely, unheard save at a crossing, unseen save when sought for, and, when found, so swift, deep-looking, hopeless, unheeding, — a pitiless river toward a human soul that fell therein, — ever flowing onward, in dark contrast to the revelry above.

Perhaps no city in the world has the counterpart of these flower-boats; for this Chinese city of amusement lacks in the main the element that pervades European haunts of revelry.



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

A FLOWER-BOAT.



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

CANTON COOLIES OF THE TYPES SEEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

It was a vast place of restaurants and hotels where the rich and poor men of Canton repaired to enjoy themselves. I have been given to understand that no Chinaman entertains in his own house, nor do his women folk join him in his feasts or revels. Hence, there is a class of girls, the very large majority of whom are strictly virtuous, whose business it is to be pretty according to Chinese fashion, brisk, conversational, musical; in a word, to understand the art of entertaining.

When, for instance, a Chinese gentleman intends giving a dinner to three friends, he will arrange for it to be provided on a flower-boat at a certain hour, and also for the company of eight dining-out girls — two for each gentleman. I call them dining-out girls, as it best describes to me their calling. They will come prettily dressed, their hair done up in most wonderful shapes, and brushed over with a sort of varnish which makes it appear like a fantastic head-dress carved in ebony. They will ornament this structure with bright flowers, though the wreaths will be as stiff as their hair; or they may sometimes add jade, gold, or feather-inlaid ornaments. Their faces will be painted in white and pink — very artistically painted, smooth, and soft-looking; delicately traced, sharp, black crescents will mark their eyebrows. Dainty, demure dolls they will appear, and pretty to look upon; but seemingly one touch would destroy their artistic effects, as a rough hand the radiance of a butterfly's wing.

Two of these young ladies will attend to each gentleman, sitting slightly back from the table at each side of the entertained. They will fill his liquor-cups, sip from them, and pass them on; pick out dainty pieces of "chow" (food) with chop-sticks, and hand them to him; crack jokes, fill and light his pipe, and all the while chat gaily, and eat dried watermelon seeds. That is all I ever saw them eat. Behind each group of three a solemn-looking coolie, or waiter, will stand to fan them all the while. Other waiters bring in food, wine, and tea, change the dishes, and attend to their wants. The meal will last for a long time. Eventually all will rise, and retire to an outer room furnished with broad couches covered with matting. Opium-pipes will be there for those who care for them, and tobacco and cigars in plenty. The girls will sit on the couches, laugh, fill the pipes, and still eat watermelon seeds, while the gentlemen will recline at their ease, enjoying their society.

Walking along the thoroughfares of this boat city, one could look through the widely opened doors, and see, sitting in inner rooms far back in the boats, these parties of feasters; and by walking slowly through, without rudely prying, it was possible to observe nearly everything that went on.

The women were, excepting for slight individual detail, to all appearance cast from one mold; but the men (the diners) were variously outlined. Old and young, fat and lean,

long and short, solemn-looking and mirthful, I noticed that most of them wore large, round horn-rimmed or tortoise-shell spectacles. They looked as solemn as owls, and preternaturally wise. Though in the city in daytime these spectacles were commonly to be seen, at night on the boats they were everywhere. How sternly the spectacles seemed to quell any suggestion that the wearers were there for any purpose but that of a formal, grave, and stately social gathering. It was perhaps for this reason that they were worn — a sort of cloak to hide the twinkle of a merry eye. If so, it is the only cloak in which they are attired; for, in accordance with the custom of the country, the men, in the hot weather, sat unclothed from the waist upward.

Late in the evening most of the diners had either moved into outer rooms close to the thoroughfares, or had crossed the pathways to small, half-circular places sometimes railed off in front of each house-boat. There the gentlemen and ladies sat on benches in the open air, round little tables, sipping liquors and smoking. Sometimes girls were singing, or, in addition, four or five men musicians were hired to — well, the music was for the Chinese, not for me, and they appeared to enjoy it.

When not occupied in observing the revelers I saw many other strange sights on these house-boats. For instance, at ceremonials for the dead a woman, the chief mourner, dressed in light blue bound with a narrow darker edging, would be seated higher than the companions similarly attired who sat close to her. Men were moving about the place. The room was hung with bright lanterns, a table was loaded with sweets and delicacies, and profusely decorated with paper ornaments, flowers, tinsel, and bright things of all sorts. The walls were hung with paper clothing, fans, boots, hats, and other articles, all of paper. Stuck flat against the wall over the outer door were great saucer-shaped disks, the hollow parts and edges of which were profusely decorated with gold and silver tinsel, paper ribbons and streamers, and curious ornaments, making a blaze of color five or six feet across. I was given to understand that all these hangings and ornaments were afterward burned. It seemed to me that most of the passers-by were free to go in and partake of the delicacies provided. Frequently I saw men enter, move through the crowd in the room and around the table, and go out again directly, without touching anything.

In other places I saw very gay-looking gatherings inside brightly lighted rooms, and the sounds of music and singing filled the air. Those whom we always have with us were there. They crowded around the doors and windows, held their faces against the small wooden bars slid across to keep them back, and seemed to feast their eyes on the glories within, and to look half with awe and wholly with wonder upon, to them, the dreamland scene; just as our own poor gather hour after hour before a stately mansion, listening to the faint strains of music reaching them through the closed windows, or suddenly with a blaze of light bursting toward them for a moment through an opened door.

I saw nothing on these flower-boats which would justify the suggestions I had heard in Hong Kong, or the frequently expressed opinion of many Europeans, that they are of ill repute. I inquired of some Chinese gentlemen and European residents of Canton, who scouted the idea, but said that such is the conclusion



DRAWN BY V. PERARD.

THE WEST GATE, CANTON.

generally jumped at by foreign visitors. One Chinaman, who had lived long in Europe and spoke English fluently, said it would be about as unjust and nearly as untrue were Orientals to speak in the same way of our theaters. This manner of training girls to assist in entertaining guests is the outcome of the Chinaman's custom of keeping his wife and concubines secluded from even his intimate friends.

My experience of a Chinese feast already referred to came about in this way. One night, walking down one of the larger thoroughfares of the boat city, no doubt looking like a thorough stranger to the place, a slight gathering of people (like a block in a street of London) caused me to stand for a minute or two before one of the open house-boats.

My guide said, "You are invited to enter."

I had not noticed anything, but, on looking, saw a young Chinaman standing up and holding out his hand toward me. He and three of his friends with their lady entertainers were at dinner; the boat was well appointed, everything looked inviting, and I entered. I doffed my cap; the gentlemen stood up, let down their queues, which were wound around their heads, and gravely we shook hands all round.

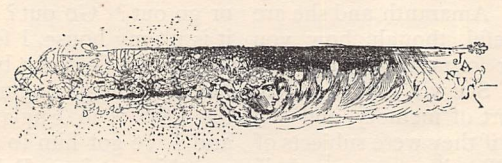
One of them could speak a little English. A place was made for me; two dainty little girls, richly dressed and prettily painted, speedily appeared and seated themselves one on each side of me; a solemn man-servant took up his place behind us, and diligently swayed a large feather fan. I then deeply regretted my inability to speak their language. My guide was called in; he too stood behind me, and interpreted for us.

Liquor-cups like large thimbles of porcelain were filled. We stood up, clinked cups all round, and, after drinking, sat down again. Then my ladies and new-found hosts busied themselves to find dainty morsels of food. In those days I could make no progress with chopsticks, so, seeing my helplessness, something was said, and after a little trouble in the finding, a two-pronged ivory fork was produced and given to me.

I ate all sorts of strange things — in fact whatever was given to me. Sweets, meats, and fish were handed round indiscriminately. My ladies gave me candies, preserves, and dainties, or lighted a pipe filled with Chinese tobacco (about six whiffs in the bowl), and handed it to me with a graceful smile and bow.

At length we all rose, and adjourned to an outer room where there were more liquors, nuts, melon-seeds (for the ladies — no one else ate them), cigars, and Chinese tobacco-pipes or opium-pipes. Before leaving I had invitations for other evenings, which unfortunately I could not accept, and, as if to make the inducement stronger, European "chow" was promised; but, as I had to leave Canton next day, time would not admit of my acceptance of this hospitality.

Florence O'Driscoll.



THE VOICE OF STREAMS.

EACH mountain hath its choir of foamy rills,
That to the stars all night sweet music make;
The brook, that hastens downward to the lake,
With pleasant sound the forest mazes fills;
The river murmurs when it leaves the hills;
With mighty roar the glacier's torrents wake,
When snows are melting; under grass and brake,
In mountain meadows, clear the ice-spring trills.
Streams lulled Mæcenas, and the voice of streams,
At Abbotsford, to Scott's fast-deafening ears
Brought back the sleep of childhood and its dreams.
What needeth He our songs and hymnals weak,
Who ocean's stormy diapason hears,
Who hears the brooks that flow from every peak?

William Prescott Foster.

[*BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.*]

AN ERRANT WOOING.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Belhaven Tales," "A Bachelor Maid," etc.

IV.

"YES," said Lucy, "this is my little Alan; and I assure you, if he had been an Edith or a Gwendolyn, I 'd have been much less thought of in the family. Is n't he a duck, Roger? But, there, you may give him to nurse now, and hurry with your tea. I want you out in the garden while it is so warm and lovely. There 's no knowing what a night will bring forth in the way of weather here. Yes, Mrs. Standish; Amaranth Clyde came yesterday with — whom do you suppose? — your old neighbor in Thirty-third street, Mabel Whitman that was."

"My dear," interposed Mrs. Standish, helplessly, "did you visit the Whitmans at home?"

"Oh, dear! no; but she 's Mrs. Lancelot Kirby now, and goes everywhere on this side. The men admire that unearthly whiteness of her skin, and lately she 's got a new pose. She walks with a tortoise-shell stick, and wears black with lots of jet, and does mind-reading. It takes tremendously. Amaranth and she are great chums. Be careful, though, how you speak to Mabel of her former home, and her relatives in New York. She will summon them up by the greatest effort of memory, and call them 'those people,' as if they were subjects of Queen Liliuokalani. Toodles, you angel, if you don't eat up all that seed-cake I 'll never believe in you again. You and I 'll go presently to see the pheasants on their nests; and I 've made Ned promise to send you rook-shooting to-morrow, since there 's nothing else to kill at this season. You might shoot rabbits from your bedroom window, but if you hit one of the gardener's men he would n't like it, would he? A lettuce sandwich, Roger? How we shall talk about our dear old Billy! And whom have we here besides? Oh, Mr. Lucius Cartwright, our swell New York lawyer, who is abroad on a flying journey for his health; Paddy Blount, my husband's youngest brother, the nicest boy, who wants you and Billy to take him on the ranch. Our great gun is my husband's cousin, Lady Emily Borgès, a fine lady of London society, who is out riding with Ned just now. She does n't show up till it 's time to ride or drive in the afternoon. Between you and me, Polly, she is painted like a house-front in town in April. Her follower is Gerald Mortimer. He 's been on the stage, but you need n't bother even thinking about him; he 's perfectly harmless. Lady Emily is married to a Brazilian baron, who is at present in Brazil, trying to pick up the remnants of his property that went to pot when their emperor went out. Then — let me see — just one little cup more, dear Mrs. Standish — there 's Mr. Clarkson, who was in our legation at Rome last year. Such a nice fellow, if he did n't look at our own country through the broad end of an opera-glass. Take him in hand, Polly, and make him get rid of his nonsense. Ted prefers Americans just now, and so there are n't so many of his pals as usual. Lord Barchester 's coming to-morrow, but Amaranth will want him, and there 's not much chance for the rest of us."

"And does Lord Barchester want her?" queried Roger.

"Nobody knows exactly; but if pork remains steady, Mrs. Clyde has hopes. Now, if you are ready, shall we look at the house first or go out? Go out? Yes, I think so, too; as it is n't my house, I feel less interest in showing off the Gilchrist belongings. By the way, here I am forgetting my greatest achievement! Sir Piers is in England, at the dower-house, and I 've got him to promise to come to dinner this evening. Polly, let 's have one look at his picture before you go — just here, in the hall — his living image. Now, can't you see why I am proud of my success?"

"How did you contrive it?" asked Polly, as they stood under the full-length portrait of a remarkably good-looking young man in shooting-costume, his dog at his heels.

"Oh, Ted and I were riding yesterday, and stopped at the dower-house for Ted to speak to Sir Piers about drains or something, and he came out to be introduced to me. Don't be jealous, Roger,— Ted was not,— when I say that our landlord is my ideal of manly beauty, and so nice, and, in spite of all his troubles, hardly older-looking than when this was taken, twenty years ago. Forty-one next birthday, so the old village women tell you — married, soon after he came of age, to that woman in the white satin court-dress, over the door in the library. Stunning, dark, sullen beauty, is n't

she?—while he is fair and open as the day. If I could, I 'd hang something over her portrait before he comes to-night; but I suppose he is hardened by this time. Seventeen years since she left him — who could mourn over a bad woman seventeen years?"

"She is dead long since?" asked Roger.

"Dead and forgotten. Every one wonders why he does n't marry some heiress, and pull his property together, and live in England, and give his daughter a home. Did I tell you the girl is coming to dinner, too? She was presented at the drawing-room last week, and he has brought her up here to make acquaintance with his place and people. The village people treat the child as if she were a disinherited princess returned to claim her own, and I feel more than ever like a usurper. The Gilchrists are just camping out at the dower-house with the old Dame Durden who keeps it, and a maid who came with the girl."

"Lucy, this is exciting!" cried Polly. "We 've met Miss Gilchrist. She is like Hans Andersen's Snow Princess, and I don't believe you can get a word out of her at dinner."

"We will let Roger take her in," said Lady Edmund, merrily. "Now come. To-morrow, if it rains, you may study the Gilchrists, root and branch. If you had seen this old barracks before I took it in hand, and put in a cart-load of rugs and cushions, and lighted fires everywhere, and made the gardener furious by ordering in half his plants! Now it 's a nice enough old place. This way — o-oh!" And, while crossing the hall, her ladyship stopped short, cocked her head on one side like a bird, and listened with a ravished smile.

"What is it, my dear?" said Mrs. Standish.

"Nothing," answered Lucy, blushing. "That is, I heard baby crowing in the nursery upstairs when they opened the door. Now, Mrs. Standish, dearest, you can understand. Tell me if you really ever saw a finer child than Alan?"

She led the way, with her arm in the older lady's, across a green-shorn space beyond which a terraced garden fell away, separated by a little lake from the velvet slopes and wooded hollows of the park. Passing through an iron gateway in a high brick wall to one side, they came into a garden whose inner walls were thick with pear-trees in blossom, with white jasmine, flowering almond, Maréchal Niel roses, clematis, purple and white — all a mass of luxuriant bloom, the beds otherwise stocked with the homely flowers that make the charm of an English spring. In the glass houses finer fruits and flowers were well on their way to perfection; and there Lucy, noticing Toodles's enamoured gaze at a row of pots of huge strawberries, joined with him in nefarious plunder of a bunch, with which they ran away down a garden walk, and hid from the gardener to enjoy it.

"Look here, Lady—Lucy," said Toodles, casting around for a title for his friend of earlier days, "you are the first person I 've had to tell about it. I don't think Polly is playing a bit fair with Roger."

"Why, dear?" said Lucy, guilelessly.

"He 's the best fellow I ever saw. He could do anything, and yet he just dawdles around after her, and won't go off with me, no matter how I beg. Nobody can stay always with women, you know, and not get kind o' silly."

"No, certainly," said Lucy.

"And that Polly does things no fellow ought to stand. She bosses dreadfully, and interrupts Roger, and cuts him up. I can't see why Roger should want to marry her; do you? No; you take the last strawberry"—this somewhat bitterly—"I should think you 'd know I would n't take it away from a girl."

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and I 'll give you something to make you wise, Toodles," she cried; then seizing the opportunity of his lips apart for protest, popped between them a rich, red, juicy giant that for the moment silenced him.

"Is n't it a nice old-granny garden?" she said, as the others came up with them. "And here beyond is the far-famed Wooton-Magna court for bowls, where we 'll find some of them having their tea."

A step through an iron gateway flanked by peacocks cut from yew, and, behold! they were in the eighteenth century. In this green-walled close the grass was wonderfully fine, and smooth, and thick. Some preceding generation had set in the middle of it a now moss-grown sun-dial, and planted in the borders a row of standard rose-bushes. At one end an arbor dripping with purple wistaria contained a wicker tea-table, around which fair women and some men were grouped in the westering sunshine.

The spot, the tall silver urn, the fluted china cups that came and went under the superintendence of my lady's footmen, belonged to the period of patch and powder; but of the fag-end of the nineteenth century were the people, their ways and talk.

Mrs. Lancelot Kirby, a pallid, muse-like personage, who wore her hair drawn in night-black bands over her ears, stopped in her talk with Amaranth Clyde and Mr. Cartwright to give a nod and two fingers to her old neighbors from West Thirty-third street. That she was handsomer, better dressed, than Mabel Whitman ever had been, that she had toned down, adopted the soft English speech, was only to Mrs. Kirby's credit. But Mrs. Stan-

dish, who had made up her conservative mind to let Mabel at once know she was not to be imposed upon by exotic airs and graces, found the attempt a distinct failure.

As for Amaranth, she might have been "born anybody," her admirers were wont to say. Her small head, set on a long, white throat, had the features of a certain Greek goddess in the Lateran museum. Her skin was fine and pure of grain; her brown locks, knotted lightly behind, were silken soft; the lines of her form perfect. How could such a creature come from progenitors whose proudest boast was that they could put a pig in at one end of a machine, and bring him out ham, chine, spare-ribs, and sausages at the other!

Yet here was Miss Amaranth, forsooth, prating about the drawing-room, the Row, the good ball and the bad ball, the habits and haunts of duchesses, the late sayings to her of royalty! She spoke kindly to Mrs. Standish and Polly, however, but was a trifle cool to Roger. Was not Lord Barchester to arrive upon the morrow?

Between these two charmers, sitting well back in a Market Harborough chair, balancing his egg-shell tea-cup with a plate containing buttered brown bread, as deftly as he had balanced the lawsuits that made him rich and famous, was Mr. Cartwright. It was the first time in years that he had been fairly out of harness for an acknowledged holiday, and he had run down from London to spend three days with his client Lady Edmund Blount, wooed by the information that other pretty Americans were to be of the party. For Mr. Cartwright, like many another grave and reverend signor, had found out, near the end of the long hard struggle for fame and fortune in New York, that there were apples of Hesperides to be had for the plucking. He might mention Lady Blount's house, husband, baby, in his weekly letters to Mrs. Cartwright and the girls, but we question whether he would tell about this rather ponderous little flirtation he had struck up with Mabel Kirby. As good Mrs. Cartwright innocently said to her friends at home, "There is so much he can do on the other side that he can't do here, poor love."

Into the keeping of Lord Patrick, a kindly, long-legged, red-headed youth in flannels, Master Toodles was consigned for a visit to stables, kennels, and keepers' cottages. As they went off across the long shadows cast by great trees upon the turf outside the bowling-court, Toodles was surprised by the request from an approaching menial for his keys, which he surrendered in silence, determined not to let "that lord fellow" see that he was not "up to everything." It was a relief to him, later, to find in a yellow room, like the heart of a sunflower, assigned to him in the bachelor's wing, that his belongings were unpacked and neatly disposed in drawers and wardrobe, whilst on the bed lay his evening clothes — an attention not paid Toodles since he was valeted by his old nurse Bridget, who, however, never thought of putting the buttons in his shirt!

Mrs. Standish fell into conversation with Mr. Clarkson, whom she had seen latterly in Rome. Roger and Lucy walked away down a "pleached alley," he to tell, she to hear, about her twin brother in Wyoming. To Polly remained the alternative of joining in conversation with the two women and Mr. Cartwright, or (which she attempted) of making it for the benefit of the esthetic Mortimer, who had "been on the stage," and whom she was n't to "bother thinking about." From this intellectual banquet she soon turned, satisfied, to hear what Mr. Cartwright had to say.

"It is such a sensible, commendable affair, this five-o'clock tea," that gentleman was remarking, his clear-cut, shrewd face, relaxed in every line, looking from his cup to the beautiful scene about him, then back to the smiling faces turned upon him. "I 'll declare, I am perfectly in love with it —"

Here he stopped suddenly. Memory, the pitiless one, had conjured up into the mind's eye of the distinguished American a vision of the tea-table spread religiously by Mrs. Cartwright and the girls in the front parlor of their brown-stone house in New York. To this, on arriving late from the nearest station of the elevated railway, jaded and captious after a long day in court, with a bundle of papers in his pocket, and his hat a little back upon his head, how often had he been bidden by the domestic deities, and how often had he turned away with the remark, "I should think, Maria, by this time you 'd know better than to offer me that stuff!"

"I may tell you a rather droll experience of a client of mine on his first visit to England?" he hastened to observe. "He is a worthy, estimable man, with a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a limited experience in the customs of the leisure class of society. A banker to whom he was accredited in London in a matter of business invited him to pass the night at his country house. Arriving at the station late on a winter's afternoon, my friend was driven a couple of miles through a frosty atmosphere to his entertainer's house. Received with all civility, he found the household at tea around a welcome fire, where, standing up to thaw out, he consumed two cups of tea, a few thin slices of bread and butter, a cheese-straw, and a bit of cake, without feeling his appetite appeased. Soon after, seeing the company break up, one by one taking a candle from a table in the hall,

and gliding away, my client, supposing this to mean bedtime, was led off by a servant. He was ushered into a most comfortable room, fire burning, easy-chair, all that could be desired, where, after a few moments' indulgence in melancholy reflection upon the frugal notions of British householders as to an evening meal, he undressed and went to bed. He had hardly fallen asleep when he was aroused by the noise of a gong, and a touch upon his shoulder by a servant: 'Beg pardon, sir, but the dinner is just served.'"

"Is that true?" asked Mabel Kirby.

"Absolutely true."

"I should think Mr. Cartwright would have more pride than to tell such ridiculous things about one of our own countrymen," whispered Mrs. Standish to Clarkson, who quite agreed with her.

"Luckily, we are all Americans here," Polly, remarked, overlooking the shadowy Mortimer.

"Oh, so you are!" said Mrs. Kirby, languidly. "Do go on, dear Mr. Cartwright, and tell me some more of your droll American anecdotes. I am making a collection of them to amuse Lord Kenmore when we go to Kirkington. Sometimes I can't believe that I was ever really over there in New York. It entertains me to hear about it, really it does."

"It 's your turn, now, to entertain me. Don't you know what Emerson says? 'In the art of conversation woman is the lawgiver.'"

"Emerson? Is he one of your funny men, who travel about and have dinners given them, and people tell their jokes over again in country houses?" asked Mrs. Kirby, prettily.

"I 'll forgive you, Mabel," said the lawyer. "A few nights ago an Englishwoman informed me that Longfellow is the one of the English poets she likes best; and I recently had the honor of meeting one of your new compatriots, a young lady of high position, who said to me she had never been inside Westminster Abbey — much less the Tower of London."

"When you begin to call to account poor creatures who are in the treadmill of society, it is time for me to leave," said Mrs. Kirby. "Reach me my stick, please, Mr. Mortimer. I 'm going to get a little rest for the strain on me this evening. Of course you all know Lucy 's been lucky enough to secure Miss Chester, the mind-reader, to come for a night, and she is to give us an exhibition after dinner."

"Delightful rubbish!" said Mr. Cartwright.

"For shame, dear Mr. Cartwright! I thought, from the way you talked of it last night, you were a complete convert to my views."

"I talked of it as the young man who had spent several years in informing himself about the Caucasus talked with Mr. Gladstone on that subject. After the interview was over, Mr. Gladstone said he had never met any one who knew so much about the Caucasus as this visitor. Man said he had n't once opened his mouth!"

"But you will promise me to give the matter thought and close attention," pursued Mrs. Kirby, with the important insistence dull people often use to impose their insignificance on clever ones.

"Yes; oh, yes. Anything you ask me, Mabel, with that pretty mouth. But I may as well warn you that in this business of communion with the unseen that 's agitating both stupid and sensible folk nowadays, I heartily indorse a saying of an American woman that deserves to be embalmed: 'If my dead relatives will come to me only through the crack in the brain of an epileptic, I don't want to converse with them.'"

"Oh, but I won't be offended. You must talk more with me, and know Miss Chester, and you 'll believe," said Mabel, as with much movement she arose and, leaning on the tortoise-shell stick, went off across the turf with Mr. Mortimer, who at least knew how to lend himself to a pose.

"I could hardly keep my feelings in," remarked Mrs. Standish, to whom Mr. Cartwright now turned. "What an absurd creature she has become! Only three years since she married and came here to live. And never to ask after her aunt and her own first cousins, when she knows they live next door to us in New York!"

"Fortunately, she has time to live down her follies," answered Mr. Cartwright, who, now that he was deserted by youth and beauty, had lost his enamoured smile, and was businesslike again.

Next came upon the scene their host and his cousin Lady Emily.

It was no wonder to Lucy's friends that she had fallen romantically in love with Teddy Blount, who had an Irish way with him few people could resist; always ready for a laugh, a game, a jest, a lilt, his honest eyes meeting his interlocutor's squarely, his voice clear and hearty, with just a little something in it to suggest his forebears in Erin.

Lady Emily, the first specimen of a London fine lady with whom Polly had been thrown in familiar intercourse, had the square shoulders, flat back, steady, imperial walk of her class; but her unnaturally high bloom, small waist, and darkened eyes suggested a "little" lady of the Bois or the Cascine rather than one of England's great. That she smoked cigarettes, used at moments more than strong language, made her luncheon on grilled bones with Scotch whisky and soda, rode splendidly to hounds, boasted of her eleven stone two in weight and her five foot ten in height, and out-flirted any woman in the party, were details to be revealed

to the further confusion of Mrs. Standish's Puritan spirit. Just now it was quite enough for her when she heard Lady Emily, who, to her knowledge, had met Mr. Cartwright for the first time only the night before, salute him as "good old boy," and ask him to pour her out a cup of tea.

For Mr. Cartwright, to whom all was fish that came into his belated net, the sensation was rather a pleasing titillation. At any rate, he laughed and obeyed, going off with Lady Emily afterward for a stroll in the garden, while Mrs. Standish gave up battling with thoughts of what Mrs. Cartwright and the girls would say, and remained astonished in her wicker chair.

It was in broad sunlight that they dressed for dinner, set for eight o'clock. Polly, in her little white bower of dimity and old mahogany, opening from the room assigned to her mama, dawdled, and, leaning from the window, let her eyes plunge into the dewy distance of the park, watching the hares and pheasants that came out of the woods to disport on the velvet carpet of turf around the house. What seclusion, what verdure, what grand old trees!

To-morrow Lucy and she were to drive Toodles and Lord Patrick to the rookery, and leave them there to shoot. How nice to get away with Lucy from this set of unreal people who were so fantastic in their assumption of something to which they were not born! And then her mind reverted to and toyed with the image of the English maiden, so fair and shy, whose rightful home this was. What a way, to come back after long years of exile, and find it possessed by a chattering crew who held nothing in respect!

"Poor child!" mused Polly. "It almost makes me cry. I shall be nice to her. She shall be mine after dinner in the drawing-room. It will please Lucy to have me take care of her. And I am really curious to see that father, though he will be less attractive, naturally. A widower of forty-one may be interesting to his tenants, but hardly to anybody else."

Polly was behindhand. The voice of Toodles at her door, inquiring frantically if she would pin his white tie at the back, as his mother had already gone down-stairs, brought her to a sense of her dereliction. She made Toodles wait for her in the vestibule with its swing-doors of baize that shut off their rooms from a longer corridor. As the brother and sister ran along this passageway together, they were overtaken by Lady Edmund.

"I 'm late, too; but never mind: come in one minute, and see baby before he goes to sleep. I don't doubt we 'll find Ted in there, too: I heard him leave his room five minutes since. Here,"—opening a door,—"is n't this a jolly nursery? Oh, Ted! I knew you were there. Give me my blessed son. Don't you see he 's crumpling your shirt-front? And, besides, whenever he can get you he won't come to me."

Warmed by this little glimpse of unaffected nature, Polly ran down the stairs in the wake of Lucy; and looking in at the library door, she saw, in the fuller light of lamps, the splendid, sullen beauty of the last mistress of Wooton Magna gaze down at her with a look almost of menace in her eye.

A moment later they were in the drawing-room, and Lucy's attention was claimed by some neighbors who had driven to dinner from eight miles distant (fetching their footman to help to wait, after the friendly old county fashion). Directly afterward arrived the rector and his wife, a high-nosed lady wearing a black satin gown of which the front presented a parterre of marguerites painted in oils. Mrs. Trefusis, who also wore white silk mittens, came of a noble family, wrote sweet books for girls, and was to be placed on the left side of her host, Lady Emily Borgès taking the seat of honor. And then all eyes centered upon the unpretending entrance of the owner of Wooton Magna.

Polly had immediate reason to withdraw her decision that Sir Piers lacked interest save as a landlord. He was without doubt the most striking figure her gaze had ever rested upon: blond, of great height, of athletic person, his face giving an impression of manly force and boyish simplicity rare among the representatives of a similar class in her own country,—exhaling straightforwardness, she said to herself while trying to find a phrase,—and so youthful it was hard to imagine the pink-tinted blossom at his elbow had put out from his parent stem.

Miss Gilchrist, in a white Liberty-silk frock tied with a yellow sash, looked like a Christmas card. When Roger, obedient to a nod from his hostess, tucked her under his arm, and fell into the long line ending with Toodles and Paddy Blount, he sent a glance, which she well understood, to Paulina in custody of a neighboring young squire.

The table, decked with primroses in a geometrical pattern of flowers and leaves laid upon the cloth, having bunches of primroses in pale-green glasses between candles with pale-green shades, was received by the artistic and political bias of the company with approbation. In the midst of the light discussion that ensued, Polly looked about her with curiosity.

There was Amaranth, easily the most beautiful woman present, sitting on the other side of Lord Barchester, who had taken in his hostess. Polly wondered whence her young countrywoman had procured her admirable adaptability to the mood of the important new-comer,

who, after a few words with Lucy, had settled down to the business of letting himself be talked at by Miss Clyde. Of his lordship's conversation she caught one sentence only.

"I wish somebody would tell me why, when most Englishwomen are free, Frenchwomen freer, you Americans are so devilish prudish," he observed; and although the response of Amaranth was inaudible, Polly felt its fine effect in the manner of a startled fawn that accompanied it.

"Amaranth is really immensely clever. She knows so well how not to show it," she found herself thinking.

Mabel Kirby, having left off her jet by day (a good deal of it) and put on her jet by night, had come out in some sparkling black stuff with a great crescent of diamonds above her dusky head, and was giving the benefit of this, her expanse of milk-white shoulders, and her views on thought-transfer, to the rector, who, emitting no suggestion of theology, ate everything and drank everything within reach, and invited his neighbor to a game of billiards after dinner. That Mabel felt rather than saw the stern scorn of the lady of the painted marguerites opposite, assuredly did not decrease her efforts to render the situation agreeable to his Reverence.

"Now you are looking bored," she said. "I must think of something in your line to amuse you. I heard last week about a dean who asked a Sunday-school child what proof we have of St. Peter's repentance, and received for an answer, 'Please, sir, he crowed three times.' And of course you know this: 'Little boy, what is an epistle?' 'An epistle is the wife of an apostle.' There, I have exhausted my clerical anecdotes; but don't laugh, please: your wife is not at all satisfied with me. We are talking of Sunday-schools, dear Mrs. Trefusis," she added, raising her voice. "Your husband has been telling me about his nice little choir of village boys, who stick pins in each other's calves while he is preaching. What dears they must be!"

"Yes," said Mr. Cartwright to his host, "I am told that old Moët, of Moët & Chandon, once said to a visitor: 'You English are the driest people in the world. The Russians are the sweetest; next to them, Prussians; then the French and Belgians; then the Americans; and you English are the driest."

"It may be true, but is that very polite to the English, Mr. Cartwright?" whispered Mrs. Standish, in mild rebuke.

"God bless me, madam! he meant in the matter of champagnes," blurted her countryman, turning around to look at a literal American.

The snow maiden had thawed so far as to say to Roger:

"Piers — my father — I don't know why, but I have always called him by his name — says that I have not been in this room since I was two years old, sixteen years ago, so of course I don't remember it. He has often told me about the pictures and these great girandoles that his grandfather bought in Venice. I feel as if I had dreamed the girandoles. Oh, I have had a happy day! Piers took me to see all the village people, and they were so kind and nice. They have told me so much about him, but nothing about my mother. I don't even know which is her portrait. She died when I was a baby, I believe. I am so wanting dinner to be over, that I may ask Lady Edmund to show me my mother's portrait. Lady Edmund says I am to take luncheon to-morrow with Miss Standish, and play with the baby. If all Americans are like Lady Edmund and Miss Standish, I love them. How dreadful it will be to go away from the dower-house to London; but Piers must go back to Spain. In summer he goes up and lives with the shepherds in the Hautes-Pyrénées, and in winter he lives in towns, or shoots in Morocco, or travels; his home is in Granada, where he has a little villa. Do you think I might tell you that he says I am to go there next year, without my aunt, and visit him? It is on the side of a steep hill, and there are oranges and lemons and myrtles and palms growing in his garden — and a studio inside, modeled exactly after a room in the Alhambra. Every window of his villa looks on the Alhambra walls, or else on the Vega, and the great white, glittering sierras. Do you think I am telling you too much? Would Miss Standish tell this to a stranger?"

Roger, by whom the foregoing information had been extracted at first in bits, afterward in a timid ripple, found something curiously touching in the confidences of this young person, so utterly removed in habit of thought and expression from the other women at the table. Her eye, meeting his, was like a pretty frightened animal venturing forth trustfully in the presence of one who has inspired in it confidence. Out of the shadow of the formidable Lady Watson-Jones, she seemed to have taken heart to arise, like a grass-shoot from which a stone has been rolled away. So during the remainder of the dinner he talked to her exclusively, to the disgust of Lady Emily Borgès, who had made up her mind that this stalwart American young man offered food for pastime ere she went to town — the rector, who was on the other hand of Miss Gilchrist, having, as has been seen, enough to occupy him fully.

Polly's bright eyes, noting these things, were reclaimed to her neighbor on the right by the voice of Sir Piers in her ear.

"May n't I show you the menu?" was his

remark while extending to her the white porcelain plaque exhibiting the penciled bill of fare. "No? Then, please, a bit of toast," and a silver rack followed. "You see, I am particular to neglect nothing conventional. I don't want you to go up-stairs and write in your diary, 'Met a mad Englishman, who lives on a mountain-top in Spain and kept the toast to himself at table.' Was n't it a stroke of genius for our hostess to send me in with Mrs. Trefusis, then separate us by the whole length of the table? It was like a reprieve at the moment of execution. Now, I 'm not going to begin by asking you about your country, because I 've been over it from Canada to Mexico; and I spent a season in Central America, and have made a little run into South America. But I 'm going to hope you are pleased with ours. I know you have been taking observations, for I 've watched you off and on ever since we sat down. I know your name too, but not your middle initial. Laurence Oliphant once told me that to get to know Americans to their middle initials is the height of Yankee intimacy."

"And that speech, I suppose, is what you and Laurence Oliphant would call the height of British politeness," she said.

"There, I 've offended you; I knew I should. I told May, coming here, that I 'd be sure to throw a stone to break somebody's windows among all you Americans."

"Once for all, if we are to do nothing but fence about England and America, I 'd rather not talk to you."

"Why?"

"It 's stupid, it 's fruitless, and, besides, it 's out of date."

"Go on. I like this. Lady Edmund says you illustrate the best type of girl in your society—that you are a voice, an influence."

"An influence I may be, but a voice for you no longer," Polly said, the color coming up into her face, as she deliberately turned away from him, irate at his cool tone, the mocking light of his eyes.

"She won't listen to me," he said, with pretended misery, to Lady Edmund.

"Nobody is listened to nowadays," Lucy answered. "But perhaps you did not show her sufficient deference. Miss Standish is accustomed to it at home, I can tell you. But I must n't forget to say that we have a request to proffer to you, to lend two or three of your Old Cromes to the exhibition of early British artists in Bond street next month. My husband thinks it a pity to hide such treasures, and he has a man who would see that they are cared for whilst they are in town. Of course it 's for you to say."

"Just as you like. I have n't even a list of the pictures," he said, a sudden hardening of manner noticeable. "I remember I 'd an offer for that 'Mill and Cart-horses' by Old Crome, once; but though I was hard up, as usual, I could n't consent to sell that."

"You paint, yourself?"

"Not to set the world afire. To amuse myself, I 've a studio in my house in Granada, and I make sketches in Morocco every spring."

"Mercy! they 've done talking down at that end of the table, and Emily Borgès is looking bored out of her wits because I don't move," cried Lucy, making furtive dives in her lap for gloves and handkerchief.

"Before you go, will you do me a favor?" he said in a low voice. "I have told May that you will show her the — the portrait that used to hang over the door in the library. It is nothing but a shade to anybody now, but I could n't bring her to this house and refuse her request to see it."

"I understand," said Lucy, with quick tact, hurrying away.

When the ladies passed through the door, held open by Paddy Blount, Mrs. Standish reclaimed her offspring, who, standing there in his dinner-jacket and white tie, looked altogether too grown up to be allowed further privileges of manhood.

Toodles, after silent remonstrance, submitted to be led away, and at the drawing-room door was captured by Lucy, who told him to take Miss Gilchrist to see the aviary, where she would join them presently.

"I 'll go too," said Paulina. She was already tired of the women, to whose unrelieved society she must otherwise look forward; and she felt little interest in the mind-reader, Miss Chester, who, arriving late, had dined alone, and was ready for her séance.

The two girls and Toodles progressed well toward acquaintanceship, Paulina deciding that the skim of ice over May's manner was the result of entire simplicity of nature rather than a predisposition to resent advance. In the soft, lingering light they walked back and forth on a flagged path behind the house, listening to the nightingales' trill in the thicket, and talking, till Lady Edmund came to fulfil her promise to Sir Piers.

"Will you come with me, dear, into the library?" she said to May.

"Oh, am I to see — to see her!" exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands like a young religious devotee, and coloring crimson.

"Come too, Polly," added Lucy, a little alarmed. "It is this one," she went on, when they stopped under the lady in satin court costume. With all her facility in words, she could find nothing more to say.

"My mother!" the girl cried, stretching

her arms upward by an involuntary movement; then, dropping them as suddenly, she turned, and threw herself upon Lucy's breast, sobbing, "I don't think she smiles at me."

"Take her out in the walk a little while, again, Polly dear," said Lucy, much troubled.

"And this is our piece of still life," meditated Lady Edmund, returning to her guests. "Oh! good gracious! To think that woman ever held the poor thing in her arms, and felt what I feel for baby, and then left her! No wonder they 've kept her a secret from her child!"

Following out which train of thought, the little mother ran up-stairs, and swooped down upon her heir, slumbering in his crib, for an act of adoration that relieved her overburdened heart.

V.

WHEN the men came into the drawing-room after dinner, Mabel Kirby and her new annex, Miss Chester the mind-reader, occupied, in theatrical parlance, the center of the stage.

Lord Edmund, who was much interested in a talk with Roger Woodbury about the wonders of irrigation in our Western desert lands, did not welcome being ordered by his wife to sit down, keep silence, and give his whole mind to what he was about to see.

"The women are all daft about this medium, Woodbury. It reminds me of what you told us just now. Lucy dear, have you heard Woodbury's story about Brigham Young taking a lot of his wives to see a performance of the 'Lady of Lyons' at the theater in Salt Lake City? Capital story, I 'll swear."

"Tell me quick," said Lucy, pausing in her work of adjusting the audience.

"Oh, when the prophet understood the plot of the play, he just got up and left, saying he 'd be darned if he 'd stay there and see such a fuss made over one woman."

"For shame, Ted!" said his wife, smiling though not relenting in her purpose; and the host dropped into an easy-chair, stuck his legs out before him, and looked frankly miserable until the séance was over.

There was the usual blindfolded search for pins, rings, and cards, hidden by some one in the room whilst Miss Chester was out of it; the usual passes from side to side of the medium's arms as she groped her way successfully to the concealed object; the usual applause; and when Miss Chester, looking pale and interesting, dropped into her chair to rest, Mabel Kirby, who could not consent to be long left out of public notice, raised her voice:

"I hope everybody understands that I have nothing at all to do with Miss Chester's success," she said affectedly.

"Nobody suspected you for a moment," observed Lady Emily.

"When there is another medium present, I make it a point to keep my intelligence absolutely in check," she went on, unabashed.

"How admirably you succeed!" returned her foe.

"Now, if you will give me again your close attention," interposed Miss Chester's soft, weary voice, "I will ask some gentleman present — you, if you will be so kind"— stopping before Sir Piers Gilchrist, who stood behind Paddy Blount and open-eyed Master Standish, at the fireplace —"to permit me to read the thoughts that are now passing in his mind. I ask you to retain those thoughts; to let me put my hands on your wrists and on your forehead. I will then communicate the result to the company, or to any friends you may select. I should like to tell you that you are entirely unknown to me; that I arrived here this afternoon, knowing nobody in the house. Pardon me, ladies and gentlemen; I see some of you smiling. If you are not serious, I can do nothing — absolutely nothing."

There was intense stillness in the room. Carelessly, and with entire incredulity, Sir Piers dropped into a chair. Carefully, strainingly, perspiration coming out on her broad, white brow, Miss Chester went through the promised manipulations; then sat, covering her eyes with her hands, in a corner.

"I am ready now. To whom shall I speak?" she asked in an unnatural whisper.

"To Mr. Cartwright and me, I think," said Lucy, coming forward; and taking her by the hand, she led her, with Sir Piers, into the adjoining room. Lucy, with everybody else, was astonished at the change wrought in Gilchrist by what Mr. Cartwright called "unmeaning mummery." He looked dazed, broken, as if a weight had been rolled upon him. May, who just then came in at the door with Paulina, ran toward him, asking if he were ill, but was not answered as he hastened away.

"Miss Chester begs to be excused," said Lady Edmund, at last returning with the lawyer. "She has done enough for her strength to-night; and Mr. Cartwright and I are convinced that she has done too much for some of the rest of us. Sir Piers has gone with the butler to get a drop of brandy."

"But the answer, the revelation?" cried several eager voices.

"I can only say that, for the hit-or-miss guesswork of an anemic and hysteric female, it was the cleverest thing I ever heard," answered Mr. Cartwright.

"Don't ask me. It was wonderful — wonderful," said Lucy, quite overcome.

"And *we* are to have nothing more?" said

Amaranth Clyde, pouting, "just when Lord Barchester was getting himself in the state to be interpreted?"

"Are n't you a little premature, my dear girl?" said Lady Emily in her ear. "Chi va piano va sano, remember. After this, Mabel Kirby, with her little cheap-Jack tricks, will be nowhere."

"Paulina, listen," said Lady Blount, coming into her guest's room, in her dressing-gown, that night. "The strangest part of Miss Chester's divination was that she mentioned *you* in connection with what was passing in Sir Piers's mind. Now, you know she never saw or heard of you. Directly after dinner you went out on the terrace. But she described you accurately."

"What on earth could he have been thinking about me? That I thought him very saucy and tiresome, I hope."

"She did not quite grasp your connection with his thoughts, and Sir Piers would not help her. Of course, as everybody must have guessed, she told him he was thinking about his wife, and their first arrival in that room after their marriage — things that could not have been at all pleasant for him to have Mr. Cartwright and me hear."

"Lucy, it is absurd your looking so awe-stricken. Go to bed; let Sir Piers and the seeress, who, I am happy to hear, returns to town by the 9:30 to-morrow, manage their own mysteries. They can't concern me, and I 'm awfully sleepy. Unless Sir Piers keeps an ancestral ghost in the arras of this dear little white room you 've given me, I expect never to think of him again."

"ANOTHER fine day, miss?" said her mother's maid, who brought Paulina's letters and a cup of tea betimes next morning to her bedside. Declining the tea, and glancing hastily at the correspondence, Miss Standish enjoyed her tub and her toilet, as a right-minded person does who has slept the sleep of perfect health.

Glimpses from the window at park and gardens made her quicken her movements in the desire to get out into the beautiful green world. In the dining-room a few people were having what Mrs. Standish called a "hugger-mugger" breakfast: jumping up with their plates to carve for themselves slices of cold ham or lamb from the side table; diving down to the covered dishes before the fire to secure hot kidneys, fish, or bacon; and laying hold, across the table, of eggs, butter, scones, and marmalade.

"I 'll declare," said Mrs. Standish to herself, "I think it would be nicer to sit still and have servants to wait, as we do. This is like eating in a gale of wind."

"You see my wife has taught us your American way of beginning with hominy porridge — or grits — how do you call them? Only we have n't quite the hang of cooking it," said Lord Edmund, coming back with her plate, with which he had been careering about the room in search of provand.

"Ted, toss me a scone," cried Lady Emily, who sat, in her habit, on the other side of the table.

"All right. Catch," said Lord Edmund, briefly; and to Mrs. Standish's horror, the desired dainty was neatly sent sailing through the air, to land in Lady Emily's bread-and-butter plate.

"Well played!" exclaimed Toodles, with irresistible satisfaction.

"And to think, Polly," the lad said, when he went out on the flagged walk with his sister to await Lord Edmund and Lord Patrick, who were to show Paulina the pheasants, "how awfully well we have to behave when they come to see us! But you know, I think these English fellows are the nicest men I ever saw, except Roger. They are so kind and jolly, and they have such pleasant voices. Did I tell you Paddy Blount says he 'll stop in New York and see us, if we want him, when he goes out to the ranch? Of course we want him. He says he 's nearly stone-broke, and his governor won't stand any more, and Ted 's going to give him the cash to get to the States upon. And Paddy —"

"Do you call him that, Toodles?"

"Oh, of course — he made me, first thing. Everybody does. He told me about Eton and Oxford and about a master he had when he was my size that flogged him, but of course he did n't 'blub'; and he calls a sling-shot a 'catapult'; and he thinks North and South America are the same, I believe. He don't know much, that 's certain, except ridin' and shootin' and huntin'; but I think Paddy 's bully, all the same. Here he comes. We 'll go ahead, and you can walk along after, with Lord Edmund."

In a wood near the head keeper's cottage they found an array of boxes containing the setting pheasants, many of them so tamed by petting from the keeper's children as to peck food from the visitor's hand.

"They 'll be wild enough when the young ones get out into the woods," said Lord Edmund. "Before the shooting-season sets in they are practically wild birds."

"All the same, it seems to me very inglorious sport," ventured Polly. "Oh! I beg your pardon; I 'll never say that again."

"If you 'll come to us then, you 'll see whether it 's inglorious," returned the proprietor, good-humoredly. "Now, if you 'll allow me, as I 've an appointment with Sir Piers at 10:30, I 'll stroll with you through what we call the 'Pheasants' Walk,' and we 'll let my

wife drive around and pick you up at the dower-house, as she tells me she 's promised to take Miss Gilchrist on your drive."

Paulina thought she liked all better than the suggestion of another encounter with Sir Piers.

They met him, however, coming toward them in the Pheasants' Walk. This was a long arcade of moist greenery, mossy underfoot, with a fringe of primroses on either side, and periwinkles, purple and white, overrunning the hollows of the wood, in which pheasants sought retreat, and rabbits scudded with tails erect, at the approach of a human footstep. In the boughs that met overhead a congregation of birds made delicious melody. Thrushes, chaffinches, blackcaps, nightingales, and many another, had here each his time for song. In this tunnel of verdure and sweet sound, where the sunshine fell intermittently, the advancing figure of the owner of Wooton Magna, dressed in rough tweeds, with knickerbockers, wearing a billycock hat and swinging a thorn stick, seemed to have found its proper setting. As he took off his hat, and stood bareheaded to talk with them, Paulina was struck with a sense of the extraordinary freshness of his beauty and the manliness of his bearing. Of the bitter experience of his past life, his wandering from home, his poverty, the fact that he was now tramping, as a visitor only, over the acres of his own patrimony, no trace was apparent on the fair, frank face, in the keen blue eyes. To encounter a man like this, Polly felt, was an exceptional experience; and so feeling, she grew angry with herself, and turned away her gaze.

"I was on my way to you," he said to Lord Edmund; "but since you are so near the dower-house, we 'll go on there."

As Paulina with compressed lips stalked ahead with Toodles and Paddy Blount, she indulged in a mental overhauling of her own contemptible weakness.

"There is something out of joint — why should I have had that throb of pleasure when I looked at an Englishman? Why should I even sympathize with one? Granted he is handsome, debonair, is that an excuse for my deplorable lapse from dignity? I believe it is nothing but the influence of this enchanting old wood, and the sooner I get out of it the better."

She quickened her pace, to be joined, almost immediately, by the object of her thoughts.

"Blount has gone back," he remarked carelessly. "He has deputed me to see you safe into Lady Edmund's hands."

"Then I 'll just take the youngster across by the spinney," said Patrick. "It 's a roughish walk for a lady, and there 's the bull in the pasture that might give us a run."

"No, Polly; you can't possibly come," added Toodles, with authority, answering the appeal of his sister's eye.

"You are basely deserted, are n't you?" said Gilchrist, laughing at her evident dismay on being left alone with him. "This affords me an opportunity I needed, to tell you that I am sorry I gave you offense last night. Pity a wanderer who has lived so long out of conventional society that he forgets what is due to the conventional young lady."

"But I am not a conventional young lady; at least, not if that was conventional society."

"I saw something was worrying you. Will you let me thank you for being nice to May? As we drove home she could talk of nothing but your graciousness and your charms. I see how good for her is a companionship like yours. I don't need to tell you that I dreaded her first visit to the Hall. It seemed best for her to go, as she did, when there were others present — and of course she had not the goad of old association to overcome. You wonder why I talk to you like this. In two words, because I am grateful. Even gipsies do not forget benefits conferred."

Grave, simple, courteous, this was quite another man from the mocker of the night before. She answered him as simply, as cordially; and from a discussion of May they passed to many themes of interest to her. In addicting himself to the task of removing a first bad impression, Sir Piers found metal more attractive than he knew. His observations, begun at first sight of her, were more than confirmed in his leisurely survey. He thought he had never met such a wild virginal spirit, imprisoned in a slender frame. So eager were they when touched by a real interest, he could see the flame of the spirit shooting up in her brilliant hazel eyes. Her ease of speech and gesture, her wit and indifference to the effect of words, might, in another girl, have seemed reckless abandonment. But he, who had known women in all lands, was quick to read the true character of this young American, so ready to break lances with him. Excepting May, who was still a child, he thought Paulina was the most innocent creature he had ever encountered.

And in outward seeming, also, Miss Standish pleased Sir Piers. Her figure was slight and elegant; her hands and feet were small, her movements impetuous and not to be counted upon a moment in advance; her clear-cut lips were wont to break into charming smiles, to dissipate the little frown often gathered on her straight, dark brows. The one thing apparently lacking was that touch of tenderness essential in man's eyes as the crowning charm of women. But, again, what of her kindness to his May?

"Oh, how happy I am here in this wood! It is like walking in a fairy-tale. If I were only clever enough to make a sketch that would suggest it to me when I get back to the prosaic places of the world."

"If I dared, I should offer you one I made the other day."

"I hope you won't test me by offering, and expecting me to refuse, it," she said, smiling. "But no one could picture this light and shadow, the wavering wind-flowers in the hollows, the color, the fragrance of it all — and the thrill of these songs overhead."

"No; I felt my incapacity when I attempted it. I am glad to hear you like this spot; when I think of my home it comes almost first. I used to play here by the hour in my solitary boyhood."

"There is a dead thrush!" she exclaimed, stooping to pick up an object from the path, and caressing it with the tip of her gloved finger. "To think, to think, he has sung out his brief day in this lovely place, and must go out of it, and give place to others!"

"I am sure I understand that better than another," he answered, with a clouded brow.

"How stupid! How unfeeling I am! Will you please forgive me?"

"Never mind," he said, a smile dissipating his momentary depression. "I 'm past being sensitive. The rent Blount pays for Wooton Magna enables me to live like a grandee in Granada; and among my shepherds in the Pyrenees I am a king. Now your eyes have a filmy look as though you were about to divide your tears between me and the thrush. Pray don't. Consider how deadly dull it would be for me to live here alone, and have Mr. and Mrs. Trefusis to dinner once a week."

"But your people — your duties — your politics, of which all you English think so much. Ought not you to live at home for them?"

"So, my dear young lady, you are kindly volunteering to act as my conscience. What could I accomplish without funds?"

"In our country you 'd go to work and make them."

"But in our country I can't; and I 'm like dozens in the same box. I always notice Americans vaunting themselves upon the hard work they do to amass cash, and looking down on the other people in the world who are content to live upon what they already have. What a tremendously electrical atmosphere it must be over there, where even the babes and sucklings and pretty girls rise up and adjure a man to practise all the things most disagreeable to him, in order to lay up a few more dollars in the year!"

"Now you are making fun of me."

"Never! I swear it," he said dramatically.

"Oh, yes, you are. And I wish you would walk faster. I think we have been a long time in this wood."

"No, no. I am not going to let you go without telling you that I 'm not always chaffing at the things you spoke about. Since I 've been here, this time especially, and found May capable of being a companion to me; since I went to the Hall last night, and saw what it is, under a sweet kind woman's management — I 've felt it was going to be a tug to give old England up, as I 've never felt it before. But you would n't have me whining over the inevitable, would you? No. May will marry, I hope. I believe Aunty Watson-Jones has promised my girl her savings, so she won't always feel the pinch of impecuniosity. Some day she may come to the Hall to live, and her little chaps will play in the Pheasants' Walk, and talk of their grandfather who died in Spain — grandfather! by Jove!" he added, stopping short to contemplate the unwelcome apparition he had conjured up.

VI.

"WHAT were you two doing?" asked Lady Edmund, when the derelict pair emerged at last from the wood that had held them enthralled.

She was sitting with May in an open carriage in front of the dower-house, a gray thatch-roofed building half buried in the foliage of two ancient willows, the sole bit of relief from surrounding green, the pink purple of the rhododendrons growing up almost under the windows — a sad, half-ruined spot, that smote the heart with a sense of desolation.

At the feet of the ladies were guns and shot-bags, while Toodles and Paddy Blount stalked about with every indication of masculine impatience.

"Polly, we have been waiting more than half an hour," cried Toodles, splenetically.

"Miss Standish has been approving of the Pheasants' Walk," said Sir Piers.

"Come, jump in, Polly," snapped Lady Edmund. "And, to show that I forgive you, Sir Piers, when we 've deposited our sportsmen, let us call for you to drive home with us to luncheon."

"Thanks, but since you are taking May, if I don't stop here to eat the strawberries I see you have left like fairy tokens on my doorstep, who will? Let me have May in time for our so-called dinner, please. Good-by."

As they drove away, Paulina, determining not to look back, did so. He was standing alone at the portal of the old ruined house, and as he caught her glance lifted his hat.

"I know why he interests me," she thought, with a sudden illumining. "He is so entirely

picturesque. He is no drawing-room hero. He seems to have always lived in the open air. He brings a breath of nature, of travel, of originality, into all he says. And I like his quiet way of taking ill fortune. If I mistake not, that man could never be mean, or jealous, or false, or cruel, or egotistic. Never, never!"

After Polly had adjusted herself with her usual facility to this lightning-like change of base, she proceeded to enjoy the scene and the pleasant company. After a five miles' drive through a tranquil country-side the carriage pulled up at the entrance of a field where a keeper and a boy in smart velveteens awaited the sportsmen to conduct them to the rookery.

"You have your luncheon?" asked Lucy. "Yes; that 's right. Now clear out your belongings from under our feet, and let us go. I mean to drive around by a longer way home. Good luck to you, and good-by."

"I 'd like to see myself going out at home with all these contraptions and two keepers, to shoot crows," Toodles managed to whisper to his sister, then marched off in a shooting-jacket and gaiters lent by Lord Edmund, in which he resembled Puss-in-Boots.

On the "way around" proposed by Lucy, it became evident a new variety of weather was at hand. Over the hitherto dazzlingly blue sky a curious cloud was forming.

"I shouldn't wonder if we were to be caught in a storm," said Lucy, ordering her coachman to quicken speed.

They had come to where the road, running between high banks covered with ivy netting, violets, and cowslips, was topped with hedges of hawthorn, whose polished green foliage hid from sight branches welded like the iron-work of the old smiths of Nuremberg. At intervals in these verdant barricades arose holly-trees globular in shape and lustrous in the intense light of the sun coming from under the edges of the cloud.

In the narrow sunken way thus formed, from which there was escape on neither side, they met an oncoming flock of sheep and lambs herded by two collie dogs in charge of a moon-faced rustic in a smock-frock. Nothing for it but to pull up, the horses standing stock-still like islands in the sea of yellowish-white, foolish, struggling creatures, who had parted with the little wits they once possessed. Now came into play the professional skill of the collies, who abandoned themselves to an agony of solicitude lest the affair should in some way do them discredit and miscarry. Hither and thither, barking imperiously, they darted through gaps where it would seem impossible to penetrate, keeping always on the outer edges of the woolly mass, remonstrating, coaxing, insisting, till the last dullard was made to understand the necessity of single file on either side the carriage, and the last lambkin was conveyed in safety past the horses' heels.

"A pretty sight, and pure English," Polly said, for the first time wishing that Roger had been of their party, and at once reproaching herself for the tardiness of this impulse.

"Drive as fast as you can!" cried Lady Edmund to her man. For, drifting rapidly across the sky, came the strange blue-black cloud now shaped like a bottle with a long, slender neck.

In wood and field, and among the animals in pasture, there was the movement of panic at the approaching storm. The wind got up, and went moaning. In the farm-houses they passed people were making preparations to meet they knew not what, but something a little out of the way.

All at once the cloud burst, and emptied itself of hailstones like bullets, that in a short time covered with a white mantle the women huddling under the fur robes of the open carriage. The coachman, whipped in the face, could see little, but held on stoutly to the reins (it would have been difficult for Horlock to do anything that was not stout), and, with cheeks like winter apples, soothed and controlled the frightened horses until they became accustomed to the sting of the hailstones.

"Best take short cut to the dower-house, my lady," suggested he at a place where four roads met; and at the dower-house they finally pulled up, after a thirty minutes' drive exposed to the unrelenting fury of the downfall. There, laughing and rosy, with spirits strung to high pitch, the three were extracted by Sir Piers from under their thatch of ice-covered fur, and brought in to the fire to thaw.

"I suppose I ought to go home," said Lucy, when their tale of adventure was told. "They won't wait, however. Our butler would announce luncheon in exactly the same way if he came in and found Ted had just cut my throat. And Emily Borgès would call for those grilled bones if she had just had a telegram saying the baron had quitted this mortal sphere. But I really must get on, and send Horlock back for our poor rook-shooters, since it shows no sign of clearing up."

"I have an inspiration. Stay to lunch with me," said Sir Piers. "Now, May, don't look pathetic, my dear girl; I know the resources of the dower-house. There are eggs, and cold meat, and beer, and Lady Edmund's strawberries; and old Clichett is keen at making scones. And I 'm sure there is marmalade."

"It's only that it would frighten poor Clichett to death, Piers," replied his daughter, "if she thought she had to lay the cloth for Lady Edmund."

"Don't let her lay the cloth," cried Lucy, throwing away her toque in an ecstasy; "we 'll do it ourselves. We 'll do everything except the scones. Tell her to make lots, May; and to put in plenty of butter when she splits them. Oh, Sir Piers, is this the dining-table? And where do you keep your cloth?"

"If you are not afraid of a little onion, I know a capital dish of eggs such as we make in bivouac in the Basque country. And in coffee I consider myself unsurpassed."

"Coffee, by all means, and Basque eggs; only be saving with the onion," said her animated ladyship, by whom, Paulina and May serving as lieutenants, the machinery of the midday meal was set into prompt motion.

Wearing aprons borrowed from May's helpless and scandalized maid, the trio invaded the kitchen, depriving old Mrs. Clichett of breath, but furnishing her with material for gossip to last the remainder of her days. Into this gay assemblage presently arrived the storm-beaten Patrick and Toodles, who, warned of its futility by the keepers, had abandoned their pursuit of the rooks, and were well on the way home when met by Horlock.

"Run, Paddy dear; tell Horlock to go back to the Hall and say I 've taken a situation as cook here, and Ted need n't bother about me any more; but he may give my love to baby," exclaimed Lady Edmund, who, with the exception of a smudge across her nose, had come very well through her ordeal of manual labor. "And, if they like,— but we don't urge it,— Ted and Roger may come over and fetch us home by and by."

"This is first-class!" remarked Toodles, who had been put to mixing a salad dressing. "How good that Spanish dish smells already! Miss Gilchrist, don't you wish we could do this every day, instead of having everything so stiff. It is like life on Roger's ranch. Roger is my cousin — Mr. Woodbury."

"Yes, I know," answered May, who was scraping radishes at the window-ledge by him.

"He is A1, and no mistake."

"A — I beg your pardon?" asked she.

"That means fine — smooth; do you understand?"

"I think you mean he is the best."

"Yes, the best; the only trouble with Roger is Polly, don't you see."

"I am afraid I don't."

"He 's got to marry her, and she 's got to marry him, and it 's all been settled by grandpapa, and they 'll have ever so much money, and live in the town house, and be stupid like anybody else, and I 'll never get to the ranch, though my mother promises me every year I shall."

"They are to marry?" she said, looking at him intently. "Are you sure you should have told me this?"

"Why not? I 've heard people talk of it, all about, at home. But they are a funny kind of lovers. Oh, I just wish he just had the sand to tell her he would n't have her, and then grandpapa would have to give it up."

"Please," she said, blushing, "I am quite sure you should n't."

"All right," said Toodles, looking out of the window, which commanded the approach to the house. "If there are not Roger and Lucy's husband coming through the rain and wind as if they had on seven-league boots!"

"There won't be enough to eat for all," cried Lucy, when the new arrivals had swelled their group, and laughter and explanations made the dim old kitchen ring as it had not in many a long year. "The only thing I see is for somebody to cook bacon."

"I volunteer," said Roger, throwing off his wet coat, and washing his hands under the tap. "That is my special accomplishment. Billy says that whenever he asks, 'What shall it be for dinner, old fellow?' I say, 'Ham and eggs.'"

"Tell them your story about the cow-boy," called Toodles to Roger.

"By all means," chimed in Sir Piers.

"You know I never weary of the *chronique* of cow-boys," said Lucy, on being consulted.

"Very well, then," said Roger, preparing his iron pan, while Toodles cut the bacon. "This relates to a gentleman who, having made his pile, journeyed eastward to spend it. Arrived at Chicago, en route, he went into a restaurant, and, calling for the bill of fare, studied it from end to end, then cast it away in despair, and in a large, confident manner, as one certain that cost and splendor could no further go, observed, 'Gosh darn it, waiter, just you bring me fifteen dollars' wuth o' ham an' eggs!'"

"I don't know when I have taken such a strong liking as to your cousin," Gilchrist observed to Paulina at a pause in their merry meal. "I hope you have a great many more like him in America."

"Like Roger? Oh, no; there is no one," she said, and then seeing Lucy's laughing eye fixed upon her, blushed furiously.

"Lady Edmund was just about to tell me what she called 'the romance' of his position, when we were interrupted last night," he went on.

"She told you nothing?"

"No."

"And you know nothing?"

"Is it indiscreet to ask you, his cousin, almost his sister, to enlighten me?"

"Not now. I can't speak of it now."

"When we meet again, then. But, now that I think of it, when shall we meet again?"

"You are going?"

"Yes; to-morrow."

"I had forgotten," she said, almost stammering with the surprise of finding the announcement caused her pain.

"To-morrow; and I leave England two days later. When I come back to this old tumble-down house, with its meager furniture and bare walls, don't think I shall not see you in it. It has been such a sunburst in my life and May's, this day with you and your agreeable compatriot. And I shall never see the Pheasants' Walk again without the figure of a girl in a Bond-street frock and hat, holding a dead thrush in her hand. But then, who knows whether we may not meet again?"

"Sir Piers, Sir Piers," cried Lucy, "what are you saying to make my girl so sober? Do you hear Ted telling you that after you 've saved us from freezing and starving to-day, he 'll never forgive you if you don't bring May to dinner this last evening before you go."

"I shall be most happy," said Gilchrist, smiling; then turning again to Paulina, added: "What did I tell you? We are to meet again."

"Am I so glad as that? What in the world made my heart jump?" Polly queried of herself while they were driving back to Wooton Magna in the wagonette.

"You are none the worse for your hail-storm, dear," asked Roger, leaning toward her, and observing an expression he could not fathom in her transparent face.

Toodles and Paddy were talking. Lucy, nestled up to her husband, was making the most barefaced love to him. No one noticed Roger as he took Paulina's little, cold, ungloved hand in his.

"Don't, please," she said, drawing it away. "I am well; I was never better; I love to be caught out in storms, as you very well know." And putting her hands in her pockets, in default of the gloves ruined in the storm, she summoned Lucy into the conversation, which again became general, and so remained until they arrived at the doorway of Wooton Magna.

That evening, in dressing for dinner, Paulina saw her face in the mirror with still another start of surprise. She remonstrated with it, rebuked it with passionate humility, owned herself a goose; but a smile, that would not be banished, played around her lips when she thought she would soon again be near the man whom she had seen for the first time the night before!

When she reached the drawing-room, they were all going in to dinner.

"Is n't it too bad?" said Lucy, on the wing. "Patrick will take you, dear; I have just had a note from Sir Piers, saying they had decided to go up to town in the evening train, and asking to be especially remembered to you. After our pleasant day together, when we knew each other better than if we had had a whole season's meetings in town! Polly, perhaps it 's as well for Roger's interests that Sir Piers did leave. If I were a girl, I 'd never be able to resist him. And add to the odd circumstance that he was thinking of you last night when Miss Chester detected him, that I saw his eyes wander to you repeatedly to-day! There, don't mind my nonsense, child! But, oh, dear! I do wish I knew what sent the Gilchrists back to town!"

Paulina, in a dazed sort of way, wondered, also, but that did not soothe her disappointment. Naturally, it could not be supposed that either young woman would connect this change of plan with the fact that immediately after the departure of the guests from the dower-house, May had informed Sir Piers of Paulina's engagement to her cousin.

On Sunday Lady Edmund sternly marshaled her party on foot to the little church, all decked with primroses for Whitsuntide, ranging them in the Hall pews, close under the rector's nose and the clerk's prayer-book. During service the good example of others had the effect of making Mr. Cartwright—who, at home, had for years past caused his wife and daughters concern, through his habit of doubling up in a corner of the family pew, and remaining with his eyes shaded from the light, suspiciously quiet — behave like a model of propriety. In his immaculate black coat, tan gloves, and Gladstonian collar, he here stood up, sang aloud, and delivered all the responses in a sonorous voice that commanded the admiration of beholders.

When the pouch for contributions was handed, he put in an offering of golden guineas that caused the eyes of the clerk to blink with astonishment; altogether acquitting himself, as Lucy afterward confided to Paulina, "in a manner to do us proud."

A pretty feature of the occasion was the wearing of natural flowers — primroses, chiefly — by all the villagers in the congregation; and some people thought the sermon was of a satisfactory length — twelve minutes, neither more nor less — delivered without a final "g" from start to finish.

Till the great people had passed out, the lesser ones kept their places; and as Paulina looked at the courtesying and bowing rows on either side the aisle, she detected, dressed decently in black, and wearing the usual knot of primroses, old Mrs. Clichett of the dower-house making her way to the front.

"If you please, miss, I was told to give this into your hand," the old dame said, offering her a flat parcel addressed to her in masculine chirography. "My orders were, as 't was a tri-

fle, there was no hurry, an' the young lady would understand. An' my duty to the gentry, miss; an' I hopes they are none the worse for the mortal queer food they ate at the dower-house o' Wednesday."

A series of dips, punctuating this speech, excited in the hearer a wish to smile; but she was also conscious of sensations of quite an opposite nature. Thanking Mrs. Clichett with enforced indifference, she regained her room, and, locking the door, tore open the parcel. It contained a sketch, boldly and brilliantly done in water-color, of the Pheasants' Walk, and on the margin a penciled suggestion of a girl holding a dead bird in her hand, with the donor's initials underneath.

When they awoke next morning, it was to look out upon a veritable Whit-Monday, the ground covered with snow, the great trees of the park rising from little green islands of turf, to which the snow could not penetrate through the thick leafage. The sweet songsters were all hushed; the nightingale that had been wont to begin her "jug-jug" trill at 3 A. M., and continue it in a flood of melody till dawn, had given no sound that night. The hares, venturing out, remained in attitudes of astonishment around the house. From the drawing-room, filled in all its corners with flowers cut under the veil of snow that morning, people looked at the unwonted scene without; they poked the fire, grumbled, exclaimed; then settled down to play halma, billiards, and the usual bad-weather games.

Roger, searching for Paulina, found her in the library. When he came in, he rather fancied she wished him not to observe that she had been looking at the picture of Lady Gilchrist. Then asking himself what possible reason Polly could have for such secretiveness, he went to the other extreme by speaking of it in a serene but somewhat loud-pitched voice.

"You 've been looking at the Gilchrist pictures, eh? Lady Edmund was telling me the little scene the poor girl made before this portrait of her mother. Miserable business altogether, and one that, I fancy, is at the bottom of Gilchrist's not wanting to live in England. Do you know, Polly, when I get back to town, I have an idea of going to beard Lady Watson-Jones in her den, and call upon Miss Gilchrist? I can't get that flower-face of hers out of my thoughts, and the way it brightened up when we spent those racketing hours together at the dower-house. From what she told me, I fancy she has hard lines in the clutches of the old witch, though she has no idea she let out anything. Polly, do you think, if you rode more, it would bring up your color to be like that of these girls over here? I think you are a little pale."

"No, no, Roger," she answered, laughing in spite of herself; "my color is what it always was. And I should advise you by all means to call on Miss Gilchrist when we get back to town."

"The best thing about getting back to town is that I shall have more of you," the young man said gallantly.

"I suppose so."

"How unenthusiastic! Can't you be a little warmer in view of my model behavior in giving way to everybody we 've met here, and always taking a back seat? Really, Polly, say what you will, you *are* a trifle pale."

"Roger, don't be tiresome," she said, with a sudden rush of color.

"Then you are out of spirits."

"I am not; I am not. But I am glad we are going from here to-morrow."

"You share my feeling — oh, Polly!"

"Roger, how long are you to stay on this side of the Atlantic?"

"I have three weeks longer. Why?"

"Oh, nothing."

"When I do go, Polly, I shall count the days till you follow me."

"Ah, me!" sighed Paulina. She then remembered suddenly her fear expressed on arrival at Wooton Magna, that she might be sorry she had come.

In packing to return to town, she put the sketch of the Pheasants' Walk resolutely at the bottom of her trunk. Common sense told her there was no likelihood that the giver would ever again cross her path, and equally that some day when she should take out the token to recall the spot, she would by that time have faded into a mere incident of his travel.

"IT was a most pleasant visit," said Mrs. Standish, when they were in a train tearing up to London at breakneck speed. "We must ask the Lansings to dine directly we get back to New York, my daughter, and tell them how beautifully we think Lucy has taken her place in the English aristocracy. Polly, you are not listening. I said, how beautifully we think —"

"Of course we do, mother. Shall we have the Whitmans too, and tell them about Mabel? And Mrs. Cartwright and the girls, and tell them about the giddy head of *their* family?"

"You know I have never visited the Whitmans, and I see no reason to change now. I consider Mabel Kirby perfectly idiotic, and I hope I showed it when I said good-by to her."

"You looked as sweet and affectionate as possible. I think Mabel was much encouraged by your approval."

"And, Paulina, — I took especial care to notice, — Lord Barchester paid no attention, that I could see, to Amaranth. He let her fetch and carry for him, and hardly took the trouble to be polite. If I were consulted, I should say

she has n't the ghost of a chance of catching him."

"Oh, mother dear, what a revelation of your real malignant inner self! Who could have believed, when you sat there doing that piece of drawn-work, that you were so engaged?"

"No; I 've no idea she will succeed," went on the elder lady, comfortably. "It must be very hard to have one's daughter's settlement in life always on one's mind, like poor Mrs. Clyde. I suppose I, who feel so differently, ought to be more sympathetic with these people who are still uncertain whom their daughters are to marry."

"How this train is rushing!" said Paulina, giving a glance over at Roger, who was playing cards with Toodles on the opposite seat, to see whether he had overheard her mother.

"Paulina, I understand Lord Edmund has decided to lease Wooton Magna for a term of years. It seems Sir Piers had refused to do this while he was here; but yesterday, on the point of leaving England, he wired an acceptance of the offer."

"He has left England?"

"Yesterday, Lucy said. Considering his age, I think he is a very interesting man, don't you?"

"I never thought about his age."

"Well, my dear, you know how you look upon me—how ancient you think I am. I am only two years older than Sir Piers Gilchrist; and, dear knows, I don't set up to be an object of interest to society. No doubt he has an excellent digestion, which keeps him in a good temper. Your poor father was forever taking this remedy and that, and was very hard to keep in spirits. Sir Piers is certainly in a fine state of preservation—teeth perfect, all his hair, eyes clear, good color. I should think some woman with a fortune—somebody of a suitable age—might be found glad enough to marry him and be a mother to that poor girl."

"Oh!" said Polly.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.

THE RIDDLE OF WRECK.

DARK hemlocks, seventy and seven,
High on the hill-slope sigh in dream,
With plumy heads in heaven;
They silver the sunbeam.

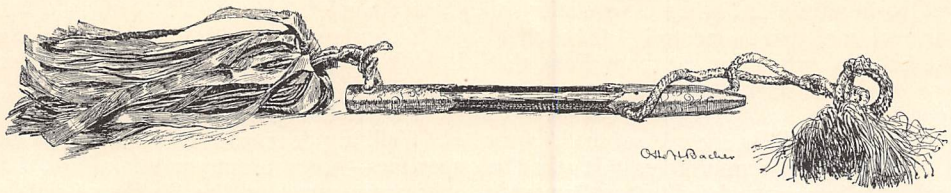
One broken body of a tree,
Stabbed through and slashed by lightning keen,
Unsouled, and grim to see,
Hangs o'er the hushed ravine.

A hundred masts, a hundred more,
Crowd close against the sunset-fires.
Their late adventure o'er,
They mingle with the spires.

But one is lying prone, alone,
Where gleaming gulls to seaward sweep,
White sand of burial blown
In sheets about its sleep.

When lightning 's leashed, and sea is still,
Ye sacrificial mysteries dread,
Scapegoats of shore and hill,
Your riddle may be read.

Helen Gray Cone.



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER. FROM A SPECIMEN IN MEMORIAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

BATON.

THE ARMOR OF OLD JAPAN.

With illustrations from "Precious Jewel Records of Military Usage," Japan, 1694.



HELMET OF YOSITSUNÉ, WITH "SKY-PIERCER." 1185 A. D.

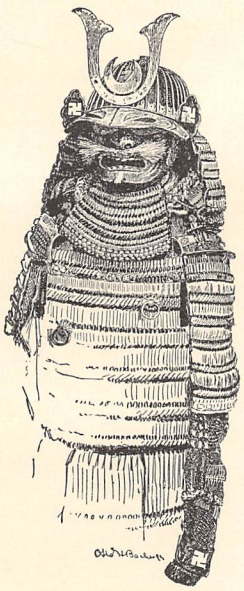
OF the art of Japan, as shown in the wonderful war implements of her great military leaders of old, the daimios, and of their vassals, the samurai, few of us have any but the vaguest of knowledge. A few suits of curious armor in the museums of our large cities, a few swords,— the long one for despatching one's enemies, the short one for despatching one's self, according to the code of honor among the Japanese,— give us the merest hint of the admirable defenses and weapons which were produced by this energetic and intellectual race during ages of warfare.

In Memorial Hall in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is a small but very interesting collection of the weapons and armor of old Japan. These wars lasted until three hundred years ago, when the long peace set in. To this peace we are indebted, perhaps, for the best of the art we now enjoy, except in this one branch — metal-work. For this, warfare was the great stimulus, and the metal-worker of twelve hundred years ago, in the opinion of so good a judge as Anderson, "had little to learn in mastery of materials or tools."

The collection was brought to this country a few years ago by Tatsui Baba, a young samurai belonging to the patriotic party, and well known throughout Japan as an able writer and a leader in public affairs. He had made a special study of the ancient armor of his native land. The results of his researches he gave in the form of lectures before the learned societies of our large cities. After his death in 1888 his cherished curios were secured by the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, whose collections are housed in Memorial Hall.

The most striking things to a casual observer are the three curious suits of war-harness, examples of that worn in Japan during the third,[1] fourteenth, and sixteenth centuries. This must not be classed with the armor we see in almost every curiosity-shop abroad, which is of much later date, belonging in many cases to a soldier of our own day.

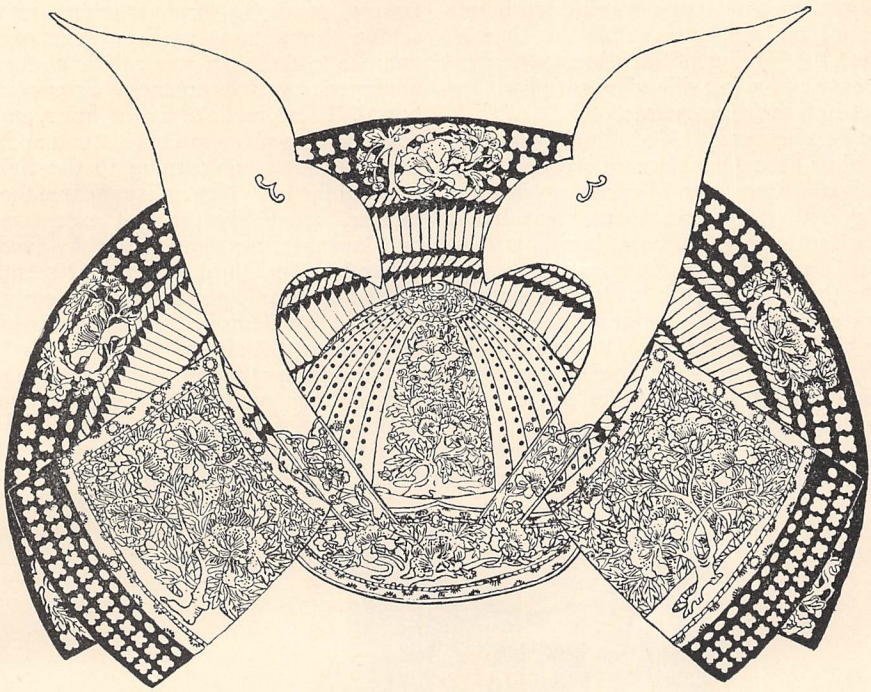
As with other nations, the war-harness of rawhide, called in Japan "shell" armor, came first, and lasted down into the ninth century. This was the time of Charlemagne and his leather-clad knights, when, in Europe, "every man wished two things: first, not to be killed, and, next, to have a good leathern coat." Tunics were of plaited leather; and coats, hoods, breeches, and shoes were made almost entirely of this material; and while the coats, it is true, had plates of iron riveted upon them, the casques alone were of steel.



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER, FROM A SPECIMEN IN MEMORIAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

THIRD-CENTURY ARMOR.

[1] So attributed, but probably belonging to the sixth or seventh century.



FROM AN OLD JAPANESE BOOK.

HELMET OF YOSITSUNÉ, WITH KUWAI-LEAVES.

The iron-and-lacquer war-harness of Prince Shotoku, the great apostle of Buddhism, may still be seen in the old temple of Horiuji in the province of Yamato. It was worn about 586 A. D., and is the earliest specimen of Japanese armor in the possession of the nation. A picture of the prince in his elaborate court dress, drawn by himself, as the Japanese declare, is kept in the temple of Tennoji in Osaka, along with his "sword of seven stars." On the blade of this sword shine the seven stars which rule human destiny, and the dragon, symbol of his mission as defender of the faith of Buddha. It was to his neighbors the Koreans, most likely, that Prince Shotoku owed his fine war dress; for their craftsmen came over the sea to Japan during his time, bringing with them a knowledge of metals and of art superior at the time to that of the islanders. Indeed, the Japanese of the present day prefer to their own truly artistic work their heirlooms of old Korean and Chinese make, which in our eyes are often far from beautiful.

Of the three suits of armor in Memorial Hall that attributed to the third century is the most richly decorated. A description of this suit will answer, with few exceptions, for all three; for in that fortunate land the fashions did not change, but descended unaltered for generations from soldier-father to soldier-son.

The cuirass is called the "breast-binder," and is made of leather, on which are fastened thin plates of well-tempered steel covered with polished black lacquer. The lower edge of one row of plates is covered by the upper edge of the row beneath, in window-shutter fashion. The little plates are fastened together with stout silk braid in several shades of purple. There is such a profusion of this braid that it gives a decided hue, and a name, to the whole suit. The Mikado himself, should he appear on the field of battle, would wear the "armor of shaded purple," and his bow-gloves would be dyed in the same royal color. To this cuirass are fastened the half-dozen separate tassets which hang from the waist nearly to the knees. They are made, like the cuirass, of narrow, upright steel plates bound together with the same purple braid. Underneath them is worn a sort of divided skirt of yellow brocade, stout and heavy, and on this are fastened the two pieces of plate-armor which guard the lower thighs.

The sleeves are of the same strong yellow brocade, covered partly with chain-armor, partly with plates of iron overlaid with brass. The brass is openwork, with a charming design of plum-blossoms, the round elbow-guards being specially attractive.

The war-chief who owned the original of this harness fought on horseback, for his long leg-guards are entirely of iron, carefully modeled to the shapely leg of the wearer, and covered

with brilliant black lacquer. Gilded butterfly-clasps join the three upright strips, ten butterflies in all, and every one different. For his retainers, the fighting footmen, locomotion was made easy by having side-pieces of pliant leather set into their leg-guards.

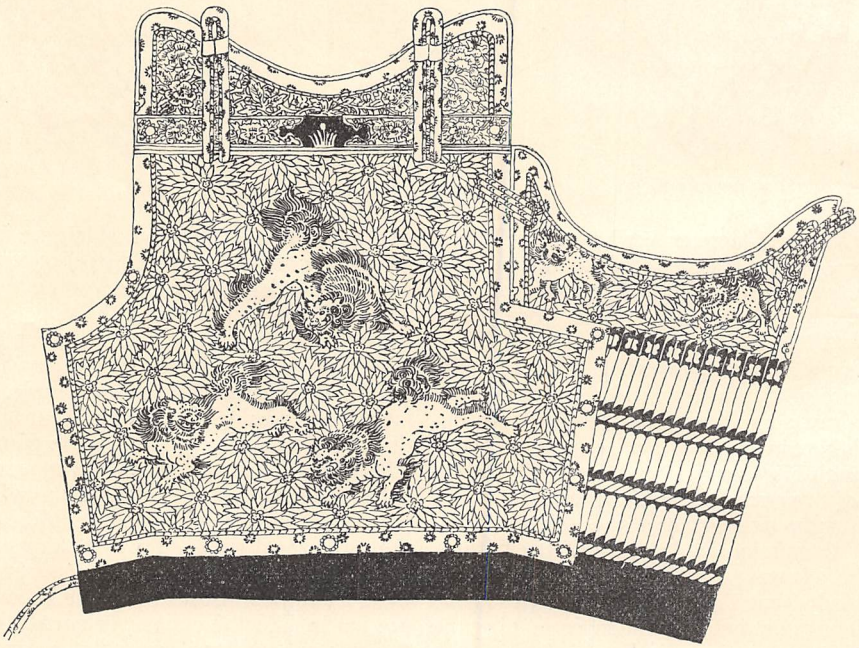
The iron helmet, studded closely with little iron points, is a fine piece of workmanship. The brazen horns stand bravely up in front, looking, with their central ornament, like a pitchfork or a trident. The broad iron flaps which turn back to guard the temples are covered with leather dyed in plum-blossom pattern, and have on them the badge of the chief, a single kiri-leaf. The daimio, though king of his own domain, must never dare to assume the triple kiri-leaf, a symbol forbidden to all but the Mikado himself.

In the iron face-guard, nose, chin, and ears all come in for the kindly consideration of the modeler. The mouth and nostrils have shapely breathing-holes, while underneath the chin is a row of little "ventilators." Such charming devices for comfort were unconsidered and unknown among the European armorers of that early time. To make all secure, throat and neck were covered with a sort of beard of plates hanging down from the face-guard. Even the very oldest helmets have an air-hole at the top, usually forming the center of a silver chrysanthemum. The ancient Japanese metal-workers, with their race passion for decoration, turned even a ventilator into a thing of beauty.

The daimios of those old times had three favorite ornaments for their helmet-fronts, and seldom cared to vary them. The one most familiar to us in art was two huge leaves of a very decorative Japanese water-plant, the kuwai. These, made of chased brass, and often covered with silver and gold, stood up in front of the helmet, one turning to the right, the other to the left. Next in favor came the "sky-piercer," much like the first except that the two kuwai-leaves scraped the sky even more defiantly. The third was the crescent. The horns (representing courage) in the early armor we have just described were also in high repute among the chiefs.

In later days the smiths used their ingenuity in inventing every kind of curious and grotesque helmet shape and adornment, bringing into service all manner of queer shells and fishes, birds and beasts, monsters and devils. Waving tongues of flame, skilfully reproduced in metal, often glistened over the heads of the great commanders.

The twelfth-century armor of Yositsuné, Japan's most famous hero, is carefully guarded in the Temple of Rising Happiness (Kofuku-ji) in the ancient town of Nara. His helmet is there, with chasings of silver and gold, with flaring kuwai-leaf plume and so-called "lion" crest. The Japanese had probably never seen a lion with their own eyes; they used the eyes of the Chinese, and between the two pairs of oblique orbs the king of beasts became a piti-



FROM AN OLD JAPANESE BOOK.

BREASTPLATE OF YOSITSUNÉ, WITH THE IMPERIAL LIONS AND CHRYSANTHEMUMS. 1185 A. D.

able distortion. The Japanese name for this conglomerate is "foreign lion." On the breastplate three of the same extraordinary beasts, with tufts on their tails and rosettes on their legs (like the prevailing fashion in black poodles), are snarling at one another among the imperial gold and silver chrysanthemums.

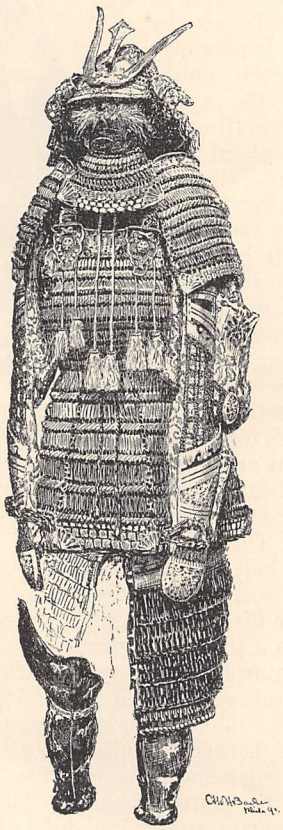
There was a special decree as to the manner in which the warrior of these middle centuries should put on his elaborate armor: a sequence modeled after the fashion or fancy of no less a personage than Yosi-iye, head of the Minamoto family in 1057.

First he must swathe himself in a long and voluminous garment of yellow cotton, and a pair of equally voluminous white cotton trousers. His long hair, to keep it out of his eyes, should then be tucked up under a peaked cap of leather, which saved the head from the helmet's pressure. Next he must strap on his bow-gloves. After that came a second coat and trousers, a sort of undress uniform, preparatory to the armor proper; then the leg-guards, the bearskin shoes, and the sleeves of mail. Lastly, the suit of armor, with its helmet, was tightened on with the long silken rolls or tubes that answer to our leather straps; the final touches, in the shape of sword and dagger, "arrow-cage" and arrows, bow and banner, were added — with groans, one would fancy; and this strange warrior was ready to strike terror into the souls of the enemy.

A set of colored prints from Japan shows the daimio in process of putting on these articles, each in its proper order. The attitudes are striking, one in particular, after he has put on his clumsy bow-gloves, and is struggling to tie his bearskin shoes. Of these shoes there is a pair in the collection, with black leather soles stamped with chrysanthemums, and black bearskin uppers with the shaggy hair outside, a shapeless but comfortable foot-gear. The ancient buckskin bow-gloves, too, are here, consisting chiefly of a very fat wadded thumb and two fingers for the right hand and a solitary thumb for the left.

The obvious awkwardness of the order in which these warriors of the middle ages were forced to array themselves was probably due merely to the personal fancy of a great leader like Yosi-iye, but was copied so faithfully by his conservative followers that the tradition, after lasting simply as a tradition for nearly three hundred years, crystallized in 1331 into an actual code.

The fourteenth-century armor in the museum is much plainer than the suit just described. It has the "round" cuirass, the whole effect of which is red, owing to the profusion of red silk braid used for binding the plates together. The old Japanese braid was not like most of ours, half cotton or linen: it was pure silk, of the toughest and most enduring character, plaited in a way which secured the highest degree of resistance. The Japanese much preferred it, for most uses, to thongs of leather.



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER, FROM A SPECIMEN IN MEMORIAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

FOURTEENTH-CENTURY ARMOR.

Right leg left without the armor-guard to show shape of piece for lower leg.

The daimio who wore the original of this armor had a fancy for a crescent between the two great water-leaves of his helmet, and a weakness for his chosen device or ancestral crest, which is on every part of the suit where a device could possibly be placed — on cuirass, hand-guards, thigh-guards, and, above all, on his helmet, where it appears on the little upright ears that take the place of the temple-flaps, and also on the front of the helmet, below an archaic Japanese character meaning "warrior" or "military man." This badge or device is the Buddhist symbol for ten thousand.

The ordinary wooden bucket of Japan gives name and shape to the "bucket" cuirass of the sixteenth-century armor. Its helmet shows the later and rather startling taste of the armorers or their masters. Instead of the brazen spade, crescent, or water-leaf, simple and decorative, that had shone for centuries over the heads of the daimios, they must now make themselves frightful with monsters. Here we have the grinning head of a devil, with glass eyes and great hooked teeth, pointed ears, and long, curving, gilded horns. Flowing locks of gray horsehair stream down on each side of this grisly countenance, and a huge gray horsehair mop takes the place of the fine old lion or dragon crest of the earlier chiefs.

The heart of the modern devotee of "high art" in fabrics would be gladdened by the

design of the heavy brocade on which the iron defenses for the sleeves and lower thighs of this sixteenth-century armor are fastened; where, through a background of softest gray-and-silver clouds, the imperial dragon is drawing the coils of its vaporous body. The same stiff brocade forms part of the side-piece of the work of art with which the armorer protected the legs of his feudal lord, the original owner of this suit. The leg-guard is, as always, of lacquered iron, but its lower side-piece is of stout buckskin dyed in brown, leaving in white a few dragon-flies scattered over the surface. The wadded knee-piece is of snowy buckskin quilted in hexagons, each with a "cross-knot" of red silk braid in the center.

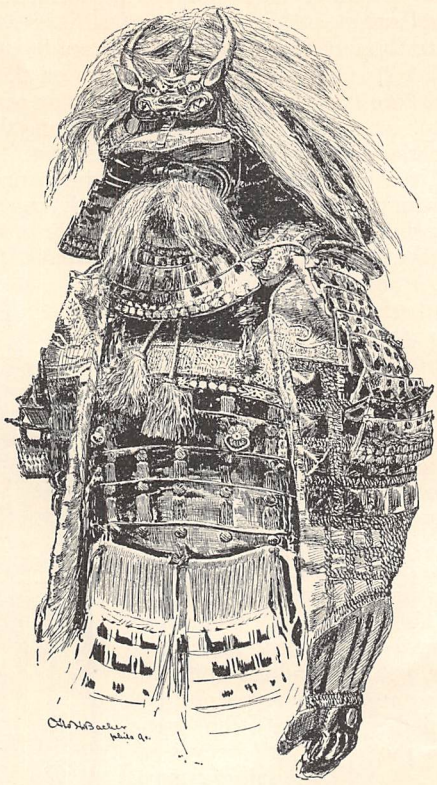
By the side of these, though not in the same collection, is a suit of armor worn about three hundred years ago by the Prince of Tchui. It was selected by the governor of Kioto for a recent American consul, as a fine specimen of the old lacquer-work. The cuirass is lacquered both inside and out, the outside being solidly gilt. The helmet-crest is a red disk, upon which one may dimly discern a golden lotus-blossom.

The small silken flag or banner on which the ancestral blazon or the device chosen by the warrior himself was painted, embroidered, or woven, was often carried on his own back. This strikes one as an economical and clever arrangement: it saved the banner-bearer's daily wage of rice, and one's colors were always on the spot at the critical moment. The daimio of those stirring days was entirely independent in this respect: his banner-staff was slipped through a hinged eye at the top of his cuirass-back, its pointed end fitting into a socket at the waist. Two of the suits of armor brought from Japan by Tatsui Baba have this eye-and-socket arrangement.

The blazon, like those of the knights of other nations, was chosen to keep in remembrance some feat of arms performed by the warrior. Should he be so happy as with some favorite "cut" to slice off the heads of three of his enemies in battle, he would be apt to choose for a family coat the three severed heads. We can fancy him, armed cap-a-pie, urging his small, shaggy charger into the fray, with the triple-headed banner waving over his shoulder.

Other emblems worn in the same way were made in the shape of fans and temple-bells, butterflies and stag-horns, as in the head-piece.

From the twelfth to the seventeenth centuries the fighting was frequent and fierce, and the armor more protective. Out of the "three articles"—helmet, breastplate, and sleeves—which we read of in the ancient Japanese records had been gradually evolved the "six articles": a metal covering for face, legs, and thighs gave



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER, FROM A SPECIMEN IN MEMORIAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ARMOR.

a man a better chance for his life against the rapid cuts of those wonderful blades, or the quick spear-thrusts delivered by the short but sturdy knights and their retainers. The more we study this armor the more admirably does it seem adapted for a defense against the special weapons opposed to it. These were seldom the heavy hammers and great crushing battle-axes of the Europeans, or, later, their bolts and bullets. They were chiefly arrows, spears, and halberds, swords and daggers; but these were unrivaled in metal and make, and were wielded with extraordinary skill.

The Japanese armorers, from the earliest centuries, united in their war-harness such flexibility and lightness, efficiency and comfort, together with beauty of workmanship and decoration, as were rare among their craft in Europe. Using the invaluable and universal leather as a foundation, they covered it, as did the Europeans, with plates of iron or steel.

But instead of compelling their lord and his retainers to waste time and strength in keeping their war-gear rust-free and glistening, they simply covered these plates with their wonderful lacquer. Lacquer added little weight to the metal plates beneath it; no burnishing was needed upon its glossy surface, the rounded

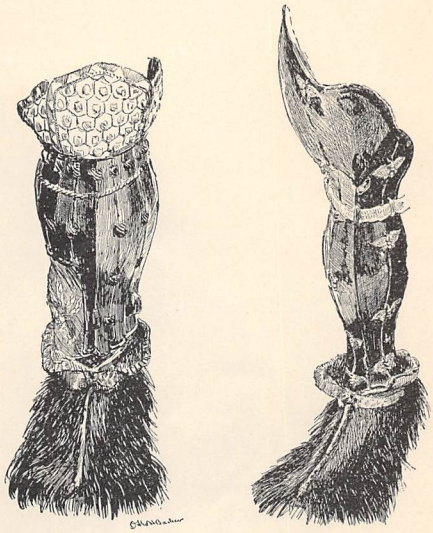
form of which often served to turn the enemy's sharpest arrow or keenest sword-blade. Above all, the destroying devil of rust was annihilated. According to the old chronicles of the knights of Europe, as much muscular force was wasted in furbishing up their armor as would have beaten the enemy twice over.

To illustrate the conservatism of the Japanese in their armor, we quote a native account of a fight which occurred in the streets of the capital Kioto as late as 1864, between the troops of the shogun, who had possession of the person of the emperor, and the forces of the "irregulars," who were clamoring for the expulsion of all foreigners.

> The Choshiu troops [irregulars] were defended by armor, their leader clad in a suit of armor tied with grass-green silken strings, and covered with a garment of Yamato brocade. Over this he wore a surcoat of white gauze, with figures drawn on it in black. He bestrode a charger, a baton of gold paper in his hand. Before him went flags and banners and two field-pieces, with a company of thirty spearmen. The spears, crossing each other, looked like a hedge of bamboo-grass; bullets flew overhead like axletrees. Helmets and cuirasses that had been cast away by their owners, spears, pikes, bows, and muskets, were lying about in quantities.
>
> Another leader was mounted on horseback, and held a baton of white paper in his hand. He wore a mantle of scarlet embroidered with his crest, the trefoil, and under it a suit of armor adorned with purple fastenings. His head-covering was a warrior's cap of bronzed leather.

These batons, a very early symbol of authority in Japan, were wielded with vigor by the daimios. The one in this collection is a short wooden rod or wand covered with black lacquer and mounted in silver. At one end is a huge plume of the tough Japanese paper, silvered; and at the other, cord and tassels of heavy red silk braid. When not waving wildly in command, it hung by its cord to a ring on the breastplate.

The daimio, with his Tatar cockade and his overbearing ways, is now perhaps picking tea



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER, FROM SPECIMENS IN MEMORIAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

Sixteenth Century. Fourteenth Century.

LEG-ARMOR WITH BEARSKIN SHOE.

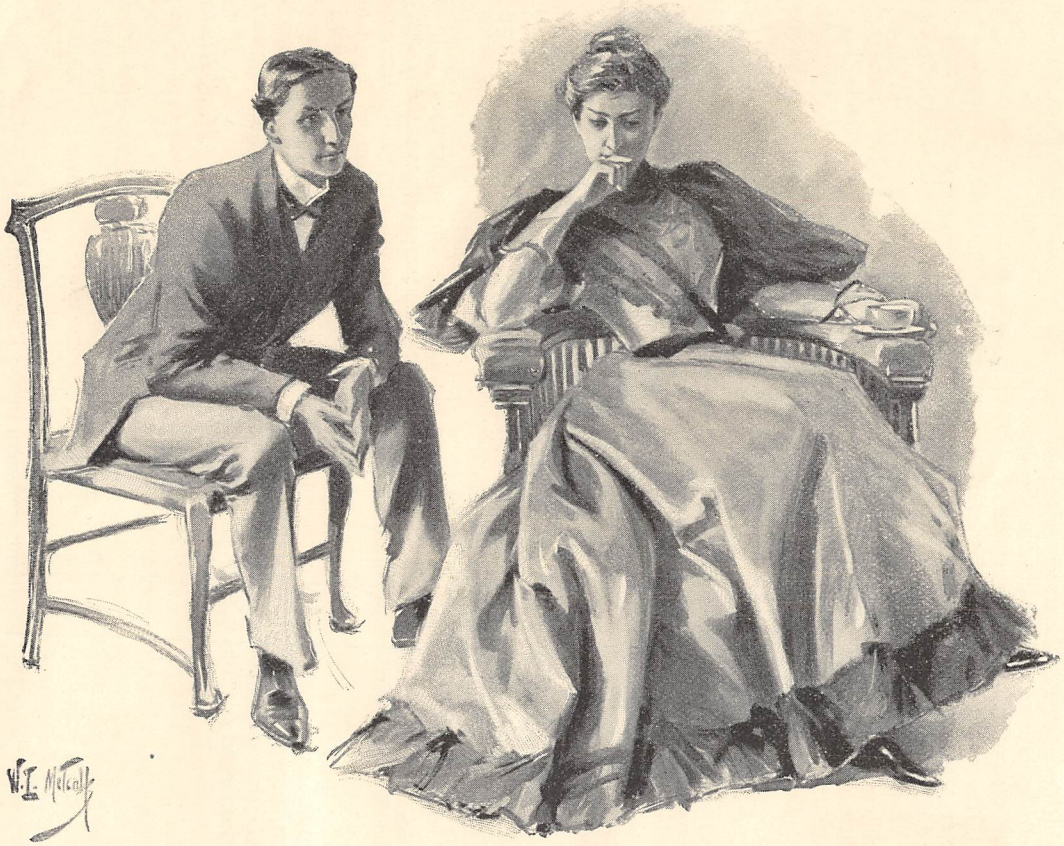
or binding rice. The samurai, with his two swords and his swagger, taxes the country no more. The beautiful swords have degenerated into curios. The modern army of Japan, modeled on European lines, equipped with the latest European firearms, admirably organized and disciplined, owes, nevertheless, much of its brave spirit to its iron-and-lacquer warriors of centuries ago.

M. S. Hunter.

JADE.

THE patient craftsman of the East who made
His undulant dragons of the veinèd jade,
And wound their sinuous volutes round the whole
Pellucid green redundance of the bowl,
Chiseled his subtle traceries with the same
Keen stone he wrought them in.
Nor praise, nor blame,
Nor gifts the years relinquish or refuse,
But only a grief commensurate with thy soul,
Shall carve it in a shape for gods to use.

Edith Wharton.



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

"'YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU?' HE SAID, WITH A DIFFIDENT EAGERNESS."

(SEE PAGE 399.)

A LADY OF NEW YORK.

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. METCALF.

I.

WHEN Mrs. Molyneux received a letter from her friend Miss Danby, saying that her only nephew was in New York, and would do himself the pleasure of calling upon her, she accepted the draft drawn on her hospitality as a matter of course. After Miss Danby's kindness in helping her nurse poor dear Constance when she had that horrid Roman fever in the Tyrol, she was more than willing to be occasionally bored by a stray young man, if it would be any convenience to her friend. She made certain mental reservations, however, as to accepting the sponsorship over this one at which his aunt seemed to hint; she would take pleasure in presenting him to people he should know, but she could n't be expected to keep him from people he should not. Still, she was conscious of a little feeling of responsibility for him, which made her anxious as to his social qualities. "He must be presentable," she said to herself; "but I hope he is not a person of ideas. These young university men are simply possessed by ideas, and it 's very tiring." At least she was glad Constance was away; Constance was n't very tolerant. Then she passed her large, beautiful hands over her bronze-brown hair, as women do when they are going to see people, and went down to receive him.

Arthur Brand was standing before the fireplace as she entered, with his letter of introduction in his hand, and even if she had not prepared herself to be lenient, she would have been pleased with his appearance. He was a good-looking young fellow, tall, slender, and well-dressed, with a clean-shaven face, lighted up by a pair of clear brown eyes. He had a full, firm mouth, and dark hair, which was very carefully brushed.

"He 's civilized," thought his hostess, with a little inward sigh of relief, and she held out her hand quite cordially.

"I hope you don't regard me as an invasion," began the young man, with a frank laugh.

"An invasion?" returned she, taking up a costly little hand-screen, and shading her face from the fire-light. "On the contrary, I regard you as an acquisition. Indeed, I 'm quite inclined to be grateful to you; you are the event in rather a dull day—and then you can tell me about your aunt."

"Well, really," said he, "my aunt is rather a large subject with me. You see, I am immensely fond of her. Perhaps if I said she is quite the same, it would express everything."

"I think I understand," replied Mrs. Molyneux, with a little laugh. "I hope we shall see more of her, now you have come to New York."

"No, I fear not," returned he; "at least not for a while. I rather fancy she is afraid to come back for fear she will be made aware of the number of years she has been absent. Everybody has his weakness, you know; I imagine my aunt likes to consider herself immortal. Besides, I shall go back every summer."

"Ah, then you really intend to be a fixture," said she. "I am very glad. I 'm sure you will like New York."

"Oh, I am certain I shall like it, only I began to feel a bit foreign to the nature of the place. It 's humiliating, too," he went on, with a comical look of annoyance; "it makes one feel a fraud, particularly when one has always insisted so strenuously on one's Americanism."

Mrs. Molyneux regarded him with a delicate feminine scrutiny. She wondered whether it would be too much of a shock if she told him that his foreignness would be a distinct advantage. "And you have come to New York to emphasize your Americanism?" she suggested.

He threw up his head, and looked at her with an expression of quick surprise. "That is very clever," he said thoughtfully—"immensely clever. Perhaps that did have something to do with it, just at the bottom—the desire to plant myself. I think it was principally, though, that it occurred to me I ought to do something, and I felt I needed the stimulus of competition. Nobody expects you to do anything over there; here every one is supposed to be a utility."

"I see you have thought it all out," said his hostess, kindly; "you have come home for a career. That 's very interesting."

"Yes, is n't it?" replied he. "It seems to me there can be nothing so interesting as a career."

The idea of pursuing a career because it was interesting seemed to her the very expression of the influence of a leisure class, and

its formulation by a young American made it appear only the more anomalous and foreign. It also occurred to her that this young man was very earnest, and that any explanation which might be necessary would render it more difficult, because he insisted on taking everything seriously, not from a lack of humor, but from a desire to understand. Still, the consciousness that she was in a position to give these explanations was a compliment to her intelligence, and, as he unfolded himself, she thought he displayed a charming combination of naïveté and intellectual alertness that would make such a task pleasantly exciting. He was ignorant, but he was n't helpless. There was something fine and strong in his self-confidence, and in his shaking off those conditions of ease and indolence in which he had been educated, that appealed to her imagination. So she insisted on his stopping a little longer when he rose to go, and asked him to dine with her on the next Thursday evening, quite informally, "to meet some people whom it might be useful for you to know."

And then he made her laugh a little by thanking her for seeing him, and apologizing for asking to be let in, instead of leaving his card. It was so delightfully artless and un-American.

Arthur Brand walked up Fifth Avenue to his hotel, reflecting that his introduction to Mrs. Molyneux was not the least of the many obligations under which his aunt had placed him. It pleased him greatly that the first of his compatriots with whom he had come in social contact should be a lady so *élégante*. He told himself that he had been very much taken with her person, which was astonishingly fresh and handsome, and with her manners, which were very fine. To be sure, there was that air of excessive opulence about her drawing-rooms which he had been taught to expect, but in this case it was an opulence that was merely used as a background for the display of a wide culture. He hoped she was a type of indigenous New York, and he was very glad he was going there to dine on Thursday to meet more types. It struck him that if this were so, the exigencies of polite conversation in this city must be rather trying to men who appeared to be so entirely engrossed in material success.

Young men, as a rule, tried Mrs. Molyneux. She found them so limited, and so easily classified. She used playfully to admit this to Constance. "Girls, my dear," she would say, "like young men, which is quite necessary and proper. Only very nice boys and old fellows please women." Here was a young man, however, whom she could n't differentiate: he possessed genus but not species; *homo Americanus* ought to fit him, but it did n't. This piqued her curiosity, and stimulated her interest. And she had arrived at the time of life (although still young) when she began to dread narrowness, and purposely to increase the number of her interests. Narrowness was especially distasteful to her, because she had always prided herself that her range of view was as broad as was possible in a person of her sex and station; although in this she overrated herself, as she had fortunately never been called upon to suffer. She was a woman of strong nerves and great adaptability, the conditions of whose life had been extremely agreeable. She had been married at a ridiculously early age to a very nice fellow who was a friend of her father, and who had had the good sense to drop off before she discovered his inferiority, leaving her, as a pledge of his affection, a very large income and a delicate little stepdaughter. Constance was the one person in the world with whom Mrs. Molyneux was entirely unselfish. She made her a sort of expiation for the mere toleration with which she had received her father's affection; she positively expended herself in her efforts to make the child love and trust her, and she watched her development with the tenderest care and solicitude. As the girl grew older, she even deferred to her, and tried to look at things from Constance's standpoint, not because she was afraid of her, but because she was so careful about hurting her. I think the distaste with which she felt Constance would resent the anomaly of a double step-parentage influenced her to remain a widow at thirty-two. If a really estimable man, however, had placed a coronet in her lap, I am not sure—if it had been an old one—that she would have resisted the temptation to see how it became her. Marriage for her daughter was a subject on which she speculated quite frequently. She thought there was something very fine and beautiful about Constance, and that she deserved a good deal in that way. Mrs. Molyneux determined the girl should have the best fellow on earth, if he could be got, and she carried this to the extent of regarding every man who entered her drawing-room in the light of that young lady's future husband. This was why she was glad her girl, as she called her, was in Bermuda. It made it easy for her to study this new arrival, and to let him amuse her, without any such awful possible consequences as misplaced affection. She said to herself with a laugh, as she caught sight of her face while standing before her glass clasping a pearl bracelet about her round, pink arm, that she was just a little young to begin to float young men; but then she had a marriageable daughter, her social stability was adamantine, and her independence superb.

When our young friend made his bow to Mrs. Molyneux on the following Thursday evening, he was again impressed by the fact

that she was magnificently handsome, and that she was very expensively dressed. She presently presented him to the other people in the room, and to a Miss Blake, whom he had already learned he was to take in to dinner, and whose optical mechanism he thought must be most extraordinary, as even at short range she was constantly making use of a long-handled quizzing glass.

The dinner was a small affair of only ten covers, and in the intervals of conversation, which his partner rendered surprisingly infrequent, he noticed that the talk he overheard was exceedingly good dinner talk. The girls especially appeared to be uncommonly clever and entertaining, although they lacked that passiveness of manner which he had learned to admire. There was a something in the way in which they used their hands, and in the keen clearness of their voices, that he thought a little French. Even the men seemed to participate in this nervous vivacity. His opportunities for observation, however, were limited to those rare occasions when Miss Blake was devoting herself to some particularly hot entrée, that, to use her own expression, "was too good to talk over." At other times she devoted herself to him with a persistency which gave him the uncomfortable conviction that she believed it to be her duty just now to entertain him, and that she was really conscientious about it. She had the most extraordinary pronunciation he ever heard; she was highly delighted when she thought him an Englishman, and correspondingly disappointed when he assured her he was not; she had an odd way of punctuating her sentences with "just fahncy"; and she several times accused him of "chaffing" her when he was perfectly serious. She was n't in the least interested in politics, yet she talked political economy with great ardor, and used all the longest terms. Altogether, he thought her very unusual, and he wondered when she got through performing her intellectual gymnastics, and laid aside her ideas along with her gloves and rings (which, by the way, were much too fine for a girl to wear), if she would n't turn into rather a nice young person.

He ventured to express this idea to Mrs. Molyneux, whom he chanced to meet a few days afterward at Ortgies, where he had dropped in to look at some pictures. There were only a few people in the gallery, and they walked leisurely about examining the paintings.

"I am glad you took her so calmly," replied she, with an intelligent laugh. "Lily Blake *is* a nice girl — very innocent and good, like most of our girls; but she likes to impress people that she is old in experience, and that she has theories on vice. She tries to make you believe she would go a good ways, but I assure you no one could be more shocked and frightened if you took her seriously. One of these days she will marry some estimable young man, and make him a very affectionate wife."

She thought he appeared a trifle low-spirited and lonely, so she suggested, if he had no better way of putting in the afternoon, that he should come home with her and have some tea.

They walked briskly down Fifth Avenue, which looked particularly long and brown and clean-cut in the crisp, gray air, and Mrs. Molyneux pointed out to him one or two of the clubs, and the houses of several people who were socially prominent. As she indulged him in these personalities, which she enlivened by a certain epigrammatic criticism, tempered with good-natured forbearance, he perceived that she was not only a fine lady, but a woman of the world of large experience and great mental acuteness, whose theories of value were almost mathematical in their accuracy, and whose visiting list, if made public, would be the envy of the ignorant, and the admiration of the learned. He instinctively felt that he could rely on her, and he saw that her friendship would be of the utmost consequence to him.

"That was your father's club," said she, as they passed the Union; "you know we were very great friends."

"I remember," returned he, gallantly, "that my father was always extremely fond of little girls."

This, of course, led to some banter, and they entered her drawing-room in a pleasant little breeze of fun, which made him feel very welcome and at home. Mrs. Molyneux rang for tea, and then excused herself while she went up-stairs to take off her hat and coat. She came down shortly, and began to move about the room, adjusting the window-curtains, and rearranging some flowers in a bowl, talking to him, meanwhile, in her high, well-bred voice. He had thought her delightfully cordial on the two previous occasions when he had been her guest, but it had been a cordiality which had seemed careful to express itself merely within the limits of a polite interest, so that he was peculiarly grateful for the delicate intimation of friendliness in these informalities. He ventured to accept it as a compliment. He was even grateful for the thin bread and butter which appeared with the tea, and which Mrs. Molyneux had placed on a small table between them, and before the fire. He had been in quite a number of houses in the last few days, and there had n't been any bread and butter; he thought it rather a strain on politeness to be obliged to eat sweet cake at five o'clock in the afternoon.

"I am really very much obliged to you for all this," he said, with a wave of his hand.

"Oh, I 'm not a philanthropist," laughed she. "You mean about the bread and butter? You will always get that here; but you must learn to eat cake: it 's American."

He gave a confident little laugh. "I suppose you mean," he replied, "that you don't think I 'm going to like it. You are quite mistaken, though; I shall, immensely. Only I begin to feel so horribly unattached. Everybody here appears to be labeled. They are either bankers, or merchants, or professional men. I have n't any label; I am simply a young American who has been educated abroad. It sounds so absurdly weak. That is why I am so anxious to place myself — to get at something. I begin to realize the awful isolation of idleness; the conditions of life here make it oppressive. Fancy feeling that you are the one man who does nothing in a whole city full of workers!"

Mrs. Molyneux began to wonder whether his anxiety to do something was really the result of ambition or of necessity.

"You find New York very stimulating, don't you?" said she.

"How well you know your New York!" he said. "I fancy you could live in each of the three great cities of the world, and not do anything foreign to any of them."

He paid her this compliment with such evident sincerity as to give it the force of a criticism; yet it exactly corresponded with her own view of herself, and a view in which she took a good deal of secret satisfaction.

"You have at least one American trait," she said; "you are very quick. And that reminds me to ask you if you have determined what you are going to do?"

"Oh, yes," he said, as if he were telling a joke. "I thought I told you; I am going into a bank."

"Are n't you afraid you will find it a little tedious?" she suggested.

"Oh, I grant there is nothing very special about being a bank clerk," he admitted (he pronounced it "clark"); "but the bank is merely a preliminary: I intend to go into stock-broking."

"So you have come home to be a stock-broker," she said. "That is much better than the bank. Mr. Molyneux was a stock-broker; he called it the aristocracy of trade; I believe he was very successful. But you must be quite careful; they are very clever."

She mentioned her husband's achievements in Wall street, not because she was particularly interested in them, but because she knew it would have pleased him to hear her speak of them. It was one of her little expiations.

"Oh, they are a very keen lot, I suspect," responded her visitor, with an intonation which almost overcame her control, it was so aggressively British. "Still, I think I shall like it," he went on; "Wall street has always appealed to me immensely, it is so vast and intricate, and there is so much to understand. It is the electricity of the commercial world, the highest expression of force under the control of intelligence."

"Mind you come to the assembly," said she as he rose. "It 's one of our smartest social functions. You will meet a large number of very nice girls and a few very ill-mannered young men."

"Which do you hold out as the superior attraction?" asked he.

"Oh, I hold out nothing," she replied, giving him her hand; "I simply state things. You must make your own selections."

"I see you refuse to be convinced," laughed he, bowing himself out; "but I shall insist upon liking it."

Mrs. Molyneux told herself that her young friend had come dangerously near disappointing her that afternoon, and that he had completely reinstated himself. For his own sake, she would have preferred disappointment. That he should come home and go into business because he wanted more money was perfectly natural and uninteresting; that he should come home and go into business because he wanted to associate himself with his country, and because he considered that the only career possible for an American gentleman, were reasons as unique as they were pathetic. It seemed to her a very great shame that so superior an effort should be so misdirected as to necessitate a failure. Failure, in his case, she never for a moment doubted; for although she knew very little about business, she knew a great deal about business men, and she thought she detected an alarming absence of those qualities which are essential to a successful commercial career. The late Mr. Molyneux never would have described Wall street as "force under the control of intelligence."

ARTHUR BRAND began his work at the bank with the most ardent enthusiasm. He felt the exhilarating influences of a long-cherished purpose in process of fulfilment. It was constant pleasure to him to elbow his way among that hurrying Wall street throng, and to feel that he was in a small way a part of it, that he belonged there. The ease and celerity with which a great business was transacted appealed to his sense of harmony. Those massive brick and granite buildings, with their towering heights and great shining windows, appealed to him. It seemed fit and proper that so vast a business should be so grandly domiciled. He climbed up into the gallery of the Stock Exchange, and stood look-

ing down on the big paper-strewn floor, watching the little knots of brokers clustering about the different posts, bidding, and offering their shares, and the gray-coated messenger-boys scurrying in and out, listening to the quick click of the tickers, the constant ring-ring of the telephones, and, above all, the heavy, monotonous roar of men's voices, and he would go away panting with excitement. Here was life, here was activity — struggle, failure, success. That great game was going to be played around him every day now, and he was soon to take his part in it. He read the financial papers on his way down on the elevated road, and tried to familiarize himself with the different shares and their range of prices. Each morning he awoke to the happy consciousness that he had no longer to ask himself how he should put in the day, but that he had only to drink his cup of coffee, go down-town, and the day would be arranged for him. For the first time in his life his time was fully employed, and he wrote his aunt that the happiness he experienced was the vindication of his course.

His friend, Mrs. Molyneux, noticed the change in his demeanor, and asked herself whether, after all, his pluck and adaptability would not carry him through. His social success was beyond question. The éclat of a London accent and an Oxford degree moved before him like a pillar of light, and shed a subdued radiance on everything he did. That a man of his position and culture should go into a bank to learn business was not at all remarked upon, because the great majority of men were in business. People did n't even say it was to his credit; they took it for granted that that was what he would do. This secretly disappointed him, for he had expected to be complimented on his energy; in London people would certainly have spoken to him about it. What they did compliment him about surprised him still more. Little things that he did because he had been accustomed to do them, and that he immediately left off when he discovered they were unusual, he noticed other fellows doing because he had done. They frequently appealed to him at the club upon matters of form. "You have been brought up in England," they would say; "you know how these things ought to be done."

"My dear fellow," he would reply a trifle testily, "what do you do here? Have n't we any precedents of our own?"

"I can't make out," he exclaimed one day to Mrs. Molyneux, "about these things — about our trade distinctions, for example. Why should n't the man who sells you a yard of lace be quite as good as the man who sells you a bond? It 's all business, all a part of commerce. Commerce is the foundation of everything we have to be proud of — our wealth, our culture, even; it 's the nation."

"My dear friend," she said, "it 's brutal to tell you, but you still have the foreign idea; you think America is one vast counter from Maine to Mexico, and the only way to express your patriotism is to get behind it."

He flushed, and then recovered himself. "You ought to have been a duchess," he said admiringly. "New York is n't large enough for you."

"Oh, it 's a very appreciative city," said she, with a laugh.

Brand had got quite in the habit of dropping into Mrs. Molyneux's drawing-room on his way up-town. To a man of his tastes and prejudices it was a much more agreeable manner of spending an afternoon than sitting in a stuffy club parlor, smoking more cigarettes than was good for him, and sipping, out of delicate little goblets, highly colored iced drinks with abominable names and fearful mental possibilities. He found Mrs. Molyneux so safe and so helpful; she was almost sure to say some little thing during the course of their conversation that sent him away thinking. To-day he went away asking himself if he were really over-fastidious. He was provoked to discover that after several months' residence he still regarded his native city from an outside and critical standpoint.

This little dissatisfaction with his life and surroundings, which he was so annoyed to perceive, and which he assured himself again and again was dyspeptic, was really caused by a growing sense of his incapacity for business. This was all the greater shock to him, as his business capability had been one of his pet beliefs. Some of his investments had turned out so remarkably well that he had once overheard his London banker pointing him out as "that shrewd young American." The fact was that the ability required to be careful of his money, and to make judicious purchases, was quite different from the ability required to master the clerical details of a Wall street bank. His penmanship was very bad, his inaccuracy at figures abominable, and his forgetfulness atrocious. He spent his days, from nine until five, penned up in a small wire cage, stumbling over long columns of figures which boys of eighteen footed up with an ease and accuracy that dumfounded him. The exciting novelty of being in business was wearing off. Wall street was no longer a financial fairy-land, but a very matter-of-fact place, full of noise and dirt and oily messenger-boys. He used to wonder how the other fellows in the bank could be so interested about the lunch, which was brought in at twelve o'clock, and placed beside them on their desks by a greasy waiter. The whole place was presently pervaded by the horrible dinnery smell that he

had always read was the distinguishing characteristic of an American boarding-house. They would make up five-cent pools between themselves, whether it would be roast beef or roast pork. Personally, he would run over to Delmonico's and get a cocktail and a sandwich; this little weakness was certainly excusable in a man who had been accustomed to breakfast at that hour at the Café Riche or the Marlborough Club. As the days went by, his sense of proportion asserted itself; he saw that he was doing small work, and doing it very ill. He tried for some time to keep up the fiction that when he graduated into the Stock Exchange all this would be quite different, but he was at last compelled to admit that the financial reports bored him almost as much as his bookkeeping. He read them over like a lesson, and turned with a sigh of relief to his newspaper or a book review.

One dismal, rainy afternoon when he had signalized his day's work by a particularly egregious blunder, he frankly asked himself what was the use of it all, and he knew when he asked himself that that he was lost. He had sacrificed his ease, his comfort, his intellectual enjoyments, the hundred little elegances of leisure which had become so natural to him, to go into a business for which his foreign education entirely disqualified him, and which his means rendered unnecessary. It was humiliating that he could have taken such a false view of himself. He hated to have to go and tell Mrs. Molyneux about it, after advertising his intentions with such a flourish.

Mrs. Molyneux received him with flattering friendliness. She had been obliged to deny him the privileges of her drawing-room for some little time, having been laid up with an attack of the grippe. She laughingly told him, as he inquired about her health, that her illness had taught her two things: one was that she was a frightful egotist, and the other that she had a very great abhorrence of her neighbor's back yards. "How have you been getting on?" asked she, as she settled herself back in her chair, and prepared for a chat. "How is the bank?"

He looked at her for a moment, with a quizzical smile. "I loathe business," he said.

Mrs. Molyneux received this startling announcement with the most admirable repose. That was one of the charming things about her — she never fidgeted; she merely moved from one pose to another, and each was alike strong and graceful. Even in the excitement of his confession Brand asked himself again whether her manner was perfectly natural or perfectly cultivated.

"You have at length discovered, then," said she, "that you have been doing violence to your instincts all this time, and now nature is taking her revenge. Well, you have n't burned your ships. After all, it was only an experiment."

"Ah, you make it so much easier," he said in a tone of relief. "It never occurred to me that it was an experiment. That is very comforting."

Mrs. Molyneux turned her eyes from his face, which, no longer softened by a smile, had begun to look a little hard and hopeless, and regarded the fire for a few minutes in silence. She saw that he considered the conversation most important, and that he expected her to say something worthy of it; to take refuge behind a platitude, in the face of such absolute confidence, she felt would be cruelly ungrateful. She wished to make him understand that she judged him by what she believed him capable of doing, not by what he had failed to do.

She turned to him presently, and held out her hand, while her face assumed an expression of intense womanliness, which he had never seen there before, and which made her appear very beautiful. "I am so sorry about it," she said gently.

The young man took her hand in a bewilderment of surprise and pleasure. He had expected her to say something clever, something comprehensive; he had even ventured to hope that she would express a certain interest: but that sympathy for him should soften the splendid calm of her face into a look of almost tender concern was as unanticipated as it was touching. He felt that he could never again do Mrs. Molyneux the injustice of regarding her from a purely critical and intellectual standpoint; he should think of her simply as a very wise and lovely woman who was his friend. "Thank you so very much," he said, in a little burst of gratitude. "You may not quite understand how I appreciate your kindness, but try to put yourself in my place, and you *will* understand."

"I think I understand a little," said she. "But that reminds me that you must be quite cold and tired; let me give you some tea. You know I consider there is something very special about my tea; I bring it out myself. Besides, I wish you to be able to say, when you go back, that there was at least one house in America where you got a really good cup of tea."

He greeted this remark with a perplexed frown. "When I go back?" he said. "Ah, you don't understand, then. Go back!" he cried. "I shall never go back. Do you think I would go and tell those people over there that I found life in my own country impossible?" Mrs. Molyneux listened to him with a delight she found difficult to repress. His sud-

den display of force more than reinstated him in her regard, and justified an interest which the pang a momentary doubt of his moral strength had occasioned made her startlingly aware was sentimental. "Forgive me," said she; "I have done you a wrong, but I will make reparation — I will tell you that I admire you immensely."

"My dear Mrs. Molyneux," returned he, "there is only one thing in life that could give me more happiness than your admiration, and that is your esteem, your regard."

Our young American had a peculiar feeling, as he made this remark, that he had said something of the very gravest moment, and from which the most unexpected consequences might ensue. He felt that his reply was the unconscious climax of a long series of circumstances, and it struck him, with a sudden and tremendous force that Mrs. Molyneux's opinion of him was the most important question of his life. He remembered the sweet expression her face had worn when she gave him her hand but a moment ago, and it seemed to him that he would be willing to go through a great deal more to have her look at him again in that way. The spell of her beauty was strong upon him.

She attempted no reply to his remark, and they sat for a time in a silence which was tense with expectation. Now and again she took a sip from her cup, and if he had looked at her, he would have seen that her half-veiled eyes were blazing with unusual brilliancy, and that there was a slight flush upon her cheeks. She was nervous, conscious, and embarrassed. From the moment she learned she was fond of him she must have known pretty well what the result would be so far as he was concerned; but she had not at all expected anything so immediate. A proposal of marriage such as she knew she was about to receive was of course not a novel sensation. She had been obliged to listen to a number, and she had invariably found them intensely unpleasant — things to be avoided to the last extremity. Now she did n't wish to avoid it; she wished to make it easy for him; she longed to hear him say, in doubt and uncertainty, that he loved her: but she was still so confused by the shock of her discovery as to be placed at a great disadvantage. The maternal instinct awoke within her; she was tremulous with a delicious excitement; she wanted to touch his hand, to fondle his hair, but she dared not meet his eye, or speak his name — she could only wait.

"You understand, don't you?" he said, with a diffident eagerness, leaning forward, and pressing the tips of his strong, white fingers together. "It is n't necessary for me to say anything more. I don't want to be crude, and I feel too deeply to be coherent. I shall get up and go away presently. Of course I shall do my work just the same,—that is, I shall try to do it,— but whether I shall come back remains for you to say; it remains for you to say whether my happiness is to be a hope or a memory." In his earnestness he held his hand, which was moist and cold, on hers. "I 'm not asking you for direction," he urged, in a little self-respecting appeal; "I 'm asking you for love, for sympathy."

His agitation, his trembling hand, quieted her immediately; it placed her in a position to take the initiative.

"You are asking a great deal of me," she said, with a sweet seriousness that he thought most charming, "a great deal more, I think, than you quite understand; something I thought I never could give to any man. But because I believe you to be so thoroughly honest and genuine, because I trust you, and because I have learned to be very fond of you, I am willing to do all I can to make you happy, and to advance your interests. But you must remember," she went on, "that I am a woman, and not a girl; that I have lived in the world for ever so long, and that you will find in me facts rather than illusions."

Her calmness, however, only served to excite him still more; he wanted some tangible proof that she had given herself to him, that she was really his. "I don't care about illusions," he said; "I care about you: kiss me."

She drew back, and for just a second looked at him with eyes that were like a startled animal's. Then, bending toward him, she put out her hand, and, lifting the hair from his temple, brushed his forehead with her lips. "My dear Arthur," she said.

But even while he thrilled at her caress, even while he palpitated with success, he felt a little sorry for her. It seemed to him that Mrs. Molyneux was going to make some very great sacrifices for him, and that any returns he had in his power to make would be shockingly inadequate.

II.

Mrs. Molyneux looked in the glass after he had gone, and then she laughed. "He 's getting a bit bald," she said to herself; "I 'm glad he 's getting bald. He looks quite as old as I." And indeed, as she stood there flushed and smiling, she might have posed for a picture of the defiance of beauty against time and death.

She knew that in accepting Arthur Brand she was acting in direct opposition to her whole theory of life; but she was so perfectly happy that she was ready, if necessary, to shatter a thousand theories. The fact that she had been able to give way to an impulse so genu-

ine and so thoroughly youthful was the most subtle flattery to her maturity. This was a form of flattery to which she was all the more susceptible because she had frequently accused herself of being lacking in sensibility; she felt that she looked at life from practically a pagan standpoint—that she was a creature of sense and understanding rather than of heart and imagination. The fact that she had never experienced the great passion was sometimes a source of poignant disappointment; she told herself that to just that extent she was narrow, and that she had been deprived of a most interesting experience. That she could regard love merely as an "interesting experience" shows how very incomplete her life had been.

It was her misfortune to have begun life married; she had married because she knew that was what her people expected of her, and because she had sufficient moral sense to wish to live up to her obligations. Marriage to her had been without regrets and without fulfilment. Poor Molyneux had been a most indulgent husband, and one of the best fellows in the world, but he was as incapable of understanding his wife as the butler who cleaned the knives. Still, he was an exceptionably presentable man, with a pleasant voice and nice manners, and she could not but respect his many sterling qualities, or help being grateful for his kindness. They had lived together in perfect comfort for about three years, and then he had been gathered to his fathers (although, I confess, he never laid claim to any), full of honors and riches. That was what marriage meant to Georgiana Molyneux. It had emancipated her, it had made possible the gratification of many little social and intellectual ambitions, but it had left her with a decided disinclination to try it over again. She recognized that she was in the full enjoyment of all its privileges, without its restrictions; and except under very special conditions, which, as I have said, had never been realized, she saw no reason for disturbing the serenity of her existence by again introducing into the closest possible intimacy a more or less uncongenial person of the opposite sex. In her more real moments, however,—the moments, for example, when she sat before the fire in her dressing-room,—she occasionally built an air-castle of what her life might have been under more favorable conditions. When she entered this palace of pleasure she never entered it alone, but she never went so far as to speculate over the color of her companion's eyes, or the shade of his mustache. Her idea of masculine affinity was as pale and impersonal as moonlight on a ruin. Nevertheless, in spite of her self-confidence, there were times when she had a positive longing for some one she could lean on, some one who would understand her, some one she could do things for. She felt that her position was isolating her more and more from her sex—from that long-suffering, self-sacrificing sisterhood, whom she regarded with a sort of envious compassion. The very breadth of her intelligence only made this sense of isolation the more horrible. And she had actually known moods when she would gladly have exchanged places with her washerwoman, for the baby the other held in her arms. But Mrs. Molyneux was too practical a woman to indulge purposely in a train of reflections which lead to such dissatisfying conclusions. She really believed that her life had been about as pleasant as she could have made it if it had been arranged under her personal supervision; and from her standpoint, when she admitted this, she was paying destiny a very high compliment.

Her social experience taught her to divide men into two great classes: those who were strong and coarse, and those who were refined and weak; and neither class coincided with her ideas. Yet her hatred of the ineffectual was so intense that I really think, if she had been obliged to choose, she would have preferred a husband who beat her to one who was afraid of her. That was what first attracted her in Arthur Brand. She thought him the first man she had ever met who expressed force in the terms of refinement. And as their acquaintance progressed, she became convinced that he was one of those rare persons with whom intimacy deepens respect. She felt that her affection for him was not only a justification of her highest conception of herself, but that any sacrifices she might make in his behalf would be thoroughly worth while. It seemed to her peculiarly propitious that he should have come into her life just at a time when, in spite of her efforts, it was beginning to grow a little stale and uninteresting. His seriousness was no longer a source of annoyance: it was a source of pleasure; it was one of the things which made his success more certain. With her whole soul she determined that he should be a success, and that he should recognize her as an essential factor in that success. As she looked into a future with which he was inseparably connected, she was conscious of a little moral glow such as she had not experienced for years. She believed that her life with him was going to be very large, and real, and beautiful.

It will be perceived by the above revelations that Mrs. Molyneux did herself a very great injustice when she accused herself of being unimaginative, and that, in spite of her denials, she had in her secret soul the most enthusiastic notions as to the possibilities of a sentimental union.

On the following afternoon Arthur Brand again occupied the chair in Mrs. Molyneux's drawing-room from which he had made avowals on the previous day. While he waited for her to appear, his eye wandered round the luxurious elegance of the long apartment, and into the rich dimness of the dining-room beyond, where the plate and glass made little glistening stars of light, with the interest of prospective proprietorship. His attachment was perfectly disinterested, but he could not help being pleased with the idea that he was about to enact the rôle of host in so smart an establishment. He thought with what pride and pleasure he should present to his friends a wife surrounded by all those little amenities which make a charming woman still more charming. He heard the soft sweep of a gown upon the stairs, he rose, the portière parted, and she stood there before him, smiling, radiant, lovely. The blaze of her beauty dazzled into dimness every other consideration, and a longing to take her in his arms and tell her again that he loved her almost overmastered him, and rendered him speechless and confused.

"Ah, you have come," said she. "I have been expecting you." She held out both hands to him, and then they sat down.

"That 's such a nice thing to say," he said. "It is so pleasant to feel that you took it for granted I 'd come. I had a special reason for coming this afternoon, though — there are some things that I want to talk to you about. I don't mean confessions," he added quickly, as he noticed a peculiar look on her face. "I have n't any confessions, thank God! to make to you. Only I thought there might be some one you would like to have me go to, some one whom you thought ought to be consulted."

Mrs. Molyneux gave a joyous laugh. She had expected to have to hear something humiliating, and he had only proved to her that he was a gentleman. "That is an ordeal," she returned, "from which I can fortunately save you. No; there is nobody. I am the center of my own system. And yet," she added, with sudden seriousness, "there is some one to be consulted, some one to whom I have always given the most careful consideration in arranging my life. I mean Constance, and I am very glad you have been thoughtful enough to mention this, because it makes the way easy for me to say something to you — to make a request. And that is, that our engagement shall remain strictly unannounced until after she has returned, and you have met each other."

"Oh, of course," he assented a trifle doubtfully. "But won't it make it seem a bit as if I were on probation?"

"Oh, you must n't think that," said Mrs. Molyneux, laughing. "I don't want you to satisfy Constance. It is simply —"

"No, no," he said; "please don't explain. The mere fact that you wish it so is the best explanation for me."

"That 's very delicate," said she, "but I think you deserve one. Besides, I think — don't you? — that we ought to begin by being perfectly frank and sincere. It is simply, then, that I am naturally anxious that the two people who are dearest to me in the world should like each other, and I know if she began by thinking of you in that way she 'd hate you."

Then she gave him a short biography of the girl, and what she had tried to be to her. As he listened, it occurred to him that Mrs. Molyneux was not, after all, the center of her own system, and that the young lady who was the subject of her little panegyric might be destined to become a very large factor in his happiness.

"And when may I begin to practise for my presentation?" he asked.

"That is quite properly put," she said. "Meeting Constance is worth making an event of. She will be at home in about a month."

"And then?" he ventured.

"And then? And then," returned she, charmingly, "I suppose I shall have to buy some new gowns."

Brand went away quite convinced that there must be something very particular about Constance to have inspired such an unusual affection in so discriminating a person as his fiancée. But perhaps he was the more ready to accept this favorable view of her, as it was an implied compliment to his own sense of importance. His sense of importance had undergone a rapid recovery since the successful termination of his suit. It was such a practical refutation of the mortifying conclusion, which had been forced on him in the bank, that he was n't worth having. He walked briskly toward his rooms with quick and buoyant steps, bowing to his acquaintances with renewed self-respect. He even smiled as he remembered how he had traversed the same road yesterday, with bowed head and downcast eyes, calling himself a failure, and thinking what a mess he had made of his life. Failure now appeared to him ridiculous. He was still considerably in the dark as to how he should direct his force, but he had an exulting sense of power, which made him feel eminently practical and capable. He was perfectly certain that, if he thought it worth his while, he could go back into business, and make a success of that; but a business career no longer appealed to him. He glanced up at the men lolling in the bow-window of the club as he passed, and he wondered how he ever could have regarded an occupation exalted which

exerted itself merely to extend the opportunities of idleness. Still, he considered his commercial experience satisfactory, as it had taught him not to waste any more time trying to find out what he was n't fit for. On the whole, he was very glad that his engagement to Mrs. Molyneux was not to be made public. It lent to it a charming touch of color and romance, which was entirely removed from anything theatrical by the unselfishness of the motives that dictated it. As he thought of her, he glowed with happiness. It came to him like a flash that he need no longer regard himself as an outsider, as an Ishmaelite, for he had at last connected himself with his country by indissoluble bonds — the bonds of identity, of interest, of home. He saw that Mrs. Molyneux's acceptance of him had placed him in the position he had been striving so blindly to attain, and his heart went out to her in a burst of grateful affection.

Brand culminated his happiness next morning by reading his Emancipation Proclamation to the bank. They did not express any hysterical grief over his departure, but they were extremely polite. They said they hoped he would not withdraw his account.

As he walked out, he looked through the glass partition at his old desk; a young man in a pink shirt and a tremendously tall white collar was fairly devouring the columns of figures with his eyes. The whole episode struck him as so supremely ridiculous that he was surprised he ever could have thought of it with a serious face. He strolled up-town with an amused feeling of freedom and relief, and yet with a vague doubt as to whether he should ever again be able to take himself quite so seriously. He feared that but for the sobering influences of his engagement, and what was expected of him, he might be tempted to become frivolous. He had such a strong determination, however, to live up to his highest social obligations, and he was so constantly on the alert for opportunity for action, that the leisure to which he returned had none of the significance of idleness. That grateful sense of homeliness which never for a moment deserted him tinged his observations with a more genial criticism, and enabled him once more to regard life with the urbane scrutiny of a man of the world. Even the vigorous ugliness of the long, straight streets, with their occasional spots of a decay which was more suggestive of the moral turpitudes of premature decline than of the gentle dignity of ripe old age, no longer irritated him. They were simply instances of a progress that had been too rapid to be careful about details. He thought it would be the highest form of enjoyment to impress himself in some large way on so healthy a development. He had not the least desire in the world to reform things, but he had certain theories on some of the political and financial questions which were just then prominent in the campaign that he thought might prove suggestive — aside from a natural desire to see his opinions formulated into a policy. He had gone into these things rather deeply during his stay at Oxford, and his subsequent legal education, which he had always regarded as an accomplishment (the law, he said, never attracted him; there was too much laying of pipes that water would never run through), he now believed would especially qualify him for such a career. He was of course aware that he was as profoundly ignorant of working politics as a new-made doctor of the practical operations of minor surgery. But he had no desire to learn how to stuff caucuses, or to affiliate with gentlemen who wore short mustaches and diamond shirt-studs. He simply thought that it would be a very fine thing to devote his time and brains and money to the attainment of sensible legislation and honest administration.

This idea of a political life, now that it had taken possession of him, was so extremely fascinating and possible that he wondered it should have come to him from so accidental a source. It had happened in this way. About a week after their last conversation, Mrs. Molyneux had asked him to "come and officiate at a penitential feast."

"It 's going to be a serious dinner," she said. "I give one now and again when I want to soothe my conscience, or I feel too juvenile. There will be the bishop and his wife, my doctor,—you are to take in the doctor's daughter, —my lawyer, who is the bishop's great friend, and one or two more."

Among the guests was the editor of a morning journal of some political prominence, who in his more philanthropic moods occasionally went into society, and who, Mrs. Molyneux had told Brand, was "deliciously shy and dogmatic." The latter happened to find himself seated next the editor as they lighted their cigars, and, after a little adroit manipulation, he started a discussion which naturally drifted into politics.

The editor listened to him with flattering attention. "That 's very good," he said, with his cigar in his teeth. "Those facts about French protection are worth bringing out. You appear to be pretty well acquainted with the tariff question. Look here, do you ever do anything in the writing way? I wish you would get me up an article on that."

"I will, if you like," said Brand, laughing. It struck him that embodying his opinions on national finance in the form of a public letter would be rather a dignified way of spending a morning.

A few days after this he met the editor in

the street. "You write very well," said the man of scissors. "You have a pithy way of saying things and letting them be. Send us something more, won't you? Something short and sharp."

Brand did send them something more, and he was rather surprised to find that his essays had called forth a violent refutation, in an opposition journal, over a signature. This annoyed him, as he disliked publicity, but he considered it ungentlemanly to reply under a nom de guerre; it was too much like an anonymous, libelous letter: so to his next article he signed his name. He jestingly told Mrs. Molyneux about it the next time he met her. "See what your serious dinner has done for me," he said. "It has launched me into politics."

"Oh, it was n't a plot," replied she. "I refuse to be implicated, even if I tell you that your editor paid me a visit yesterday afternoon, to talk about you. He is very anxious to meet you again. He asked me if I thought you could be induced to arrange the letters you have been sending him into an address, to deliver before a business-men's meeting at Chickering Hall?"

"I believe you did do it," he protested, with an astonished laugh. "Of course I am open to bribery. But you are doomed to disappointment; I shall never be President."

"I shall never be disappointed," returned she in a pleased voice, "while you are so serious."

She had been about to enter her brougham as he appeared, and she invited him to accompany her.

"I 've got to go to a children's hospital," she explained, "of which I am a directress, and we can talk as we go along."

On the way she told him about a very clever young artist in whom she had become interested, and suggested that he should give a tea in his rooms, and have some of the pictures on show. "I can't do much for him," said she; "I have n't masculine opportunities."

He replied that he thought feminine opportunities were quite sufficient for the present needs of society. "Ah, you are so definite," he said. "How do you find time for all these things — these outside things?"

"They are my resources," said she, with touching seriousness. "They are things I said to myself I should try to make an interest out of when Constance married, and I was alone."

"But you will never be alone now," he said gently, touching her gloved hand; "we will always be together."

The idea that he should pose upon a public platform as the exponent of his own theories seemed to him the essence of egotism; but because he had a pretty definite notion that Mrs. Molyneux expected him to do so, and because he thought he might regard it as a lost opportunity if he declined, he determined to accept. He worked very hard over his address, and he had the good sense to make it short, and to avoid anything classical. He knew he had a clear voice and considerable dramatic talent. And so when he resumed his seat on the eventful evening, rather hot and excited, the little hum of applause which greeted him convinced him that he had at least made his audience understand that he was in earnest, and that he had the courage of his convictions. As he looked about the house he saw Mrs. Molyneux's eyes fixed on his face, bright and triumphant. "Bravo!" she whispered as he stopped in the aisle to speak to her. "I was sure you would justify yourself. This is what you have come home for."

"Don't magnify it," he said depreciatingly. "It 's very small."

Still, he was exceedingly gratified when two or three men with whom he was anxious to stand well came up and personally congratulated him, and told him they liked what he had said. His sponsor, the editor, was careful to have the speech reported in several papers, and the result was that he was asked to deliver it again, and was presently enrolled in the membership of a reform club. He continued to enrich political literature with his contributions, and in an exceedingly short space of time found himself plunged in the whirl of a campaign, and beginning to be regarded with the distinction which is attached to a man who is identified with a movement. He had also become interested in a coal-mining property, through a mining engineer with whom he had struck up an intimacy, and as he had a fancy to see how his money was being spent, he had himself elected treasurer. This took him down-town two or three days each week, and he very soon found that a man who was willing to work for nothing could have his time as fully occupied as even the most industrious person could desire.

His chance meetings with Mrs. Molyneux gave a constant zest to his social pleasures. It was so satisfying to see her standing at the farther end of a crowded drawing-room, or at a ball, fascinating and admired, and to remember that he was the only man there who had the right to appropriate her smile as specially personal. As a matter of fact, however, her smile was the only thing he ever attempted to appropriate. He was perfectly sure of her affection; he would have combated any withdrawal with the most strenuous resistance; only he had an innate feeling that she would regard anything more demonstrative than an implied expression of tenderness as intrusive and premature. The idea of Mrs. Molyneux and himself squeezing hands on a sofa was almost as

distasteful as it was laughable. They talked simply as two clever people might who were in perfect sympathy, and had mutual respect for each other. Sometimes, as he sat near her, he had to give himself a little shake to realize that he was really going to marry her. This seemed to him rather piquant. He told himself that he never could have believed a courtship could be made so interesting and dignified. He always left her with a gratifying sense of recognition, and with an ardent ambition to live up to her opinion of him. He thought that to disappoint Mrs. Molyneux would be an appalling catastrophe. Yet in the midst of a success which was so picturesque and self-respecting, he occasionally questioned whether he was n't, after all, an absolute egotist.

One afternoon Mrs. Molyneux came down to receive him, looking unusually fresh and happy. She pressed his hands, and her eyes were beaming. "Ah, I 'm going to give you such a pleasure," she said. "I am going to present you to the most delightful girl in New York."

"Has she come?" he asked. "You should have prepared me. I feel horribly incompetent. Is she hard to satisfy?"

And then a tall, slender young lady in a pale silk gown came into the room, and advanced to meet him with a certain slow stiffness. But it was a stiffness which was entirely removed from anything angular. You would have said Constance was stiff, just as you would have said she had brown hair, or a straight nose, or serious gray eyes. It was simply a characteristic, a part of her personality. She gave Brand the impression, as he shook hands with her (he had learned to shake hands very persistently since his return to America), that her ideas of life were very high, and that she was exacting with herself, even to the point of standing as straight as possible.

"I 'm dreadfully afraid of you," he said. "I hope you will say something kind." He did n't say this with any idea of being clever, but merely because he was seized by a whimsical desire to see how she looked when she smiled. And when she politely rewarded his little effort, she became so sweet and girlish that he immediately wanted her to keep on smiling.

"Oh, you must n't let her tyrannize over you just at the beginning," said Mrs. Molyneux. "I 'm under her control now."

"Yes; I 'm very masterful," said Constance, laughing, and giving her stepmother a caressing little side-glance.

They had a most conventional conversation. He asked her if she had found Bermuda charming, and if she had met his friend Lord Henry Blount, who was just then doing a pleasant penance there, with his battalion of the Horse Guards.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I asked him if he knew you; Georgiana wrote me about you; he said he did, down to the ground. He told me he believed you were interested in a movement. Perhaps you don't like being called interested in a movement," she added; "but that is the way he put it."

"Well, I did n't know it had become an international affair," he returned. "Lord Henry is an awfully good sort, but he is n't very definite in his use of terms."

The young man began to feel delightfully familiar with Constance. Her stiffness no longer seemed to imply any mental adhesions; it was more like the last reminiscence of an early shyness. And the idea that she was sensitive, and that he could wound her feelings very easily, instantly made him wish to be as nice to her as possible. Even the frailness of her physique was an appeal to his consideration. There was nothing sickly about it; it was the fragileness of a flower. She was n't in the least pretty, yet there was a certain harmony of feature, a certain delicacy in her pale flesh-tints, a certain fresh bloom and serenity, which were charmingly youthful and refined. As she sat there in her high-backed chair, she reminded him of a piece of beautiful old china. He felt that now he could quite understand Mrs. Molyneux's devotion to the girl, and her constant watchfulness over her future; for even in the beginning of their acquaintance he recognized that she was singularly conscientious and sympathetic, and that unless the conditions of her life were unusually well adjusted she would be destined to shed a great many bitter tears. He also incidentally discovered during subsequent conversations that she had been finely educated, that she had a passionate fondness for music, and a very great admiration for Saintsbury's essays.

He told Mrs. Molyneux that he thought Constance's charm was a moral one.

She gave him a long look. "You are quite right," said she. "Constance *is* good."

He very soon began to offer mental apologies to Constance for ever having regarded her as objectionable or in the way. Now that he was sure that she acquiesced in him, he looked upon her advent as the last graceful detail in his scheme of happiness. Her presence lighted up the rooms with a mild brilliancy. It was so pleasant to have her hand him his tea when he dropped in of an afternoon, and to watch the unconscious precision of her attitudes as she moved here and there. As their intercourse became more personal,—and on Mrs. Molyneux's account he tried to make it as personal as possible,—he found a restful, sooth-

ing influence in her society. He had always enjoyed an occasional silence, but with Mrs. Molyneux this pleasure was marred by a feeling that he must interrupt it with something clever and appropriate, which gave him a strained sense of effort, a consciousness that he was measuring himself by her standards, and that her standards were very high. With Constance, on the contrary, he could indulge in these lapses without the necessity of terminating them with an epigram.

She was not a talkative person, although she had her moments of exhilaration, and her sense of humor was comparatively limited; but her seriousness was a matter of temperament rather than of conviction, and her ideas were perfectly healthy, if a trifle too fine for every-day use. These of course she approached with all the reverence of belief, and all the ardor of youth and inexperience.

At first it afforded him considerable amusement to combat her, and make her explain herself, but he at once stopped these playful attacks when he saw how it pained her to find that a person she really knew doubted the truth of certain things which she had always taken for granted. I don't at all mean by this that her position was one of general acceptance, or that her mental processes were devoid of logical sequence, but merely that she was emotional and imaginative, and that she chose her theories of life in accordance with the laws of natural selection. For example, she was sincerely religious, and she affected those places of public worship which were illumined by candles, and heavy with the scent of incense. In her heart she could not understand how any one could get spiritual good from a form of service which was not rhythmical. Yet she never troubled her head over the niceties of the Nicene Creed, or the subtleties of the Thirty-Nine Articles.

Such an assortment of theories was of course absurdly crude and incomplete, but the world would be so agreeable a place if they were practicable, and their effect upon herself was so wholly good and sweet, that Brand thought it would be absolutely brutal to destroy even the most illusive of them.

He considered it the very triumph of tact in Mrs. Molyneux to have gone on living with her for so many years, and to have kept her so deliciously unworldly. Yet it sometimes seemed to him that she had been a trifle too careful; that she had produced an exotic rather than a hardy native plant. He trembled to think what would be the fate of this fair pure lily if it were transplanted by a rougher hand. This possibility, in view of his future position in the household, gave him a sense of personal responsibility over her, which was entirely aside from any desire to realize Mrs. Molyneux's belief in his general discretion. He wished he knew just what Constance liked best in him, so that he could place himself in the most favorable light to win her confidence and trust, and so that she would naturally appeal to him in case she should be in need of masculine assistance. He said to himself that such a service would be the most adequate return he could possibly render Mrs. Molyneux. I must say, however, that his interest in Constance was not quite so philanthropic as he supposed, as a young girl had hitherto been an unexplored mystery to him, and he unconsciously regarded this one as a new psychological study, which he was about to begin under the most flattering auspices. The confidences which he reposed in her, with a view to reciprocity, were at first extremely fragmentary, and chiefly concerned his past, but as their intimacy became less formal,— and it was really wonderful how their opportunities for tête-à-têtes extended themselves, now that he had seriously determined to become friends with her,—he found these little monologues so highly fascinating that he unconsciously began discussing with her his future and his work. He was sometimes almost as much amazed as amused at the things he said to her. Yet the subject was of such personal interest, she was so sympathetic and responsive, she listened with such fresh eagerness, she so frequently said just the thing he wanted her to say, her respect for his achievements was so evident, that it was the most natural thing in the world for him to go on expressing favorable criticisms of himself.

Her capacity for admiration was this young lady's most beautiful characteristic. When she liked anything, she immediately appropriated it, and made it personal; she adorned it with a thousand qualities which she thought most admirable; she wreathed it, so to speak, in gems and flowers, and knelt before it. This was especially indicated in her attitude toward Mrs. Molyneux. Her affection for her was a worship. She looked up to her as a model of beauty and excellence. When she was absent, her thoughts were constantly turning to her, and when she appeared, she greeted her with beaming eyes. It seemed to Brand that only her vivid consciousness of her own identity prevented her from effacing herself into a pale copy. Sometimes, as they all sat talking together, she would take a seat by Mrs. Molyneux's side, and rest her head against her shoulder, stroking her hand with a caress that was as touching and simple as a child's.

On such occasions he had a special feeling of nearness, as he knew that before most people she was apt to appear a trifle cold and ceremonious. It was a tacit admission of be-

lief in him, a serious acceptance of his friendship. Yet the very fact that she took him so seriously gave him a pained feeling of deception, that he was an unwilling accomplice in a plot to deceive her, that there was always a point where he must practise subterfuges. He began to be tormented by a terror that when she came to know about his real position, she might misinterpret his motives into something mean and mercenary. He thought it was n't quite fair in Mrs. Molyneux to leave him with tied hands in a situation from which it might be so difficult for him to extricate himself. Still, after witnessing some special expression of the girl's devotion, of her easy renunciations, he was forced to ask himself whether in the strictest sense he had not been mercenary, whether he would have been quite so desirous to marry Mrs. Molyneux if the union had been less dazzlingly brilliant. The bright light of Constance's love, which made her noble, which made her fine, which made her beautiful, scorched his own ideals until they looked poor and withered things. Certain questions as to his real purposes in life began to press themselves upon him, and the replies that he got disquieted him. He no longer had the agreeable conviction that in marrying Mrs. Molyneux he was performing the most admirable achievement of a well-regulated life. On the contrary, it seemed to him that his life had been entirely too well regulated with reference to himself. She had come to him richly dowered with everything which he considered most desirable, and he had accepted her, not as a woman, but as an opportunity.

This was satisfactory, but not satisfying. He could imagine something much more poetic. He assured himself that he was perfectly pleased, yet as he looked back over the months of their engagement, he experienced a sense of want and disappointment; he felt that a certain delicate essence, a certain fine bouquet, had escaped him. He had expected to be admitted into the inner chamber of Mrs. Molyneux's life, and she had kept him loitering in the anteroom; he turned here and there, and was confronted by closed doors; and the fact that they were so cleverly concealed by draped portières made his sense of isolation only more complete. He began to be conscious that there was an immense space between them, and that it was widening. He had a pained sense that in some unaccountable way he had been ineffective, and that he had failed to realize her expectations. He had strained to scale those heights where she dwelt in splendid contentment until he was tired, and now he wanted her to descend a little. He sometimes had a shamed wish that she was not quite so clever, and that her sympathy was less strictly intellectual; that he could sit by her side and make love to her in the old foolish fashion. He felt that he was traversing a road that was barren, that was lonely, that was shrouded in darkness; and out of that darkness Mrs. Molyneux's beautiful face looked down on him with a light that was as clear and cold as the light of a star on a field of snow. That face, which was so subtle, so cultivated, so intellectual, seemed to him sometimes as devoid of human passion as the face of a marble angel over a sepulcher. It was not that she was unresponsive; it was not that she was critical; it was not that she was lacking in any essential particular: it was that she was so bafflingly complete. He was still under her charm — the charm of her person, of her voice, of her imagination; he wished to remain so; he still coveted her appreciation above everything else in the world.

Perhaps they had taken each other too seriously; had not given play enough to their emotions. Well, they might not get quite all out of life that they anticipated,— nobody did in this world,— but they could at least move through society like two cultivated and congenial persons, admiring and criticizing and appropriating. Yet he wondered what Constance would think of him now. The thought of Constance just then soothed his troubled senses like a breeze from a garden of roses. She was so transparent, her emotions were so primary. She was merely a thing to be loved, and cared for, and believed in.

The desire to retrieve himself with Mrs. Molyneux, to place himself again before her in the character of her lover, and to see that light in her eyes which he had once had the power to call there, was so intense that the next time he happened to be alone with her he yielded to it. Bending suddenly, he took her hand, and began to stroke it softly, as he had seen Constance do. She made no response to his caress; she did n't blush; she did n't draw away her hand: she simply turned her face slowly toward him, and looked at him with a scrutiny that was so critical and comprehensive that he dropped his eyes under a guilty sense of fraud and detection. He resented it, he denied it, he struggled against it, but he could not resist it.

The entrance of Constance relieved a situation with which they were both becoming impatient. They welcomed her with effusion. Her presence at once restored things to a natural footing, she was so ignorant of their intentions. Brand noticed, however, that there was a delicate spot of color on each of her cheeks as she greeted him. It occurred to him that this was not the first time of late he had witnessed the phenomenon, and it suddenly struck him that this might give a clue to Mrs. Molyneux's recent withdrawals. Could she have so misunderstood

him? At least it was something tangible; it gave him a point from which to proceed. Ah, Constance was so sweet! Who would hurt her? He determined to request an interview with Mrs. Molyneux on the following day, and to insist, for all their sakes, on the announcement of the engagement. He thought insistence just now would be the surest road to favor.

Constance got into quite a little gale for her; she talked a good deal, and she seemed to be especially gay and light-hearted. After dinner she placed herself at the piano, and played bits of Wagner opera. But once or twice, when he spoke to her suddenly, he noticed that touch of color in her face, and he said to himself that there must be no more delays. Was it a fancy that Mrs. Molyneux also perceived it? It seemed to him that she was watching the girl with that look of almost maternal tenderness which was so pathetic — which made him worship her.

After he had gone, Mrs. Molyneux went over to the fire, and stood resting her foot upon the fender, pushing back her skirt with one hand. "When you give people the run of your house," she said, "they are apt to become too appreciative."

Constance turned on her like a flash. "You don't like him!" she cried, in a little burst of defiance. "Why did you have him here? I did not ask him."

"On the contrary," returned Mrs. Molyneux, "I like him immensely. But as he has ceased to be inscrutable, he is no longer amusing." She said it perfectly evenly, but her eyes were as hard and bright as steel.

Constance threw herself into her arms in a passion of tears. "Oh, forgive me!" she sobbed. "I did n't mean it; I did n't mean it; forgive me!"

"My dear child," answered Mrs. Molyneux, "there is nothing you can do I won't forgive you for." But she did n't return the caress, and presently she went up to her room.

Brand sat smoking far into the night. Life had suddenly presented itself to him in a new aspect, and he was absorbed in scrutinizing it. He was not happy, but he was experiencing a more beneficent sensation. It seemed to him that his moral horizon had become luminous and extended. He felt cool and calm, and capable of judging and analyzing. The fearful complication in which he had come so near involving himself humbled and sobered him. He was filled with such an overwhelming sentiment of gratitude as to leave no room for the sentiment of pity. He could not bring himself to be sorry even for Mrs. Molyneux. If her bridal wreath should prove to be a chaplet of thorns, his hands had not prepared it. Whenever her face appeared to him, it appeared haloed in the unselfish love with which she had regarded Constance. He bowed himself before it in respectful admiration. It enabled him again to realize that she was a woman, and that he was very near to her. He no longer suffered the dread of her comprehension; he would anticipate it. He saw that in a certain way he represented her occasion, and that most prominent among the unsatisfied desires of her life was her desire for appreciation. It was not apparent, but it was deep. He said to himself that his discovery permitted him for the first time really to grasp her limitations; and the consciousness that in one direction, at least, he could see a little farther than she could gave him a manly sense of equality. It renewed his opportunity. It would allow him to approach her in that spirit of admiring recognition which he imagined was what she most desired. He could not approach her quite as he would have wished; there was a window in his soul athwart which a shadow would forever rest: but he could give her his best — his loyalty, his belief, his affection. He could live with her a life that was wise, and just, and temperate, and that was infinitely better than mere success.

Indeed, as he stood before the familiar door, which had always opened to him in such kindly welcome, — anxious above everything to prove his grateful affection for Mrs. Molyneux by the most munificent compliment he could offer her, — the somber future into which he had been peering so doubtfully once more blushed into beauty with a light so soft and tender that it enchanted him. He knew that he was coming to her with a love in which marriage had become an incidental circumstance, but it was a love so real, so constant, and so appreciative, as to be worthy even of her acceptance.

He had purposely been a trifle late in keeping the interview he had requested, as he knew she hated anything precipitous, and even in the smallest matters he wished to consider her first, so that she was already in the drawing-room when he arrived. But as she came forward to meet him, it struck him for the first time that she looked a little pale and old. There were dark lines beneath her eyes, and it smote him with a sickening sense of horror, which it is impossible to convey, that her lower lip was a trifle drawn and heavy. It seemed such a burning shame that age and ugliness ever came upon her. He forgot about his reservations, his preparations: he only realized that for some reason she was suffering, and that she was going to be his wife; and he longed to gather her into his arms and comfort her. Ah, he was so glad he had come.

She gave him her hand; he felt her eyes resting on his face with that expression of sweet expectancy which he remembered having seen

there. She seemed so feminine, so gentle, so altogether different from anything he had expected, that his sudden pity for her was swallowed up in a sense of reverent respect. He bent low over her hand, but he felt that his posture should have been one of still deeper reverence. His life, he said to himself, should be his expiation. Thank God! she would never know.

"You know, of course, why I asked you to see me this afternoon," he began as soon as they had seated themselves. "I have tried to be very passive; I have n't made any move. Not that that is anything to my credit," he added quickly; "the credit is all on your side. I came here a stranger, and you made me feel at home; you gave me your friendship; you took an interest in my work; you made ever so many things possible to me; you made me feel that there was some one who cared. Ah, that was so much to do! But now, have n't I waited long enough? Complete your work—crown your achievement—say when you will marry me."

He spoke very quietly, but every word was so absolutely sincere, that its effect even on himself was strengthening. He came over, and took her hand, with a firmness which moved her more than anything she had ever known. He was so strong, and he was so much under her charm. He was perfectly under her charm; she knew that she had but to reveal herself, and she could hold him against a world of women. She felt herself trembling, she felt herself swaying, she closed her eyes — and then she drew away her hand.

"You are making it very difficult," she said.

"Difficult?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, don't take that as reproach," she said. "It was not meant for that. You have been most kind and considerate." She felt that her reply was inconsequent, but for the moment she was incapable of thought. She was undergoing a mental torture that rendered her utterly unconscious of everything but her own suffering, and a desire to put it away from her. She rose, and took a turn round the room. Her future appeared before her in little flashes of consciousness, and it was terribly isolated. Ah, she would be totally alone. If she could only die for them, it would be so easy. And along with the thought of death came the consciousness that she was going to live a long while, to carry her secret about with her like a moral malady, to be misunderstood, to be forgotten, to be ignored. Even Constance would cease to need her in this new tie. As she thought of the girl, her eye unconsciously rested on her photograph in a small oval frame of brilliants. When she resumed her seat it was in her usual manner.

"My dear friend," she said, "you must prepare yourself for something quite different from all this. You are very honest, very sincere; you wish to live up to your engagements: I appreciate your efforts. But do you suppose I would allow you to wreck your life, and mine, too, by fulfilling an engagement which we both recognize has proved a failure? Mind, I don't reproach you," she added. "I reproach neither of us. We have done all we could. I tell you frankly that I care for you as much as I am capable of caring for a man. I care for you so much that I have borne more suffering than you can ever understand, trying to follow you. And I tell you just as frankly that I have become tired of attempting things I am no longer equal to, and that I refuse to go on. I 'm too old for you, my dear," she said, putting out her hands with a gesture of proud humiliation; "I 'm too old for you. Would you wish to marry a woman who tells you that she is already exhausted? Come," she went on, with a pale smile, "let us admit that we respect each other, that we comprehend each other, that we came dangerously near spoiling one of the most beautiful friendships in the world, and that we had the sense to draw back. Do you think me heartless?" she asked, gazing into his face with eyes that had a strange appeal. "Don't think that, whatever you think. Could I prove my faith, my trust, in you more fully than by the confessions I have made? Can anything be so hard for a woman as to admit that she has reached the end of her limitations?"

He sat perfectly still, in dumb amazement, trying to grasp a situation which had become so complicated that he was able to cope with it only in sections. It was certainly very different from anything he had expected. "You have me at an advantage," he said at length, doubtfully, "because you understand what you mean. I confess I don't understand just yet. You are too deep for me. As for what you say, that is nonsense. You say that about yourself because you want to spare me. It 's my fault — oh, I see it 's my fault; only I can't see just how. But of course you don't expect me to accept this?"

Just then the street door closed. Constance had come in. They could hear her light step in the hall.

Mrs. Molyneux rose from her chair with a look that seemed to the young man almost triumphant. "My dear friend," said she in a conversational tone, "I expect you to be the sensible man of the world I have always believed you to be."

He felt that this indeed was a dismissal. "I shall come to-morrow," he insisted.

"Oh, I hope so," said she. "You must remember that you are not only my friend, but Constance's."



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

CONSTANCE.

(SEE PAGE 404.)

"I don't see what Constance has to do with it," he said.

"Constance has nothing in the world to do with it," replied she, with a gentle patience. "It is entirely between you and me."

All at once, as he looked into her face, the awful pathos of the situation dawned upon him. He dimly saw what a bitter tragedy these admissions must have been to her, and how unselfish was her affection for him.

"Oh, be my friend," he cried, catching her hand in both his own. "Be anything you like to me; only don't let me think I have made you suffer."

Mrs. Molyneux's eyes were bright with unshed tears. "You have made me suffer, but you have made me very happy, too," she murmured.

He met Constance in the hall.

"How do you do?" said she.

He muttered some unintelligible reply as he was fumbling at the door.

The girl watched his confusion in smiling confidence. "Of course you are going to the ball this evening," she said.

"Will you be there?" he asked quickly.

"I shall look for you," she said.

Mrs. Molyneux went to the window after he had gone, and watched him walk rapidly away. He did not even look up. Constance came into the room presently, the smile still lingering about her fresh young face. Mrs. Molyneux went up to the girl, and, putting her arms about her, drew her toward her, and pressed a kiss upon her lips. "Oh, my dear," she said passionately, "always remember that no matter how much any one may tell you they love you, I love you better than all the world!"

Robert Stewart.

THE PILGRIM.

Such a palmer ne'er was seene,
Lesse Love himselfe had palmer beene.
"Never too Late."

PILGRIM footsteps, whither bound?
Pilgrim glances, whither bent?

Sandal-shod and travel-gowned,
Lo, I seek the way they went
Late who passed toward Holy Land.

Pilgrim, it was long ago;
None remains who saw that band;
Grass and forest overgrow
Every path their footing wore.
Men are wise; they seek no more
Roads that lead to Holy Land.

Proud his look, as who should say:
I shall find where lies the way.

Pilgrim, thou art fair of face,
Staff and scrip are not for thee;
Gentle pilgrim, of thy grace,
Leave thy quest, and bide with me.
Love shall serve thee, joy shall bless;
Thou wert made for tenderness:
God's green world is fair and sweet;
Not o'er sea and Eastern strand,
But where friend and lover meet
Lies the way to Holy Land.

Low his voice, his lashes wet:
One day if God will — not yet.

Pilgrim, pardon me and heed.
Men of old who took that way
Went for fame of goodly deed,
Or, if sooth the stories say,
Sandaled priest, or knight in selle,
Flying each in pain and hate,
Harassed by stout fiends of hell,
Sought his crime to expiate.
Prithee, Pilgrim, go not hence;
Clear thy brow, and white thy hand,
What shouldst thou with penitence?
Wherefore seek to Holy Land?

Stern the whisper on his lip:
Sin and shame are in my scrip.

Pilgrim, pass, since it must be;
Take thy staff, and have thy will;
Prayer and love shall follow thee;
I will watch thee o'er the hill.
What thy fortune God doth know;
By what paths thy feet must go.
Far and dim the distance lies,
Yet my spirit prophesies:
Not in vigil lone and late,
Bowed upon the tropic sand,
But within the city gate,
In the struggle of the street,
Suddenly thine eyes shall meet
His whose look is Holy Land.

Smiled the pilgrim, sad and sage:
Long must be my pilgrimage.

Ellen Burroughs.



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

MOTHER AND SLEEPING CHILD. BY F. H. TOMPKINS.

HOMER.

THAT conjuring name doth change the centuries,
And the enchanted pagan world restore!
Old Triton and the Nereids sport before
Poseidon's chariot storming down the seas.
Pan blows his mellow reed, and to the breeze
The nautilus unfurls his sail once more;
While silver voices wake the waters o'er
'Mid asphodels on Anthemusia's leas.
I hear the Odyssey and Iliad rise,
With deeper rhythm than that of Chios' surge;
And there upon the blue Ægean's verge,
Unchanging while the centuries increase,
After three thousand years, before me lies
The unveiled shore of old sea-cinctured Greece!

Henry Jerome Stockard.

GOVAERT FLINCK (1615–1660).

GOVAERT FLINCK, born at Cleves in 1615, was among the earliest of Rembrandt's pupils. He had previously served an apprenticeship to Lambert Jacobsz at Leeuwarden, and did not apply to Rembrandt much before the age of seventeen or eighteen. That he was an independent master before he was twenty-one is proved by his earliest pictures, dated in 1636, among which is the "Pyrrhus" in the Brunswick Museum; and furthermore, by the fact that there existed a law in Holland which prohibited a pupil from signing his work during the term of his apprenticeship. Though Flinck was eight years younger than his master, he yet enjoyed an intimate friendship with him, and in 1637 he painted his portrait in return for that which Rembrandt painted of him and his wife. He therefore probably married upon the termination of his apprenticeship with Rembrandt. At this time he dwelt with the cousin of Rembrandt's wife, Hendrik Ulenburgh; and a year later, in 1638, when only twenty-three, he painted one of his most remarkable works, "Isaac blessing Jacob," to be seen in the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam — executed, in all probability, under the eye of his master. Flinck excelled particularly in portraiture, and this became his chief occupation. His picture of the "Regents," dated 1642, may be noted among many other fine works of the Amsterdam museum. It exhibits admirable taste in arrangement; the heads are living; and it has the breadth of treatment and the glow of color peculiar to Rembrandt. The "Portrait of a Young Girl," which I have engraved, is one of the popular pictures of the Louvre. It is the sweetest face that I have encountered among the Dutchmen, and its expression of innocence is captivating. Her head is decked with flowers. She holds in her hand a trowel, or sand-shovel, of the sort that is popular with children at the watering-places of Holland. It is a life-size bust, 26 inches high by 21½ inches wide, is signed, and is dated 1641. The coloring is rich and mellow, and the treatment of the drapery is peculiarly Rembrandtish. Flinck had a good reputation at Amsterdam, and in 1652 the freedom of the city was conferred upon him. He had a zest for objects of art, especially casts from the finest antique sculpture, and drawings and engravings by the best masters. He died at Amsterdam in 1660.

T. Cole.



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL. BY GOVAERT FLINCK.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

VIII.

ONCE more Dalrymple was sitting over his supper at the table in the vaulted room on the ground floor which Stefanone used as a wine-shop. To tell the truth, it was very superior to the ordinary wine-shops of Subiaco, and had an exceptional reputation. The common people never came there, because Stefanone did not sell his cheap wine at retail, but sent it all to Rome, or took it thither himself, for the sake of getting a higher price for it. He always said that he did not keep an inn, and, perhaps as much on account of his relations with Gigetto's family, he assumed as far as possible the position of a wine-dealer rather than that of a wine-seller. The distinction in Italian mountain towns is very marked.

"They can have a measure of the best, if they care to pay for it," he said. "If they wish a mouthful of food, there is what there is. But I am not the village host, and Nanna is not a wine-shop cook, to fry tripe and peel onions for Titius and Caius."

The old Roman expression, denoting generally the average public, survives still in polite society, and Stefanone had caught it from Sor Tommaso.

Dalrymple was sitting as usual over his supper, by the light of the triple-beaked brass lamp, his measure of wine beside him, and a beefsteak, which on this occasion was really of beef, before him. Stefanone was absent in Rome with a load of wine. Sora Nanna sat on Dalrymple's right, industriously knitting in Italian fashion, one of the needles stuck into and supported by a wooden sheath thrust into her waist-band, while she worked off the stitches with the others. Annetta sat opposite the Scotchman, but a little on one side of the lamp, so that she could see his face.

"Mother," she said suddenly, without lifting her chin from the hand in which it rested, "you do not know anything! This Signor Englishman is making love with a nun in the convent! Eh, what do you think of it? Only this was wanting. A little more, and the lightning will fall upon the convent! These Protestants!—oh, these blessed Protestants! They respect nothing, not even the saints!"

"My daughter! what are you saying?"

Sora Nanna's fingers did not pause in their work, nor did her eyes look up, but the deep furrow showed itself in her thick peasant's forehead, and her coarse, hard lips twitched clumsily with the beginning of a smile.

"What am I saying? The truth. Ask rather of the Signore whether it is not true."

"It is silly," said Dalrymple, growing unnaturally red, and looking up sharply at Annetta before he took his next mouthful.

"Look at him, mother!" laughed the girl. "He is red, red—he seems to me a boiled shrimp. Eh, this time I have guessed it! And as for Sister Maria Addolorata, she no longer sees with her eyes. To-day, when you were carrying in the baskets, you and the other women who went with us, I asked her whether the abbess was satisfied with the new doctor, and she answered that he was a very wise man, much wiser than Sor Tommaso. So I told her that it was a pity, because Sor Tommaso was getting well, and would not allow the English doctor to come instead of him much longer. Then she looked at me. By Bacchus! I was afraid. Certain eyes! Not even a cat when you take away her kittens! A little more and she would have eaten me. And then her face made itself of marble—like that face of a woman that is built into the fountain in the piazza. Arch-priest! What a face!"

The girl stared hard at Dalrymple, and her mouth laughed wickedly at his evident embarrassment, while there was something very different from laughter in her eyes. During the long speech Sora Nanna had stopped knitting, and she looked from her daughter to the Scotchman with a sort of half-stupid, half-cunning curiosity.

"But these are sins!" she exclaimed at last.

"And what does it matter?" asked the girl. "Does he go to confession? So what does it matter? He keeps the account himself of his sins. I should not like to have them on my shoulders. But as for Sister Maria Addolorata—oh, she! I told you that she sinned in her throat. Well, the sin is ready now. What is she waiting for? For the abbess to die? Or for Sor Tommaso to get well? Then she will not see the Signor Englishman any more. It would be better for her. When she does not see him any more she will knead her pillow with

tears, and make her bread of it to bite and eat. Good appetite, Sister Maria!"

"You talk, you talk, and you conclude nothing," observed Sora Nanna. "You have certain thoughts in your head! And you do not let the Signore say even a word."

"What can he say? He will say that it is not true. But then, who will believe him? I should like to see them a little together. I am sure that she shows him her face, and that it is 'Signor Doctor' here, and 'Dear Signor Doctor' there, and a thousand gentlenesses. Tell the truth, Signore. She shows you her face."

"No," said Dalrymple, who had regained his self-possession; "she never shows me her face."

"What a shame for a Carmelite nun to show her face to a man!" cried the girl.

"But I tell you she is always veiled to her chin," insisted Dalrymple, with perfect truth.

"Eh, it is you who say so," retorted Annetta. "But then, what can it matter to me? Make love with a nun if it goes, Signore. Youth is a flower; when it is withered it is hay, and the beasts eat it."

"This is true," said Sora Nanna, returning to her knitting. "But do not pay attention to her, Signore. She is stupid; she does not know what she says. Eat, drink, and manage your own affairs. It is better. What can a child understand? It is like a little dog that sees and barks without understanding. But you are a much-instructed man, and have been round the whole world; therefore you know many things. It seems natural."

Though Dalrymple was not diffident, as has been said, he was far from vain, on the whole, and in particular he had none of that contemptible vanity which makes a man readily believe that every woman he meets is in love with him. He had not the slightest idea at that time that Annetta the peasant girl looked upon him with anything more than the curiosity and vague interest usually bestowed on a foreigner in Italy.

He was annoyed, however, by what she said this evening, though he was also secretly surprised and delighted. The contradiction is a common one. The miser is half mad with joy on discovering that he has much more than he supposed, and bitterly resents, at the same time, any notice which may be taken of the fact by others.

Annetta did not enjoy his discomfiture and evident embarrassment, for she was far more deeply hurt herself than she realized, and every word she had spoken about Maria Addolorata had hurt her, though she had taken a sort of vague delight in teasing Dalrymple. She relapsed into silence now, alternately wishing that he loved her, and then that she might kill him. If she could not have his heart, she would be satisfied with his blood. There was a passionate animal longing in the instinct to have him for herself, even dead, rather than that any other woman should get his love.

Dalrymple was aware only that the girl's words had annoyed him, while inwardly conscious that if what she said were true, the truth would make a difference in his life. He showed no inclination to talk any more, and finished his supper in rather morose silence, turning to his book as soon as he had done. Then Gigetto came in with his guitar, and sang and talked with the two women.

But Dalrymple was restless that night, and did not fall asleep until the moon had set and his window grew dark. And even in his dreams he was restless still, so that when he awoke in the morning he said to himself that he had been foolish in his behavior toward Maria Addolorata on the previous day. He felt tired, too, and his color was less brilliant than usual. It was Sunday, and he remembered that if he chose he could go in the afternoon to the Benediction in the convent church, and hear Maria's voice perhaps. But at the usual hour, just before noon, he went to make his visit to the abbess.

It was his intention to forget his stiff manner, and to behave as he had always behaved until yesterday. Strange to say, however, he felt a constraint coming upon him as soon as he was in the nun's presence. She received him as usual, there was the usual comic scene at the abbess's door, and, as every day, the two were alone together after the door was shut.

"Are you ill?" asked Maria Addolorata, after a moment's silence which, short as it was, both felt to be awkward.

Dalrymple was taken by surprise. The tone in which she had spoken was cold and distant rather than expressive of any concern for his welfare, but he did not think of that. He only realized that his manner must seem to her very unusual, since she asked such a question. An Italian would have observed that his own face was pale, and would have told her that he was dying of love.

"No; I am not ill," answered the Scotchman, simply, and in his most natural tone of voice.

"Then what is the matter with you since yesterday?" asked Maria Addolorata, less coldly, and as though she were secretly amused.

"There is nothing the matter — at least, nothing that I could explain to you."

She sat down in the big easy-chair, and, as formerly, he took his seat opposite to her.

"There is something," she insisted, speaking thoughtfully. "You cannot deceive a woman, Signor Doctor."



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

"SHE HAD COVERED HER FACE WITH THE VEIL."

Dalrymple smiled, and looked at her veiled head.

"You said the other day that I was not a man, but a doctor," he answered. "I suppose I might answer that you are not a woman, but a nun."

"And is not a nun a woman?" asked Maria Addolorata; and he knew that she was smiling, too.

"You would not forgive me if I answered you," he said.

"Who knows? I might be obliged to, since I am obliged to meet you every day. It may be a sin, but I am curious."

"Shall I tell you?"

As though instinctively, Maria was silent for a moment, and turned her veiled face toward the abbess's door. But Dalrymple needed no such warning to lower his voice.

"Tell me," she said, and under her veil she could feel that her eyes were growing deep, and the pupils wide and dark, and she knew that she had done wrong.

"How should I know whether you are a saint or only a woman, since I have never seen your face?" he asked. "I shall never know —for in a few days Doctor Taddei will be well again, and you will not need my services."

He saw the quick tightening of one hand upon the other, and a slight start of the head, and in a flash he knew that all Annetta had told him was true. The silence that followed seemed longer than the awkward pause which had preceded the conversation.

"It cannot be so soon," she said in a very low tone.

"It may be to-morrow," he answered, and to his own astonishment his voice almost broke in his throat, and he felt that his own hands were twisting each other, as though he were in pain. "I shall die without seeing you," he added almost roughly.

Again there was a short silence in the still room.

Suddenly, with quick movements of both hands at once, Maria Addolorata threw back the veil from her face, and drew away the folds that covered her mouth.

"There, see me!" she exclaimed. "Look at me well, this once!"

Her face was as white as marble, and her dark eyes had a wild and startled look in them, as though she saw the world for the first time. A ringlet of red-gold hair had escaped from the bands of white that crossed her forehead in an even line and were drawn down straight on either side; for in the quick movement she had made she had loosened the pin that held them together under her chin, and had freed the dazzling throat down to the high collar.

Dalrymple's pale, bright blue eyes caught fire, and he looked at her with all his being, at her face, her throat, her eyes, the ringlet of her hair. He breathed audibly, with parted lips, between his clenched teeth.

Gradually, as he looked, he saw the red blush rise from the throat to the cheeks, from the cheeks to the forehead, and the marble grew more beautiful with womanly life. Then, all at once, he saw the hot tears welling up in her eyes, and in an instant the vision was gone. With a passionate movement she had covered her face with the veil, and throwing herself sideways against the back of the chair, she pressed the dark stuff still closer to her eyes and mouth and cheeks. Her whole body shook convulsively, and a moment later she was sobbing, not audibly, but visibly, as though her heart were breaking.

Dalrymple was again taken by surprise. He had been so completely lost in the utterly selfish contemplation of her beauty that he had been very far from realizing what she herself must have felt as soon as she appreciated what she had done. He at once accused himself of having looked too rudely at her, but at the same time he was himself too much disturbed to argue the matter. Quite instinctively he rose to his feet, and tried to take one of her hands from her veil, touching it comfortingly. But she made a wild gesture, as though to drive him away.

"Go!" she cried in a low and broken voice, between her sobs. "Go! Go quickly!"

She could not say more for her sobbing, but he did not obey her. He only drew back a little, and watched her, all his blood on fire from the touch of her soft, white hand.

She stifled her sobs in her veil, and gradually grew more calm. She even arranged the veil itself a little better, her face still turned away toward the back of the chair.

"Maria! Maria!" The abbess's voice was calling her, hoarsely and almost desperately, from the next room.

She started and sat up straight, listening. Then the cry was heard again, more desperate, less loud. With a quick skill which seemed marvelous in Dalrymple's eyes, Maria adjusted her veil almost before she had sprung to her feet.

"Wait!" she said. "Something is the matter!"

She was at the bedroom door in an instant, and in an instant more she was at her aunt's bedside.

"Maria — I am dying," said the abbess's voice, faintly, as she felt the nun's arm under her head.

Dalrymple heard the words, and did not hesitate as he hastily felt for something in his pocket.

"Come!" cried Maria Addolorata.

But he was already there, on the other side

of the bed, pouring something between the sick lady's lips.

It was fortunate that he was there at that moment. He had indeed anticipated the possibility of a sudden failure in the action of the heart, and he never came to the convent without a small supply of a powerful stimulant of his own invention. The liquid, however, was of such a nature that he did not like to leave the use of it to Maria Addolorata's discretion, for he was aware that she might easily be mistaken in the symptoms of the collapse which would really require its use.

The abbess swallowed a sufficient quantity of it, and Dalrymple allowed her head to lie again upon the pillow. She looked almost as though she were dead. Her eyes were turned up, and her jaw had dropped. Maria Addolorata believed that all was over.

"She is dead," she said. "Let us leave her in peace."

It is a very ancient custom among Italians to withdraw as soon as a dying person is unconscious, if not even before the supreme moment.

"She will probably live through this," answered Dalrymple, shaking his head.

Neither he nor the nun spoke again for a long time. Little by little the abbess revived under the influence of the stimulant, the heart beat less faintly, and the mouth slowly closed, while the eyelids shut themselves tightly over the upturned eyes. The normal, regular breathing began again, and the crisis was over.

"It is passed," said Dalrymple. "It will not come again to-day. We can leave her now, for she will sleep."

"Yes," said the abbess herself; "let me sleep." Her voice was faint, but the words were distinctly articulated.

Then she opened her eyes, and looked about her quite naturally. Her glance rested upon Dalrymple's face. Suddenly realizing that she was not veiled, she drew the coverlet up over her face. It is a peculiarity of such cases that the patient returns almost immediately to ordinary consciousness when the moment of danger is past.

"Go!" she said with more energy than might have been expected. "This is a religious house. You must not be here."

Dalrymple retired into the parlor again, shutting the door behind him, and waited for Maria Addolorata; for it was now indispensable that he should give her directions for the night. During the few minutes which passed while he was alone he stood looking out of the window. The excitement of the last half-hour had cut off from his present state of mind the emotion he had felt before the abbess's cry for help, but had not decreased the impression it had left. While he was helping the sick lady there had not been one instant in which he had not felt that there was more than the life of a half-saintly old woman in the balance, and that her death meant the end of his meetings with Maria Addolorata. Annetta's words came back to him, "She will knead her pillow with tears, and make her bread of it."

Several minutes passed, and the door opened softly and closed again. Maria Addolorata came up to him where he stood by the window. She did not speak for a moment, but he saw that her hand was pressed to her side.

"I have spent a bad half-hour," she said at last, with something like a gasp.

"It is the worst half-hour I ever spent in my life," answered Dalrymple. "I thought it was all over," he added.

"Yes," she said; "I thought it was all over."

He could hear his heart beating in his ears. He could almost hear hers. His hand went out toward her, cold and unsteady, but it fell to his side again almost instantly. But for the heart-beats, it seemed to him that there was an appalling stillness in the air of the quiet room. His manly face grew very pale. He slowly bit his lip, and looked out of the window. An enormous temptation was upon him. He knew that if she moved to leave his side he should take her and hold her. There was a tiny drop of blood on his lip now. Something in him made him hope against himself that she would speak, that she would say some insignificant, dry words. But every inch of his strong fiber and every ounce of his hot blood hoped that she would move, instead of speaking.

She sighed, and the sigh was broken by a quick-drawn breath. Slowly Dalrymple turned his white face and gleaming eyes to her veiled head. Still she neither spoke nor moved. He, in memory, saw her face, her mouth, and her eyes through the thick stuff that hid them. The silence became awful to him; his hands opened and shut convulsively.

She heard his breath, and she saw the uncertain shadow of his hand, moving on the black and white squares of the pavement. She made a slight, short movement toward him, and then stepped suddenly back, overcoming the temptation to go to him.

"No!"

He uttered the single word with a low, fierce cry. In an instant his arms were around her, pressing her, lifting her, straining her, almost bruising her. In an instant his lips were kissing a face whiter than his own, eyes that flamed like summer lightning between his kisses, lips crushed and hurt by his, but still not kissed enough, hands that were raised to resist, but lingered to be kissed in turn, lest anything should be lost.

A little splintering crash, the sound of a glass

falling upon the stone floor in the next room, broke the stillness. Dalrymple's arms relaxed, and the two stood for one moment facing each other, pale, with fire in their eyes, and hearts beating more loudly than before. Dalrymple raised his hand to his forehead, as though he were dazed, and made an uncertain step in the direction of the door. Maria raised her white hands toward him, and her eyelids drooped even while she looked into his face.

He kissed her once more with a kiss in which all other kisses seemed to meet and live and die a lingering, sweet death. She sank into the deep, old easy-chair, and when she looked up he was gone.

IX.

It rained during the afternoon, and Dalrymple sat in his small laboratory, among his books and the simple apparatus he used for his experiments. His little window was closed, and the southwest wind drove the shower against the clouded panes of glass, so that the rain came through the ill-fitted strips of lead which joined them, and ran down in small streams to the channel in the stone sill, whence the water found its way out through a hole running through the wall. He sat in his rush-bottomed chair, sideways by the deal table, one long leg crossed over the other. His hand lay on an open book, and his fingers occasionally tapped the page impatiently, while his eyes were fixed on the window, watching the driving rain.

He was not thinking, for he could not think. Over and over again the scene of the morning came back to him, and sent the hot blood rushing to his throat. He tried to reflect, indeed, and to see whether what he had done was to have any consequences for him, or was to be left behind in his life, like a lovely view seen from a carriage window on a swift journey, gone before it is half seen, and never to be seen again except in dreams. But he was utterly unable to look forward, and to reason about the future. Everything dragged him back, up the steep ascent to the convent, through the arched ways and vaulted corridors, to the room in which he had passed the supreme moments of his life. The only distinct impression of the future was the strong desire to feel again what he had felt that day; to feel it again and again, and always, as long as feeling could last; to stretch out his hands and take, to close them and hold; to make his indubitably what had been but questionably his for an instant; to get the one thing worth having for himself, and only for himself. For the passion of a strong man is loving and taking, and the passion of a good woman is loving and giving. Dalrymple reasoned well enough, later,— too well, perhaps,— but during those hours he spent alone on that day there was no power of reasoning in him. The world was the woman he loved, and the world's orbit was but the circle of his clasping arms. Beyond them was chaos, without form and void, as clouded as the rain-streaked panes of his little window.

He looked at his watch more than once. At last he rose, threw a cloak over his shoulders, and went out, locking the door of the little laboratory behind him as he always did, and thrusting the unwieldy key into his pocket.

He climbed the hill to the convent, taking the short cut through the narrow lanes. The rain had almost ceased, and the wet mist that blew round the corners of the dark houses was pleasant in his face. But he scarcely knew what he saw and felt on his way. He reached the convent church, and went in, and stood by one of the pillars near the door.

It was a small church, built with a great choir for the nuns behind the high altar; from each side of the latter a high wooden screen extended to the walls, completely cutting off the space. It was dark, too, especially in such weather, and almost deserted, save for a number of old women who knelt on the damp marble pavement, some leaning against the backs of chairs, some resting one arm upon the plastered bases of the yellow marble columns. There were many lights on the high altar. Two acolytes, rough-headed boys of Subiaco, knelt within the rail, dressed in black cassocks and clean linen cottas. Two priests and a young deacon sat side by side on the right of the altar, with small black books in their hands. The nuns were chanting, unseen, in the choir. No one noticed Dalrymple, wrapped in his cloak, as he leaned against the pillar near the door. His head was a little inclined, involuntarily respectful to ceremonies he neither believed in nor understood, but which had in them the imposing element of devout earnestness. Yet his eyes were raised, and looked up from under his brows, steadily and watchfully, for he knew that Maria Addolorata was behind the screen, and from the first moment of entering the church it seemed to him that he could distinguish her voice from the rest.

He knew that it was hers, though he had never heard her sing. There was in all those sweet, colorless tones one tone that made ringing harmonies in his strong heart. Among all those mingling accents there was one accent that touched his soul. Amidst the echoes that died softly away under the dim arches there was one echo that died not, but rang on and on in his ears. There was a voice not like other voices there, nor like any he had ever heard. Many were strong and sweet; this one was not sweet and strong only, but alive with a divine life, winged with divine wings, essential of immor-

tality, touching beyond tears, passionate as the living, breathing, sighing, dying world, grand as a flood of light, sad as the twilight of gods, full as a great water swinging to the tide of the summer's moon, fine-drawn as star-rays—a voice of gold.

As Dalrymple stood there in the shadow he heard it singing to him, and telling him all that he had not been told in words, all that he felt, and more also. For there was in it the passion of the woman, and the passionate remorse of the nun, the towering love of Maria Braccio, woman and princess, and the deep despair of Maria Addolorata, nun and sinner, unfaithful spouse of the Lord Christ, accused and self-accusing, self-wronged, self-judged, but condemned of God and foretasting the ultimate tragedy that is eternal—the tragedy of supreme hell.

The man who stood there knew that it was his doing, and the burden of his deeds bowed him bodily as he stood. But still he listened, and as she sung he watched her lips in the dark, inner mirror of sin's memory, and they drew him on.

Little by little he heard only her voice, and the others chanted but faintly as from an infinite distance. And then, not in his thought, but in deed, she was singing alone, and the words of "O Salutaris Hostia," sounded in the dim church as they had never sounded before, nor could ever sound again—the appeal of a lost soul's agony to God, the glory of golden voice, the accent of transcendent genius, the passion, the strength, the despair of an ancient race.

In the dark church the coarse, sad peasant women bowed themselves upon the pavement. One of them sobbed aloud, and beat her breast. Angus Dalrymple knelt upon one knee, and pressed his brow against the foot of the pillar, kneeling neither to God, nor to the sacred Host, nor to man's belief in heaven or hell, neither praying nor blaspheming, neither hoping nor dreading, but spellbound upon a rack of torture that was heartbreaking delight, his senses torn and strained to the utmost of his strong endurance, to the very scream of passion, his soul crucified upon the exquisite loveliness of his sin.

Then all was still for an instant. Again there was a sound of voices, as the nuns sang in chorus the "Tantum Ergo." But the voice of voices was silent among them. The solemn Benediction blessed the just and the unjust alike. The short verses and responses of the priests broke the air that still seemed alive and trembling.

Dalrymple rose slowly, and wrapped his cloak about him. Above the footsteps of the women going out of the church he could hear the soft sound of all the nuns moving together as they left the choir. He knew that she was with them, and he stood motionless in his place till silence descended as a curtain between him and what had been. Then, with bent head, he went out into the rain that poured through the dim twilight.

X.

THEY were together on the following day. The abbess was better, and as yet there had been no return of the syncope which Dalrymple dreaded.

Contrary to her habit, Maria Addolorata sat on a high chair by the table, her head veiled and turned away, her chin supported in her hand. Dalrymple was seated not far from her, leaning forward and trying to see her face, silent, and in a dangerous mood. She had refused to let him come near her, and even to raise her veil. When she spoke her voice was full of a profound sadness that irritated him instead of touching him, for his nerves were strung to passion, and out of tune with regret.

"The sin of it, the deadly sin!" she said.

"There is no sin in it," he answered; but she shook her veiled head.

And there was silence again, as on the day before; but the stillness was of another kind. It was not the awful lull which goes before the bursting of the storm, when the very air seems to start at the fall of a leaf for fear lest it be already the thunder-clap. It was more like the noiseless rising of a hungry flood that creeps up round the doomed house, wherein is desperate, starving life, higher and higher, inch by inch—the flood of rising fate.

"You say that there is no sin in it," she said after a time. "You say it, but you do not think it. You are a man—you have honor to lose—you understand that, at least—"

"You are a woman, and you have humanity's right to be free. It is an honorable right. You gave it up when you took that veil, not knowing what it was that you gave up. You have done no wrong. You have done nothing that any loving maiden need be ashamed of. I kissed you, for you could not help yourself. That is the monstrous crime which you say is to be punished with eternal damnation. It is monstrous that you should think so. It is blasphemy to say that God made woman to lead a life of suffering and daily misery, chained to a cross which it is agony to look at, and shame to break from."

"Go—leave me! You are tempting me again." She spoke away from him, not changing her position.

"If truth is temptation, I am tempting you, for I am showing you the truth. The truth is this. When you were almost a child they began to bend you and break you in the way they

meant you to grow. You bent, but you were not broken. Your nature is too strong. There is a life of your own in you. It was against your will, and when you were just grown up they buried you, your beauty, your youth, your fresh young heart, your voice and your genius — for it is nothing less. It was all done with deliberate intention for the glory of your family, blasphemously asserted to be the glory of God. It was pressed upon you before you knew what you were doing, and made pleasant to you before you knew what it all meant. Your cross was cushioned for you, and your crown of thorns was gilded. They made the seat under the canopy seem a seat in heaven. They even made you believe that the management of two or three score suffering women was government and power. It seemed a great thing to be abbess, did it not?"

Maria Addolorata bent her veiled head slowly two or three times in a heavy-hearted way.

"They made you believe all that," continued Dalrymple, with cold earnestness, "and much more besides — a great deal of which I know little, I suppose — the life to come, and saintship, and the glories of heaven. You have found out what it is all worth. We have found it out together. And they frightened you with hell. Do you know what hell is? A life without love when one knows what love can mean. I am not eloquent; I wish I were. But I am plain, and I can tell you the truth."

"It is not the truth," answered the nun, slowly. "You tell me it is, to tempt me. I cannot drive you away by force. Will you not go? I cannot cry out for help; it would ruin me and you. Will you not leave me? But for God's grace, I am at your mercy, and there is little grace for me, a sinner."

"No, I will not go away," said Dalrymple; and it seemed to Maria that his voice was the voice of her fate.

"Then God have mercy!" she cried in a low tone; and as her head sank forward it was her forehead that rested in her right hand, instead of her chin.

"Love is more merciful than God," he answered.

There was a sudden softness in his voice which she had never heard, not even yesterday. Rising, he stole near to her, and, standing, bent down, and leaned upon the table by her side, and spoke close to her ear. But he did not touch her. She could feel his breath through her veil when he spoke again. It was vital, and fierce, and softly hot, like the breathing of a powerful wild beast.

"You are my God," he said. "I worship you, and adore you. But I must have you for mine always. I would rather kill you, and have no God, than lose you alive. Come with me. You are free. You can get through the garden at night — with good horses we can reach the sea to-morrow. There is an English ship of war at anchor in Civita Vecchia. The officers are my friends. Before to-morrow night we can be safe — married — happy. No one will know — no one will follow us. Maria — come — come — come!"

His voice sank to a vibrating whisper as he repeated the word again and again closer and closer to her ear. Her hands had dropped from her forehead, and lay upon the table. With bent head she listened.

"Come, my darling," he continued fast and low. "I have a beautiful home, my father's home, my mother's — your laws and vows are nothing to them. You shall be honored, loved, — ah, dear! adored, worshiped, — you do not know what we will do for you, to fill your life with sweet things. All your life, Maria, from to-morrow. Instead of pain and penance and everlasting suffering and weariness, you shall have all the world holds of love, and peace, and flowers. And you shall sing your whole heart out when you will, and have music to play with from year's beginning to year's end and year's end again. Sweet, let me tell you how I love you — how you are alive in every drop of my blood, beating through me like living fire, through heart and soul and head and hand —"

With a quick movement she pressed her palms against her veil upon her ears to shut out the sound of his words. She rocked herself a little, as though the pain were almost greater than she could bear. But his hands moved too, stealthily, strongly, as a tiger's velvet feet, with a vibration all through them, to the very ends of his fingers. For he was in earnest. And one arm went softly round her, and closed gently upon her as her figure swayed in her chair; and the other hand sought hers, and found it as cold as ice and trembling, and not strong to stop her hearing. And again she listened.

Wild and incoherent words fell from his lips, hot and low, with no reason in them but the overwhelming reason of love itself. For he was not an eloquent man, and now he took no thought of what he said. He was far too natural to be eloquent, and far too deeply stirred to care for the shape his love took in speech. There was in his words the strong rush of outbursting truth which even the worst passion has when it is real to the roots. Words terrible and gentle, blasphemous and devout, wove themselves into a new language such as Maria Addolorata had never heard, nor dared to think of hearing. But he dared everything, to tell her, to hold her, against God and devil, hea-

ven and earth, and all mankind. And he promised all he had, and all that was not his to promise or to give, rending her beliefs to shreds, trampling on the broken fragments of all she had worshiped, tearing her chains link from link, and scattering them like straw down the storm of passionate contempt. And then again pouring out love, and more love, and love again, as a stream of liquid fire let loose to flood all it meets with dazzling destruction and hot death.

It is not every woman that knows what it is to be so loved, and to listen to such words so spoken. Those who have heard and felt can understand, but not the rest. Gradually, as he spoke, her veiled face was drawn toward his; gradually her hand raised the thick veil, and drew it back; and again a little, and the hand that had struggled long and silently against his lay still at last, and the face that had appealed in vain to Heaven hid itself against the heart of the strong man.

"The Lord have mercy upon my sinful soul!" she softly prayed.

"I love you," whispered Dalrymple, folding her to him with both his arms, and pressing his lips to her head. "That is all the world holds. That is all the heaven there is, and we have it for our own."

But presently she drew back from him, clinging to him with her hands as though to hold him, and yet separating from him, and looking up into his face.

"And to-morrow?" she said, with a despairing question in her tone.

"We will go away to-night," he answered; "and to-morrow will be ours, too, and all the to-morrows after that."

But she shook her head, and her hands loosened their hold upon his arms, still lingering on his sleeves.

"And leave her to die?" she asked, with a quick glance at the abbess's door.

Then she looked at him, with something of sudden fear as she met his eyes again. And almost instantly she turned from him, and threw herself forward upon the table as she sat.

"The sin, the deadly sin!" she moaned. "Oh, the horror of it all — the sin, the shame, the disgrace! That is the worst to bear — the shame! The undying shame of it!"

Dalrymple's brows bent themselves in a heavy frown, for he was in no temper to be thwarted, desperate as the risk might be. For himself, he knew that he was setting his life on the chances if she consented, and that life would not be worth having if she refused. He knew well enough that they must almost certainly be pursued, and that there would be little hesitation about shooting him or cutting his throat if they were caught and if he resisted, as he knew that he should. He had been in love with her for days. The last twenty-four hours had made him desperate, and a desperate man is not to be played with, more especially if he chance to have any Highland blood in his veins.

"What do you believe in most?" he asked suddenly and almost brutally.

She turned, startled, and looked him in the face.

"Because, if you believe in God, as I suppose you do, I take God to witness that I shall be a dead man this night unless you promise to go with me."

She stared, and turned white to the lips, as he had never seen her turn pale before. She leaned forward, gazing into his eyes and breathing hard.

"You do not mean that," she said, as though trying hard to convince herself.

"I mean it," he answered slowly, pale himself, and knowing what he said.

She leaned nearer to him, and took his arms with her hands, for she could not speak. The terrible question was in her eyes.

"You would kill yourself if I refused — if I would not go with you?" Still she could not believe him.

"Yes," he answered.

Once more the room was very still as the two looked into each other's eyes. But Maria Addolorata said nothing. The frown deepened on Dalrymple's face, and his strong mouth was drawn, as a man draws in his lips at the moment of meeting death.

"Good-by," he said, gently loosening himself from her hold.

Her hands dropped, and she turned half round, following him as he went toward the door. His hand was almost on the latch. He did not turn. But as he heard her swift feet behind him he bent his head a little. Her arms went round his throat, reaching up to his great height.

"No! No!" she cried, drawing his head down to her.

But he took her by the wrists, and held her away from him at arms' length.

"Are you in earnest?" he asked fiercely. "If you play with me any more, you shall die, too."

"But not to-day!" she answered imploringly. "Not to-night! Give me time — a day — a little while —"

"To lose you? No. I have been near losing you. I know what it means. Make up your mind. Yes or no."

"To-night? But how? There is not time — these clothes I wear —"

She turned her head distractedly to one side and the other as she spoke, while he held her wrists. Dalrymple saw that there was reason

in the objections she made. So dangerous a flight could not be undertaken without some preparation. He loosed her hands, and began to pace the room, concentrating his mind upon the details. She watched him in silence, leaning against the back of the easy-chair. Then he stopped just before her.

"My cloak would come down to your feet," he said, measuring her height with his eyes. "I have a plaid which would cover your head. Once on horseback, no one would notice anything. Can you ride?"

"No; I never learned."

"That is unlucky. But we can manage it. The main thing would be to get a long start if possible,— that you should not be missed,— to get away just at the beginning of the longest time during which the nuns would not expect to see you. Where is your own room? Is it near this?"

Maria Addolorata told him, and explained the position of the balcony with the steps leading down into the garden. He asked her who kept the key of the postern. It was in the possession of the gardener, who took it away with him at night; but the lock was on the inside, and uncovered, as old Italian locks are. By raising the curved spring one could push back the bolt. There was a handle on the latter for that purpose. There would be no difficulty about getting out, nor about letting Dalrymple in, provided that the night were dark.

"The moon is almost full," said Dalrymple, thoughtfully; and he began to walk up and down again. "Never mind. It must be to-morrow night. In your dark dress, when the sisters are asleep, if you keep in the shadow along the wall, there is not the slightest risk. I will be waiting for you on the other side of the gate with my cloak and plaid. I will have the horses ready a little higher up. There is a good mule-path which goes down into the valley on that side. You have only to reach the gate, and let yourself out. It is very easy. Tell me at what time to be waiting."

Maria leaned heavily upon the chair, with bent head.

"I cannot do it—oh, I cannot!" she said despairingly. "The shame of it! To be the talk of Rome, the scandal of the day, a disgrace to my father and mother!"

Dalrymple frowned, and, biting his lip, he struck his clenched fist softly with the palm of his hand, making a few quick steps backward and forward. He stopped suddenly, and looked at her with dangerous eyes.

"I have told you," he said. "I will not repeat it. You must choose."

"Oh, you cannot be in earnest—"

"You shall see. It is plain enough," he added, with an accent of scorn. "You are more afraid of a little talk and gossip in Rome than of being told to-morrow morning that I died in the night. That is Italian courage, I suppose."

She hung her head for a moment. Then, as she heard his footsteps, she threw her veil back, and saw that he was going toward the door without a word.

"You are cruel," she said, half catching her breath. "You know that you make me suffer —that I cannot live without you."

"I shall certainly not live without you," he answered. "I mean to have you at any price, or I will die in the attempt to get you."

The words have a melodramatic look on paper, but he spoke them not only with his lips, but with his whole self. They were not out of keeping with his nature. There is no more desperate blood in the world's veins than that of the Celt when he is driven to bay or exasperated by passion. In him the reckless fatalism of the Asiatic is blended with the cool daring of the Northerner.

Maria Addolorata had little experience of the world or of men, but she had the hereditary instincts of her sex, and as she looked at Dalrymple she recognized in him the man who would do what he said, or forfeit his life in trying to do it. There is no mistaking the truth about such men at such moments.

"I believe you would," she said, and she felt pride in saying it.

Her own life was in the balance. She bent her head again. Her temples were throbbing, and it was hard to think at all connectedly.

"I want your answer," he said, still standing near the door. "Yes or no, for to-morrow night?"

"I cannot live without you," she answered slowly, and still looking down. "I must go."

But she did not meet his eyes, for she knew that she was wavering still, and almost as uncertain as before. All at once Dalrymple's manner changed. He came quietly to her side, and took one of her hands, which hung idly over the back of the chair, in both of his.

"You must be in earnest, as I am, my dear," he said very calmly and gently. "You must not play with a man's life and heart as though they were worth nothing but play. You called me cruel, dear, a moment ago. But you are more cruel than I, for I do not hesitate."

"I must go," she repeated, still avoiding his look. "Yes; I must go. I should die without you."

"But to-morrow when I come you will hesitate again," he said, still speaking very quietly. "I must be sure. You must give me some promise, something more than you have given me yet."

She looked up with startled eyes.

"You do not believe me?" she asked.

"What shall I do? I—I promise! You yourself have never said that you promised."

"Does it need that?" He pressed the hand he held, with softly increasing strength, between his palms.

"No," she answered, looking at him; "I can see it. You will do what you say. I have promised, too."

He gazed incredulously into her face.

"Do you doubt me?" she asked.

"Have I not reason to doubt? You change your mind easily. I do not blame you. But how am I to believe?"

She grew impatient of his unbelief. Yet as he pressed her hand the power he had over her increased with every second.

"But I will, I will!" she cried in a low voice. "And still you doubt—I see it in your eyes. Have I not promised? What more can I do?"

"I do not know," he answered; "but you must make me believe you." The strength of his eyes seemed to be forcing something from her.

"I say it—I promise it—I swear it! Do I not love you? Am I not giving my soul for you? Have I not given it already? What more can I do or say?"

"I do not know," he answered a second time, holding her with his eyes. "I must believe you before I go."

He spoke honestly and earnestly, not meaning to exasperate her, searching in her look for what was unmistakably in his own. His hands shook, not weakly, as they held hers. His piercing eyes seemed to see through and through her. She trembled all over, and the color rose to her face, more in despair of convincing him than in a blush of shame.

"Believe me!" she said imperiously, and her eyelids contracted with the effort of her will.

But he said nothing. She felt that he was immeasurably stronger than she. But just then he was not more desperate. There was a short, intense silence. Her face grew pale, and was set with the fatal look she sometimes had.

"I pledge you with my blood!" she said suddenly.

Her eyes did not waver from his, but she wrenched her right hand from him, and before he could take it again her even teeth had met in the flesh. The bright, scarlet blood rose high, and broke, and trickled in vivid stripes across her hand as she held it before his face. Her own was very white, but without a trace of pain. Something in the fierce action appealed strongly to the fiery Celtic nature of the man. His features relaxed instantly.

"I believe you," he said, and she knew it as his arms went round her; and the pain of the wound made his kisses sweeter.

XI.

When Dalrymple left Maria on that day, he returned as usual to Stefanone's house. Sora Nanna was alone, for Stefanone was still absent in Rome, and Annetta had gone on the previous day with a number of women to the fair at Civitella San Sisto, which took place on Sunday. She was expected to return on Monday afternoon. It is usual enough for a party of women, with two or three men, to go to the fairs in neighboring towns, and to spend the night with the friends of some one of the company. It was more common still in those days.

Sora Nanna gave Dalrymple his dinner, and kept him company for a while. But he was gloomy and preoccupied, and before long she retired to the regions of the laundry, which was installed in a long, low building that ran out into the vegetable garden at the back of the house. Monday was generally the day for ironing the heavy linen of the convent, which was taken up on Tuesdays in the huge baskets carried by four women, slung to a pole which rested on their shoulders in the old primitive fashion, just as litters are still carried in many parts of Asia. It had occurred more than once to Dalrymple, during the last two days, that he could hide almost anything he chose in one of these baskets, which was always delivered directly to Maria Addolorata, and which she was at liberty to unpack in the privacy of the linen-room if she chose.

He thought of this again as he sat over his dinner, and heard the endless song of the women far off at their work. He knew the habits of the house thoroughly, and all the customs regarding the carrying up of the baskets, and he remembered that several of them would surely be taken to the convent on the morrow. He thought that if he could procure some more suitable clothes for Maria to wear, this would be a safe means of conveying them to her. She could put them on in her cell just before the hour at which she was to expect him, so that there would be no time lost, and the danger of detection during their flight would be greatly diminished. But there were all sorts of difficulties in the way, and he realized them one by one, until he almost abandoned the scheme in favor of the cloak and plaid which he had first proposed.

He pushed back his chair, and went up-stairs to his own room. The impression made upon him by Maria Addolorata when she had bitten her hand had been a strong one, but the man's nature, though not exactly distrustful, was melancholic and pessimistic. Two hours and more had passed since they had been together, and things had a different look. He realized more clearly the strength of the ties which bound

Maria to her convent life, and the effort it must be to her to break them. He remembered the arguments he had used, and he saw that they had been those of passion rather than of reason. Their effect could not be lasting when he himself was not there to lend them his words and the persuasion of his strength. Maria would repent of her promise; and there was nothing to bind her to it. Hitherto there had been no risk, no common danger. By a chain of natural circumstances he had made his way into a most extraordinary position, but it was in her power, in a moment of repentance, to force him from it. While the abbess was ill, Maria was virtually mistress of the convent. At a word from her the doors might be shut in his face. She might promise again, and bite her hand again; but when it came to his waiting outside the garden gate, she might be seized by a fit of repentance, and he might wait till morning.

As he sat in his room he realized all this and more, for he knew that on calm reflection he meant to do what he had that morning threatened in his haste. He had never been attached to life for its own sake. Melancholic men often are not. He had many times thought over the subject of suicide with a sort of grim interest in it, which indicated the direction his temper would take if he were ever absolutely defeated in a matter which he had at heart.

Nothing he had ever felt in his life had taken hold of him as his love for Maria Addolorata; for he had never really been in love before, and he had completely abandoned himself to it, as such a man was sure to do in such surroundings. She was beautiful, but that was not all. Since he had heard her sing he knew that her voice and her rare talent together were genius and nothing less. But that was far from being all. She was of his own class, and he had been seeing her daily, when the peasant women among whom he lived were little more than good-natured animals; but even that was not all. He was at that time of life when a man's character is apt to take a violent and sudden turn in its ultimate direction, when the forces that have been growing show themselves all at once, when passion, having appealed as yet but to the man, has climbed and is within reach of his soul, to take hold of it and twist it, or to be finally conquered, perhaps, in a holy life. But Dalrymple was very far from being the kind of man who could have taken refuge against himself in higher things. At a time when materialism was beginning to seem a great thing, he was a strong materialist in scientific questions. He grasped what he could see, and held it, but what he could not see had no existence for him. Nothing transcendental attracted him beyond the sphere of mathematics. Yet he had not the materialist's temperament: for the Highland blood in his veins brought strong fancies and sudden passions to his head and heart, such as his chemistry could not explain; and when the brain burned and the heart beat fast, it meant doing or dying with him, as with many a Scotchman before and since. Life had never seemed to be worth much in his eyes compared with a thing he wanted.

He sat still and thought the matter over, and considered the question of death, for a few short minutes. There was not a trace of philosophical speculation in his reflections, or they would have lasted longer. He merely desired to be sure, with that curious Scotch caution, of his own intentions, in order not to be obliged to think the matter over again at the last minute.

He had drunk a measure of strong wine with his dinner as usual. To-day it increased the gloom of his temper, and the pessimistic view he took. In less than a quarter of an hour he had made up his mind that if Maria Addolorata repented at a late hour and refused to leave the convent, he would make an attempt to carry her away by force. If he failed, and found himself shut off from all possibility of intercourse with her, life would not be worth living, and he would throw it away. When strong men are in that frame of mind they generally accomplish what they have in view. Moreover, it is a great mistake to think that the people who think and talk of suicide will not take their own lives. On the contrary, statistics show that it is more those who speak of it the most frequently who ultimately make away with themselves. The mere fact of contemplating and discussing death familiarizes man with it till he does not even attribute to it its true value, which is little enough, as most of us know. Dalrymple was in earnest, and he knew it.

He rose from his chair, and unlocked his little laboratory. Among many other things upon the long table there was a plain English oak box, filled with small stoppered bottles, each having a label upon it with the name of the contents written in his own hand. Some were merely medicines, which he carried with him in case his services should ever be required, as had happened at the present time. Others were chemicals which he used in his experiments, such as he could not easily have procured in Italy outside of the great cities. One even contained the common spirits of camphor, of which he had once given Annetta a teaspoonful when she had complained of a chill and sickness. One, however, was more than half full of a solution of hydrocyanide of potassium, a liquid little less suddenly and surely fatal than the prussic acid which enters into its composition.

He took out this bottle, and held it up to the light. The liquid was as clear and transparent as water. He watched it curiously as he made it

run up to the neck and back again. It might have been taken for pure alcohol, being absolutely colorless.

"It would not take much of that," he said to himself, with a grim smile.

His meditations were interrupted by the voice of Sora Nanna, who had opened his bedroom door without ceremony, and stood calling to him. He came forward hastily from the laboratory, and went up to her.

"You do not know!" she cried, laughing, and holding up a letter. "Stefanone has written to me from Rome! To me! Who the devil knows what he says? I do not understand anything of it. Who should teach me to read? He takes me for a priest, that I should know how to read!"

Dalrymple laughed a little as he took the letter. He picked up his hat from a chair, for he meant to go out and spend the afternoon alone upon the hillside.

"We will read it down-stairs," he said. "I am going for a walk."

He read it to her in the common room on the ground floor. It was a letter dictated by Stefanone to a public scribe, instructing his wife to tell Gigetto to send another load of wine to Rome as soon as possible, as the price was good in the market. Stefanone would remain in the city till it came, and sell it before returning.

"These husbands!" exclaimed Sora Nanna, with a grin. "What they will not do! They go, riding, riding, and they come back when it seems good to them. Who tells me what he does in Rome? Rome is great."

Dalrymple laughed, put on his hat, and went off, leaving Sora Nanna to find Gigetto and give the necessary directions.

XII.

GIGETTO had refused to accompany Annetta and her party to the fair at Civitella San Sisto. He had been to Rome several times, and was far too fine a young gentleman to divert himself in such a very primitive place. He preferred to spend his leisure hours, which were very many, in elegant idleness, according to his lights, between the tobacconist's, the chemist's shop, which was the resort of all the superior men of the place after four o'clock in the afternoon, and the abundant though not very refined table which was spread twice daily in his father's house. Civitella wine, Civitella fireworks, and especially Civitella girls, were quite beneath his notice. As for Annetta, he looked upon her with something like contempt, though he had a high respect for the fortune which must one day be hers. She was to be a necessary encumbrance of his future life, and for the present he meant to see as little of her as was conveniently possible without relinquishing his claims to her hand. She had admired him, in a way, until the arrival of Dalrymple; and he felt a little irritation at the Scotchman's presence in the house, so that he occasionally frightened Sora Nanna by talking of waiting for him with a gun at the corner of the forest. It produced a good impression, he thought, to show from time to time that he was not without jealousy. But as for going with her on such an expedition as a visit to a country fair, it was not to be expected of him.

Nevertheless, Annetta had enjoyed herself thoroughly with her companions, and was very glad that Gigetto had not been at her elbow with his city notions of propriety, which he applied to her, but made as elastic as he pleased for himself. She had been to high mass in the village church, crowded to suffocation; she had walked up and down the main street half the afternoon, arm in arm with the other girls, giggling and showing off her handsome costume to the poorer natives of the little place, and smiling wickedly at the handsome youths who stood idly in groups at the corners of the streets. She had dined sumptuously, and had made her eyes sparkle like rather vulgar little stars by drinking a glass of strong old white wine to the health and speedy marriage of all the other girls. She had gone out with them at dusk, and had watched the pretty fireworks in the small piazza, and had wandered on with them afterward in the moonlight to the ruin of the cyclopean fortress which overlooks the two valleys. Then back to the house of her friends, who kept the principal inn, and more tough chicken and tender salad and red wine for supper. And on the next day they had all gone down to the meager vineyards, half-way to San Vito, and just below the thick chestnut woods which belong to the marchese and feudal lord of that ancient town. And there, among the showers of reddening vine-leaves, she had helped to gather the last grapes of the year, with song and jest and laughter. At noon they climbed the hill again in the October sun, and dined upon the remains of the previous day's feast; then, singing still, they had started on their homeward, downward way, happy and not half tired yet when they reached Subiaco in the evening glow.

They came trooping through the town to the little piazza in which the doctor's house was situated. They separated here, some to go up to the higher part, while others were to go down in the same direction as Annetta. The girl looked up at the doctor's windows, and her small eyes flashed viciously. It would be a pleasant ending to the two days' holiday to have a look at her work. Now that he was

getting well, as Dalrymple told her, she was glad that she had not killed him. It was an even greater satisfaction to have almost frightened the old coward to death. She had been uneasy about the question of confession.

"By Bacchus!" she laughed, "I will go and see Sor Tommaso. They say he is better."

So she took leave of her companions, and entered the narrow door, and climbed the short flight of dark steps, and knocked. The doctor's sleeping-room opened directly upon the staircase. He used the room on the ground floor as an office and dining-room, his old peasant woman-servant slept in the attic, and the other two rooms were let by the year. It was a very small house.

The old woman, whose name was Serafina, opened the bedroom door, and thrust out her head, covered with a dark and threadbare shawl. There was a sibylline gloom about her withered face, as though she had lived a lifetime in the face of a horror to come.

"What do you want?" she croaked roughly, and not opening the door any wider.

"Eh, what do I want? I am the Annetta of Stefanone, and I have come to pay a visit to this dear doctor, because they say that he is better, God bless him!"

"Oh! I did not recognize you," said the old woman. "I will ask."

Still holding the door almost closed, she drew in her head, and spoke with Sor Tommaso. Annetta could hear his answer.

"Of course!" he said in a voice still weak, but singularly oily with the politeness of his intention. "Let her favor us!"

The door was opened, and Annetta went in. Sor Tommaso was sitting up near the window, in a deep easy-chair covered with ragged green damask. The girl was surprised by his pallor, as compared with his formerly rubicund complexion. Peasant-like, she glanced about the room to judge of its contents before she spoke.

"How are you, dear Sor Tommaso?" she asked after the short pause. "Eh, what we have suffered for you, all of us! Who was this barbarian who wished to send you to paradise?"

"Who knows?" returned Sor Tommaso, with amazing blandness. "I trust that he may be forgiven, as I forgive him."

"What it is to be a wise man!" exclaimed Annetta, with affected admiration. "To have such sentiments! It is a beautiful thing. And how do you feel now, dear Sor Tommaso? Are you getting your strength again? They took your blood, those cowardly murderers. You must make it again."

Their eyes met, and each knew that the other knew and understood. Sor Tommaso smiled gently. The savage girl's mouth twitched as though she should have liked to laugh.

"Little by little; who goes slowly goes safely," answered the doctor. "I am an old man, you must know."

"Old!" Annetta was glad of the opportunity to laugh at last. "Old? Eh, on Sunday, when you have on those new black trousers of yours that are tight, tight — you seem to me a boy as young as Gigetto. For my part, I should prefer you. You are more serious. Gigetto! What must I say? He is handsome, he may be good, but he has not a head. There is nothing in that pumpkin."

"Blood of youth," answered Sor Tommaso. "It must boil. It must fling its chains about. Afterward it begins to know the chains. Little by little it accustoms itself to them. Then it is quiet, quiet, as we old ones are. Sit down, my daughter. Serafina! A chair — the one that is not lame. These chairs remember the blessed soul of mama," added Sor Tommaso, in explanation of their weakness.

"Requiesca'!" exclaimed Annetta, sitting down.

"Amen," responded Sor Tommaso. "You are so beautiful to-day," he continued, looking at her flowered bodice and new apron; "where have you been?"

"Where should I go? To Civitella. There was the fair. We ate certain chickens — tough! But the air of the mountain consumes. There were also fireworks."

"What? Have you walked?" asked Sor Tommaso.

"Even with two legs one can walk," laughed the girl. "But of course a beast is better with four. The beasts had all gone to Tivoli with wine for Rome. They had not come back yesterday morning. Therefore with these two feet I walked. I and many others, girls like me. It is true that I am half dead."

"You are fresher than lettuce," observed Sor Tommaso. "And then you have climbed up my stairs. This is a true Christian act. God return it to you. I am alone all day."

"But the Englishman comes to see you," said Annetta, indifferently.

"The Englishman, yes. He comes. More or less, he has almost cured me. But then, for his conversation I say nothing."

"Meanwhile, he is also curing the abbess. He has a fortunate hand. There death, here death — he makes them all alive. Where is death now? Here, perhaps? Hidden in some corner, or under the bed? He has certain medicines, that Englishman! Medicines that you do not even dream of. Strong! It is I that tell you. Sometimes the whole house smells of them. Death could not resist them a moment. They drive even the flies out of the windows.

The Englishman gave me some once. I had been in the sun, and had drunk a gallon of cold water, foolish as I was. I was thirsty, as I am now. Well, he gave me a spoonful of something like water, mixed in water. I do not tell you anything. At first it burned me. Archpriest, it burned! Then, not even a minute, and I had paradise in my body. And so it passed."

"Who knows? A cordial, perhaps," observed Sor Tommaso, thoughtfully. "I have such cordials, too."

"I do not doubt it," answered the girl, suspiciously. "But I would rather not taste them. I feel quite well."

It crossed her mind that in return for three knife-thrusts Sor Tommaso would probably not miss so good a chance of paying her with a glass of poison. She would certainly have done as much herself had she been in his place.

"Who thought of offering you cordials?" replied the doctor, with a polite laugh. "I said it to say it. But if you are thirsty, command me. There are water and good wine. They are the best cordials."

"Eh, a little water. I do not refuse. As for the wine, no. I thank you the same. I am fasting, and have walked. After supper, at home, I will drink."

"Serafina!" cried Sor Tommaso, and the old sibyl immediately appeared from the stairs, whither she had discreetly retired to wait during Annetta's visit. "Bring water, and that bottle of my wine from down-stairs. You know, the bottle of old wine of Stefanone's that was opened."

"No, no; I want no wine," said Annetta, quickly.

"Bring it, all the same. Perhaps she will do us the honor to drink it."

Serafina nodded, and her bare feet were heard on the stone steps as she descended.

"It is bad to drink pure water when one is very thirsty," said Sor Tommaso. "It cramps the stomach. A little wine gives the stomach strength. But it is best to eat. If you will eat, there are fresh jumbles. I also eat them."

"I thank you the same," answered Annetta. "I wish only water. It is a long way from Civitella, and there is no good spring. There is the brook that runs out of the pond at the foot of the last hill; but it is heavy water, full of stuff."

Serafina came back, bringing two heavy tumblers of pressed glass on a little black japanned tray, with a decanter of cold water. In her other hand she carried two bottles, one half-full of wine, the other containing the white and sugary syrup of peach-kernels of which Italians are so fond.

"I brought this also," she said, holding up the bottle as she set down the tray. "Perhaps it is better."

"Yes," said Sor Tommaso, nodding in approbation; "it is better."

"You will drink a little orgeat?" asked the old woman, in a tone of persuasion, and mixing it in the glass.

"Water, simply water," said Annetta, who was still suspicious. "Give me water in the other glass."

"But I have mixed already in both," answered Serafina. "Eh, you will drink it. You will not make an old woman like me go all the way down the stairs again. But then, it is good. It is I that tell you. I made it myself, yesterday morning, for the doctor, to refresh his blood a little."

Annetta had risen to her feet, and was watching the glasses, as the old woman stirred the white syrup in the water with an old-fashioned, long-handled spoon. She did not wish to seem absurdly suspicious, and yet she distrusted her enemy. She took one of the glasses, went to his side, and held it to his lips, as one gives an invalid drink.

"After you," he said, with a polite smile, but raising his hand to take the glass.

"Sick people first, well people afterward," answered Annetta, smiling too, but watching him intently.

He had satisfied himself that she really suspected foul play, for he knew the peasants well, and was only a degree removed from them himself. He at once dismissed her suspicions by drinking half a tumbler at a draught. She immediately took the other, and emptied it eagerly, as she was really very thirsty.

"A little more?" suggested Serafina in her croaking voice.

"No," interposed Sor Tommaso; "it might hurt her — so much at once."

But Annetta filled the tumbler with pure water, and emptied it again.

"At last!" she exclaimed, with a sigh of satisfaction. "What thirst! I seemed to have eaten ashes! And now I thank you, Sor Tommaso, and I am going home; for it is Ave Maria, and I do not wish to make a bad meeting in the dark, as happened to you. Ugly assassins! I will never forgive them, never! What am I to say at home? That you will come to supper one of these days?"

"Eh, if God wills," answered the doctor. "I will be accompanied by Serafina."

"I!" exclaimed the old woman. "I am afraid even of a cat! What could I do for you?"

"Company is always company," said Sor Tommaso, wisely. "Where one would not go, two go bravely. Good evening, my beautiful daughter," he added, looking up at Annetta. "The Madonna go with you!"

"Thank you, and good evening," answered the girl, dropping half a courtesy, with a vicious twinkle in her little eyes.

She turned, and was out of the room in a moment. On the way home through the narrow streets in the evening glow she sang snatches of song to herself, and thought of all she had said to Sor Tommaso, and of all he had said to her, and of how much afraid he was of her father's knife. For otherwise, as she knew, he would have had her arrested.

Suddenly, at the last turning, she stopped, and turned very pale, clasping both hands upon her bodice.

"Assassin!" she groaned, grinding her short white teeth. "He has poisoned me, after all! An evil death to him and all his house! Assassin!"

She forgot that she had experienced precisely the same sensations once before when she had been overheated, and had swallowed too much cold water.

(To be continued.)

F. Marion Crawford.

FESTIVALS IN AMERICAN COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.

[THOSE who have observed the development of women's colleges in America must have noticed the natural evolution of customs, fêtes, and celebrations, some of which are as different from those in vogue at men's colleges as women are different from men. This difference is typified in, for instance, the college call of Wellesley, as compared with that of any of the colleges for men. There is every reason that in institutions for women esthetic culture should proceed along such lines, for in the hands of women especially rests the gentler side of life. If the love and art of grace and beauty are not with them, where shall these qualities be found? In all parts of the country is to be noticed of late years an increase of interest in gay and beautiful pageants, of one sort or another, on land or water. Women have in these a great part, and this new tendency in our rather hard and strained American life is surely one to be cultivated at school, in our homes, and in our communities.—THE EDITOR.]

AT BRYN MAWR.

IN this age, when so much attention is given to the higher education of women, it is interesting to notice how college women spend the leisure hours of their college life. Light athletics, although playing a more and more important part, have not yet acquired the importance for women that they have for men, and social pleasures far outweigh them. At Bryn Mawr the social life of the undergraduates falls naturally into two parts, one centered about the freshmen, the other about the seniors.

The college year opens with a series of informal "teas" given by the older students to the newcomers, and these are scarcely over when comes the regular invitation tennis tournament, in which the college champions play against representatives from other colleges. During this time the college is very gay: teas are given on the lawns, and the colors of the contestants float from all the windows. The date of the tournament has usually been so set that the visitors have been present for the formal welcome given to the freshmen in the sophomore play.

The early experiences of the students at Bryn Mawr differ from those of students in other colleges in that hazing in its ordinary form does not exist. In its place has developed one of the oldest and most characteristic of our customs, that of "the presentation of lanterns," a ceremony which is the essential feature of the sophomore play. The sophomores greet the freshmen with a song, and present each one with a "lantern to light her steps through the unknown ways of college life," and especially through the mazes of the "group system." Sometimes much sage advice is given with the light, and once the unfortunate freshmen won their lanterns only after passing an impromptu oral examination. The form of this play differs with the character and resources of the class giving it; but as preparations for it are begun in the freshman year, it is expected to be both clever and original.

This very courteous sort of hazing is acknowledged a month or two later by the freshmen, who give an entertainment in honor of the sophomores. The freshman play is usually less ambitious than the sophomore play, but of the same general character, and it is most interesting to see the first expression of the ability of

the new class; for it is at this play that the freshmen first sing their class song, and give proof of any power or originality they may possess. No class in college has failed to receive the lantern; for, in order that '89, the first class to enter Bryn Mawr, might not be forced to feel its way in darkness, the younger classes united to give its members lanterns to light them on the part of their way that still lay before them.

By this time the freshmen are fully launched into college life, and henceforth little attention is paid to them as a class. From Thanksgiving till after the mid-year examinations the college life is much more quiet; the entertaining becomes more general in character. Because the course of study is so largely elective, there is little class distinction when the excitement of the class plays is over. Individual students take the initiative in getting up musicals, plays, fancy-dress parties, or germans, or give parties in their rooms for their special friends. Just as the freshman and sophomore plays show the character of each class as a whole, so these private enterprises serve to bring out the cleverness of the individual student. "Character teas" have become an established feature of college fun: sometimes all the guests come in costume, and play the part of literary people, or again they represent different social types, or illustrate college jokes. Some of the rooms, too, are very characteristic of the owners: over tea-tables and desks, on the doors, in fact anywhere, are found "signs"—that is, jokes or quotations suggesting hospitality and good-fellowship.

In the second semester the seniors become the center of interest. The first important event is the announcement of the European fellowships; and on the evening of this announcement the health of the new fellows is drunk in lemonade, and toasts are proposed by their friends.

Perhaps nothing is really more characteristic of the college than some of the small details of the life that are not even thought of as customs, and seem very trivial when put into words. A very pretty old English custom of the spring has been revived in college. Early on the morning of May-day the students roam the woods and fields for wild flowers with which to fill dainty baskets. A little later in the day these baskets, bearing verses of greeting, may be seen hanging on the doors of favored friends.

At this season begin the formal festivals for the seniors. For several years it has been customary for the juniors to entertain the seniors at supper. At one of the prettiest of these suppers the juniors, after seating the seniors, assembled at one end of the hall, and sang in chorus a most gracious song of welcome and farewell. The supper is followed by toasts proposed by the juniors and answered by the seniors—toasts to the class, to its fellows, or to anything in its history that is especially amusing or characteristic. The last of the speeches is a formal farewell to the seniors given by the president of the junior class, and the party breaks up with the singing of the most familiar college songs. An amusing feature of the occasion is the audience assembled under the windows: many students of the younger classes place themselves where they can watch the fun and hear the speeches. By singing class songs the οἱ πολλοί invariably force themselves upon the notice of the fortunates inside, and, faithful to the end, are finally rewarded with cakes and sweets smuggled out of the windows for their benefit.

Many gaieties are crowded into the last week of the college year. The first of these is the senior class supper, where the seniors meet for the last time as a class. Even those students who have been least sensible of class feeling are impressed by the solemnity of this occasion. Everything that has marked the career of the class is brought up "in memoriam," old jokes are repeated, songs sung, and stories told. Last of all, the class, standing, sings its own song, and gives its cheer. When all is over, some of the flowers and cake are sent to the honorary members of the class—that is, to those members of the faculty who first came to Bryn Mawr the year that the class entered.

The "college breakfast," held at high noon on the day before commencement, is given to the seniors by the other students. It is held in the gymnasium, which is decorated with daisies and boughs, lightened here and there by the yellow and white of the class banners. The toasts are followed by chorus-singing of college songs. Verses have been written to the air of "Here 's to good old Yale," and each year new ones are added for the new features of the college life; they may be in honor of different professors or students, or may commemorate favorite courses or college jokes. The best of these verses are remembered, and find their way into the permanent body of songs. So, instead of cheering the classes and buildings, it is customary to sing to them; and though cheers do exist, it is only of late that they have been much heard.

The first distinctive cheer was originated by the class of '91, and refers to the fact that the founder of the college, Dr. Taylor, was a member of the Society of Friends. It is:

Hurrah! hurray! for the Gray!
Hurray! hurrah! Bryn Mawr!

Another familiar cheer is that of the class of '93; it was sent them as a greeting at the time of their freshman play, and is in Greek because

the play was a series of Greek pictures and scenes. It is:

κόππα τε γάμμα τε χαίρετ'
ἀρίθμων ἔξοχα πάντων.
'Rah for '93!
Nine and three, welcome!
Best of all numbers!
'Rah for '93!

The later classes simply use the "'Rah! 'Rah!" with the name of the class.

Since basket-ball has been introduced, and outdoor athletics have grown popular, cheering has become more common. During the game the competing classes cheer themselves and their individual players, and some of the cheers are most amusing, and hit off the methods of the different players very aptly.

But the seniors have not yet completed their career, and before college breaks up they hand over to the lower classes their duties and responsibilities, and make a tour of the buildings, serenading and cheering each building as they go. As a last courtesy to the seniors, the freshmen on commencement morning make countless daisy chains, which are used to decorate the chapel and the hallways, while the sophomores act as marshal and ushers for the commencement exercises.

The final festivity of the year is the alumnæ supper, given on commencement evening. The supper is especially distinguished from the college suppers by the speech of welcome made to the new alumnæ, though it also differs in that the toasts and conversation deal with topics of general rather than of local interest. At the close of the supper the lights are turned low, and the lanterns that stand at the plates are lighted from one large lantern that has been burning throughout the evening at the head of the table. The alumnæ stand holding the lighted lanterns, and, after singing the old college song, "Manus Bryn Mavrensium," they go out, leaving the lanterns burning on the tables.

From the repeated use of the daisy and the lantern in the college ceremonies, it is not difficult to understand why the yellow and white of the daisy have been adopted as the college colors, or why the lantern has been used for the design of the college pin and as the name of the college magazine.

Susan G. Walker.

AT MOUNT HOLYOKE.

IT is only occasional students at Mount Holyoke to whom "all work and no play" seems either attractive or necessary, and these few are not those known in class work as "all-around students." Time was when croquet or a game of bean-bag was the resort for vigorous recreation; but since physical culture has offered to college women the same means of development that is provided in colleges for men, all gymnasium exercises are in favor, particularly the class designated "heavy gymnastics," and those who excel in vaulting and the high jump, or are skilful in the manipulation of basket-ball (the present fad), are ready for the more athletic games of the campus.

In early autumn and late spring, when gymnasium work is given up for open-air recreations, a base-ball nine is usually formed; and if it never attains the excellence that dares challenge college neighbors, well-worn tracks give evidence that good runs have been made, while ruddy countenances and strengthened muscles testify to the healthfulness of the exercise.

Included in the college grounds is Lake Nonotuck, well supplied with boats in constant demand; and although there has not been an overplus of enthusiasm for organized crews, some good rowing-matches are witnessed, and there is opportunity for each student to learn the art of rowing, which few neglect, and in which many attain grace and skill. The same lake is equally popular in winter as a skating-ground, and the slopes toward it for coasting. The inventive power manifested in improvising substitutes for sleds for the multitude when a favoring crust appears is hopeful for the future of woman. Brooms and dust-pans return to their retreats after such occasions, valuable only as souvenirs.

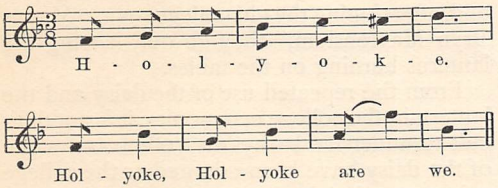
But the tennis-courts, increasing yearly in number, and always in use out of class hours, show which is the most popular of campus recreations. A tournament is held each year in June, and much class pride is taken in the contests and awards.

There are certain "set feasts" that the seasons bring around. Founder's day and Thanksgiving are times for the receiving and entertaining of guests; especially is the latter a time when former students come back to alma mater for the day, as to the old homestead. All-hallowe'en is celebrated by a masked ghost-party in the gymnasium.

A lawn tea welcomes the sub-freshmen taking examinations near commencement week, and the senior class tender them a reception in September when they have fully entered upon their work. In accordance with an old custom, in early spring the youngest class are allowed "Freshman day," to pay their respects to Mount Holyoke; and no happier hour comes into college life than this, when, with a year of

completed work almost behind them, they ride away under the apple-blossoms, through "the long, low, lazy hamlet Hockanum," to the commanding height from which the college takes its name.

"Mountain day" is in autumn, when the foliage is at its best, and the fringed gentians are at home. Then each student betakes her to her favorite mountain shrine, whether of Holyoke or Nonotuck, both within a radius of four miles, as fancy or companionship may dictate; and all along the way, in the going and coming of the merry groups, rings out through woodland and vale the musical call:



A pretty custom during the time of flowers is for the classes in turn to decorate the dining-tables from the botanic garden; and individual bouquets of violets, pansies, roses, or whatever the season offers, make a spring breakfast more cheery and appetizing, and add a pleasure to a Sabbath-evening tea.

It is usual for the senior class, on the completion of a subject, to serenade the professor of the department with an open-air recital in song with original words. Suggestive passages are thus introduced in a happy way.

Tuesday of each week is set apart as recreation evening. It is occupied in the main by classes or societies in some reception or entertainment, now for a pecuniary consideration, in the hope of gain, and again with open-handed hospitality. Most surprising transformations are wrought in a marvelously short time in rooms and halls, and the extreme of ingenuity is exhibited in decorations and invitations. A single example — the latest — may serve as an illustration of the latter.

To the President and Faculty of Mount Holyoke College.

The class of '96 wish to inform you that in the merry month of May — the merriest month of all the year — Robin Hood and his merry men under the greenwood tree did assemble, to pass the hours in mirth and jollity. On the 30th day of this month, we bid you lay aside all wonted care and dignity, and join with us in sporting on the green. A tuneful blast of Robin Hood's horn will sound at three o'clock, summoning you to the festive scene.

Follow your knots of Lincoln green.

Birthdays are made the occasion of unusual festivity at the tables where the aging ones sit. Then the rare china from the dainty tea-tables in students' rooms comes down, a few courses are added to the bill of fare, and all sit long, while quotations and toasts are served, and the well-wishing and happy returns are emphasized.

But "We are going on a tramp," which every pleasant recreation day so often hears, is one of the most characteristic means of enjoyment at Mount Holyoke, and a large majority of the students are good walkers. The beauty of the region in which the college is a center, and which Prospect Hill in Goodnow Park, on the grounds, brings into view, with the inviting walks radiating and anastomosing in all directions, takes away the monotony of "just going out for exercise." The Bluffs, the Larches, Titan's Pier, the Pass of Thermopylæ, the Notch, the Ferry, Bitter Sweet Lane, Paradise, Cold Hill, the Dark Woods, the Iron Bridge, Pearl City, Moody's Corners, and the Mountain Pasture, are among names dear to every Holyoke woman. Each has its special delectations, and all, within easy reach, offer inducements to pedestrians, and give a course in walking which is a liberal education in the pleasures of the road. As a result, for several summers parties have gone out from the college in vacation to make pedestrian tours. The Berkshires, the Adirondacks, the White Mountains, the Alps, and Norway — all will testify to good walking learned in the Connecticut valley in the shadows of Mount Holyoke.

Henrietta E. Hooker.

AT SMITH.

THE favorite time for guests to arrive at Smith College is the Saturday before commencement, when, instead of having the sober side of college life thrust upon them, they are launched at once into the festivities of graduation. The dramatic representations of the senior class give them their first impression of college pastime. Although one may be familiar with amateur theatricals, the interest in a performance of this kind is always new; the personality and atmosphere of the college are felt throughout. The city Academy of Music is, for the evening, owned by the class; the audience is composed of students and invited guests. Small groups of ushers, whose white satin wands alone distinguish them from the other students, wait at the door to conduct visitors to their seats. Joyful alumnæ are greeting one another on all sides; everywhere one is aware of strong personal interest and enthusiasm.

In the earlier days of the college the students contented themselves with some little farce or a local play written by one of the class. In '89, however, "Electra," in the original Greek, was undertaken, and its success roused class ambition. Though there has been a necessary drop to English, succeeding commencements have seen a representation of the Book of Job, George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy," Browning's "Colombe's Birthday," Racine's "Athalie" with Mendelssohn's music, and, last year, Professor Hardy's "Passe Rose," dramatized by three of the seniors. These subjects are treated with the greatest earnestness: special gymnastic movements and voice-culture are practised all winter, and a professional trainer is employed in the spring.

Every term some smaller play is given in the alumnæ gymnasium by one of the college houses. These have also grown in seriousness since the days of impromptu tableaux. The actors are daunted at nothing: Shakspere, classic or modern drama, farce or tragedy, all are undertaken with the same zest, and with excellent results.

The gymnasium, however, does not confine its festivities to occasional dramatic representations. An impromptu dance, known as the "Freshman Frolic," opens the year. Every few weeks some house invites its college friends to a german or dance. In October comes the reception given by the sophomores to the entering class. Originating with the idea of making the new girls acquainted, and possibly to emphasize womanly scorn of hazing, this has become one of the most cherished institutions, as well as one of the most characteristic festivals, of the college. Looking down from the running-track upon the seven or eight hundred girls dancing together, one is struck by the almost theatrical effect of the swaying forms and bright colors against the background of lavish decoration with which the second class has tried to outdo the class above. Men are not missed, so well are their places filled by the assiduous sophomores. Each new girl is escorted to the gymnasium by her partner, who, in addition to filling out her dancing-card and sending her flowers, provides her with a "memorabil," sees that she meets the right person for each dance, entertains her during refreshments, and escorts her home.

It is interesting to see the seriousness with which the whole affair is taken. The invitations are as daintily engraved, the girls dress as carefully, as for a coming-out party. You cannot treat it all as a joke when you see the scrupulous politeness of your partner, and the responsible air with which she makes conversation.

A dance of the same sort is given later by the juniors as a farewell to the senior class. The seniors have their send-off from the second class as well — a supper and dance in the barn of some hill farm, a Greek symposium, or an Oxford high tea in cap and gown.

Class festivities are naturally more elaborate and perhaps more important, yet private entertainments have their place as well. Almost every room has its dainty tea-table. If a mother, sister, or friend is on a visit, beds are transformed into divans, extra rooms are borrowed, a collection is made of cups and spoons, and the rest goes of itself. Or, if the weather permits, tables and chairs seem to walk of themselves to the orchard, where only rain can dispel the atmosphere of picturesqueness.

Even science has its tea. Responding to cards for a "Chemico-physico Afternoon," one finds Lilly Hall transformed by flowers. The ushers' wands are glass rods tied with ribbons; coffee and lemonade, filtered into Florence flasks, are served in beakers, and drunk through glass tubes; wafers are passed in crystallizing dishes. In the hall a girl in white is drawing a wedding march from a harp of wooden reeds; in one laboratory are other experiments in sound; in the next are shown original effects in photography; electricity does weird things in the dark room; and queer tricks are played at every turn. Conversation is by no means necessary. Up-stairs, some other day, is the "Botanical and Biological Reception," where are shown things equally wonderful and beautiful. One may see the development of the plant from seed to fruit, or of another form of life from polliwog to bull-frog.

The social side of college, however, is not cultivated to the exclusion of outdoor life. Here one finds less originality and, perhaps, more likeness to the amusements of men's colleges. Nevertheless, the feminine character of the college is clearly revealed in the manner in which these healthy sports are conducted. Even against the base-ball that was played one spring no charge of masculinity could be brought. A glance at the young women playing after supper in train-dresses, the batter forgetting to drop the bat as she ran for her base, would convince any doubter of the feminine character of the game.

Base-ball, however, died a natural death at Smith College before the attractions of basket-ball. Here train-dresses are not allowed: the scientific spirit of the game demands gymnasium suits and an absorbed interest. The principle is much the same as in foot-ball — two baskets, hung about eight feet high, forming the goals; but the grace, self-control, and politeness developed among girls by such a game are most interesting. In a Harvard-Yale foot-ball contest one does not hear opponents saying at an exciting crisis, "Pardon me,



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

THE IVY PROCESSION,

but I think that 's our ball," or " Excuse me, did I hurt you ? "

The enthusiasm for basket-ball culminates at the end of the winter term in the contest between the two lower-class teams. Although the second class, with its year more of practice, generally wins, it is never safe to predict; and the audience which fills the running-track is as full of interest and gay-colored excitement as cheers and banners can express. The game is even more attractive out of doors. Fortunately the field is retired enough for the girls to play without embarrassment in gymnasium suits, and the groans which rise when time is called are but slight indication of an enthusiasm which counts as nought bumps, bruises, or total loss of hair-pins.

A like enthusiasm is manifested over the tennis tournament held every spring. This calls out friends from far and near. The back campus blossoms with ribbons and gay gowns. Each class has its champions, and it is a distinct gain when members of the faculty can be persuaded to wear its colors. There is nothing unique about a tennis tournament, but the girls play scientifically and well; a stranger enjoys being waved back into place by the colored wand of a girl beadle; and the rows of bright faces and frantic flags, against the background of river and hills, seldom fail to fascinate. The reason for the tournament, however, is neither scientific nor esthetic, but distinctly practical. Twenty-five cents a head is demanded at the apple-tree entrance, the proceeds, swelled by extras for ice-cream and score-cards, going to the treasury of the Athletic Association.

This association numbers about half the col-



SMITH COLLEGE.

lege. By means of annual dues, with the help gained from the tournament, it owns boats and tennis-courts, and governs all general athletic sports. The autumn hare-and-hound races are under its supervision; boating on Paradise Pond and walking and riding are encouraged by it; and special tramping parties, making fifteen or twenty miles in an afternoon, are often formed by its members.

In order that the students may become more familiar with the famous beauty of that part of the Connecticut valley in which Northampton lies, a "Mountain day" is set apart every October. Picnic lunches are then in order, and every sort of conveyance is made use of, from one's own feet, bicycles, and express carts, to barges and tally-hos. Memories of Mount Tom and Holyoke, of Whately Glen and Sugarloaf, follow one through the year, often through life.

In summer the life of the college centers about the campus. On a warm afternoon there is no place like a hammock in the orchard; the rear steps take the place of a college fence; and the glee-club singing never sounds better than on the lawns. A sunset dance on the grass, to the music of some strolling German band, presents an even more unreal effect than on the gymnasium floor.

During the entire spring term picturesqueness increases till it reaches its climax at commencement time. Here, too, the background is the campus. The white-robed procession, as it files down the aisles on Baccalaureate Sunday or commencement morning, is always impressive; but one remembers it longest as it winds its way across the campus on class-day morning, finally massing on the college steps for the Ivy Exercises. Class-day evening also



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

MAY-POLE DANCE, VASSAR.

makes the fittest ending to this side of college life, as commencement morning to the intellectual. Students, friends, and relatives stroll over the lawns, while the glee club sings from the college steps. As the sun sets, and dusk deepens, thousands of colored lights glow from the trees, until, when the singing is over, one finds one's self on a new campus, under enchantment for a time. From the reception in the college hall one comes out again into its spell, and the last evening of the college year passes too quickly under its elms.

Harriet C. Seelye.

AT VASSAR.

THERE are certain differences between our American colleges for women and those for men which are characteristic, and will never disappear, notwithstanding the rapidly increasing similarity of the colleges in other respects. The curriculum which the Vassar student follows may, wisely or unwisely, grow more and more like that of the student at Harvard or Yale; but the other side of college life, the physical and the social, will always retain not only its individual flavor as Vassar, but also its distinctive characteristics as womanly.

The Vassar student will never find the chief source of her mental rest and physical strength in base-ball or foot-ball, on the running-course, or with the crew. What takes their place? Every professor who has conducted the work of college students of both sexes will support the statement that college women need even more than men the relaxation of mind and the physical development found in athletic sports. The professor would agree with me because the college woman is more conscientious than the man, and shows less freedom of spirit in her work. Doctors would take the same stand because she is less strong physically. What, then, does she substitute? Since the trial of college education for women has been successful, she must have discovered some solution of this phase of the problem.

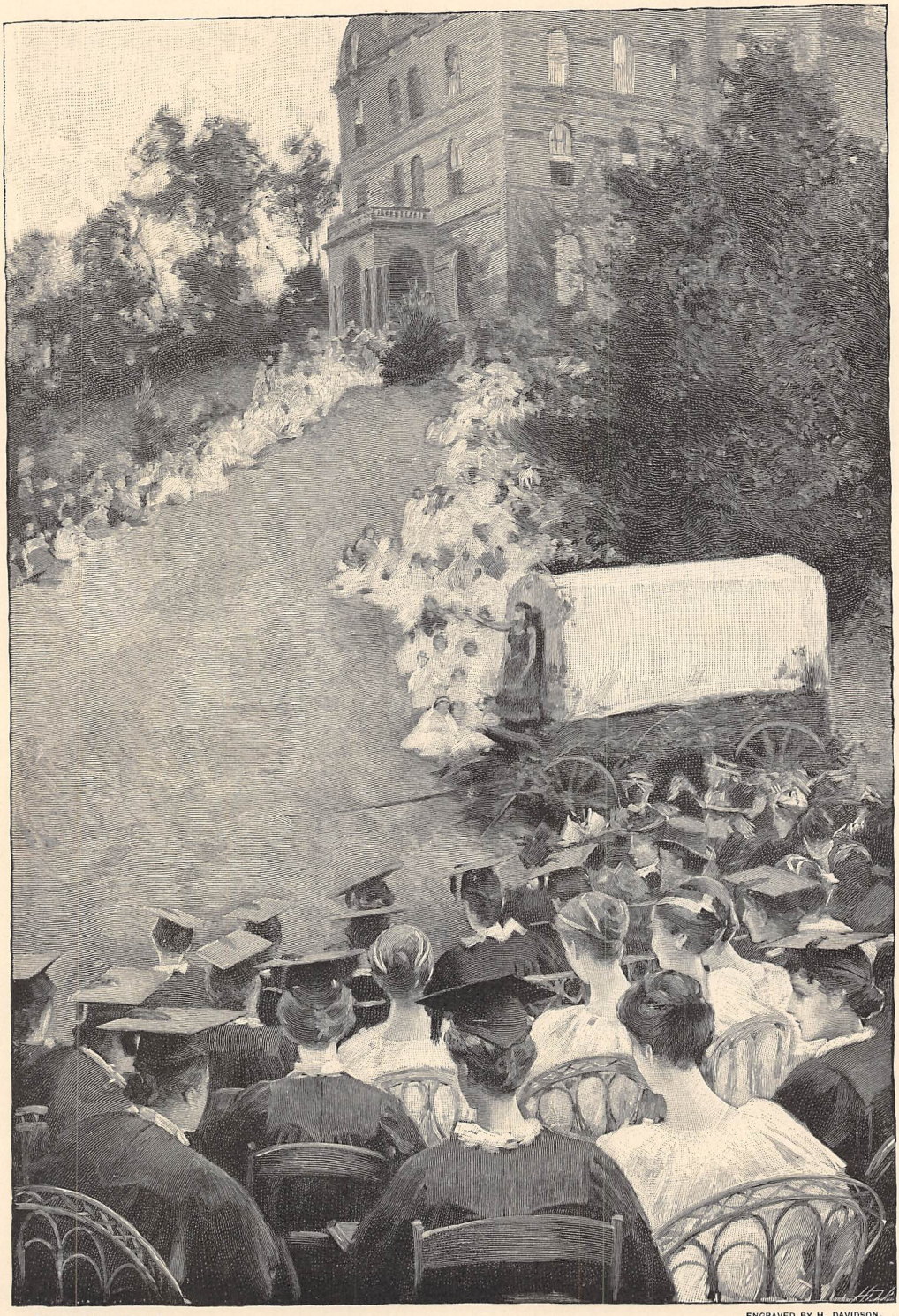
Taking up first the question of physical strength, our surprise that the Vassar girl can maintain her good physical standard with so few outdoor games of lively and universal interest is somewhat mitigated when we remember that she is bound on her honor to retire every night at ten, with only three exceptions a month, and to take at least one hour of outdoor exercise daily, and three hours a week in the gymnasium. Nine hours of sleep, regular meals, and regular exercise make up a program worth more than the most healthy games with an irregular life.

With this in mind, then, we cease to deplore the absence of some substitute, equally active and absorbing, for base-ball, and can easily understand the Vassar girl's fine physique when we see her in the tennis-courts preparing for the annual tournament, or playing golf, practising basket-ball, rowing on the lake, taking a five-mile tramp over the fields and wooded hills in the midst of which Vassar is situated—field-glass in hand, studying the wild birds that abound; camera in hand, capturing stray bits of the lovely scenery; or basket in hand, gathering wild flowers. Cycling, another sport which has rapidly grown in favor since the pioneer wheel appeared in the fall of '91; driving over the fine country roads of Dutchess County; coasting and skating in season; swimming in the large gymnasium tank; and dancing in the particular parlor arranged for that purpose and always occupied between dinner and chapel, complete the list of exercises which for the Vassar girl replace the athletic sports of the men's colleges so far as physical development is concerned.

As to relaxation and amusement, we might naturally expect to find on Friday and Saturday evenings more social life at Vassar than at Yale, since the college woman, both by the institution and by etiquette, is allowed less freedom than the man to seek society outside the college grounds. Social life must therefore be created for her in the college, and Vassar has it in abundance and variety.

The Philaletheis Society, with its three chapters, furnishes dramatic entertainments—a light farce now and then, for which the preparations, although slight, show a surprising amount of ingenuity and artistic ability on the part of the girls, who make their own costumes and paint their own scenery; and four times in the year a more carefully prepared "hall play," presented in Philalethean Hall, which is fitted with stage and properties for the purpose. "Twelfth Night" and "The Rivals" were two very successful attempts of the past winter.

There are, of course, the many receptions: "Philalethean day" and "Founder's day," the two occasions when outside guests make Vassar for a time "co-ed"; the welcoming receptions to the newcomers given early in the fall by the Young Women's Christian Association and by the sophomores—Vassar's way of hazing; and appropriate celebrations of All-hallowe'en and St. Valentine's day, and of Washington's Birthday, when the girls have an opportunity to show their dressmaking skill in the manufacture of colonial costumes.



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"TREE DAY," WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

Although receptions at Vassar have a delightful, indescribable atmosphere of their own, still they cannot be called distinctively "Vassar." For this we must turn to the "Trig Ceremonies" and the senior festivities indoors, and outdoors to the "Tree Ceremonies," the excursions to Lake Mohonk, and the "Junior Party."

"Trig Ceremonies" correspond to the burning of the mathematical books customary at some colleges for men. The sophomores celebrate their completion of the prescribed course in trigonometry and initiate the freshmen in the study by an original drama written by a chosen committee of the best literary talent of the class. The play is presented by sophomores on the "Phil" stage, before an audience of students and faculty only, exclusive but enthusiastic. In '95's ceremonies trigonometry was represented in the young professor who courted and wed '95. The class of '96 presented a travesty on the voyage of Columbus, in which they found and conquered the Land of Trig. The ceremonies of '94 were, perhaps, the most brilliant of recent years. The stage represented the Court of Common Pleas at Vassaria, Dutchess County, in which was called the case of Miss Ella Mentsof Trigonometrie *versus* Mr. Victor Charmall Ninety-four for breach of promise. The seniors were represented in the attorney for the defendant, and the juniors in the attorney for the plaintiff; while the representative freshman was Fi Vaninety, a witness.

The names and qualifications of the jurors give opportunity for many hits upon college customs. Mr. Resser Tation Cutt, as an "entire stranger to Vassaria," was considered qualified to act; Mr. Dave Rest was rejected because a foreigner; Mr. Steady Grind, "more in accordance with the principles of Vassaria," was accepted; while Mr. K. O. Dack and Mr. Cappen Gown passed unchallenged. Whatever the form of the play, sophomores are extolled, freshmen kept under a steady fire of "grinds," juniors receive back with interest their grinds upon their younger sisters at the preceding ceremonies, seniors are flattered, and college life in general taken off as often as possible.

The characteristic Vassar customs enjoyed by the seniors occur largely in the senior parlor, open only and always to members of the highest class. Here it is that they gather on the evening of February 14 to celebrate St. Valentine's day. The many missives which have been dropping all day in the huge receptacle outside the doors are distributed, a sample is read from the supply of each senior, and a prize awarded to the recipient of the largest number.

Another senior custom is the celebration of a birthday for each member of the class. When, at the evening dinner, the seniors are seated by themselves along the middle of the large hall, the "birthday girl" is led to the head of the table, which is lighted with colored tapers, strewn with flowers, and surrounded by ten or fifteen seniors in evening dress, and is there placed in charge of the birthday cake with sundry interesting parcels left at her plate.

The "Senior Auction" is a term which covers a day full of sales and entertainments, closing with an evening sale in the gymnasium, where college trophies of every description are auctioned off to the students. The object of the day is to raise funds for the final expenses of the class.

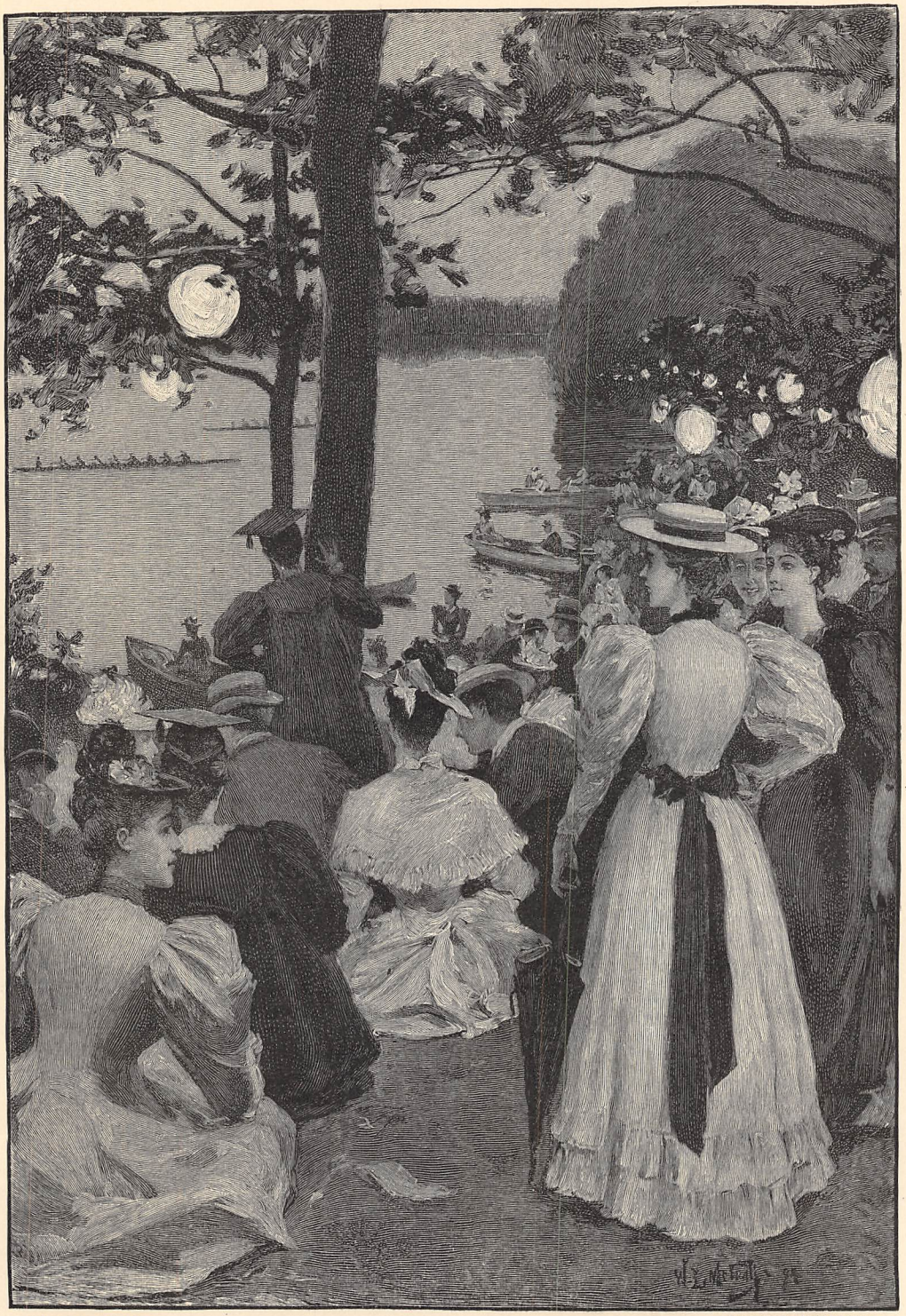
The "Tree Ceremonies," like those of "Trig," belong to the sophomores. On some auspicious night, as quietly as possible to avoid the notice of the other classes, the sophomores collect at a given place, and in fancy costume sally forth to dedicate the elm already chosen as the class tree. The class of '95, in sheet and pillow-case array, gathered in the skating-rink, whence, a long and ghostly line, they proceeded to their tree, dedicated it by the "Mystic Gyrations of the Holy Maidens," beheld beneath its branches the "Ordination of the Pontifex Maximus by Prexa '95," and heard the "Interpretation of the Oracle by the Pontifex." Once more the shrouded line formed, and with noises not at all in keeping with their shadowy appearance passed around the main college to the gymnasium, threw off their white array, and proceeded to banquet and toast.

The Mohonk excursion is a never-forgotten trip given each October to the seniors and freshmen by "Uncle Fred," the college trustee, who does much for the pleasure of the students. The ferry across the Hudson in the gray morning, the country ride of fifteen miles to the mountains, the dinner and hours of tramping on the summits, and the evening return, fill one of the happiest of all the Vassar days.

The "Junior Party" was formerly a similar trip, but is now a lawn party. For '92 it was a hay-raking party, given by '93, the guests raking hay by moonlight on the campus, seeking for the dainty souvenirs and prizes hidden in each pile of hay. For '93 it was an archery contest, and for '94 a May-pole dance.

Lectures and concerts, club life,—philanthropic, literary, debating, musical, sewing, cooking,—with numberless teas, spreads, and calls, fill whatever leisure moments are left from study; and these are the amusements that our college women are substituting for the more muscular sports of college men.

Not only do the seniors as a class bear a



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

THE "FLOAT," WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

large part of the graduation expenses by the profits of the "Senior Auction," and by the proceeds from the "Vassarion," the annual senior publication, but many of them, as individuals, have earned a portion of their expenses throughout the course as assistants in the library, in the observatory, in the college offices, and in the various laboratories and museum, as mail-carriers, tutors, amateur photographers, and newspaper correspondents.

Elizabeth E. Boyd.

AT WELLESLEY.

WELLESLEY was founded by a poet,—a poet, to be sure, whose wings of youthful aspiration were rubbed so hard by the law on one side, and by business on the other, that when he finally escaped, white of head, from this rough elbowing, he mentioned no more that great Columbiad of his Harvard dream, but silently built his poetry into a woman's college. Hence it comes that Wellesley is a poem, a theme of passionate aspiration toward beauty, truth, and purity, uttered with all the grace of nature, with no little charm of art, and with exquisite blending of the two in a perpetual presence of girlhood.

So long as her poet lingered with her, every Maytime brought to Wellesley some new fête of his devising—a pageant for welcoming a famous guest, perhaps, or a dainty mask for the naming of a fountain. Under his auspices boats were christened, sports and frolics undertaken, and all manner of student organizations, even to a club of rhymesters, set on foot. It was he, for instance, who originated the Shakspere Society, which of late years has added a new beauty to the Wellesley Junes by outdoor presentations of Shakspere's outdoor plays—"As you Like it" under as green a droop of branches as the Forest of Arden ever compassed, and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with genuine moonlight, and fairies that even grave professors of science have been inclined to think genuine too.

But although it was the fervent master-spirit that gave initial impulse to the distinctive graces of Wellesley life, girl-nature has been swift to follow that bright leading. The poetic seed fell on congenial soil, for the college girl is a new variety of student. She does not feel, even collectively, a rapture in destruction. A Wellesley class supper involves no bills for broken plate, and Wellesley hazing rarely gets beyond ice-cream and flowers. Yet the Wellesley collegian loves fun of a finer and fairer sort, and delights in the opportunity for esthetic revels afforded by the resources of a girl community. In the intervals of study, and apart from the vigorous exercises of the athletic field, the Wellesley eight hundred find here and there a jocund hour for concert or masquerade, or for drama so modern that on its impassioned and unpunctuated lines the ink of sophomore genius is not dry. Hallowe'en beholds each cottage and hall bright with a fantastic company, where George Washington lifts his cocked hat to Puss in Boots, and the Cumæan Sibyl sends Mr. Micawber after a fresh supply of oak-leaves. But the merry-makings which are especially Wellesley's own are those springtime festivals known as "Float" and "Tree Day."

The Wellesley "Float" of last June, fairly representative, took place on a clear, still evening. The spectators, numbered by thousands, were gathered by seven o'clock—daylight still, although a filmy half-moon peeped down from the quiet arch of blue, a surreptitious guest. The tall oaks on the steep slope of Pellmell stood motionless, as if listening to the mirthful sounds from Lake Waban. Now it was the murmurous laughter of the great throng that, seated on shawls and cushions, filled the curving shore, and reached out upon the spacious platform of the boat-house; now it was the silver note of a bugle, and now the chant of youthful voices, the treble gallantly reinforced by deeper tones:

> Who 's alive? Who 's alive?
> Wellesley! Wellesley! '95!

Sometimes came a sweet, blithe strain from the glee club; but in the main a fashion of miscellaneous musical repartee prevailed, in which '94 strove against '95, with sturdy diversions in favor of '96 and '97, an occasionally ludicrous effect calling out derisive applause. As the soft blues of the lake were fading into grays, a procession of boats with gaily uniformed crews shot out across the water,—"Waban Annung," proud with the green and silver of '94; "Soangetaha," showing the junior lavender; and other slender shells, followed, not without ignominious splashes, by freshman scratch crews in less scientific craft. There was no racing, but graceful pulling to and fro, to display the stroke, and dexterous interweaving of the courses. The long New England twilight gradually yielded to the atmosphere of evening. Private boats upon the lake, conspicuous among these a Venetian gondola, lighted their rows of Chinese lanterns, taking on, as the shadows deepened, the aspect of giant fireflies.

Answering rows of lanterns, festooned from tree to tree along the shore, shed their red gleams so brightly that the filmy moon looked paler than ever, and was fairly fluttered out of countenance before the hissing rockets. New, bold, gaudy stars shot up into the dove-colored heavens, while the dim lake was pierced by strange serpentine shafts of crimson, green, and gold. Fiery showers of the air met, as they fell, their fiery reflections rising through the water. The college flotilla clustered in the form of a star near the bank, which hushed in anticipation of the concert. For an hour the unwearied crews sang on, chorusing new songs and old, while the musical responses from the land waxed more and more tumultuous in merriment, the rainbow fireworks sparkled, and the lighted boat-loads of guests flashed to and fro, until the grave, dark hall of learning crowning the deserted hill looked down upon a fairy world of flame and mirth and music.

But in the bright calendar of festivals there is none so dear to Wellesley as "Tree Day," when the frank hospitality of "Float" yields to the exclusiveness of a family party. Eight hundred people, or nine hundred, or a thousand, by remembering that the college gates are shut, can contrive to feel almost cozy. "Tree Day," even more directly than "Float," is a heritage from the founder. He bade the earliest classes set aside one day in Maytime for an outdoor college revel, for the planting and cherishing of chosen trees, for song and ode and pageantry, and for recognition of the sympathy between human life and its "promise and potency" in nature. There has been no break in the succession of Wellesley "Tree Days" since that primitive celebration of 1877, but the process of evolution has made steadily for more picturesque and graceful forms. Beauty, nevertheless, does not reign here without a rival. The class spirit, even in Wellesley, carries a chip on her white shoulder, and the badinage between classes, the whiz and whir of well-worn arrows of undergraduate wit, spice sentiment with fun. But year by year the tone is more consistently poetic, the costumes become daintier, the mazes of dance and of processional are traced more heedfully, and the musical and dramatic elements gain ground. The ceremony, in which the freshmen, who plant their tree, and the seniors, who bid farewell to theirs, take the leading parts, tends more and more toward the form of a sylvan mask infinitely varied. Green-robed dryads with leafy wands come dancing from the woodland, whence a blast of the huntsman's horn calls Robin Hood and his merry men; wild-haired gipsies toss their tambourines; gnomes in earth-colored garments troop by with spade on shoulder; the flowers of the field blend their petal hues; English maidens weave the circle about the ribboned May-pole: but all redounds to the praise and love of nature. To her large guardianship the tree of the outgoing class is hopefully intrusted, the soft winds, sweet with fruit-blossoms, wafting far the carol of clear young voices:

Out of the old is the new;
Under the storm is the blue.
For each little leaf of the tree
Shall the warm May sunshine be.
Fairer the summer in store
Than all the summers before.



Katharine Lee Bates.

AT WELLS.

I DO not know that Wells has any special women's sports and pastimes which have developed under her peculiar feminine fostering. Of course, living on the shores of beautiful Cayuga Lake, we spend a good deal of time on the water. There are large club boats, and smaller skiffs for the favored few whose nautical skill and training give them the freedom which all women, though born free and equal, are not permitted to enjoy. We have quiet woods, with their temptations to wander without aim or purpose but that of enjoyment, as do the birds and rabbits whose domain we share, not invade. We have ravines large and small, with waterfalls, and with flowers and ferns which may be gathered without seeming to diminish their numbers; and cliffs, points, and beaches all along the lake shore, with good roads for walking, driving, and wheeling. For those whose lines have fallen in such pleasant places, what occasion or opportunity is there for anything else or more than the walks, rides, and rows which take us into the midst of these delights? Tennis in spring and fall, and coasting in winter when there happens to be snow enough for it, take up most of our time that may be left, and complete the list of our regular sports.

Occasionally we are moved by pressure from without in the shape of an anniversary or high day, or by some inward impulse, to more or

less elaborate expeditions or undertakings. There is a Casa Felice, a lovely nook in the woods, with a rustic fireplace, which is a favorite spot for teas, and where "Ruskin readings" seem particularly appropriate. There is Rocky Point, where larger parties assemble for impromptu picnics, coming by boat, or wagon, or on foot,— sometimes sketching parties, sometimes birthday parties,— each mode of transportation appearing to its devotees so much more delightful than any other that all are unselfishly anxious not to deprive others of the places that seem especially desirable, until on one occasion scarcely one individual got the place she wished, and, in comparing notes afterward, it was found that those who wished to walk were obliged to ride or row, those who were afraid of the water had to come in the boats, and those who were tired and wanted to ride were compelled by the kindness and politeness of others to walk. That was so absurd that we could but laugh, and we do not often have such mishaps to complain of.

A desire to add to the adornments of the college campus, and also to spend out of doors one of the golden days of Indian summer, led to the performance of a mask, "Homage to Nature," to which the only objection was that as all the students took part there were few to see what a pretty sight it was. The students wore the academic gown, each class of its own color, and each having special trees or shrubs to plant in chosen spots on the campus, and crocuses to put everywhere in the green grass, which were to reproduce next spring the bright colors. In this mask the Nymph of Castalia, Aurora, the goddess Maia, and Diana with her nymphs and dryads, dispute as to which has the best right to lead the students to communion with nature. These render homage to the disputants in turn, with singing, dancing, and dialogues, and all join in the planting. As the groups moved from place to place, the effect of the red, white, purple, and yellow gowns, sometimes scattered, sometimes all blended, was beautiful. To be sure, the weather made a slight mistake, and instead of soft Indian summer it was bleak November, and under those light, floating gowns were cloaks and furs, and the songstresses had fears for their throats; but there were good fires and hot coffee indoors afterward, and no harm was done, and ever since Nature's mask has been a delight to read and to look back upon.

The seasons bring their own amusements. At Hallowe'en there is a straw-ride and games; on Washington's Birthday an old-time reception, Martha Washington party, colonial tea-party, and other variations on that theme. At the close of the semiannual examinations in January there is the relaxation party (do other colleges have relaxation parties?), when our mighty minds unbend after the labor and strain of examination, and we make a great effort to be foolish rather than wise, and give up an evening entirely to fun, the more nonsensical the better. As the students keep this a strictly private affair, none of the faculty ever being allowed to participate, we must not divulge state secrets by describing the relaxations, but leave them to the imagination of other students.

As a natural consequence of our situation, most of our thoughts of amusement are of something that can be done out in the woods or on the lake; but there is one amusement (shall we call it?), or occupation, which is carried on with unfailing devotion winter and summer, and it is one which we share with every other college and assembly of young women. Do we ever tire of dancing? Do we ever have enough of it?

We have no base-ball nine, and no foot-ball team, and for the very same reasons we have no college yell. These we gladly leave to our brothers.

Even when there is no special day in the calendar to be commemorated, we are fond of having entertainments. At one time it was a Latin play, the scenery for which was to be painted by volunteers from the art department, who found to their dismay that the scene was the Roman Forum at too early a period to be surrounded by anything but mean shops.

Another time it was a "Festival of all Nations," where each nation had a room appropriately decorated and furnished, with girls attired in national costumes engaged in amusements or occupations supposed to be representative. In Greece was gathered about the low table a symposium of wits and philosophers discussing high matters, and also the meager fare of black bread, figs, and dates; in Germany the time passed rapidly away with music furnished by her inhabitants; England was almost strictly literary and student-like; while the difficulty in choosing something adequately to represent our own country was solved by putting the Stars and Stripes over the entrance to the supper-room, where all could unite in peace and harmony and congenial tastes.

Once we had an "Evening with the Angels," when a fair and very lovely reproduction was made of statuary by living maidens; and more recently similar representations of statuary exhibited in the buildings of the World's Fair, making, with calcium-light pictures of the exhibition, a pleasant evening of reminiscence of our reunion in Chicago.

Dramatic efforts are perhaps the favorite direction which such entertainments take, and they are not confined to Latin, neither are they always English, for the very last was a French one, and the French and German students fre-

quently entertain the others, while, it is to be hoped, benefiting themselves.

No mention has been made of the suppers and other entertainments of classes and societies; one of which, however, perhaps deserves mention as being a feature of a woman's college which distinguishes it from men's colleges. The freshman class is greeted soon after its advent by the sophomores with a supper and some pleasant entertainment, which we are inclined to think is preferable to hazing. This may be prejudice, though.

Does this seem a very extensive list of "sports" for a place whose ostensible purpose is work? But are we not hearing from every part of society the cry for more play? And if a college aims at something more than the imparting of a certain, or uncertain, amount of knowledge, or a definite number of facts, is it not right that it should attempt to give its students some conception of the proper relative proportions of work and recreation? We believe in the old saw, "Work while you work, play while you play," and that rest from work should be *play*, not *doing nothing;* and we think that it is worth while to make even considerable effort, if necessary, to deliver ourselves from the evil of idly "sitting around" in our hours of recreation, doing nothing, or talking gossip, rather worse than nothing. The true end of a college, as of any other mode of education, will be attained only when we shall have learned the due proportions in which to mingle work and play, in order that healthy minds in sound bodies may carry on with all the energies of which they are capable the work of making the world, or that little corner in which each of us may be placed, the better for her having lived in it.

A. A. Wood.

A NEW FLYING-MACHINE.

MAXIM'S EXPERIMENTS IN AËRIAL NAVIGATION.

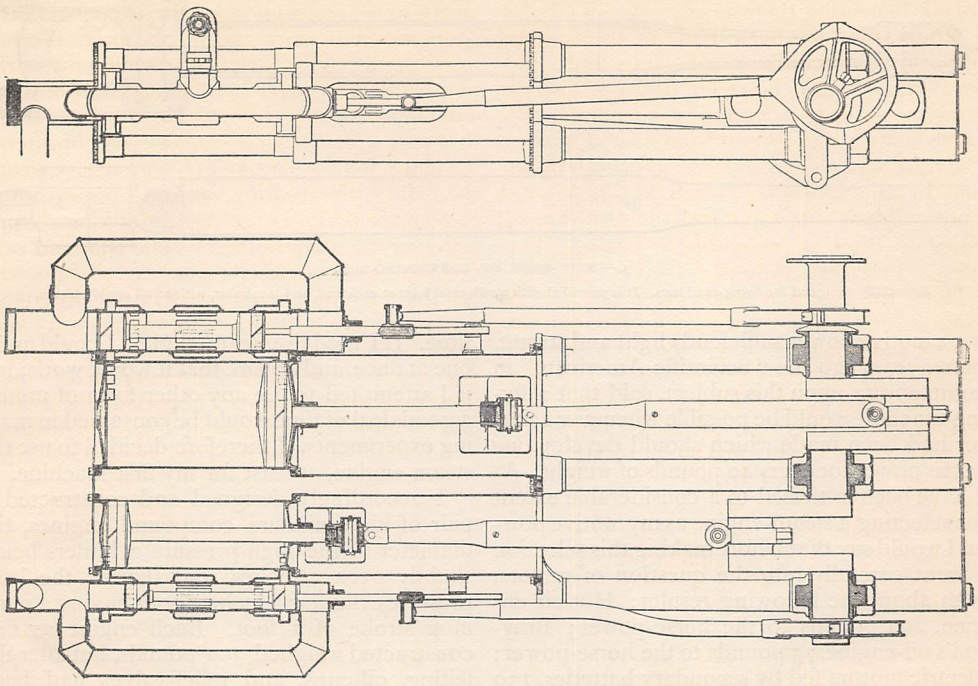
BY THE INVENTOR.



IN 1889 I decided on conducting a series of experiments in order to ascertain if it were possible to construct a practical flying-machine; but before beginning these experiments I took every means of learning what had already been done by others, purchasing all the books on the subject obtainable in the English and French languages. A careful study of the subject at that time seemed to point to the following state of the art: The only apparatus which had ever been made to ascend with one or more men on board was the balloon. Many attempts had been made to steer or navigate balloons, but without success. They had been made in every possible shape, and had been provided with various kinds of motors, but in every case the power developed was not sufficient to enable them to make headway against the lightest kind of breeze. With machines heavier than air no progress had been made. It seemed to me to be quite impossible so to construct a balloon that it would not be completely at the mercy of the wind, and that success could be obtained only with a machine heavier than the air, something that should depend wholly on mechanical energy both for sustension and propulsion. It is true that a great many experiments in this line had been conducted by others, but generally on an exceedingly small scale, with very imperfect apparatus, and the results had always been most unsatisfactory. I therefore determined to make my experiments on a scale sufficiently large to render them of some value, and in order to do this it was necessary to obtain large premises where both gas and water were available. Baldwyn's Park, in Kent, situated about a mile from one of the principal gun-factories, was obtained for this purpose.

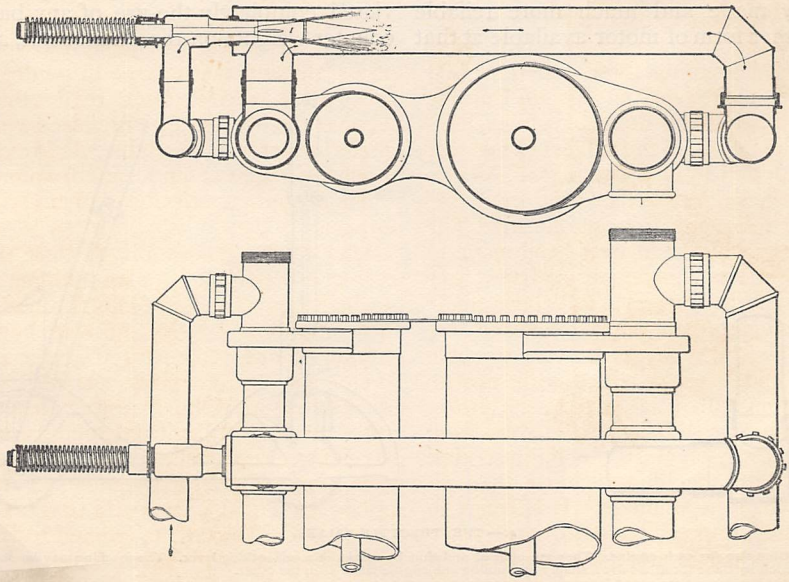
After taking possession, the first thing was to erect a very large wooden building, one end of which was composed of four immense doors. In this building experiments were begun. Before attempting to construct a large machine, I made a series of experiments with a view to ascertaining how much power would be required to perform artificial flight, using aëroplanes for sustension, and screw propellers for propulsion. These experiments I fully described in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for October, 1891. The results seemed to show that unless there should be some unfavorable factor relating wholly to size, it would be possible to make a practical flying-machine.

Engineers and scientists have long admitted that a flying-machine would be possible provided that some one should succeed in produc-



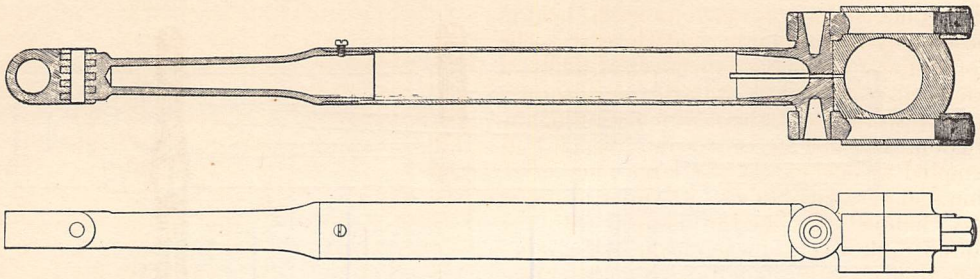
1.— HORIZONTAL SECTION AND SIDE ELEVATION OF THE ENGINE.

Nearly every part of these engines is constructed of tubular steel. Piston-valves are employed, and all the moving parts are of tempered steel and exceedingly light.



2.— PLAN OF TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE ENGINE.

Showing the by-pass, which consists of a species of injector, and which allows steam to pass directly from the high-pressure supply to the low-pressure cylinder, producing more direct pressure on the low-pressure piston than back pressure in the high-pressure cylinder. This valve may be adjusted so that if the pressure should rise above a certain point, instead of blowing off at the safety-valve, it blows past the high-pressure cylinder in the manner shown.

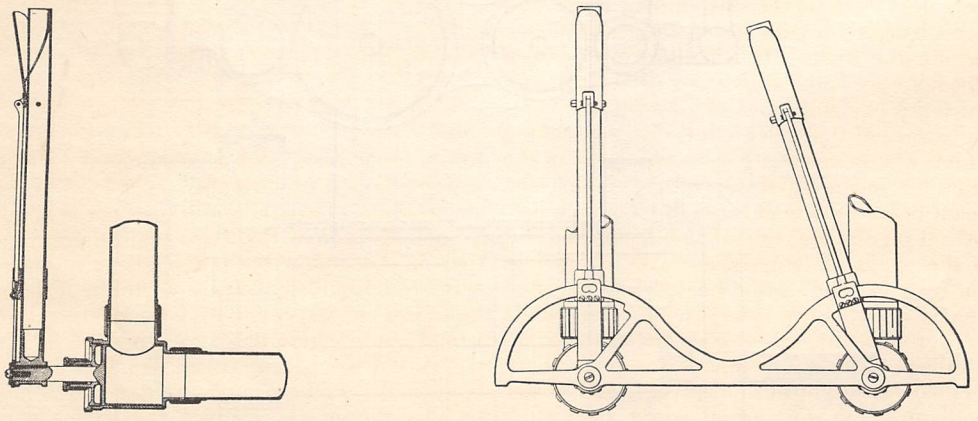


3.— NEW FORM OF CONNECTING-ROD.

Especially designed for flying-machines. It is provided with a universal joint at each end, and is tubular, with an oil supply inside.

ing a motive power sufficiently light and strong. Some years ago the "Scientific American," in commenting upon this subject, said that a flying-machine would be possible whenever a motor had been made which should develop one horse-power for every 40 pounds of weight. As I have been criticized to a considerable extent for selecting a steam-engine as my motive power, I would say that before making this selection I went carefully into the question of motors, with about the following results: Hot-air engine, 200 pounds to the horse-power; Brayton's oil-engine, 75 pounds to the horse-power; electric motors fed by secondary batteries, 130 pounds to the horse-power; oil-engine with Otto system, 50 pounds to the horse-power; steam-engines with condenser, pumps, and everything complete, such as were then used in boats, from 25 to 50 pounds per horse-power.[1] Moreover, the steam-engine appeared to me to be more easily made and much more reliable than any other form of motor available at that time. If I used the steam-engine, I could make one at once, and be sure that it would work; but if I attempted to use any other form of motor, a good deal of time would be consumed in making experiments. I therefore decided to use the steam-engine, at least for my first machine.

I accordingly designed and constructed a pair of high-pressure compound engines, the diameter of the high-pressure cylinders being slightly over 5 inches, and that of the low-pressure cylinders 8 inches, both having a common stroke of 1 foot. Each engine as first constructed weighed 300 pounds, but after the felting, oil-cups, and relief-valves had been added, and some alterations made, the weight was brought up to 320 pounds each. These engines are constructed almost entirely of a high grade of steel, many of the parts being tempered. In order to prevent vibration, the cranks were placed 180 degrees apart. This obviated completely the use of any balance- or counter-weights on the crank-shaft, and at the

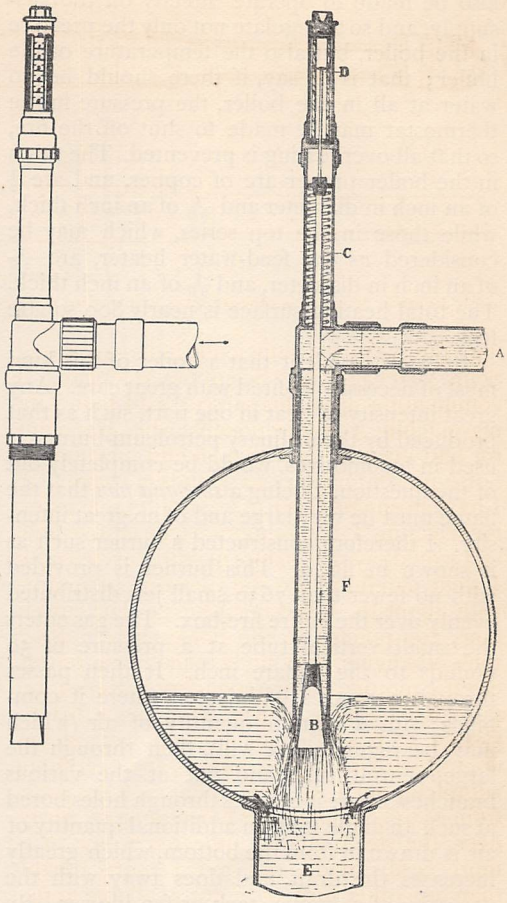


4.— THE THROTTLE-VALVES.

There is a throttle-valve for each engine. They are opened and shut by means of a self-locking lever. The machine may be steered either to the right or to the left by these throttle-valves, simply by running one engine faster than the other.

[1] My complete steam-motor as it now exists weighs 2040 pounds, which includes the boiler, engines, gas-generator, pumps, and 200 pounds of water in the boiler; but this does not include the supply of fuel, the water in the tank, or the condenser. The highest power developed is 363 horse-power, which gives 5.6 pounds to the horse-power. An atmospheric condenser can be made weighing no more than 1 pound to the horse-power.

same time enabled the engines to be held in position by light steel tubes and wire stays. The connecting-rods, being on universal joints at each end, permitted a certain degree of springing, or distortion, of the parts without causing any friction. The first steam-generator which I attempted was composed of a large number of thin and very small tubes. In order to insure great lightness, I wished to do away with any considerable weight of water in the boiler. I believed that if a series of fine tubes should be properly heated by a large gas-flame, water passing in at one end of the series would be converted into steam, and might be drawn out at the other end. The heating surface of this boiler weighed 300 pounds, but it required such a nicety of adjustment in regard to the quantity of water pumped in, and the quantity of gas consumed, that it was found to be impracticable, and had to be abandoned. Whereas the first boiler was intended to evaporate *all* or *nearly all* the water passing through it, the second one was designed so as to evaporate only about 20 per cent., the remaining 80 per cent. being separated from the steam, and driven again through the boiler by a species of injector, shown in fig. 5. This second boiler, as will be seen (fig. 10), is composed of a great number of small tubes. The cold water from the pump first passes through the very fine tubes at the top; this brings it up to a temperature of about 250 degrees. It then passes down through a spring valve (shown in fig. 5), the spring being of a tension sufficient to maintain 30 pounds more pressure in the feed-water heater than in the boiler. The water, in passing, say, from 330 pounds pressure to the square inch to 300 pounds pressure to the square inch, does work on the surrounding water, and forces it down through the large tubes which are outside the boiler. It will therefore be seen that not only is the feed-water driven through the series of small tubes which form the heating surface of the boiler, but it also takes along with it whatever water has accumulated in the drum or steam-separator of the boiler, the steam being drawn off through a suitable perforated pipe in the top of the drum, and led to the engines. This boiler, with its casing, smoke-stack, feed-water heater, seating, etc., weighs 909 pounds without its water, while the burner which takes the place of the grate in other boilers weighs about 100 pounds. A peculiar feature of this boiler is the thermostat regulator, consisting of a closed steel tube partly filled with water and hermetically sealed, and made in the form of two loops, one of which is in the lower part of the steam-drum, while the other is in the furnace. In ordinary firing, with the right quantity of water in the boiler, there is a rapid circulation in this tube. Steam at a high pressure is generated in the lower loop, rises, and is condensed by the water which surrounds the upper loop in the steam-drum. Ordinarily the pressure is about 10 pounds more in the loops of the thermostat than in the boiler; but if the supply of water should be insufficient, there would be little or no water in the drum, and the temperature would rapidly rise until the pressure in the thermostat would greatly exceed that in the boiler. A common pressure-gage attached to this thermostat enables the engineer to know exactly what is taking place inside the boiler. If the water is too high, the pressure will be only slightly in excess of the boiler-pressure; while if the supply is insufficient, the pressure mounts rapidly, which also indicates the exact degree to which the steam is superheated. The pressure in the thermostat may



5.—THE FORCED CIRCULATION.

A forced circulation is maintained in the boiler by utilizing the force of the incoming feed-water, the pressure of which considerably exceeds the boiler pressure. The water enters at A, descends through the pipe F, and escapes through the valve B. The spring C automatically adjusts the valve to suit the quantity of water entering. As the water descends through the pipe E at a high velocity, it takes whatever water has accumulated in the steam-drum along with it. The pipe E is connected with the bottom tubes of the boiler from which all the small tubes branch that form the heating surface of the boiler. The quantity of water entering is indicated by the little button D, which may be seen through the glass tube in which it moves.

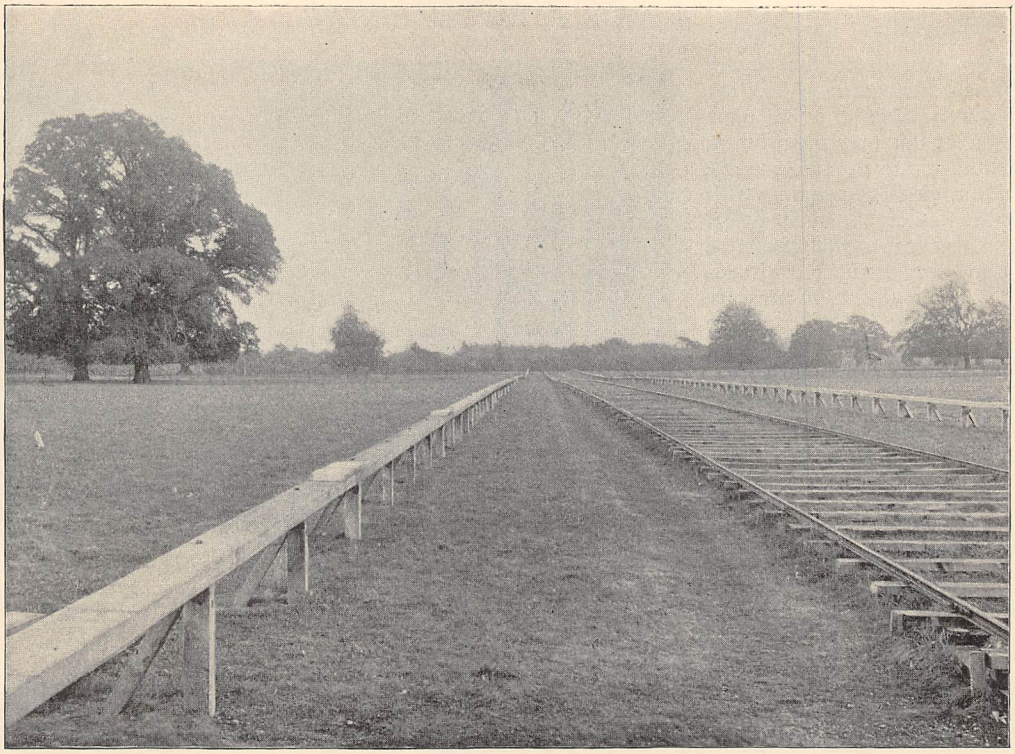
also be made to operate directly on the gas-supply, and so to regulate not only the pressure in the boiler, but also the temperature of the boiler; that is to say, if there should be no water at all in the boiler, the pressure in the thermostat may be made to shut off the fire, so that all overheating is prevented. The tubes in the boiler proper are of copper, and are $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch in diameter and $\frac{1}{50}$ of an inch thick, while those in the top series, which may be considered as the feed-water heater, are $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch in diameter, and $\frac{1}{60}$ of an inch thick. The total heating surface is nearly 800 square feet.

It is very evident that a boiler of this kind must of necessity be fired with great care. Any great intensity of heat in one part, such as that produced by the ordinary petroleum-burner as used in locomotives, would be completely out of the question, it being a *sine qua non* that the flame must be very large and of no great intensity. I therefore constructed a burner such as is shown in fig. 9. This burner is provided with no fewer than 7650 small jets distributed evenly over the entire fire-box. The gas enters the small vertical tube at a pressure of 50 pounds to the square inch. It then passes through a species of injector, where it combines with a certain quantity of air (which may be regulated at will), then through the large central tube and out at the various branches, where it escapes through holes bored at such an angle that an additional quantity of air is drawn in from the bottom, which greatly increases the draft, and does away with the necessity of a smoke-stack or fan-blower. By regulating the air-inlet of the injector, any sort of flame, from smoky-red to one perfectly blue, may be obtained; but it is found best to use one of a purplish-white color, and about 22 inches in height.

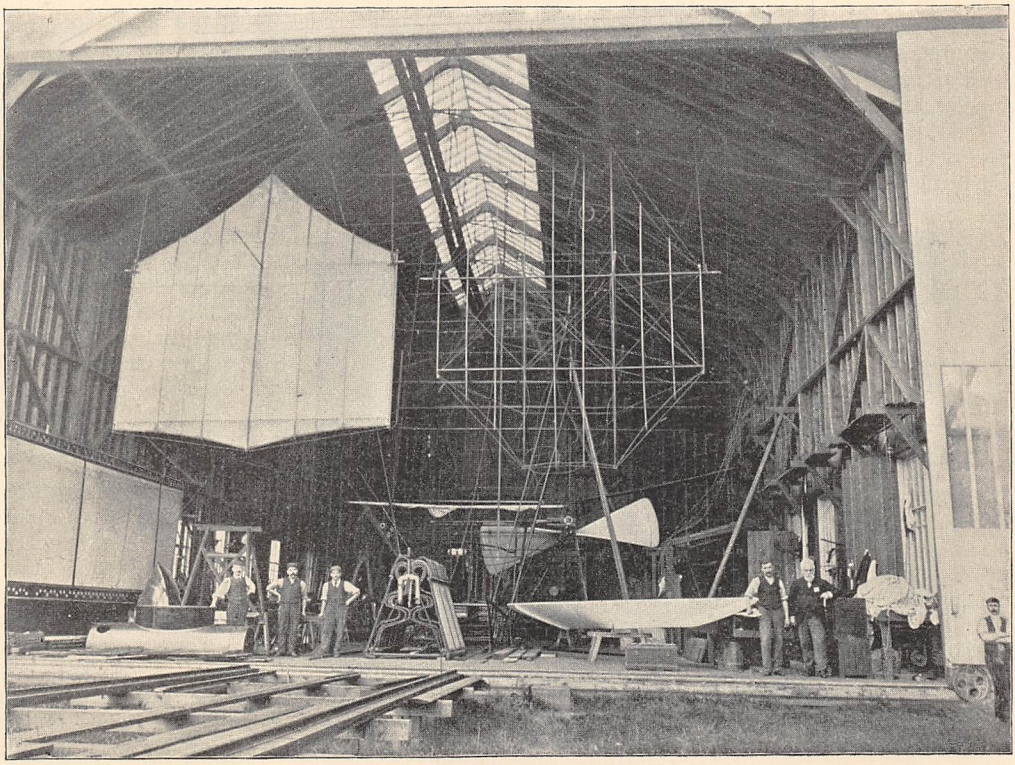
The gas-generator shown in fig. 12 is made in the form of a small vertical boiler. It is of a fine quality of steel, about $\frac{1}{20}$ of an inch in thickness, and is provided with a number of steel tubes which pass from the fire-box through the liquid, and take the products of combustion to the smoke-stack. These tubes are placed near the walls of the generator, leaving a space completely without tubes in the center, through which a hollow stay-bolt passes. The top end of this stay-bolt is provided with a valve arranged in such a manner that when there is a pressure of 50 pounds per square inch in the generator, it springs the top plate of the generator upward, and closes the valve. If the pressure be *less* than 50 pounds, the plate springs downward, opens the valve, and allows the gas to pass down through the stay-bolt, and to the burner that supplies the flame which heats the generator. The liquid in the gas-generator is therefore heated by a portion of its own contents, while the pressure is automatically regulated so as to be maintained always at 50 pounds to the square inch. The weight of the gas-generator is also made to operate directly on the pump which supplies the naphtha. If the weight of naphtha in the generator exceed 40 pounds, the generator drops downward about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch, and operates on a mechanism which rapidly shortens the length of each stroke of the pump; but if the weight should be less than 40 pounds, the generator is raised $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch above its normal position by a spring operating through the bell-crank lever on which it rests, when the same mechanism causes the stroke of the pump to increase, and so keeps the weight of the naphtha practically at 40 pounds.

Before deciding upon the exact form of the screw propellers, I made a series of experiments with various forms of screws. In marine engineering the skin friction on the screw-propeller is so great that it has been found advantageous to make the blades narrowest at the points; but with a well-made screw running in the air, the skin friction is so small that it need not be considered as a factor at all. I therefore have made the ends of my screws very wide. I was told by the secretary of the Aëronautical Society that a screw propeller working in air operated very badly, and that there was a great loss of power due to what he called the fan-blower action. He said that the air would be drawn in at the center of the screw, and discharged at the periphery, thus wasting a great deal of energy. In my experiments, however, I found that when the pitch of the screws was no greater than three times the diameter, there was no fan-blower action at all; in fact, that a well-made screw *drew in* air at the periphery, and discharged it almost in a straight line in the direction of the axis. The first large screws which I made had two blades; they were 17 feet 10 inches in diameter, and had a mean pitch of 24 feet. This pitch, however, was found to be too great, and another pair was made of the same diameter, but with a pitch of only 16 feet. These screws gave exceedingly good results; but a pair of 14 feet diameter and 18 feet pitch gave very bad results, the engine-power being too great for the area of the screw-disk.

Ordinary steam-motors, as every one knows, are provided with safety-valves which are held to their seat either by a weight or a spring, and are so attached that when the internal pressure rises above a certain point, the valve opens, and the steam is discharged into the air. This, of course, puts an absolute limit on the amount of power that can be delivered by the engines. Upon testing my boiler, I found that it would be quite safe to carry the pressure as high as

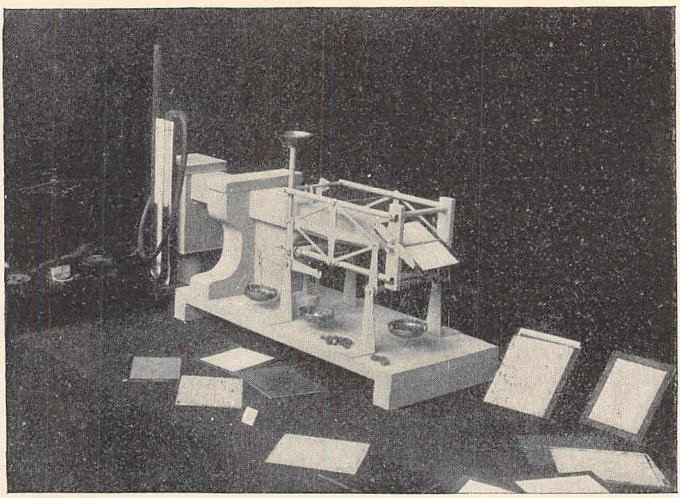


THE RAILWAY TRACK.
Extending across the park for a distance of eighteen hundred feet.



INTERIOR OF THE WORKSHOP.

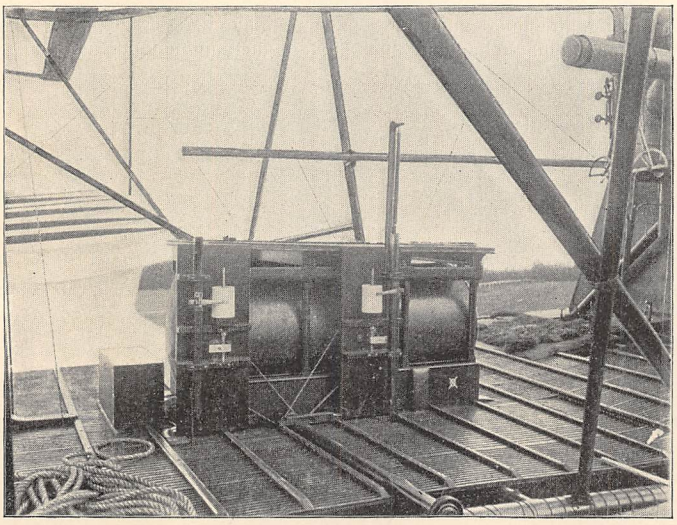
335 pounds to the square inch. I accordingly set my safety-valve so as to blow off at this pressure; but in addition to the safety-valve I provided the engines with the device shown in fig. 2. This consists of a species of injector, connected directly with the high-pressure steam-pipe, with a steam nozle-valve adjusted in such a manner that when the pressure rises above 310 pounds to the square inch, the nozle is opened, and the steam escapes into the pipe leading to the low-pressure cylinder, where the pressure is nearly 200 pounds less. This great fall of pressure is made to work on the surrounding steam, relieving the back pressure to some extent on the high-pressure cylinder, and greatly increasing the direct pressure on the low-pressure piston. By this device the boiler may be forced to almost any extent, and the engines may develop an immense amount of power without any dangerous increase of steam-pressure; and whenever the pressure falls below 310 pounds to the square inch, the valve is again closed, and all the steam must enter the high-pressure cylinder.



7.—APPARATUS FOR TESTING DIFFERENT KINDS OF FABRIC.

The fabric, stretched upon a small steel frame, was mounted at a slight angle in a blast of air, and the tendency to lift and the tendency to drift were accurately measured. The material which gave the greatest amount of lift with the least drift was selected.

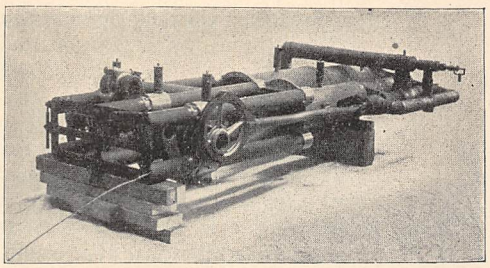
At the time I began my experiments a great deal was being said and claimed for that comparatively new metal aluminium. Some claimed that by the addition of a small percentage of silver, copper, or titanium, its tensile strength might be increased so as to equal that of mild steel. I communicated with all the principal manufacturers of this metal, but in all cases I found it was very much inferior to steel, weight for weight. It is true that I could obtain in Germany some very fine and comparatively strong tubes, but there was no way of uniting them except by riveting, which would make the coefficient of the joint very low (.40), whereas with steel I had no trouble in bringing the coefficient of the silver solder joints fully up to .98, or nearly as strong as the whole steel. Moreover, steel tubes could be obtained in large quantities, and at a price very much less than that of aluminium. I therefore constructed the framework of my machine of steel tubes, the greater part of which were 1 millimeter ($\frac{1}{25}$ of an inch) thick, the diameters ranging from 3 inches to $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch.



6.—DYNAGRAPHS.

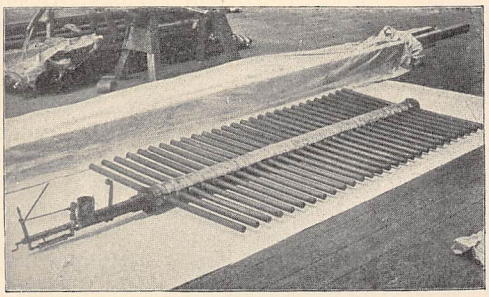
Each of these is provided with a paper-covered cylinder which rotates as the machine advances. A pencil makes a diagram of the lift at the various speeds.

The completed machine consists of a platform about 8 feet wide and 40 feet long, on which is mounted the boiler, the water and gasolene tanks, the gas-generator, the pump, the steering-gear, etc., and to which are attached the tubular brackets for holding the steam-engines in position;



8.—ONE OF THE STEAM-ENGINES.

There are two of these on the machine, each weighing 320 pounds, and each has developed over 180 horse-power.



9.—THE BURNER AND APPARATUS FOR INDUCING THE AIR.

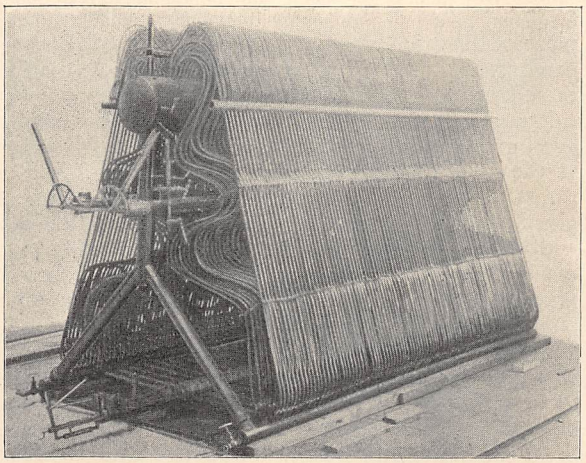
The air combines with the gas before it is burned.

also the tubes and wires which support the aëroplane. This platform is mounted on four flanged wheels, and is made to run on a steel railway track of 9 feet gage. Considerable experimenting was necessary in order to get all the automatic feeding, pumping, and gas-generating machinery to work to perfection. A great deal of experimenting was also necessary so to perfect the burner as to enable it to consume the very large amount of fuel—without smoking or blowing—necessary to develop 300 horse-power. As soon as everything was in readiness, the machine was run over a track from the shop by the propulsion of its own screws, when it was found that a very high speed could be attained.

Having perfected the motive power so that it worked to my satisfaction, I began experiments on the aëroplane. I found that there was a great deal of divergence of opinion, especially in France, as to what was most suitable for aëroplanes. Some argued that as birds were covered with fibrous or fluffy feathers, in all probability velvet or plush would be found to be the most suitable material. I therefore decided to make experiments with a view to ascertain the best possible fabric to be used. An apparatus (fig. 7) was designed expressly for this purpose. It is constructed in such a manner that a piece of the fabric to be tested can be tightly stretched on a small steel frame, and mounted at an angle in a blast of air, with suitable weighing apparatus for ascertaining the lift and the drift—"drift" in this sense meaning the tendency of the object to move in the direction of the wind, while "lift" means its ascensional force.

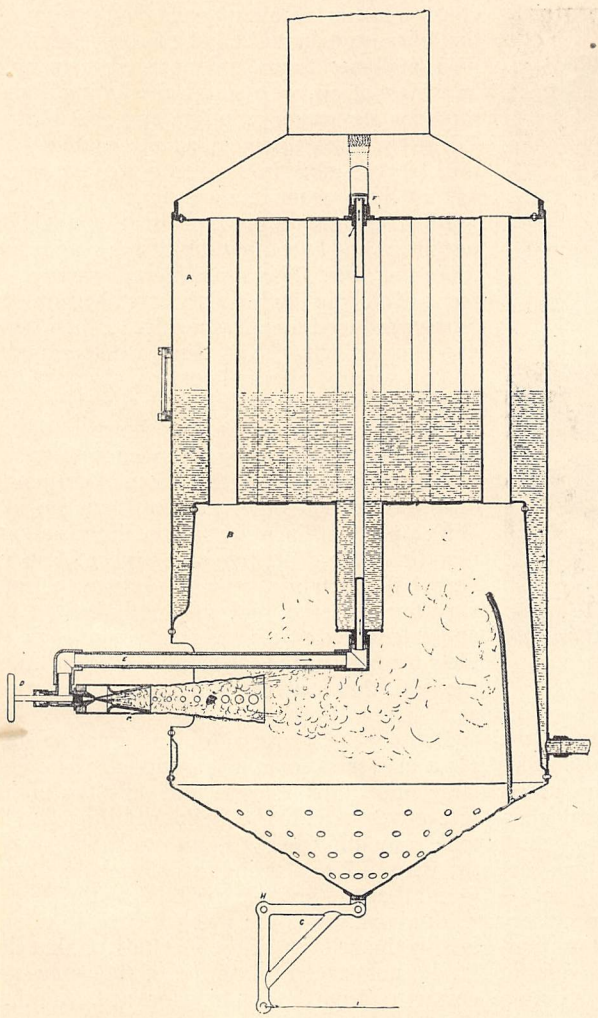
I first mounted a piece of tin at an angle of one in ten, and found that the lift was exactly ten times the drift. This I considered as unity. A piece of tracing-cloth tightly stretched on the frame produced identical results. I then tried experiments with velvet, plush, woolen goods, and all sorts of silks and cottons. Some of the silks which were apparently very closely woven did not lift nearly as much as the sheet of tin, and had a much stronger tendency to travel with the wind, while with a piece of crape the drift was several times greater than the lift. With a piece of linen shirting the lift was about nine times the drift; but with a piece of Spencer's balloon fabric, which was woven from very fine material, and so closely beaten up and calendered that it was nearly impossible to blow through it, the lift mounted to ten times the drift, thus proving it to be quite as good as a sheet of tin.

But to make a large aëroplane is not so simple a matter as some may suppose. The first large one which I made had only the under side covered with the balloon fabric, and it took something like a month to stretch it on the frame. Upon trying this aëroplane, it was found that the resistance offered by the framework above the fabric was sufficient to retard greatly the velocity of the machine, so that the lift did not exceed the thrust of the screw necessary to drive the machine forward. Another



10.—THE BOILER AND FEED-WATER HEATER.

The products of combustion first pass through the steam-generating tubes, and then part with the greater portion of what caloric remains by coming in contact with the small tubes immediately above, which form the feed-water heater.

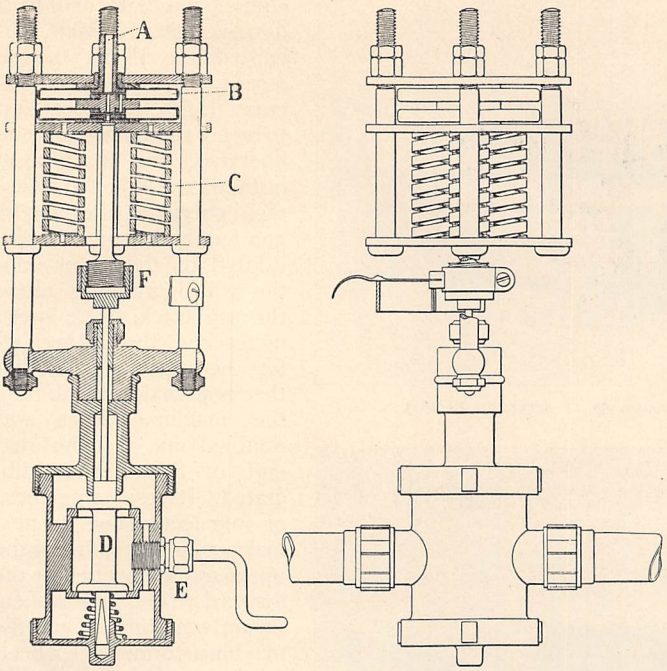


12.— VERTICAL CENTRAL SECTION OF GAS-GENERATOR.

piece of the same material was then stretched carefully over the top of the framework; but the edges were not very sharp, and the upper side was rather irregular. This change, however, greatly improved the lifting power, and at the same time greatly reduced the screw-thrust necessary to propel the machine at a given speed. In the last experiment made with this aëroplane, the front wheels of the machine were lifted off the track, and the aëroplane was broken. This led to a complete change in the system of making the aëroplane, and the one which I employ to-day is made very sharp forward and aft; both the upper and lower sides are very smooth and uniform; and it may be driven through the air without any great expenditure of power. The balloon material from which it is made is first cut and sewn together in approximately the right shape. An eyeleted tape is sewn completely around it, and it is then very tightly stretched on a large frame. It is then wetted and dried several times, the tension being taken up whenever any slackness appears. When every tendency to stretch has been removed, it is cut to the exact size required, and is provided with a permanent linen tape for securing it to the machine. It is then remounted on the frame, stretched to the exact size of the aëroplane, and lightly varnished with boiled oil. When the oil is dry, the fabric may be relied upon to keep its shape: it will not be influenced by heat or cold, and will remain upon the frame as tight as a drumhead. In my experiments I found that any bagging or distortion of the under side of the aëroplane greatly increased the power necessary to drive it through the air, and it was quite impossible to devise any sort of framework for holding it straight which did not weigh too much. I found, however, by covering the upper side of the framework with a similar material, and by allowing some of the air to pass through the lower side, that the pressure of air between the two could be made to hold the lower side absolutely uniform, while the upper side was allowed to bag upward in longitudinal ridges, which did not offer any appreciable resistance to the air.

The new aëroplane is 50 feet wide and about 40 feet long in the middle, but with the corners cut off so that the length at the sides is only 12 feet. The sharp edges both fore and aft are formed by drawing the fabric tightly over steel wires. When the machine is run at a speed of about 36 miles an hour, this main aëroplane will lift from five eighths to three fourths of the whole weight of the machine. The long and relatively narrow wings which project 27 feet beyond this main aëroplane on each side, are found to be much more efficient than the main aëroplane itself; but I should not regard a machine without a large aëroplane as being safe at this particular stage of the experiments. In addition to the wings which extend on each side of the machine, a fore and an after rudder are provided, which are for the purpose of steering the machine in a vertical direction.

It will be understood that a flying-machine operating on the aëroplane system depends for its ascensional power upon being driven forward at a high velocity, the front side of the aëro-



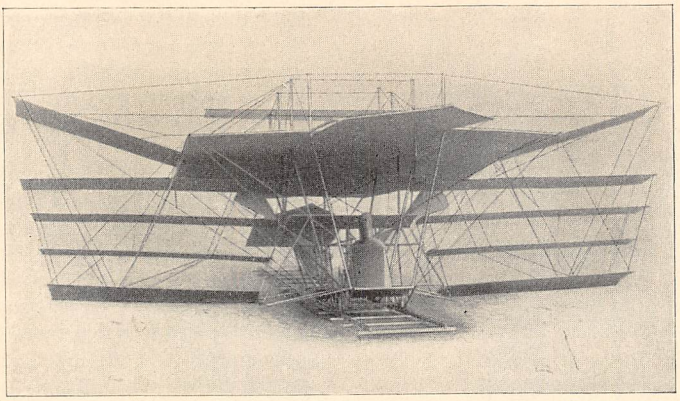
13.— THE AUTOMATIC REGULATOR FOR REGULATING THE STEAM-PRESSURE.

This valve is placed in a pipe leading from the gas-generator to the burner. The pipe A may be connected either with the steam-boiler or with the thermostat. Steam or water admitted at A enters the capsules B, and if the pressure is great enough it expands them and compresses the springs C, and closes the gas-valve D. The amount of pressure necessary to close the valve may be adjusted by the nut F. E is a by-pass for allowing a small quantity of gas to pass, in order that the burner may never be completely shut off.

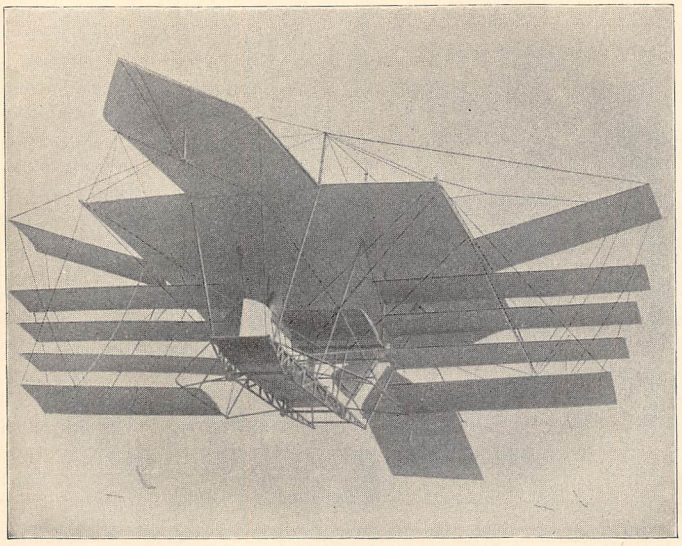
plane being tilted upward so that, as the machine advances, the air is pressed downward and the machine upward as with a kite. In the case of the kite, however, the air is moving and the kite is stationary, but with the flying-machine we must consider the air as stationary while the kite or aëroplane advances on it at a very high velocity. The kite is held up against the wind or drawn into the wind through the agency of the string, but the aëroplane of the flying-machine is driven forward by the thrust of its own screws.

As a great deal of experimenting was necessary before free flight could even be attempted, I constructed a railway track 1800 feet long, over which the machine could be run at a high velocity, not only for testing the lifting power of the aëroplanes, the thrust of the screws, and the efficiency of the atmospheric condenser, but also for ascertaining the exact center of the lifting effort, so as to enable me to balance the machine. Steel springs were interposed between the axletrees and the body of the machine, and levers were so arranged that the whole apparatus became a veritable weighing-machine or platform scales; but instead of the graduated lever which indicates the weight, a pencil was employed which drew a diagram on paper-covered cylinders connected in such a manner that they made one turn in 1700 feet. As the machine was run over the track, a graphic diagram was made, showing the exact lift for the entire length of the track. These dynagraphs are shown in fig. 6.

When the machine had reached a fair degree of perfection, it was found impossible to run it over the track at anything like full speed without danger of its leaving the rails; so I found it necessary to provide an inverted track. This was of 3×9 Georgia pine placed outside and above the steel rails. Four additional wheels on outriggers were provided, and so arranged that when the machine was lifted one inch clear of the lower steel rails they engaged the upper track. Upon running the machine at three-quarters power, it was found that three of the wheels were lifted off the lower track, while when it was run at full speed all four of the wheels were lifted from the steel rails, and the machine ran along the upper track without touching the earth at all. This upper track also enabled me to test the efficiency of my fore and my after rudder. If the forward rudder was adjusted at an angle considerably greater than that of the main aëroplane, and the after rudder at a considerably smaller angle, and the machine run over the track at about three-quarters power, the front wheels would be lifted off the lower rails in the manner shown in fig. 18 A. If the forward rudder was adjusted so as to be practically level, and not to lift at all, and the after rudder set at an angle considerably greater than that of the aëroplane, the exact reverse would happen — the rear end of the machine would rise, leaving the forward end on the rails (fig. 18 B), while if both the forward and the after rudder were set at about the same angle as the main aëroplane, all four of the wheels would be lifted from the track as shown in fig. 18 C. These experiments would seem to show that it would be possible to steer the machine in a vertical direction. The distance between the forward and the after rudder being very great, it is believed that if the machine had a tendency to rear and pitch, a man could think and act quickly enough to adjust the rudders and rectify the fault, and so bring the machine back on an even keel, before the deviation from the normal position was great enough to cause any injury. This



14.—THE MACHINE ON THE RAILS, AS IT APPEARED IN 1893.



15.—THE MACHINE OF 1893, AS IT WOULD APPEAR IN THE AIR.

The present machine has practically the same appearance, with the exception that the fore and the after rudder are slightly smaller, and the corners of the main aëroplane are cut off, so that it is octagonal instead of rectangular.

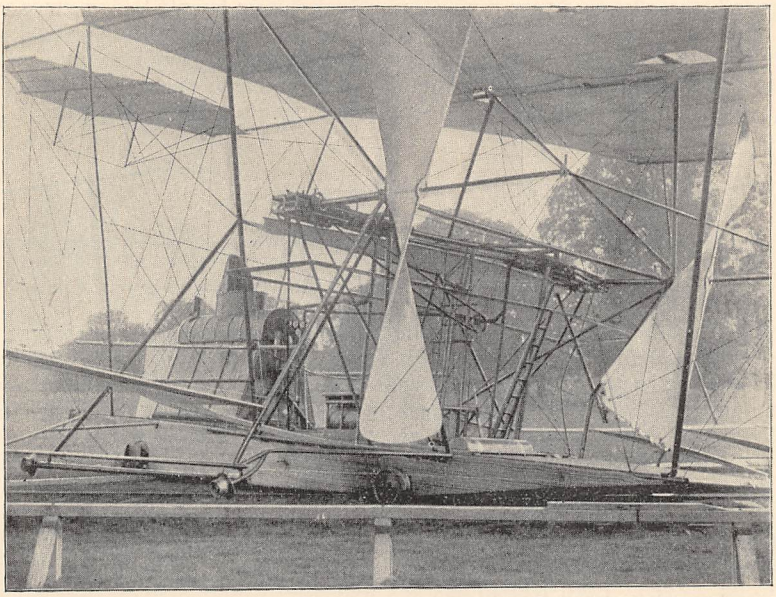
can also be done in an automatic manner by the employment of a gyroscopic regulator.

In regard to the question of stability, I find, by arranging the upper wings in the manner shown in fig. 19, that there is no tendency for the machine to roll. It will be seen by this illustration that whichever way the machine is tilted, the wing that is on the lower side is thrown into a position which greatly increases its lifting power, and at the same time diminishes the lifting power of the wing on the higher side. This makes the machine completely automatic so far as stability is concerned; moreover, the center of gravity is very much below the center of lifting effort, which also serves to keep the machine on an even keel.

On the last occasion that the machine was run over the track, the steam-pressure was run up to 320 pounds to the square inch, the machine being attached to a dynamometer which recorded the thrust of the screws. As the speed increased, the thrust ran up to over 2100 pounds. Upon liberating the machine, it instantly started off at a very rapid pace, and after 400 or 500 feet had been covered, it lifted off the lower rails, the wheels running along the top track. The speed increasing, the lifting effort became so great that the rear axletree holding the machine down was doubled up, and the rear end of the machine liberated. It rose some three or four feet above its normal position, and finally the upper track was lifted by the forward wheel, and broken. Steam was shut off, and the machine stopped, the wheels settling into the ground without making any track on the turf, thus showing that all four of the wheels had been completely clear of the earth. The broken timber of the upper track, however, did considerable damage to the lower framework of the machine, necessitating repairs which required some weeks to execute, on account of the time necessary to make the steel tubes.

At the time of making these last experiments, the aëroplanes were placed at an angle of one in eight; that is, as the machine advanced eight feet, it pushed the air down one foot. When the wings are on, the machine is about 105 feet wide over all, and the area of all the planes used in these experiments is 4000 square feet. The speed was from 36 to 37 miles an hour; the screw-thrust while running was 2000 pounds; the actual horse-power, with 320 pounds steam-pressure, was 363; the total weight of the machine, with water, fuel, and three men on board, was a little less than 8000 pounds; the total lifting effort, 10,000 pounds; the screws made between 375 and 400 turns per minute; and the fuel used was naphtha, 72° Beaumé.

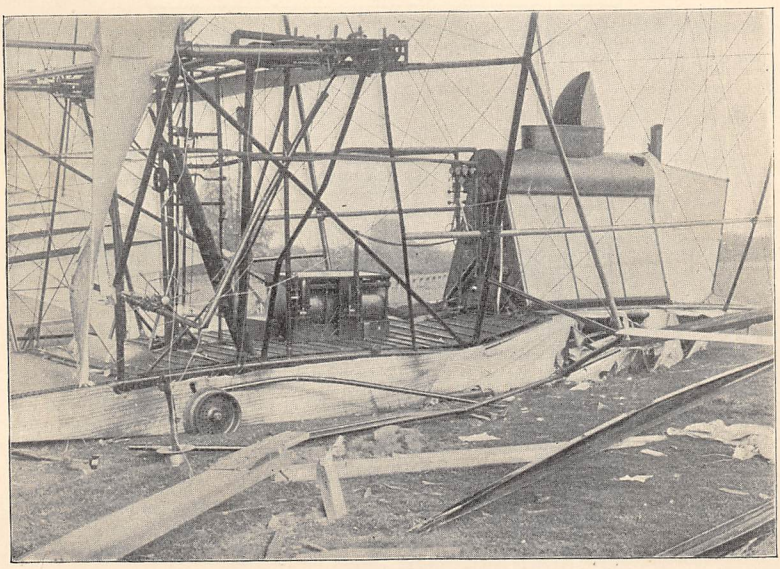
At the time of writing, the machine is practically finished, but in order to continue the experiments it appears to me that it will be necessary to obtain a very large and level field



16.— VIEW OF THE PORT SIDE OF THE MACHINE AFTER THE ACCIDENT.
Showing one of the axletrees which was doubled up, and which led to the accident.

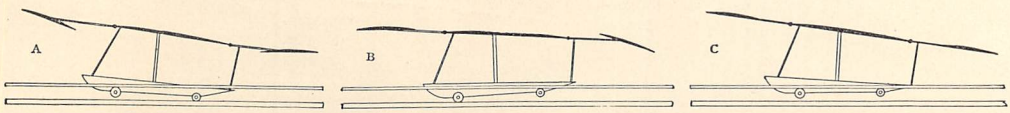
completely free from trees and houses, where experiments can be made in manœuvering the machine. I do not consider it safe to attempt free flight directly from a railway track with a great number of very large trees in every direction; the slightest hesitancy in manipulating the rudders, or the least mistake, might prove disastrous. What is required is to experiment with the machine running very near the ground, in fact almost touching it; and not until one has complete control of the machine should high or completely free flight be attempted. A suitable field for conducting these experiments is not easy to obtain in England, and is certainly not to be found near London.

The experiments which I have conducted have certainly proved that a machine can be made sufficiently powerful and light to lift itself in the air. They also prove that an aëroplane will lift a great deal more than a balloon of the same weight, and that it may be driven through the air at a very high velocity, and

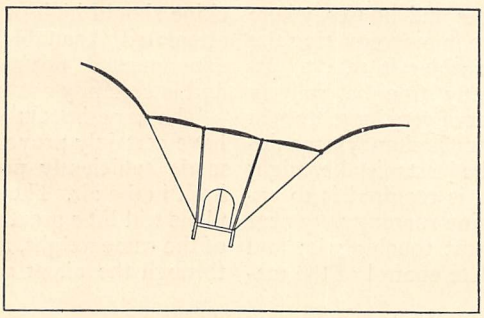


17.— THE STARBOARD SIDE OF THE MACHINE AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

with an expenditure of power very much less than that required to drive a balloon at even a moderate pace. The experiments have also shown that a well-made screw propeller obtains sufficient grip on the air to propel a machine at almost any speed, and that the greater the speed the higher the efficiency of the screw. Some of the leading mathematicians in England, after witnessing my experiments, have publicly stated that the lifting effect of an aëroplane placed at a low angle and traveling at a high velocity is very much greater than had heretofore been supposed, and all the conditions much more favorable. They all agree that the formulæ in text-books on this subject will have to be revised. Lord Kelvin has already published a new formula on the subject, which is from twenty to fifty times as favorable as the old one. Had this knowledge been available, and had it been known twenty years ago that a machine could be made on the aëroplane system which would really lift its own weight, its fuel, and its engineers, we should have had plenty of flying-machines in the world to-day. If one half the money, the time, and the talent which has been employed by the French balloon corps in their fruitless attempts to construct a navigable balloon should now be employed in the right direction, the whole question of aërial navigation would soon be so perfected that flying-machines would be as common as torpedo-boats, and the whole system of modern warfare would be completely changed.



18.— THE ACTION OF THE FORE AND AFTER RUDDERS AND THEIR EFFECT UPON THE MACHINE.



19.— DIAGRAM SHOWING THE MANNER IN WHICH THE LIFTING EFFECT IS INCREASED ON THE LOWER SIDE AND DIMINISHED ON THE HIGHER WHENEVER THE MACHINE IS TILTED TO ONE SIDE.

Hiram S. Maxim.

CHORDS.

THOUGHTS of deep pine-woods and of chanting seas,
Follow the magic hand-touch on the keys;
Now 't is the violin that loudest rings,
And now in saddest key the cello sings,
Blent with the lonely challenge of the horn,
Echoed, in seeming, from some height forlorn.
Again, the drums and viols with sullen roar
Break with their sound-waves on the mind's dim shore,
And suddenly die away. 'T is then there comes
Out from the cymbal-clash and roll of drums
Chords that are love and life, and even the sharp,
Hard pain of death — chords of the golden harp.

Meredith Nicholson.

GLIMPSES OF LINCOLN IN WAR TIME.

BY NOAH BROOKS,

Author of "Abraham Lincoln: a Biography for Young People," "American Statesmen," etc.

REVIEWING HOOKER'S ARMY — AFTER HOOKER'S DEFEAT — EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION — AN INTERRUPTED SÉANCE — SOCIAL INCIDENTS — THE GETTYSBURG SPEECH AND OFFICE-SEEKING — LINCOLN'S MEMORY.

REVIEWING HOOKER'S ARMY.

EARLY in April, 1863, I accompanied the President, Mrs. Lincoln, and their youngest son, "Tad," on a visit to the Army of the Potomac — Hooker then being in command, with headquarters on Falmouth Heights, opposite Fredericksburg. Attorney-General Bates and an old friend of Mr. Lincoln — Dr. A. G. Henry of Washington Territory — were also of the party. The trip had been postponed for several days on account of unfavorable weather, and it began to snow furiously soon after the President's little steamer, the *Carrie Martin*, left the Washington navy-yard. So thick was the weather, and so difficult the navigation, that we were forced to anchor for the night in a little cove in the Potomac opposite Indian Head, where we remained until the following morning. I could not help thinking that if the rebels had made a raid on the Potomac at that time, the capture of the chief magistrate of the United States would have been a very simple matter. So far as I could see, there were no guards on board the boat, and no precautions were taken against a surprise. After the rest of the party had retired for the night, the President, Dr. Henry, and I sat up until long after midnight, telling stories and discussing matters, political or military, in the most free and easy way. During the conversation after Dr. Henry had left us, Mr. Lincoln, dropping his voice almost to a confidential whisper, said, "How many of our ironclads do you suppose are at the bottom of Charleston harbor?" This was the first intimation I had had that the long-talked-of naval attack on Fort Sumter was to be made that day; and the President, who had been jocular and cheerful during the evening, began despondently to discuss the probabilities of defeat. It was evident that his mind was entirely prepared for the repulse, the news of which soon after reached us. During our subsequent stay at Hooker's headquarters, which lasted nearly a week, Mr. Lincoln eagerly inquired every day for the rebel newspapers that were brought in through picket-lines, and when these were received he anxiously hunted through them for information from Charleston. It was not until we returned to Washington, however, that a trustworthy and conclusive account of the failure of the attack was received.

Our landing-place, when en route for Falmouth, was at Aquia Creek, which we reached next morning, untimely snow still falling. "The Creek," as it was called, was a village of hastily constructed warehouses, and its water-front was lined with transports and government steamers; enormous freight-trains were continually running from it to the army encamped among the hills of Virginia lying between the Rappahannock and the Potomac. As there were sixty thousand horses and mules to be fed in the army, the single item of daily forage was a considerable factor in the problem of transportation. The President and his party were provided with an ordinary freight-car fitted up with rough plank benches, but profusely decorated with flags and bunting. A great crowd of army people saluted the President with cheers when he landed from the steamer, and with "three times three" when his unpretentious railway carriage rolled away. At Falmouth station, which was about five miles east of the old town, two ambulances and an escort of cavalry received the President and his party, the honors being done by General Daniel Butterfield, who was then General Hooker's chief of staff.

At Hooker's headquarters we were provided with two or three large hospital tents, floored, and furnished with camp bedsteads and such rude appliances for nightly occupation as were in reach. During our stay with the army there were several grand reviews, that of the entire cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, on April 6, being the most impressive of the whole series. The cavalry was now for the first time massed as one corps instead of being scattered around among the various army corps, as it had been heretofore; it was commanded by General Stoneman. The entire cavalry force was rated at 17,000 men, and Hooker proudly said that it was the biggest army of men and horses ever seen in the world, bigger even than the

famous body of cavalry commanded by Marshal Murat.

The cavalcade on the way from headquarters to the reviewing field was a brilliant one. The President, wearing a high hat and riding like a veteran, with General Hooker by his side, headed the flying column; next came several major-generals, a host of brigadiers, staff-officers, and colonels, and lesser functionaries innumerable. The flank of this long train was decorated by the showy uniforms and accoutrements of the Philadelphia Lancers, who acted as a guard of honor to the President during that visit to the Army of the Potomac. The uneven ground was soft with melting snow, and the mud flew in every direction under the hurrying feet of the great cavalcade. On the skirts of this cloud of cavalry rode the President's little son "Tad," in charge of a mounted orderly, his gray cloak flying in the gusty wind like the plume of Henry of Navarre. The President and the reviewing party rode past the long lines of cavalry standing at rest, and then the march past began. It was a grand sight to look upon, this immense body of cavalry, with banners waving, music crashing, and horses prancing, as the vast column came winding like a huge serpent over the hills past the reviewing party, and then stretching far away out of sight.

The President went through the hospital tents of the corps that lay nearest to headquarters, and insisted upon stopping and speaking to nearly every man, shaking hands with many of them, asking a question or two here and there, and leaving a kind word as he moved from cot to cot. More than once, as I followed the President through the long lines of weary sufferers, I noticed tears of gladness stealing down their pale faces; for they were made happy by looking into Lincoln's sympathetic countenance, touching his hand, and hearing his gentle voice; and when we rode away from the camp to Hooker's headquarters, tremendous cheers rent the air from the soldiers, who stood in groups, eager to see the good President.

The infantry reviews were held on several different days. On April 8 was the review of the Fifth Corps, under Meade; the Second, under Couch; the Third, under Sickles; and the Sixth, under Sedgwick. It was reckoned that these four corps numbered some 60,000 men, and it was a splendid sight to witness their grand martial array as they wound over hills and rolling ground, coming from miles away, their arms shining in the distance, and their bayonets bristling like a forest on the horizon as they marched away. The President expressed himself as delighted with the appearance of the soldiery, and he was much impressed by the parade of the great reserve artillery force, some eighty guns, commanded by Captain De Russy. One picturesque feature of the review on that day was the appearance of the Zouave regiments, whose dress formed a sharp contrast to the regulation uniform of the other troops. General Hooker, being asked by the President if fancy uniforms were not undesirable on account of the conspicuousness which they gave as targets to the enemy's fire, said that these uniforms had the effect of inciting a spirit of pride and neatness among the men. It was noticeable that the President merely touched his hat in return salute to the officers, but uncovered to the men in the ranks. As they sat in the chilly wind, in the presence of the shot-riddled colors of the army and the gallant men who bore them, he and the group of distinguished officers around him formed a notable historic spectacle. After a few days the weather grew warm and bright; and although the scanty driblets of news from Charleston that were filtered to us through the rebel lines did not throw much sunshine into the military situation, the President became more cheerful and even jocular. I remarked this one evening as we sat in Hooker's headquarters, after a long and laborious day of reviewing. Lincoln replied: "It is a great relief to get away from Washington and the politicians. But nothing touches the tired spot."

On the 9th the First Corps, commanded by General Reynolds, was reviewed by the President on a beautiful plain at the north of Potomac Creek, about eight miles from Hooker's headquarters. We rode thither in an ambulance over a rough corduroy road; and, as we passed over some of the more difficult portions of the jolting way, the ambulance driver, who sat well in front, occasionally let fly a volley of suppressed oaths at his wild team of six mules. Finally Mr. Lincoln, leaning forward, touched the man on the shoulder, and said:

"Excuse me, my friend, are you an Episcopalian?"

The man, greatly startled, looked around and replied:

"No, Mr. President; I am a Methodist."

"Well," said Lincoln, "I thought you must be an Episcopalian, because you swear just like Governor Seward, who is a churchwarden." The driver swore no more.

As we plunged and dashed through the woods, Lincoln called attention to the stumps left by the men who had cut down the trees, and with great discrimination pointed out where an experienced axman made what he called "a good butt," or where a tyro had left conclusive evidence of being a poor chopper. Lincoln was delighted with the superb and inspiriting spectacle of the review that day. A noticeable feature of the doings was the martial music of

the corps; and on the following day the President, who loved military music, was warm in his praise of the performances of the bands of the Eleventh Corps, under General Howard, and the Twelfth, under General Slocum. In these two corps the greater portion of the music was furnished by drums, trumpets, and fifes, and with most stirring and thrilling effect. In the division commanded by General Schurz was a magnificent array of drums and trumpets, and his men impressed us as the best drilled and the most soldierly of all who passed before us during our stay.

I recall with sadness the easy confidence and nonchalance which Hooker showed in all his conversations with the President and his little party while we were at his headquarters. The general seemed to regard the whole business of command as if it were a larger sort of picnic. He was, by all odds, the handsomest soldier I ever laid my eyes upon. I think I see him now: tall, shapely, well dressed, though not natty in appearance; his fair red and white complexion glowing with health, his bright blue eyes sparkling with intelligence and animation, and his auburn hair tossed back upon his well-shaped head. His nose was aquiline, and the expression of his somewhat small mouth was one of much sweetness, though rather irresolute, it seemed to me. He was a gay cavalier, alert and confident, overflowing with animal spirits, and as cheery as a boy. One of his most frequent expressions when talking with the President was, "When I get to Richmond," or "After we have taken Richmond," etc. The President, noting this, said to me confidentially, and almost with a groan: "That is the most depressing thing about Hooker. It seems to me that he is over-confident."

One night when Hooker and I were alone in his hut, which was partly canvas and partly logs, with a spacious fireplace and chimney, he stood in his favorite attitude with his back to the fire, and, looking quizzically at me, said, "The President tells me that you know all about the letter he wrote to me when he put me in command of this army." I replied that Mr. Lincoln had read it to me; whereupon Hooker drew the letter from his pocket, and said, "Would n't you like to hear it again?" I told him that I should, although I had been so much impressed by its first reading that I believed I could repeat the greater part of it from memory. That letter has now become historic; then it had not been made public. As Hooker read on, he came to this sentence:

> You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think during Burnside's command of the army you took counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer.

Here Hooker stopped, and vehemently said: "The President is mistaken. I never thwarted Burnside in any way, shape, or manner. Burnside was preëminently a man of deportment: he fought the battle of Fredericksburg on his deportment; he was defeated on his deportment; and he took his deportment with him out of the Army of the Potomac, thank God!" Resuming the reading of Lincoln's letter, Hooker's tone immediately softened, and he finished it almost with tears in his eyes; and as he folded it, and put it back in the breast of his coat, he said, "That is just such a letter as a father might write to his son. It is a beautiful letter, and, although I think he was harder on me than I deserved, I will say that I love the man who wrote it." Then he added, "After I have got to Richmond, I shall give that letter to you to have published." Poor Hooker, he never got to Richmond; but the letter did eventually find its way into print, and, as an epistle from the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of one of the greatest nations of the world, addressed to the newly appointed general of the magnificent army intended and expected to capture the capital of the Confederacy and to crush the rebellion, it has since become one of the famous documents of the time.

A peep into the Confederate lines while we were with the army was highly entertaining. "Tad" having expressed a consuming desire to see how the "graybacks" looked, we were allowed, under the escort of one of General Hooker's aides and an orderly, to go down to the picket-lines opposite Fredericksburg and to take a look at them. On our side of the river the country had been pretty well swept by shot and by the axmen, and the general appearance of things was desolate in the extreme. The Phillips House, which was Burnside's headquarters during the battle of Fredericksburg, had been burned down, and the ruins of that elegant mansion, built in the olden time, added to the sorrowful appearance of the region desolated by war. Here and there stood the bare chimneys of houses destroyed, and across the river the smoke from the camps of the enemy rose from behind a ridge, and a flag of stars and bars floated over a handsome residence on the heights, just above the stone wall where our men were slain by thousands during the dreadful fight of December, 1862. The town of Fredericksburg could be thoroughly examined through a field-glass, and almost no building in sight from where we stood was without battle-scars. The walls of the houses were rent with shot and shell, and loose sheets of tin were fluttering from the steeple of a church that had been in

the line of fire. A tall chimney stood solitary by the river's brink, and on its bare and exposed hearthstone two rebel pickets were warming themselves, for the air was frosty. One of them wore with a jaunty swagger a light-blue United States army overcoat. Noting our appearance, these cheerful sentinels bawled to us that our forces had been "licked" in the recent attack on Fort Sumter; and a rebel officer, hearing the shouting, came down to the river-bank, and closely examined our party through a field-glass. On the night before our arrival, when Hooker had vainly looked for us, a rebel sentry on the south side of the Rappahannock had asked if "Abe and his wife" had come yet, showing that they knew pretty well what was going on inside the Union lines. The officer inspecting our party, apparently having failed to detect the tall form of President Lincoln, took off his hat, made a sweeping bow, and retired. Friendly exchanges of tobacco, newspapers, and other trifles went on between the lines, and it was difficult to imagine, so peaceful was the scene, that only a few weeks had passed since this was the outer edge of one of the bloodiest battle-fields of the war.

One of the budgets that came through the lines while we were at Hooker's headquarters inclosed a photograph of a rebel officer addressed to General Averill, who had been a classmate of the sender. On the back of the picture was the autograph of the officer, with the addendum, "A rebellious rebel." Mrs. Lincoln, with a strict construction of words and phrases in her mind, said that the inscription ought to be taken as indicating that the officer was a rebel against the rebel government. Mr. Lincoln smiled at this feminine way of putting the case, and said that the determined gentleman who had sent his picture to Averill wanted everybody to know that he was not only a rebel, but a rebel of rebels—"a double-dyed-in-the-wool sort of rebel," he added.

One day while we were driving around some of the encampments, we suddenly came upon a disorderly and queer-looking settlement of shanties and little tents scattered over a hillside. As the ambulance drove by the base of the hill, as if by magic the entire population of blacks and yellows swarmed out. It was a camp of colored refugees, and a motley throng were the various sizes and shades of color that set up a shrill "Hurrah for Massa Linkum!" as we swept by. Mrs. Lincoln, with a friendly glance at the children, who were almost innumerable, asked the President how many of "those piccaninnies" he supposed were named Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln said, "Let's see; this is April, 1863. I should say that of all those babies under two years of age, perhaps two thirds have been named for me."

AFTER HOOKER'S DEFEAT.

THE President returned to Washington not only invigorated and refreshed by his short outing, but somewhat cheered and comforted by the general appearance of the army and the indications that the coming battle, when it should be fought, would result fortunately for the cause of the Union. The world now knows how great was the disappointment that fell upon him and upon the nation when the battle was actually fought and lost at Chancellorsville, a few weeks later.

I was at the White House on Wednesday afternoon, May 6, and the President, who seemed anxious and harassed beyond any power of description, said that while still without any positive information as to the result of the fighting at Chancellorsville, he was certain in his own mind that "Hooker had been licked." He was only then wondering whether Hooker would be able to recover himself and renew the fight. The President asked me to go into the room then occupied by his friend Dr. Henry, who was a guest in the house, saying possibly we might get some news later on.

In an hour or so, while the doctor and I sat talking, say about three o'clock in the afternoon, the door opened, and Lincoln came into the room. I shall never forget that picture of despair. He held a telegram in his hand, and as he closed the door and came toward us I mechanically noticed that his face, usually sallow, was ashen in hue. The paper on the wall behind him was of the tint known as "French gray," and even in that moment of sorrow and dread expectation I vaguely took in the thought that the complexion of the anguished President's visage was almost exactly like that of the wall. He gave me the telegram, and in a voice trembling with emotion, said, "Read it — news from the army." The despatch was from General Butterfield, Hooker's chief of staff, addressed to the War Department, and was to the effect that the army had been withdrawn from the south side of the Rappahannock, and was then "safely encamped" in its former position. The appearance of the President, as I read these fateful words with trembling voice, was piteous. Never, as long as I knew him, did he seem to be so broken, so dispirited, and so ghostlike. Clasping his hands behind his back, he walked up and down the room, saying, "My God! My God! What will the country say! What will the country say!"

He seemed incapable of uttering any other words than these, and after a little time he hurriedly left the room. Dr. Henry, whose affection for Lincoln was deep and tender, burst into a passion of tears. I consoled him as best I could, and while we were talking together,

and trying to find a gleam of sunshine in this frightful darkness, I saw a carriage drive up to the entrance of the White House, and, looking out, beheld the tall form of the President dart into the vehicle, in which sat General Halleck, and drive off in the midst of a pouring rain. Immediately after, an attendant came to tell us that the President and General Halleck had gone to the Army of the Potomac, and that Mr. Lincoln would return next day, and would like to see me in the evening.

The wildest rumors were at once set on foot; but it was known that the President and General Halleck had gone to the front, taking a special steamer at the navy-yard at four o'clock that afternoon. It was commonly believed that Hooker was or would be put under arrest; that Halleck would be placed in command of the Army of the Potomac; that Stanton had resigned; that Lee had cut Hooker to pieces, and was approaching Washington by the way of Dumfries; that McClellan was coming on a special train from New York, and that Sigel, Butler, Frémont, and several other shelved generals had been sent for in hot haste. The crowd at Willard's Hotel that night was so great that it was difficult to get inside the doors. The friends of McClellan, and the Copperheads generally, sprung at once into new life and animation, and were dotted through the gloomy crowds with smiling faces and unsuppressed joy.

Of course these fantastic stories speedily passed away like mists before the sun. Hooker was not removed, and although he never again commanded the Army of the Potomac in any great battle, his withdrawal from his high post was accomplished later on without any such disgrace as would have attended his dismissal at that time. When he was finally relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac, a few days before the battle of Gettysburg, and while Lee was on his march to invade Pennsylvania, Hooker went to Baltimore to wait for orders, very much as McClellan had gone to Trenton to wait when he had relinquished his baton of command. No orders went to Hooker, and, becoming impatient, he came to Washington to ask for orders. He sent his card to my rooms, and I called on him at his headquarters on Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite Willard's Hotel. He did not in the least exhibit that chastened spirit which I expected to see in him, but evidently regarded himself a greatly abused man. He could not speak in moderation of any one of his generals; and as for Halleck and Stanton, no words at his command could express his hatred and contempt for these, whom he regarded as the authors of all his misfortunes. He asked me what the President had said about him. I hesitated, but when he pressed for a reply, said that Lincoln had told me that he regarded Hooker very much as a father might regard a son who was lame, or who had some other incurable physical infirmity. His love for the son would be even intensified by the reflection that the lad could never be a strong and successful man. The tears stood in Hooker's eyes as he heard this curious characterization of himself; but immediately rallying, he said, "Well, the President may regard me as a cripple; but if he will give me a chance, I will yet show him that I know how to fight." The next day Hooker was arrested on an order from the War Department for having visited Washington without leave, contrary to existing rules and regulations. This certainly was a most ungracious and needless bit of oppression; for it would have been very easy to have warned Hooker that he was liable to arrest, and to have given him an opportunity to get away from Washington without discredit.

I never saw Hooker again until long after the war, when he was living at the Brevoort House, New York, where I was then in the habit of dining. His mind had become somewhat shaken by much sickness and the long and painful strain of years of strenuous service. Apparently he never saw me without a quickening of his memory of Chancellorsville, the President, and what came after. In loud tones, which astonished the quiet diners at the Brevoort, he would at once discourse of his misfortunes and wrongs, and speak of certain public men, civil and military, in the most violent and abusive terms. After a while, so habitual was this lecture, which poor Hooker seemed to address to the company in general, that I was obliged to take a table in a corner of the dining-room as far as possible from him. He has long since passed off the stage of action, but no one who knew him in his prime can fail to recall him to mind as one of the most picturesque personalities of the war; one of the brightest figures in that long and fast-fading panorama that reached from the firing on Fort Sumter to the burial of Lincoln at Springfield.

EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION.

In spite of a rigorous censorship of the wires, military matters did sometimes get out of Washington in the most inexplicable manner, eluding the stern authority in the telegraph office. When it was decided to reinforce Rosecrans, in 1863, with the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, an officer of the War Department went to every newspaper correspondent in the city, and requested them all, at the special desire of the President and the Secretary of War, not to make any mention of the

proposed movement. The correspondents all agreed to this, and telegraphed or wrote to their newspapers not to refer to the matter, should it come to their knowledge in any way. But one night (September 26) everybody was astonished by news from New York that the "Evening Post," an unconditional supporter of the Administration, had published full particulars of the reinforcement of Rosecrans by the Eleventh and Twelfth Army Corps under Hooker. The Washington Sunday morning papers copied the intelligence, and a Philadelphia paper, saying that the news was "contraband," suggested that the editors of the New York "Evening Post" should breakfast in Fort Lafayette. It is a curious illustration of the muddled condition of things at that time, that the Monday morning papers in Washington discreetly held their peace, and printed not a word of news or comment concerning the whole affair. The "Evening Post" explained its position by saying that its Washington correspondent was not responsible for the "rumors" which had appeared in its Saturday edition, and that the paper had been imposed upon by others. When this comical imbroglio began, the Washington correspondents were in despair. Stanton raged like a lion, and Lincoln, I am bound to say, was exceedingly angry.

The "Evening Post," in its zeal to secure the earliest information, more than once got itself or its correspondents into trouble. When it was known that the President had written a letter to the Republican mass meeting to be held in Springfield, Illinois, September 3, 1863, there was a great stir among the newspaper men in Washington, every correspondent being anxious to get an advance copy of so important a document. The Peace Democrats of Illinois, and indeed throughout the West, were then in a state of furious and threatening wrath. Senator Richardson of Illinois had addressed a meeting at Springfield that summer in a most hysterical and blood-curdling manner, and the meeting adopted resolutions denouncing "misrule and anarchy," and declaring in favor of "peace upon the basis of restoration of the Union." That the President of the United States should consent to write a letter to a convocation gotten up in his own State by way of a counterblast to this traitorous demonstration, was enough to stimulate to the highest pitch the desire of every journalist to secure an early copy of the document. But to all importunities the President and his secretaries were deaf; and the paper, which was dated August 26, 1863, was sent out of the White House, it was said, by a private messenger. Nevertheless, several days before the meeting of the Springfield assemblage, the letter appeared in full in the New York "Evening Post," and to our great amusement was telegraphed back to Washington, and printed in that city before it could be publicly read in Springfield. This was the famous letter which has since become a political classic, in which occurred the unique phrase, "Uncle Sam's web-feet," and in which the good President said, "The signs look better," "the Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea," etc. So far as I know, the method by which the "Evening Post" got possession of a copy of that letter has never been made public. It was not an offense against military law, of course, to print it, as it was a political and not a military piece of information, but I remember that Lincoln said he was "mad enough to cry." He had refused a copy of his letter to the Washington agent of the Associated Press, explaining that although solemn promises not to publish had repeatedly been given, he found that the practice of furnishing advance copies of anything to the newspapers was a source of endless mischief. He was sorry to say that he could not always depend upon even the most impressive promises of those who besieged him for "early and exclusive" information.

AN INTERRUPTED SÉANCE.

THE most terrifying threat that could be held over a zealous war correspondent was that of arrest and confinement in the old Capitol prison. Every person who spent much time in Washington during the war will recall with mingled amusement and dread the freedom with which this threat was bandied about among people who were not always by any means authorized to promote the rapid transit of anybody to that malodorous Bastille. Let me give an instance in which, though one of the unauthorized, I made use of this fear-compelling threat. A seamstress employed in the White House had induced Mrs. Lincoln to listen to the artful tales of a so-called spiritual medium who masqueraded under the name of Colchester, and who pretended to be the illegitimate son of an English duke. The poor lady at that time was well-nigh distraught with grief at the death of her son Willie. By playing on her motherly sorrows, Colchester actually succeeded in inducing Mrs. Lincoln to receive him in the family residence at the Soldiers' Home, where, in a darkened room, he pretended to produce messages from the lost boy by means of scratches on the wainscoting and taps on the walls and furniture. Mrs. Lincoln told me of these so-called manifestations, and asked me to be present in the White House when Colchester would give an exhibition of his powers. I declined; but meanwhile I received an invitation to invest one dollar and attend "a Colchester sitting" at the house of

a Washington gentleman who was a profound believer in this pretentious seer. To gratify my curiosity, I paid the entrance fee, and, accompanied by a trusty friend, went to the séance. After the company had been seated around the table in the usual approved manner, and the lights were turned out, the silence was disturbed by the thumping of a drum, the twanging of a banjo, and the ringing of bells, all of which instruments had been laid on the table, ready for use. By some hocus-pocus, it was evident, the operator had freed his hands from the hands of those who sat on each side of him, and was himself making "music in the air." Loosening my hands from my neighbors', who were unbelievers, I rose, and, grasping in the direction of the drum-beat, grabbed a very solid and fleshy hand in which was held a bell that was being thumped on a drum-head. I shouted, "Strike a light!" My friend, after what appeared to be an unconscionable length of time, lighted a match; but meanwhile somebody had dealt me a severe blow with the drum, the edge of which cut a slight wound on my forehead. When the gas was finally lighted, the singular spectacle was presented of "the son of the duke" firmly grasped by a man whose forehead was covered with blood, while the arrested scion of nobility was glowering at the drum and bells which he still held in his hands. The meeting broke up in the most admired disorder, "Lord Colchester" slipping out of the room in the confusion. His host subsequently brought down word from the discomfited seer to the effect that Colchester was "so outraged by this insult" that he refused to reappear!

A day or two after this, I was astonished by a note from Mrs. Lincoln requesting me to come to the White House without a moment's delay, on a matter of the most distressing importance. On my arrival, the lady, somewhat discomposed, showed me a note from "Colchester," in which he requested that she should procure for him from the War Department a pass to New York, and intimated that in case she refused he might have some unpleasant things to say to her. We made an arrangement by which Colchester came to the White House at a specified hour the next day, and after I had been formally introduced to the charlatan, Mrs. Lincoln withdrew from the room. Going up to Colchester, I lifted the hair from the scar on my forehead, yet unhealed, and said, "Do you recognize this?" The man muttered something about his having been insulted, and then I said: "You know that I know you are a swindler and a humbug. Get out of this house and out of this city at once. If you are in Washington to-morrow afternoon at this time, you will be in the old Capitol prison." The little scamp pulled himself together, and sneaked out of the house, and, so far as I know, out of Washington. I never saw or heard of him afterward.

SOCIAL INCIDENTS.

THE White House did not witness many brilliant festivities during the war, after that famous party which was given by the President and Mrs. Lincoln early in the first year of the Lincoln administration. But Mrs. Lincoln's afternoon receptions and the President's public levees were held regularly during the winters. Nothing could be more democratic than these gatherings of the people at the White House. They were usually held twice a week during the winter, those on Tuesday evenings being so-called dress receptions, and the Saturday levees being less formal in character. A majority of the visitors went in full dress: the ladies in laces, feathers, silks, and satins, without bonnets; and the gentlemen in evening dress. But sprinkled through the gaily attired crowds were hundreds of officers and private soldiers, the light-blue army overcoat of the period being a conspicuous feature of the moving panorama. Here and there a day-laborer, looking as though he had just left his work-bench, or a hard-working clerk with ink-stained linen, added to the popular character of the assembly. Usually the President stood in the famous Blue Room, or at the head of the East Room; and those who wished to shake hands made their entrance, one by one, and were introduced by the functionary detailed for that occasion. So vast were the crowds, and so affectionate their greetings, that Mr. Lincoln's right hand was often swollen so that he would be unable to use it readily for hours afterward; and the white kid glove of his right hand, when the operation of handshaking was over, always looked as if it had been dragged through a dust-bin. Much of the time, I think, the President never heard with his inner ear the names of persons presented to him by Secretary Nicolay, Commissioner French, or United States Marshal Lamon. His thoughts were apt to be far from the crowds of strangers that passed before him. On one occasion, bringing up a friend, I greeted the President as usual, and presented my friend. The President shook hands with me in a perfunctory way, his eyes fixed on space, and I passed on, knowing that he had never seen me or heard the name of my friend; but after I had reached a point seven or eight persons beyond, the President suddenly seemed to see me, and, continuing the handshaking of strangers while he spoke, shouted out: "Oh, Brooks! Charley Maltby is in town, and I want you to come and see me to-morrow." Maltby, it may be said, was an old friend of

Mr. Lincoln's then living in California, and about whose petition for a federal appointment the President wished to talk with me. Lincoln's sudden outburst, naturally enough, astonished the people who heard it.

While the President and his party were with the Army of the Potomac at the time previously referred to, pleasant collations were occasionally served at the headquarters of the various corps commanders whose troops were being reviewed. At a luncheon given by General Sickles at his headquarters, among the ladies present was the Princess Salm-Salm, whose husband was a staff-officer in the army. This lady attracted much admiration by her graceful and dashing riding in the cavalcade that attended the reviews. Before her marriage she was a Miss Leclerc of Philadelphia. It was this remarkable woman who astonished the President, on his entering General Sickles's headquarters, by flying at him, and imprinting a bouncing kiss on his surprised and not altogether attractive face. As soon as he could pull himself together and recover from his astonishment, the President thanked the lady, but with evident discomposure; whereupon some of the party made haste to explain that the Princess Salm-Salm had laid a wager with one of the officers that she would kiss the President. Her audacious sally won her a box of gloves.

During the war the proportion of civilians to those who wore the trappings of the army and navy was so small that men felt it almost a distinction to wear the ordinary evening dress. An order from the War Department forbidding military officers to come to Washington without leave did not by any means abate what was felt to be a great nuisance. Too many officers haunted the lobbies of the Capitol in search of political aid to secure them the promotions that they desired, or the passage of bills in which military or naval officers had special interest. I saw a curious example of military absenteeism one night at Ford's Theater, where I had accompanied the President to see Edwin Booth in "The Merchant of Venice." The President had sent word late in the afternoon that he would like to have a box for himself and a friend; but when we arrived at the theater, going in by the stage entrance, we were met by the manager, who said that the boxes had all been taken before the President's message had been received, but he would use his efforts with a party of officers, as soon as they arrived, to induce them to give up the box which they had engaged. While he was speaking, an usher came behind the scenes, and said that the officers had very willingly relinquished their box for the pleasure of the President. Between the acts the manager came to pay his respects to the President, and to inquire for his comfort, and Lincoln asked for the names of the military gentlemen who had so kindly given up their evening's entertainment in his behalf. The manager replied that he did not know, but afterward quietly told me that he knew that one half of the number were officers absent from the army without leave, and that they considered it a good joke that they could escape the President's observation at the cost of relinquishing their box at the theater. The manager shrewdly guessed that the President had asked for their names in order to discover if they were in Washington on leave; but that was not Lincoln's way.

President Lincoln's theater-going was usually confined to occasions when Shakspere's plays were enacted; for, although he enjoyed a hearty laugh, he was better pleased with the stately dignity, deep philosophy, and exalted poetry of Shakspere than with anything that was to be found in more modern dramatic writings. But I remember a delightful evening that we once spent at the old Washington Theater, where we saw Mrs. John Wood in John Brougham's travesty of "Pocahontas." The delicious absurdity and crackling puns of the piece gave the President food for mirth for many days thereafter. At another time we saw Edwin Forrest in "King Lear," and the President appeared to be more impressed by the acting of John McCullough, in the role of *Edgar*, than with the great tragedian's appearance as the mad king. He asked that McCullough might come to the box between the acts; and when the young actor was brought to the door, clad in his fantastic garb of rags and straw, Mr. Lincoln warmly, and yet with diffidence, praised the performance of the scene in which he had just appeared.

It was Mr. Lincoln's delight to sally forth in the darkness, on foot, and accompanied only by a friend, to visit some theater to which notice of his coming had been sent only just before his setting out. When we consider that it was popularly believed that Washington at that time was infested with spies and midnight assassins, we may well wonder at his temerity. But perhaps it was the unexpectedness and lack of advertisement of his movements that may have induced him to undertake these little excursions. It was the wide publicity given to his intention to go to the play that wrought his own undoing in 1865. Those who are disposed to consider that Lincoln exhibited a frivolous side of his character by his play-going should reflect that the theater was almost the only place where he could escape from the clamor of office-seekers, and for a moment unfix his thoughts from the cares and anxieties that weighed upon his spirit with dreadful oppressiveness. Official etiquette for-

bids the President of the United States the social pleasures outside of his house which a less exalted functionary or a private citizen may enjoy. In Lincoln's case, more than in that of any other who has held the presidential office, there was abundant justification of his seeking for opportunities to escape from the stately prison-house of the official residence.

THE GETTYSBURG SPEECH AND OFFICE-SEEKING.

ONE November day — it chanced to be the Sunday before the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg — I had an appointment to go with the President to Gardner, the photographer, on Seventh street, to fulfil a long-standing engagement. Mr. Lincoln carefully explained that he could not go on any other day without interfering with the public business and the photographer's business, to say nothing of his liability to be hindered by curiosity-seekers "and other seekers" on the way thither. Just as we were going down the stairs of the White House, the President suddenly remembered that he wanted a paper, and after hurrying back to his office, soon rejoined me with a long envelop in his hand. When we were fairly started, he said that the envelop held an advance copy of Edward Everett's address to be delivered at the Gettysburg dedication on the following Tuesday. Drawing it out, I saw that it was a one-page supplement to a Boston paper, and that Mr. Everett's address nearly covered both sides of the sheet. The President expressed his admiration for the thoughtfulness of the Boston orator, who had sent this copy of his address in order that Mr. Lincoln might not traverse the same lines that the chosen speaker of the great occasion might have laid out for himself. When I exclaimed at its length, the President laughed and quoted the line,

Solid men of Boston, make no long orations,

which he said he had met somewhere in a speech by Daniel Webster. He said that there was no danger that he should get upon the lines of Mr. Everett's oration, for what he had ready to say was very short, or, as he emphatically expressed it, "short, short, short." In reply to a question as to the speech having been already written, he said that it was written, "but not finished." He had brought the paper with him, he explained, hoping that a few minutes of leisure while waiting for the movements of the photographer and his processes would give him a chance to look over the speech. But we did not have to wait long between the sittings, and the President, having taken out the envelop, and laid it on the little table at his elbow, became so engaged in talk that he failed to open it while we were at the studio. A disaster overtook the negative of that photograph, and after a very few prints had been made from it, no more were possible. In the copy which the President gave me, the envelop containing Mr. Everett's oration is seen on the table by the side of the sitter, recalling the incident and Lincoln's quotation of Boston's "long orations."

It was a curious illustration of the pertinacity with which the office-hunters pursued the President that even Sunday's sanctity was not respected by them. When we returned that day to the White House, one of these was waiting to intercept him at the entrance with a paper covered with indorsements. "Office-hunting was in the air," Lincoln said.

When a certain prominent comedian of the time was playing in Washington during Lincoln's administration, the President saw his representations with great delight, and was so pleased that he expressed himself in warm terms to the player through the medium of the manager. Thereupon the actor sent the President a book in which he inscribed some pleasant words by way of dedication to Lincoln, who acknowledged the gift in a kindly little note. Not long after this, going to the President's cabinet on a summons from him very late at night, I noticed this man waiting alone in the corridor outside the President's door. Lincoln asked me if any one was waiting without, and when I told him that I had seen the actor sitting there, he made a gesture of impatience and regret, and said that the little courtesies which had passed between them had resulted in the comedian applying to him for an office. I have forgotten what it was, but I think it was an English consulate which the old man wanted. Lincoln almost groaned as he said that it seemed impossible for him to have any new relations with people in Washington without finding that the acquaintance thus formed generally ended with an application for office.

LINCOLN'S MEMORY.

ONE of the most charming figures in semi-public life in Washington during the war was Miss Anna Dickinson, then in the first flush of her success as an eloquent speaker. Her first appearance in January, 1864, was a grand triumph for a young woman then beginning her long and picturesque career. She was invited by a host of distinguished men (at the head of the list being Vice-President Hamlin and Speaker Colfax) to address the people in the Hall of Representatives. The great room was crowded, and the house never looked gayer

than it did that evening, bright as it was with the velvets, flowers, and brilliant colors of a great company of society women. Miss Dickinson was accompanied to the platform by the Vice-President and the Speaker, and was introduced by Mr. Hamlin, who likened her to Joan of Arc. Dressed in black silk with a touch of color at her throat, her wavy black hair in short redundant curls, Anna Dickinson made a figure long to be remembered as she slowly paced to and fro on the platform, dropping her well-formed and compact sentences upon the group below. Lincoln was present, and incidentally the fair orator introduced a striking and encomiastic allusion to the chief magistrate, and the vast audience applauded with tremendous enthusiasm. In the following March, however, the lady changed her mind, as ladies may, and in a speech delivered at Grover's Theater "raked the Lincoln administration fore and aft." But later on she experienced a change of heart, and forsook Frémont, who was her idol for a time, and paid a very beautiful tribute to the new administration of Lincoln. Her last appearance in the House of Representatives was very soon after Lincoln's second inauguration. Those who were present on that 4th of March, 1865, may remember that just as the President took the oath of office, the sun, which had been obscured by clouds, burst forth, and its golden beams fell upon the distinguished group assembled on the Capitol steps. Lincoln next day asked me if I had noticed the sunburst, and then went on to say that he was just superstitious enough to consider it a happy omen. In the address above referred to, Miss Dickinson also referred to the breaking of the clouds, and in touching and inspiring words pictured the dispersion of the gloom that lowered over the country. The President sat directly in front of the platform from which Miss Dickinson spoke. Before she began, he had recognized me as I sat in the reporters' gallery over the platform; and when the speaker referred to the sunburst, he looked up at me and deliberately winked.

A notable meeting was held in the hall of the House of Representatives in January, 1865, when the United States Christian Commission held its anniversary exercises. Secretary Seward presided, and made a delightful address. As an example of Mr. Lincoln's wonderful power of memory, I noticed that a few days after that meeting in the Capitol he recalled an entire sentence of Mr. Seward's speech, and, so far as I could remember, without missing a word. This faculty was apparently exercised without the slightest effort on his part. He "could n't help remembering," he was accustomed to say. One would suppose that in the midst of the worries and cares of office his mind would become less retentive of matters not immediately related to the duties of the hour. But this was not the fact. Although the memories of long past events, and words long since read or heard, appeared to be impossible of obliteration, more recently acquired impressions remained just as fixed as the older ones. One of my cousins, John Holmes Goodenow, of Alfred, Maine, was appointed minister to Turkey early in the Lincoln administration, and was taken to the White House, before his departure for his post, to be presented to the President. When Lincoln learned that his visitor was a grandson of John Holmes, one of the first senators from Maine, and a man of note in his day and generation, he immediately began the recitation of a poetical quotation which must have been more than a hundred lines in length. Mr. Holmes, never having met the President, was naturally astonished at this outburst; and as the President went on and on with this long recitation, the suspicion crossed his mind that Lincoln had suddenly taken leave of his wits. But when the lines had been finished the President said: "There! that poem was quoted by your grandfather Holmes in a speech which he made in the United States Senate in —" and he named the date and specified the occasion. As John Holmes's term in the Senate ended in 1833, and Lincoln probably was impressed by reading a copy of the speech rather than by hearing it, this feat of memory appears most remarkable. If he had been by any casualty deprived of his sight, his own memory could have supplied him with an ample library.

Mr. Lincoln's manner toward enlisted men, with whom he occasionally met and talked, was always delightful in its bonhomie and its absolute freedom from anything like condescension. Then, at least, the "common soldier," who was an American citizen, after all, was the equal of the chief magistrate of the nation. One day in the latter part of March, 1863, I was at the White House with the President, and he told me to tarry for a while, as a party of Ohio soldiers who had been lately exchanged after many harassing experiences were coming to see him. It appeared that these were the survivors of what was then known as the Marietta raid. Twenty-one men from Ohio regiments of the command of General O. M. Mitchel, then in northern Alabama, were sent on a dangerous mission to destroy the railroad communications of Chattanooga to the south and east. The expedition failed, and of the original number only six returned to Washington, after incredible hardships and suffering,— one third of the party having escaped, and another fraction having been hanged as spies, the rebel authorities deciding that the fact that these men

wore citizen's clothes within an enemy's lines put them in that category.

The men, who were introduced to the President by General E. A. Hitchcock, then on duty in Washington, were Mason, Parrott, Pittenger, Buffum, Reddick, and Bensinger. Their names were given to the President, and, without missing the identity of a single man, he shook hands all round with an unaffected cordiality and good-fellowship difficult to describe. He had heard their story in all its details, and as he talked with each, asking questions and making his shrewd comments on what they had to say, it was evident that for the moment this interesting interview was to him of supreme importance. At that time we had great difficulty in effecting exchanges of prisoners, and General Hitchcock had compiled a series of papers of startling importance bearing on the question. The stories of these long-suffering men, and the cheerful lightness with which they narrated their courageous and hazardous deeds, impressed Mr. Lincoln very deeply. Speaking of the men afterward, he said, with much feeling, that their bearing, and their apparent unconsciousness of having taken their lives in their hands, with the chances of death all against them, presented an example of the apparent disregard of the tremendous issues of life and death which was so strong a characteristic of the American soldier.

One of Lincoln's favorite poems was Holmes's "Last Leaf"; and one November day we were driving out to the Soldiers' Home, near Washington, when the aspect of the scene recalled the lines to his mind. He slowly and with excellent judgment recited the whole poem. Enlarging upon the pathos, wit, and humor of Holmes, I found that the President had never seen a copy of the genial doctor's works, so far as he could remember, although he was not certain that he had not. I offered to lend him my copy of the poems, a little blue-and-gold book; and the next time I went to the White House I took it with me. About a week after leaving the book with the President, I called at the house one evening, and, finding him alone, we settled down for a quiet chat. He took from a drawer in his table the blue-and-gold Holmes, and went over the book with much gusto, reading or reciting several poems that had struck his fancy. He expressed his surprise at finding that some of the verses which he admired most had been drifting about in the newspapers without the name of the author attached to them; and it was in this way, he said, that he had found "The Last Leaf," although he did know that Dr. Holmes was the author. Finally he said that he liked "Lexington" as well as anything in the book, "The Last Leaf" alone excepted, and he began to read the poem; but when he came to the stanza beginning

> Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
> Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,—

his voice faltered, and he gave me the book with the whispered request, "You read it; I can't." Months afterward, when several ladies were in the Red Parlor one evening, calling upon Mrs. Lincoln, he recited that poem without missing a word, so far as I could remember it. And yet I do not believe that he ever saw the text of "Lexington" except during the few busy days when he had my book.

I have still in my possession the blue-and-gold Holmes, Ticknor & Fields edition, 1862, with the leaf folded lengthwise, as Lincoln folded it to mark the place where he found "Lexington." In a preface written in 1885 Dr. Holmes said that "good Abraham Lincoln had a liking for 'The Last Leaf,'" and that Governor Andrew had told the author that Lincoln repeated the poem to him.

Noah Brooks.

THEIR COUSIN LETHY.

IT seemed to me, child as I was, rather pitiful that, as Mr. Pate grew harder of hearing, and older, people, although never meaning to be offensive or impolite, kept themselves as much apart from his society as was possible to respectful friendly relations. This was on account of his increased garrulousness, and his frequent complainings of the little attention paid to his words, sometimes narrative, as often admonitory. A harmless egotist, honestly believing himself to be a very charitable and therefore a very useful gossip, his habit was, before his deafness came on, to find out, as a matter of simple neighborly duty, every possible thing about current neighborhood existence, and then, without ever dreaming of charging anything for it, to offer his counsel for its disposal or utilization. This counsel some might, others might not, accept.

He was a man too well poised to be fretted by neglect of taking help gratuitously extended by one to whom so much wisdom had been imparted by Heaven, being accustomed at all times to reflect in entire calmness that his mission was only the giving of counsel, not the enforcing its adoption. The intimacy between him and me, notwithstanding the difference of threescore years in our ages, became only the closer as adult listeners who avoided his society increased in numbers. Somehow I became much interested in what he had to say, especially regarding things happening before my day. Not without some spirit of romance in his being, he told me several of his recollections in that line which sometimes I rather like to recall. These fond recurrings of old men to their young times seem to me of the dearest among the Almighty's tendernesses to second childhood in human existence.

One afternoon, when he and I had become the only sitters on one of the benches hard by the store, he said:

"Did I ever tell you about the run of Ephom Garrett and 'Lige Strouder for their cousin Lethy?"

Indeed I had heard the story more than once; but willing for him to enjoy another telling, I looked inquiringly.

To bring the story within reasonable limits, I must abbreviate within my own some of my narrator's many words.

The Garretts lived a mile from one end of the village, and the Strouders about equidistant from the other. The Criddles occupied a nice two-story house in the middle, near the store of Bland & Jones. Nearly opposite, on the other side of the street, in a somewhat nicer two-story, dwelt the Robys, with whom boarded Mrs. Roby's brother, Curry Lightner. Mrs. Criddle was sister to Mr. Garrett, and Mr. Criddle brother to Mrs. Strouder. That is, they used to be before the heads of the three families had died. This of course made Ephraim Garrett and Elijah Strouder, although of no kin to each other, cousins to Lethy Criddle, of whom some people, admitting that this was saying a great deal, maintained that she was the head of all the pretty girls that went to Mr. Hodge's school. Fond of both of these cousins, who were some five years older than she, Lethy often tried to reconcile their differences, which, beginning early, continued late. And well she might, because but for her those boys might have been as friendly with each other as any other couple not similarly exposed to estrangement.

"The de-ficulty was," as briefly put by Mr. Pate, "they was two of them, and they were n't but one of Lethy, which my expe'unce is that always make a deff'ence in sech a case."

Truth is, both these cousins had been dead in love with Lethy from the time when she was thirteen and began to notice outward things, and each regarded the other with the apprehension natural to the double relationship.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Pate; "them boys took to runnin' ag'in' one another from time Lethy's ma let her drap her pant'lets, and begin to go to parties and fishin's, and them kind of things. It hurt one of 'em when the tother turned him down at whatsomever they went at. They was n't so fer from bein' about on a pair in gener'l. They said at their school that 'Lige had considible the advantage in readin', but Ephe kept above him in the spellin' class. They was about ekal in grammar, and if 'Lige was some better in jography, Ephe topped him in figgers. So it were in their playin'. 'Lige in gener'l beat Ephe a-runnin', but twicet out of three times Ephe could lay 'Lige's back on the ground in a wrastle."

Thus, as my friend in extended detail went on to relate, the rivalry continued on every field of joint endeavor until all were grown up, and settled down to business; for in those times girls, if in different ways, did work for the family, whether it was needed or not. The rivals, full of health and activity, equally unobjectionable as to looks and habits, not the difference of an inch in height or of half a dozen pounds in weight, Ephraim a shade lighter and Elijah a shade browner than Lethy, continued to besiege each in the way he was advised and believed was most promising; and Lethy, sweet, good, thoughtful girl that she was, while never showing signs of preference for either, often exhorted them to moderate, if they could not altogether suppress, their mutual hostility.

"You mind, my son," Mr. Pate lingered to remark in sage parenthesis, "when a girl is pootty and sweet as any pink, and she knows it, as Lethy Criddle were obleeged to know the above, they can be as cool, or at least they know how to make believe they are cool the same as a curcumber, when them that want 'em may be hot as a horseshoe jest out of the fire. And fact is, the red hotter them gits, the cooler they can show theirself. That 's one o' the advantages the good Lord have give' to females, and a fellow have to study and pick up expe'unce in sech things to find out how to git round 'em. Oh, I tell you now, and other people will tell you, that Joe Pate hain't been livin' this long in the world without getherin' a many a useful itom of infimation about wimming, single and married, a-includin' of widders, because a man, even if he is married, he never know when sech infimation may n't come in handy."

The counselor, and sometimes by special request the go-between, of these lads and their cousin was Curry Lightner. He was a tall,

brownish, bushy-haired person, who, although as far gone in years as twenty-nine without ever being even engaged, was one of those cool, level-headed bachelors not at all common, and was often heard to say that people might name him any name to suit themselves, but that he should not make any movement toward getting married until he could be made to believe, in some one particular case, that he would do better than by staying single. On the income of his property, which was somewhat more than that of any of the other three, he lived at ease, yet without extravagance. He dressed neatly, but with occasional negligence, which some said was put on for the purpose of showing (but all for policy's sake) his independence of general female opinion. He patiently let himself be consulted by ardent young men and youths in their loves, and, although never undertaking to become a zealous partizan, freely gave advice out of his long, apparently unselfish contemplation of such matters, and his stock of interesting words, which seemed without limit. In the case of Ephraim and Elijah, he said to each distinctly that while he was willing to advise freely, it must not be expected of him to take an active part on the side of either, but that they must fight the thing out themselves on their several lines.

"No, Ephe; no, 'Lige," alternately in multitudinous concludings; "you see what I can do for you. My advices is as free as water a-me-and'ring down its own stream for others to partake besides itself; but the making or the breaking in those aforesaid things is not to my hand to perp'trate, but is for them that is willing to make enemies for what is not their lookout nor their own particular business. No; come to me when your mind is egzited either by doubts or uncertainties, and I 'll talk to you as free as I would with my own parrents if they was n't both of 'em dead."

Hardly satisfactory as were such interviews to the lads, yet each was consoled by assurance felt that the confidant would at least never bestir himself in support of his rival. This assurance was well founded, for in none of Lightner's visits to the Criddles', which were frequent, did he ever speak a word implying special preference in his regard for either, although very many kindly of both.

Chatty and vivacious as Lethy was generally, yet much of her talk when with her cousins separately was not very interesting, because it ran so much in praise of the absent. One day, when she and Elijah were alone together, noting that her words in praise of Ephraim, if not entirely lost upon the listener, were far from the sort he would have preferred to hear, after talking until it was becoming plainly painful to him, she said:

"Cousin 'Ligy, what is the reason you and Cousin Ephe don't seem to like each other like you ought? Seems strange, nice young men like you are, and both my own dear cousins at that. Now there 's Mr. Curry Lightner. He never comes here that he don't have something kind and pleasant to say about you both; while you and Cousin Ephe — I do wish you and he could be more friendly, indeed I do."

"Has Ephe Garrett been running me down to you, Lethy?"

"There it is! No, he has not, as you ought to know well enough I would n't let him do if he was to want. But neither has he been running you up, as I suppose you would call it, no more than you 've ever been running him up to me. It is n't right, and hurts ma's feelings, not to say anything of mine, that I don't suppose, because it don't look like, either one of you cares anything about them."

These words, intended so to be, were tremulous and touching.

"My goodness, Lethy! Care about your feelings? Me? Why, Aunt Patsy ought to know, and you can't help from knowing, that Ephe Garrett don't — that, no, not to save his life, could Ephe Garrett — think half as much of you as I do."

"Why could n't he?" she asked, restored to calmness and coolness.

"Because it ain't in him, Lethy, and never was in him, and never could git in him. He hain't the heart capacity to hold what 's in me; nor he hain't the breast, nor — nor — yes, I 'll say it open — he hain't it not in one single one of his whole blessed inside of nervous fabrication, to leave love and affection entirely out of the case, whom to compare with me and mine in the presence of you."

"Whee-oo! Cousin Ephe, according to all that, must be very lacking somewhere."

"For that and them onnly, Lethy; for that and them onnly is my meaning of the above. As to Ephe Garrett, what I should say about Ephe Garrett, if I was called on to express my opinion of Ephe Garrett, it would be that in some points of view of a case not of the present sitooation, Ephe Garrett is right much of a man; but that in the present sitooation it is me that know what you to be in and through yourself, and to 'preciate and vally to the accordin'. It is me that have the judgment of your perfection and all your walk and conversation, and would fain believe, if you could only think as I do, that happiness to both of us would be commensurate. And it not onnly is hard, but to me, in my present egzitement, it look pitiful, when I am using the most perspective words I know how, and trying to put my very best foot foremost, you 're there

a-laughing at me, and I have no doubts in my mind but what it 's because Ephe Garrett has been telling you something mean and ridiculous about me."

When her laughing fit was over, she answered:

"It is n't so, Cousin 'Ligy; not a bit of it. When Cousin Ephe is here he talks mostly with ma; but neither ma nor I have ever heard him say one single word against your character in any way. It 's all in your imagination."

Yet he could not entirely believe her, and he went away pondering how he might get even with Ephe.

After waiting quite a time for Mr. Pate to get thus far in his narrative, I let him proceed for some distance in his own way.

"Now Ephe Garrett's huntin' were deff'ent from 'Lige, that 'Lige went at Lethy straight out mad, like Lethy had good rights to be hisn and nobody else, and that amejent, which ain't the thing with young, unexpe'unced girls, howsomever it may be with widders, that I have had expe'unce of both. And my expe'unce of widders is, when they has drapped the takin' on for their husband that 's dead and goned and showed hisself to be no more use to them, and arfter they has made up their mind to try it ag'in, the thing can be settled without any great to-do in the multiplyin' o' words. Why, there 's my wife, that she 's my second, and nobody ever had a better, exceptin' of my first wife, jest as good, that she, a-meanin' of my wife for the time a-bein', ware the widder Tidy. I ain't sayin' it 's so, but the drappin' off of Johnny Tidy not long before my first wife went to her mansions in the sky seemed a'most like the good Lord had a' eye on my woeful conditions, knowin' what a friend to him I had always tried to be. Yit when the case were so be, and come around so natchel and conven'ent like, that there were our two plantations a-j'inin', me a widower and Mrs. Tidy a widder, both young enough and, you may say, strong and warlike, that one night I thought it all over, and next mornin' I rid over there, and when I put the case before her (for she were always a quick-mind' person for a female), she see through it plain as me, and before I left that house we app'inted the day. But you see, my son, that 's widders. With young girls it 's deff'ent. A man have to flarter them up powerful when they 're pink and scrimptious like Lethy Criddle, and that 's jest where Ephe knowed 'Lige had the 'vantage of him in the words and langwidges that somehow Ephe never could come up with like Lige, and what he did know of 'em, his bashful egzitement made him forgit 'em in Lethy's company tell it were too late. But with old people Ephe Garrett could express hisself to perfect satisfaction. And so Ephe made set, Ephe did, at Lethy's ma, because he done already heard the sayin' that a good way to catch a calf silent and easy were to fling a nubbin to the cow."

One day Ephe took in to Mrs. Criddle a basket of nice country things,— eggs, butter, and I could n't say what all,— and after usual salutations, giving and receiving of thanks, with no mention of Lethy, who had stepped over to a neighbor, he said:

"I don't know, Aunt Patsy, that you know that pa in his lifetime thought more of you than are sister or brother in the family, and it seems like the same have come down to me sense he 's dead and gone."

Then with his left hand he gently rubbed his right jaw.

"It 's very nice in you to say so, Ephra'm," answered his aunt. "It was jest last night Lethy and I were talking about how good you and 'Ligy Strouder was to remember us, that only yisterday he brought her a whole lot of roses and bubby blossoms."

Ephe took down his hand, laid it upon his knee, and had the looks of one who felt suddenly somewhat sick. Rallying, he said with words beginning in melancholy:

"Yes; I brought *my* present to you, though of course I expected Cousin Lethy to have her part — that is, without she rather have nothing to do with anything belongin' to me."

"Come now, Ephra'm; Lethy thinks jest as much of you as she do of 'Ligy — that is, to my opinion she do; and it seem a pity that you and him can't be friendlier with one another, that it look like the poor child is sometimes distressed in her mind at you and him a-growlin'."

"Aunt Patsy," he painfully remonstrated, "it ain't me; it is not me that is a-growlin' at 'Lige Strouder. It 's 'Lige Strouder a-growlin' at me; and not only that, but a-barkin' at me to boot. Then you know that he don't think nigh as much of Lethy as I do. As for me, in this case, Aunt Patsy, I take in the view not only Lethy, but I take in you. Which I have yit to learn 'Lige Strouder do, with all his high-syllable words, which he have got out of the dictionary with Curry Lightner to help him, and which I 've got too much work to do to inwestigate. But 'Lige Strouder can't deny that in the spellin'-class at Mr. Hodge's school he were a heap nigher the foot than I were to the head. 'Lige Strouder have been studyin' fine language and things, even o' nights, to find words to turn me down in Lethy's affection, when he know in his conscience I think a thousand million times more of her than he do, even if I can't p'inted find the

words, when me and her is together by ourselves, to lay myself open before her. It 's all because I love her to that distraction the words fail me. And so the best I can do is to putt my case before my own blessed aunt that I 've learnt to love more than are aunt I 've got in all this sorrowful world, when it look like a pity a young man with the affections I have can't git the peace on his mind he honest think he deserve."

Tears as honest as the very longest day of the year touched the aunt's heart. One was in her own eye when she said:

"Ephra'm, my son, I can onnly say that if the deciding of this case was left to me, you are obleeged to be awares how they would go. For blood is blood, and kin is kin, leavin' out that water is water, and can't be anything beyant water. I loved your pa the same he loved me, and even if it be Mr. Criddle were fond of 'Lijah's ma, yit blood is blood, which I can't but say with that basket a-setting there before my very eyes. But I tell you now, after them feeble remarks, it 's a subject that Lethy have took the bit in her own mouth, and is a-goin' to decide for her own self."

Ephraim thanked his aunt, and went away hopeful that what influence she could exert would preponderate in his favor.

At night when the mother reported this interview, said Lethy:

"That 's all right, ma,— that is, it 's as nigh right as Cousin Ephe knows how to put it. It would be just as well, though, if Cousin Ephe came at me instead of you, and if Cousin 'Lige came at me different and with fewer of his big words, which he ought to know that I know that he don't know all the meanings of 'em. We 'll see about it before very long. No use hurrying. What you say about kin being kin, and blood blood, is all right in its place. I 'm sleepy myself, I am."

Shortly after the last-mentioned visits, the youths resorted alternately to their friend and counselor.

"'Lige," said Mr. Lightner, "you have the advantage of Ephe in the quantities of your words, and the beautifulness of their significations and sounds; for my experience with women is, they rather love language and music, though not a musician myself, strictly speaking, and have not yet used my best language on them, at least to any solemn extent. Them words 'notwithstanding' and 'nevertheless' which you tell me you flung out with Lethy, keerless, like you was used to them, will do you no harm. So the word 'commensurate,' although it might have been jest as well to say what it all was commensurate with — say the universal world, or some other large thing. Yit I 've no doubt she understood your meanings. If I was exact in your place, I should go on with my circulations, and should keep a dictionary where I could turn to it handy. A dictionary, if it may n't be as interesting to some people like a love and warlike book, yit it has its use in matters of your kind. For you may say what you please about women, but it 's principal language that taken their eye — of course I mean if looks, and property, and other advantages is satisfact'ry."

"Ephe," in his turn, "in my view of this terraqu'ous life, as I have seen named somewhere in my reading, the mind of one female freckwent hangs on the mind of another female, and her mind,— that is, the other female's mind,— to use a ruther low expression, a fellow have to untwine it gradual tell he can git himself included along with the girl of his desire. The advantage you have over 'Lige in this case, which it is plain to see, lays in Mrs. Criddle being your blood and not 'Lige's; and if it was me, I should put it forwards for all it is worth. I should keep on telling my Aunt Patsy how hard my own pa loved her; and as for baskets and buckets, and those kind of things, I should just hang around and actual pessecute her on them lines. Of course I can't interfere active between you and 'Lige, being both of you my friends, civil and political. It is for you and 'Lige to work the thing out for your own selves accordin' to the lamp by which both your feet is guided, like Patrick Henry said at the Declaration of Independence."

Indefinite and not quite intelligible as such counsels were, the rivals felt, though in some darkness, the need of holding to them.

Young as I was, I did not feel very, very tired as the old man fondly dwelt in elongated detail. The lengthening shadows of the trees warned him to advance to the end. Casting his eye momentarily at the fast-declining sun, he said:

"Well, they 's a heap more of ups and downs; but I reckon I as well finish up, and tell how the contendin' parties run the thing to a head. Rudisill have drawed off his mill-pond. At sech times whole lots o' people gethered there to ketch fish with seines and nets, and one thing and another. Now Ephe Garrett, when oncet he were too rapid in the shettin' of his seine that was jes jammed with suckers and cat and red-bellies, she were split ag'in' a rock, and he skint his knee, and sprained his ankle, and he have to lay at home for a whole munt'. And in the time news got out that Ephe Garrett have the rheumatiz, which have come down to him on his mother's side of the house. Nobody knowed who started it, but Ephe sispicioned 'Lige Strouder, and he declared he 'd git even with 'Lige. So one day he went in town, and he hopped about on his cretch all over town,

a-denyin' o' the words, and a-addin' that 'Lige Strouder's people have had the consum'tion on his father's side, a-includin' of a' old aunt that had a cough that lasted sixty year and better, and she tired out two whole gineration o' people before she give out; that of course sech a disease, when it oncet got in a family o' people, it stayed there to the very last prosterity of 'em. Well, sir, when things got to that solemn p'int, somethin' have got to be done. And so Ephe sent word to 'Lige, and 'Lige sent word to Ephe, that soon as Ephe could fling away his cretch they was to meet at Bland's store and settle it. Now sech as that skeared Mrs. Criddle to that she begged Lethy to decide in her mind before the battle come round, and Lethy declared she meant to. And so one mornin' Lethy putt on her very best frock and things, and her ma did n't say anything because she knowed night before what was up, and she looked solemn, but she said she were riconciled. Bimeby here come ridin' in town the old man Sanford that he was the parscher of their church, and he lit at the Robys', and were met at the gate by Curry Lightner, and them two and Mrs. Roby, Curry's sister, went straight across to the Criddles', and in less 'n a half a' hour Lethy and Curry was j'ined in the banes, and then they lit in the Roby gig, and was off on a tower clean as fer as A'gusty, where they stayed one whole solid week."

"And what," I asked, "did the other young men do?"

"Do? Why, they was both in the sitooation of the feller the calf runned over. They was both of 'em speechless, and had nothin' to do nor say. When their langwidges come back to 'em, Ephe said that as his cousin Lethy would n't take him, he were thankful she did not take 'Lige; and 'Lige said the same about Ephe. And when Curry Lightner got back, and call 'em 'Cousin Ephe' and 'Cousin 'Lige' kind and affectionate, and declare he have not putt hisself in his best langwidge before Lethy tell he see they has run the lenkt of their rope, they forgive him. And 't were n't a year before Ephe married 'Lige's sister, and 'Lige married Ephe's sister; and then the whole lot of 'em got jest overwhelomed with one 'nother together in good feelin's all around."

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Ideals.

THE good citizen of America's principal city has had to give himself a jog, of late, to see whether he was actually awake, and thus be sure that at last Tammany was "smashed." For so many years the prominence in local government of the tough, the gambler, the blackmailer, the murderer, has been such a constantly increasing and world-resounding disgrace, that the happy and far-reaching results of the last election, coming so suddenly, require a little study for their full realization.

Some of the remedies and reforms now in view we speak of under another title. Here we wish to refer to another aspect of the subject.

Whenever it is attempted to make an idea or a policy effective by surrounding and forwarding it by means of an organization, there is immediate danger of a lowering of the moral standard. No matter how spiritual the idea or how right the policy, the price of the good to be accomplished by organization is a certain tendency toward evil in the pursuance of practical results. Even the Christian church has had always to guard itself against the dangers of combined effort; and when it comes to organizations on a lower plane, it is little wonder that they are in constant need of reformation, and that they frequently become so evil that destruction is the only means of complete reform.

What more natural and human than that we should see political organizations sometimes bringing to the front, holding up for public admiration and example, and crowning with apparent success, men of sordid aims and damaged reputation?

Nothing can be more demoralizing to a community than the proclamation of ignoble ideals, and nothing more effectually proclaims such ideals than the thrusting of public honors upon men known to be without conscience or character. Now, that is precisely what Tammany Hall has been doing for many years, wherever its influence has extended in city and State. No existing organization of any kind in all Christendom has so conspicuously, outrageously, and persistently declared black to be white, and wicked men to be good and trustworthy citizens. The more unworthy the idea and the more conscienceless the policy embodied in an organization, the more demoralized and demoralizing will the organization become. The idea, the policy, of Tammany is "spoils." No one should be surprised, then, at the fact that the longer its power lasted, the more shameless its acts became, and the lower in the moral scale it descended to procure its representatives in public office. The millions extorted by that ill-famed organization — its leaders, tools, and members — from financial copartners in the profits of metropolitan vice, from the ignorant poor and the cowardly and traitorous rich — these uncounted millions are as nothing, the bad repute of our city is as nothing, to the demoralization which has gradually spread over this city and State from the temporary success of infamous methods and infamous men.

To what a pass would a still longer period of this domination have brought the city and the State! Al-

ready the poison has worked in a lowering of the tone of the public service; in the not-to-be-measured evil effect upon separate groups and neighborhoods; in the often cynical views of the young; and in the gradual decay of public virtue in men whose early careers promised better things. It has eaten like a canker into the business world; it has betrayed some of our journalists from their duty to the public; it has not left untouched our institutions of learning.

Tammany, though defeated by a large majority, still polled a vote which may be said to be appalling in view of the preceding horrible exposures. But it is quite possible that it will be a long time before even a "reformed Tammany" will poll again so large a proportionate vote. One thing is likely to occur — namely, that when it does come crawling back, begging for a new lease of power, there will be found even fewer than ever of "respectable" reputations ready to assist with cynical and preposterous apologies a new reign of public plunder and degrading ideals.

Gains for Good Government.

It was eminently fitting that the result of the November elections in New York city and State should be considered in both this country and Europe as a moral rather than as a political victory. The campaign which preceded the election was conducted almost entirely on moral grounds. In New York city the shame of Tammany rule had sunk so deeply into men's minds that they forgot their party ties and prejudices, and were actuated solely by a determination to relieve their city and American free institutions and popular government from the disgrace which that rule entailed. They felt that it was not a question of politics, but of civilization, which confronted them, and they solved it as American citizens, and not as partizans. In a large measure the same spirit permeated the whole State. It was impossible to dissociate Tammany from the State government, which for nearly ten years had done all in its power to nurture and multiply Tammany abuses and opportunities for evil.

When the results of the victory were counted up, it was surprising to see how much had been accomplished. Rarely, if ever before, had a single election secured for the people of a State so many beneficent and far-reaching reforms. The advocates of those reforms, who had been battling for them for many weary years, could scarcely believe that all of them had been won at a single stroke. As one examined the list, it was difficult to escape the conviction that the opponents of good government had themselves been the most powerful agents of reform, for their long and shameless opposition had aroused a popular indignation which made it easy to carry even the most radical changes. It was that opposition also which brought it about that a new constitution should be submitted to the people for adoption at the time when this indignation was at its height.

Unquestionably the most important of the reforms secured is that giving the State separate municipal elections. In future all cities of the State will hold their elections for municipal offices on days on which no National or State candidates will be in the field. City elections can thus be carried on city issues alone, and State and National politics can be eliminated from the minds of the voters. Of course such elimination will not be accomplished at once, but it is certain to come in time. Next in importance to the separation of elections is the extension from ten to ninety days of the period for which a foreign-born voter must have been naturalized before he can vote. This will do away with the greater part at least of the naturalization frauds in New York city; for the corrupt political machines will not take the trouble to naturalize voters whom they must keep track of and help support for three months. They could do it easily for ten days. Henceforth naturalization will be as a rule a spontaneous act by the foreign-born resident and the result will be a great diminution in the number of undesirable new citizens.

It would be a national blessing if other States in the Union which have not yet secured separate municipal elections, and which have lax naturalization laws, were to follow the example of New York. It would be difficult to find two reform measures more powerful in advancing the cause of good government in cities than these indisputably are.

But the reforms which the new constitution gives to the city and State of New York are not the only ones made certain by the election. Great things in this direction are expected confidently of the legislature which convenes this month at Albany. For the last six years the Republicans of the State have been advocating a genuine ballot-reform law and a thoroughgoing corrupt-practices act. They cannot refuse to give the people of the State both these reforms now. New York took the lead of all other States in advocating them, and would have had the honor of embodying both in laws before all others had it not been for the opposition of Tammany, and its allies and sympathizers in the State government. As it is, the State has the poorest of all the thirty-eight ballot laws that have been adopted, and about the most ineffective of the seven corrupt-practices acts. The legislature should, and in all probability will, pass a ballot law which will give the State a blanket-ballot system, without the blanket "paster," which is a spoilsman's device for evil purposes, and also a corrupt-practices act modeled upon those of Missouri and California, which are the best thus far adopted. Such an act should include provisions requiring the sworn publication after election of all receipts and expenditures of money by both campaign committees and candidates, prohibiting all "assessments" upon, or contributions by, candidates for judicial offices, and placing maximum limits to expenditures by candidates and committees. Sworn publicity of all receipts would put a stop to those enormously heavy contributions by corporations which have been the practice in New York and other States during recent years as the "price of peace," or immunity from legislative interference.

In enacting a genuine ballot-reform law we believe the legislature should follow the lead of the new constitution, and recognize the voting-machine as a probability of the near future. As our readers will remember, we discussed the merits of this invention in this department of The Century for April last. It is sufficient to say now that an appreciation of its value as the one form of voting which secures both an absolutely secret and an absolutely honest ballot has been increasing steadily since we wrote of it. A special merit which is commending it to all investigators is the automatic counting of the vote, which eliminates

from elections both ignorance and dishonesty in the computation of the result, while giving also a far more speedy announcement of it. No trace is left anywhere of the kind of ballot any voter has cast, so that complete secrecy is secured; and as the counting is done with mechanical accuracy, free from all possibility of interference, an absolutely honest election is guaranteed. No other system yet devised does this, though the best forms of the Australian method approximate more closely than any others which use a printed ballot distributed, deposited, and counted by human agency. Almost the only objection to the machine which is considered serious by most of its advocates is the danger that it may break down in the midst of an election, and, there being no printed ballots available for use, the election may thus go by default. This could be guarded against by having substitute machines ready for use in emergency. The danger of breakage is very slight, however, no instance of it having occurred in the many trials which have been made in town elections during the last few years.

These reforms, like those secured by the new constitution, will be the outcome of one of the most encouraging popular uprisings in the history of American politics. The victory in the city and State of New York demonstrated what an irresistible force the morality of a community constitutes when it is brought into a united mass, with all partizan considerations set aside. We have claimed repeatedly in this place that every American city can have an honest government if it wishes to have it; that all the reputable people in it have to do in order to control their public affairs is to perform their duty as citizens. The reputable people of New York city, for the first time in over twenty years, did attend to their civic duty on November 6, and the result was a demonstration that they were in a clear majority of nearly 50,000. If they will continue to do their duty, and to stand united in doing it, they will remain in permanent control of their municipal affairs. There is not a city in the country in which the same demonstration cannot be made, and the same control established and maintained. The great majority of the American people detest bad government and desire good government. Their fault has lain not in their character, but in their indifference to, or their disregard of, the plain duties of citizenship.

The New Civic Spirit.

DR. ALBERT SHAW, in his work on "Municipal Government in Great Britain," says that the cities of the United States "are discovering that the city element begins to preponderate in a country whose whole fabric of civilization had been wrought upon a foundation of agriculture and rural life; and that the future safety of our institutions requires that we learn how to adapt city life to the promotion of the general welfare." While noting the tendency toward higher rates of municipal taxation abroad, owing to the assumption of new responsibilities on the part of city governments, he declares that, nevertheless, the condition of urban life "must be so improved that for the average family the life of the town shall not perforce be detrimental. *The race must not decay in city tenements*, but somehow it must, under these conditions of dense neighborhood, find a higher and better life."

The civic spirit which for a generation past has worked such extraordinary results in many European cities, is only beginning to evidence itself in American communities, where hitherto the commercial and the partizan spirits, rather than the civic, have dominated the situation. How far our own cities may be willing to go in the direction of interference and paternalism, or fraternalism, is yet to be seen. In America more play is expected for individual initiative, ingenuity, and enterprise; and yet it is evident that the civic spirit now aroused throughout the country will lead to American experiments based upon what seem to be the wisest usages abroad.

Signs of the new civic spirit abound throughout the country, the movement against the spoils system going hand in hand with the movement for good government in the cities, freed from the influence of national parties.

In New York city the interesting conferences on a "Municipal Program," under the auspices of The City Vigilance League, are again in full course. Last year the conferences were in search of a program; this year the conferences aim to be positive, creative. They have found a program, and it is being discussed under the heads of "The Positive Program Begun," "The People," their Schools, Safety, Homes, Revenues, Health, Transportation, Recreation, Literature, Workshops, and City.

But New York has not only the above interesting program to consider this winter, but also an official municipal program now being prepared, after laborious investigation, by the Tenement House Committee appointed under an act of the last legislature. If this committee shall prove half as practical, sensible, and wise in its recommendations as the one of ten years ago, and if as large a proportion of its suggestions shall be finally adopted, it will not have labored in vain.

A Great Step Forward.

IN the last number of the magazine we spoke of several encouraging events in the progress of civil-service reform; but the magazine went to press before the announcement of the acceptance by the President of a number of highly important suggestions of the Civil-Service Commission in the matter of extensions. Great advances have recently been made by both the legislative and executive branches of the General government toward the abolition of the spoils system; and each advance has held its own, and met with public approval.

Each of the great parties should be willing to have this work go on more rapidly in the future than in the past: the Democratic party, because its platforms, its wisest leaders, and its President are thoroughly committed to the reform; and the Republican party, because it, too, is so committed by platform and precedent; and because, also, if it should get into power when it is hoping to do so, it would really be more apt to stay there a considerable time if it were relieved from the necessity of distributing the minor offices as spoils. The fact is that national patronage is a large factor in the defeat of parties; the holding of it is absolutely of no political utility — as witness a number of recent national elections. It is a nuisance, as well as a source of corruption and an occasion of injustice.

OPEN LETTERS.

What Women Can do Best.[1]

THE question of granting political suffrage to women has been so fully discussed on both sides, that there would seem to be nothing more left to say for or against it. Yet the interesting articles of Senator Hoar and Dr. Buckley in the August CENTURY, so apparently exhaustive, leave two or three aspects of the question untouched. Senator Hoar makes a point of the fact that certain "remonstrants" of his own State have been inconsistent in objecting to women taking part in political government, when they themselves have held "political office." Those women whom he names, and a good many others also, who have served on State commissions, and are still so serving, do not hold "political office," strictly speaking. State commissions are intended to be non-partizan: the male members belong to all parties, the female members are non-voters; and all, however much they may differ in their views as to the tariff, the financial policy of the government, and the other questions which divide political parties, are concerned only in the management of charitable, reformatory, and penal institutions, sanitary matters, or other similar branches of State government. More than this, commissioners of charities are not elected, and are not paid. They are, I believe, in all the States, appointed by the governor for long terms. The office of commissioner on the boards named is almost always unsought, and often undesired and declined, for the reason that there is much labor and vexation involved, with no personal profit.

A certain portion of the duties of our State charitable boards can well be performed by women — that is, by such women as have been trained for the work by long service in private charitable societies. But there is another part of the work which requires the management of experienced business and professional men. The financial management of State charitable institutions few women are fitted to undertake — not by natural defects, but for the reason that a business training, such as almost no woman receives is necessary.

The women who have served on our State boards leave to their male associates the care of expenses, of building and repairing, and especially all matters pertaining to the duties of sanitary engineers or other professional men. Legal training and experience are very important in making up the whole number of members of such boards.

In fact, though the two sexes have exactly the same legal powers conferred upon them, they are performing duties much the same relatively as those which a husband and wife perform in the household. While the men are looking after water-supply and drainage, methods of heating and lighting buildings, cost of repairs or renewals, purchases of supplies, etc., the women of the board are occupied with internal matters of care and management, cleanliness of rooms, bedding, clothing, preparation of food, etc. Especially do women interest themselves in individuals. This is natural to the sex, to look into details, to examine special cases whose needs are peculiar. The minor wards of the State in particular need the maternal element in their care. In Massachusetts women have brought about great results by introducing a new system of placing children of tender age in families, instead of stultifying them in institutions — paying board for them when necessary, and exercising through a large organized society of "auxiliary visitors" a personal relation with every girl and young child. There is neither time nor space here to describe the work which women have done in Massachusetts for the charities of the State; but to sum it up, it has been of a maternal and feminine character, and relates to the care of children, of sick and insane persons, and to the reformation of delinquents and criminals, most of the latter being female offenders.

Thus it is seen that our honored senator does not enforce his point by the example of women commissioners, because they are performing feminine and maternal duties, and have been admitted to the commissions, formerly wholly composed of men, that they may perform such duties. It is true that they all vote at the board meetings. But such "voting" is very different from that of a political election. When these women vote to "accept a report," or to appoint an agent or officer to act for them, as they constantly do, or to expend a certain sum of money, there is no passionate excitement, no inducement to corruption, no element of partizan strife.

To deposit a ballot in a ballot-box at a political election requires little time, and, as we well know, neither brains, nor knowledge, nor principle. But the casting of a ballot involves far more than that act, if political power is to be exercised by women. Women, like men, in order to exercise power, must combine, must attend primary meetings and caucuses, and must enter the political arena. They must inevitably hold public office, must sit in our halls of legislation and in our courts of justice. They must enter into all these things without the training which business life gives to men. How many women know or can know anything about finance, a subject which so few men understand? And yet not only the "sinews of war," but the sinews of peace and stable government, depend more upon a sound financial policy than upon any other one thing. Macaulay, in his "History of England," states that the debasement of the currency during, I think, the reign of William III.— but I quote from memory — caused more misery than war, pestilence, famine, or any other cause. Certainly our Congress in recent years has shown ignorance enough in financial matters without doubling the amount of that ignorance. And here we come to what seems to us who are rebuked for being remonstrants against woman suffrage the most vital objection of all — the awful danger of *doubling the suffrage*.

Our country differs from every other nation, past or present, in being deluged by recent immigration. The

[1] Mrs. Leonard, having been named by Senator Hoar in his article in the August CENTURY, has asked the privilege of a public statement, which we gladly accord.— THE EDITOR.

enormous influx within ten years of persons who do not speak our language or understand our principles is a danger not sufficiently appreciated. We have given them too easily the ballot, fearing a worse evil,— a brute force having no power except brute force,— believing that the ballot will satisfy the man who without it would be a foe to all government. This danger, however, is not to be apprehended from women, who are non-combatants, and, as a sex in general, never think about government at all. But having given a share in government to tens of thousands who are unfitted for it, it is proposed with easy assurance to give it to millions still more unfitted. We must not look at the intelligent, virtuous, and high-minded women alone, who all have their peers and equals in virtue and wisdom among men, but at the female compeers of the ignorant and brutal men who menace our safety in holding political power. It is useless and unnecessary to go over the oft-repeated reasons why one sex is fitted for public life and the other is not; they are too familiar, and have been argued upon till the subject is threadbare. But the present extreme difficulty in settling the great questions on which political parties differ — the grave crisis, financial, industrial, and political, through which our country is struggling — should make every practical statesman hesitate before he seeks to introduce a new element of difficulty.

It is curious and interesting at any summer resort or other gathering of intelligent women to see the general profound indifference to politics — to any news of the day, however exciting, which relates to the affairs of the nation. Still more curious is it to observe, on questioning ardent female suffragists, how little they know about the great questions of the hour. They generally say, "Oh, both parties are terribly corrupt, but when women vote, politics will be purified." Will it? Are not women also possessed of mortal infirmities? Will not many women sell their votes, bargain for office, intrigue, combine with others for selfish ends? Where there is no temptation, there is no sin; but when power comes, and with it temptation, shall we find that God has created one sex "good," the other "bad"? Ah, no; women are like men, of the same time and race, only their pursuits, occupations, and habits of life differ; their sphere is domestic, their intercourse with the world far more limited. They now have power to do far more by influence in public matters, by an intelligent interest in schools, hospitals, almshouses, than they exercise; and it is lamentable that so few women care how the public charities of their own towns are managed. There is no good reason to think that the right of suffrage will increase that interest. A spirit of humane unselfishness leads men and women both to care for the unfortunate — and too few men care for them now, in spite of their right to vote.

I cannot forbear, in closing, to speak of the personal references which Senator Hoar has made. The women who have rendered most "*public* service" in his own State are unknown to fame. The women's prison at Sherborne was the result of the life-work of Miss Hannah Chickering of Dedham, who devoted thirty years of her life wholly to labors in prisons. She first formed the plan for a reformatory prison for women, under the sole charge of women, and lived to see her plan fully carried out in 1877. She, with other women, of whom Mrs. John Ware was one, petitioned six legislatures, and labored incessantly to that end, before success was attained. Miss Clara Barton did not then live in Massachusetts, nor was she interested in prisons; but at the earnest request of her friend General Butler, then governor of Massachusetts, she undertook the management of the Sherborne prison for six months, in 1883. As is well known, her noble life-work has been in other fields. Prison management was distasteful and unsuited to her. The present head of that prison has given eleven years of service to the State and to unfortunate women, as a work of mercy; and though she is paid a salary, devotes her time and whole income to benevolent labors. The women who hold such public office are nearly if not quite all far from wishing to take part in the affairs which they think properly belong to men, but are glad to assist the State in aiding the helpless and unfortunate.

There are women who have done a hundredfold more service to his State than those of whom Senator Hoar speaks so kindly, but their names are never before the public. The women who see the danger of an enormous extension of the suffrage have been forced into a publicity which they do not desire, because their protest seems necessary to avert the threatened evil.

Clara Temple Leonard.

The New Treatment of Diphtheria.

THE new anti-toxine treatment of diphtheria promises to prove one of the most important developments of modern medicine, and seems to represent, in a particularly practical and valuable form, the best results of recent bacteriological investigations as to the nature of the infectious diseases. I use the word "development" advisedly in this connection, for the new treatment is not by any means the result of a single empirical observation, or a conclusion reached from a single series of experimental investigations, but is the necessary and logical deduction and practical result arrived at from many series of experimental investigations regarding the infectious diseases. These investigations have been going on for the last seven or eight years, and in order to gain any intelligent conception of the nature of the new treatment, one must know something of the work that has preceded it.

In the early days of modern bacteriology, it was thought that the germs associated with the various diseases were themselves the essential and active agents in the production of the symptoms presented. It was not until the subject had been more deeply investigated that evidence was found to show that the chemical products of bacterial life were really the cause of most of the symptoms characteristic of the different infectious diseases; and that in respect to many of these diseases the chemical poisons could be separated from cultures of the germs grown outside the body. It was further found that when the chemical poisons separated from such cultures were used for the inoculation of animals, not infrequently the same constitutional symptoms were produced as occurred when the germs themselves were introduced, or when the diseases occurred under natural conditions.

It has been long known that in many infectious diseases one attack grants a more or less complete insusceptibility or immunity to future attacks. The same individual rarely has two attacks of smallpox or of

scarlet fever, because the first attack has given a nearly complete immunity from the disease. In some infectious diseases the immunity acquired from a single attack is permanent; in others it is only temporary, lasting for a few months, or sometimes perhaps a few years.

Investigations have shown further that the immunity acquired both by animals and man from once having suffered from an infectious disease is at least frequently, if not always, the result of the development in the blood of the individual of some chemical substance (which it has not yet been possible to separate or isolate chemically) that has the power of neutralizing both outside and inside the living body the poison produced by the germs causing that particular disease. Experimental investigations, which have been going on for four or five years, have shown that animals inoculated with the chemical poison or toxine separated from cultures of the diphtheria germ gradually become more and more tolerant of this poison, and finally enormous quantities, many times the fatal dose, may be introduced without causing anything but a temporary disturbance. As the animals become more insusceptible to the action of the poison, the blood acquires to a larger degree the power of neutralizing the poison. It has been further shown that this neutralizing power is due to the formation in the blood of an anti-toxine. When the serum of the blood of animals which have been thus rendered immune to diphtheria is mixed with solutions containing the toxine outside the body, these solutions are deprived of their poisonous property; and when the serum is introduced in sufficient amount underneath the skin of animals, they become insusceptible not only to the action of the toxine of diphtheria, but also to the diphtheria germs themselves; and finally, when used in animals or human beings already suffering from diphtheria, it neutralizes the poison, and cuts short the disease.

In diphtheria death is very commonly due to the action upon the heart or some of the other organs or tissues of the body of the diphtheria poison or toxine which has been absorbed from the throat. The blood serum of animals that have been rendered insusceptible to diphtheria neutralizes the diphtheria poison in the circulation, and so protects the individual from its deleterious action. It acts as a true specific.

It has been found possible in this work accurately to determine the degree of toxic properties of various solutions of the diphtheria poison, and also accurately to determine the value of the blood serum derived from animals which have been rendered immune to diphtheria. Thus a standard of dosage can be easily fixed.

The investigations thus far made would seem to show in the most unmistakable manner that this blood serum, or curative serum as it is called, constitutes almost a certain and specific cure for diphtheria when employed early in the course of the disease; and that almost all persons who are subjected to treatment within the first two or three days recover, whereas before this treatment was instituted, or where it has not been used, the mortality from this disease among children under five years of age has varied from forty to fifty per cent. or more.

Unfortunately, the production of the curative serum is difficult and expensive. From four to ten months are necessary sufficiently to immunize large animals such as horses, cows, or goats, which are chiefly employed; and the work requires the constant attention of thoroughly trained men. At present this remedy cannot be obtained in this country, or at least only in the smallest quantity and at great expense; and so, although science has provided what seems to be a specific for one of the most dreaded and fatal of diseases, yet it must be some months at least before most persons suffering from diphtheria will be able to avail themselves of its use. The New York City Health Department has asked for a special appropriation for the maintenance of a research laboratory one of the chief functions of which will be the production of the diphtheria anti-toxine; and if this appropriation is granted, it is hoped that before many months the new remedy may be obtained in abundance.

Finally, it may be said that the importance of the diphtheria anti-toxine, or curative serum, in the prevention and treatment of diphtheria can scarcely be overestimated. The remedy has already passed the experimental stage, and its value and efficacy have been thoroughly established. In proper cases it is not only an almost certain cure for diphtheria, but is also apparently an entirely reliable agent for the prevention of this disease, while under all conditions it is absolutely harmless.

The results thus far obtained have been most remarkable. The mortality from diphtheria in children under five years of age has been reduced by the use of anti-toxine in suitable cases from 50 or 60 per cent. to from 10 to 20 per cent. During September the mortality in the hospitals of Berlin was reduced by this treatment to 11 per cent. In October the supply of anti-toxine was exhausted, no more could be obtained, and immediately the mortality increased to nearly 60 per cent.— the previous rate.

The influence of the use of this agent on the death-rate from diphtheria in Paris constitutes in my opinion an exhibit of the saving of life by a new remedy so extraordinary as to be without a parallel in the history of medicine. In the fourth week of September the deaths from diphtheria in the whole city of Paris, with 2,500,000 inhabitants, numbered only two; and in the month of October the mortality for the city to the 27th inst. was only twenty-three.

No such result has ever before been obtained. It seems entirely probable that through the influence of the anti-toxine on the prevention and cure of diphtheria, this disease may eventually be brought completely under control.

Hermann M. Biggs.

A Cure for the Pass Pestilence.

THE anti-pass amendment to the constitution of New York, which virtually prohibits passes to officials, is a much-needed reform. Probably at first view it is notable for the financial effect it will have on the great railroads, every one of which has had a habit of being courteous in the matter of passes to public officials. It was not alone to the legislators that this courtesy was extended. Governors, minor State officers, the highest judges, in many cases the municipal officers of cities, and, as an acme of the thrift that founded the courtesy (although it sounds like a burlesque), coroners and coroners' clerks all along the railroad lines, have been regular recipients of this courtesy as apparently a mat-

ter of the most ordinary business. "Annuals" were issued to them exactly as if they were a part of the dividends and these gentlemen were stockholders.

Every member of the legislature found, in his first mail at every opening of the session, his regular set of passes. Indeed, they were considered so "regular" that many members expressed lively indignation in case they were delayed at all. A young colored clerk at the Grand Central Station, whose duty it was to fill out members' passes, was removed during the session of 1893 because he was not quite polite enough to a member from Brooklyn.

The subserviency of the great railroads in the matter of passes was the most inexplicable feature of the system; for it is not as yet discernible wherein the legislature could have injured such influential corporations to a financial extent equal to the loss due to the issuance of so many passes. For the evil did not stop at the officials. Every one of them had friends to many of whom passes were given. One of the sights of the Grand Central Station on every Monday morning of the legislative session was the crowd that thronged the passageways to the pass-clerk's desk, getting trip passes for lists of people to go to Albany and return. The crowd would include wives, daughters, sweethearts, "heelers," and, in the instance of one man who is now a senator, the priest of his church. It was impatient, rude, and sometimes given to profanity. In it might often be found the Speaker, and State officers outside the legislature, all intent on the one purpose. At the Albany end the rush for passes was rendered easier, for there was a very polite young gentleman who was known as "the pass man," who on every Wednesday would send round to find out just how many passes each legislator wanted for the ensuing Friday, so that they might be got ready in advance.

The cost of the deadheads to one great railway must have been enormous, for it was the main line of traffic, and its passes ran all the way from New York to Buffalo. On Fridays, and generally on Mondays, the holders of passes would fill a whole train, and there were many occasions when special cars and even special trains had to be provided for this insatiate crew. But figured at the cost price per head of transportation, the total sum must have run up into the hundred thousands. Where the benefit to the railway came in is a matter of conjecture, for at nearly every session the line was the subject of what are called "strikes," and some of its most valuable franchises were refused, such as its four-track privilege, until the strikers could be mollified in some other way than by passes.

Legislative reporters for the big New York dailies also received passes, and were often as liberally treated in the matter as the legislators; yet it is hard to conceive how a reporter in the legislature could do the road harm or good, unless the managers at the "home office" were consulted. The pass system included not only these, but also the many Bohemian writers who had occasional business at Albany.

The tremendous pass system for the benefit of officials included the "L" roads, and the horse-car lines, and the franking privileges that were granted by the telegraph, telephone, and express companies.

Under the amendment, all these gifts to public officials must cease, and a great benefit to these various corporations must result. There is no logical deduction to be made the other way. A constitutional clause cannot be wiped out by any law nor usually by any quibble, and this clause is drawn with extreme clearness. Yet there is already an idea abroad that it will not be carried into effect, that there will be some way found to circumvent it, as the anti-pass provision in the interstate-commerce law was circumvented. But it is to be hoped that all the companies will faithfully try to keep to the spirit and the letter of the constitution in this matter, if only as an interesting experiment.

One very great and immediate benefit to the people of New York may result from this amendment. It should shorten the sessions of the legislature, by discontinuing the temptations to a weekly adjournment from about noon of Friday until 8.30 o'clock of Monday night. Not in over thirty years have there been more than one or two Saturday or Monday sessions, the evening session of Monday being held chiefly to meet the constitutional objection to an adjournment beyond two consecutive days. Without free transportation, these weekly hejiras will be very likely to cease, and legislation, supplemented by two more days of work each week as it will be, ought to be easily forwarded, so that a session of three months will be an unheard-of thing.

Charles G. Shanks.

The Century's American Artists Series.

F. H. TOMPKINS.

AN example in every way worthy of imitation as one which is doing much to encourage artists, and strengthen art in its own city, is that of the Boston Art Club, which every year purchases from its exhibitions, with a fund especially voted for the purpose, a certain number of pictures.

By this means it is gradually getting together a collection of works which, in the main, is of real merit. One of these is the picture by F. H. Tompkins on page 411. It is the work of a thoughtful painter, and bears evidence of a nature thoroughly in earnest, and thoroughly sincere. Sincerity in art is a quality not easily perceived. One must have had some practical experience in picture-making in order to appreciate it.

F. H. Tompkins was born in Schuyler County, New York, in 1847. He studied at the Cincinnati Academy of Design, under Walter Shirlaw, at the Art Students' League of New York, and under Professor Loefftz in the Royal Academy of Munich, where he gained in two successive years the first prize for painting.

Mr. Tompkins is fortunate in having one of his pictures in the excellent selection of current paintings which the Pennsylvania Academy of Design has collected during the last few years.

F.

A Word about The Century's Pictures.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN WOOD-ENGRAVING AND OTHER METHODS.

ANYBODY who has carefully and thoughtfully followed the course of illustrative art as shown in this magazine must have seen that year by year the old-time illustrations (by "old-time" in this connection I mean those of ten or twelve years ago) have been gradually giving place to a new style of picture, more serious, more earnest, and requiring, if not greater artistic abil-

ity, at least greater artistic knowledge. He who undertakes to-day to provide original illustrations in black-and-white for publication in a serious magazine needs not only invention and a knowledge of drawing, but a thorough artistic equipment. It is needless, therefore, to say that artists in black-and-white competent to furnish work of this character are few, that old cut-and-dried methods have to be largely discarded by them, and that in the endeavor to reach the acme of artistic perfection the requirements of the reproducer must be more and more lost sight of.

Something more than twenty years ago drawings were made on the wood block, and cut on the drawn surface. The designer of that period was happy if he saw given back to him the dry bones of his design with such alterations of light and shade as best suited the method of the particular engraver. Then came, fostered and encouraged and developed by this magazine, the new school of American wood-engravers, mainly induced by the return from Europe of many promising young artists who in foreign schools had learned new methods of art expression, and who the management of the magazine thought should have a hearing. Marvelous reproductions of these men's work were made by the engravers of this new school — notably by Timothy Cole and the late Frederick Juengling; but the fault of the school, with some individual exceptions, lay in the too slavish imitation of surfaces and textures, and the artists, who at first were delighted, after a while complained that their forms, the expression of their faces, and their artistic intention, were not satisfactorily reproduced. Then came the half-tone process, which claimed to be able to reproduce the work of the artist by mechanical means, and without the intervention of the engraver. It was hailed with delight by the more serious of the artists, because it was supposed, being a mechanical process, to be faithful to the original. But it was true, and still remains true, that this new process is largely what its name implies — a *half-tone;* that is, as the deepest darks cannot be rendered by it, nor the highest lights, only the middle of the scale of the drawing can be reproduced. In other words, there is a loss of a great many of the tones of the original, and experience has proved that in the various processes through which a half-tone plate passes, it is possible, though not common, to destroy even its autographic quality.

A year or two ago it seemed as though the noble art of wood-engraving would be, through the popularity of half-tone, lost to the world. But the American engravers, realizing the situation, resolved, if they must die, to die game. Learning its deficiencies, as perhaps they never could have done had their art remained as popular as it was at one time, they have set themselves heroically to work to make the deficiencies good; and they are to-day, as may be seen from the wood-engravings in this number of THE CENTURY, making a good fight. They have emancipated themselves largely from the slavish adherence to texture and meaningless detail, and are engraving with definite reference to the artistic intention of their originals. This is evident in a more or less degree in all the engravings printed in this number, from the work of the veteran Timothy Cole to that of the youngest acquisition to the ranks of first-class engravers.

Working in this manner, and with this impulse, there is little danger of the death of their beautiful art unless it should be brought about by the last movement shown in the reproduction of the drawing by Eric Pape on page 339. This is an entirely new development — a half-tone plate originally, worked over by the wood-engraver until about one half of its surface has felt the touch of the graver. Those portions of the reproduction where the mechanical process has been adequate have been left untouched; where the mechanical process failed to produce the effect of the original, the engraver has not merely supplemented it, but in many places replaced it entirely. For some time it has been the practice for engravers to retouch process plates by re-entering the lines, in order to lighten the tones, and by burnishing, to deepen the darks. But this new reproduction not only does that, but takes the bull by the horns, and frankly substitutes engraving where the mechanical process fails.

In this day of numberless cheap illustrated periodicals, a word in regard to cost may not be out of place. The methods employed in THE CENTURY'S Art Department in regard to reproduction are all devoted to one end — the getting as near as possible to the original, cost not being a consideration. First-class wood-engraving is ten times dearer than good half-tone; engraved half-tone costs three or four times as much as unengraved or ordinary half-tone. THE CENTURY uses these various methods solely with reference to the fidelity with which they reproduce the difficult-to-be-reproduced drawings of to-day.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Hemlock-spruce in Decoration.

WHY can we not have the hemlock-spruce wrought into our decorative art? The spruce when young is one of the most graceful of trees; when covered with snow it is beautiful; its twigs have the feathery effect of the most delicate ferns. I am intensely American, and while I appreciate the holly and the mistletoe, which have been associated with Christmas through centuries of history, I am longing for the day when the spruce will have its rightful place.

The statuary on the grounds of the World's Columbian Exposition charmed the multitude of visitors fully as much by the American soul which seemed to be in it as by the high quality of the work. The grizzly bear, the elk, the Rocky Mountain lion, the plantation-hand, and the cow-boy appealed to the heart that loved its native land, and touched it. As an amateur botanist, I wish to see an American soul in all our decorative art. Working for that end, can we not make more of the hemlock-spruce?

Harry Omar Scott.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Of Peggy.

PEGGY'S hair is fine as silk;
This she tends with dainty care.
Peggy's throat is white as milk;
Fair she is, and very fair.
Envious maids may scoff and pass;
Truth lies in the looking-glass
Where, clear mirrored, grace for grace,
Peggy sees her winsome face.

Peggy uses well her charms,
Counts her swains a rounded score,
Yet with empty heart and arms,
Watching, waits for twenty more.
Lovely Peggy, by and by
We will wed — yes, you and I.
But, sweet thorn in roses hid,
Not each other — Heaven forbid!

Madeline S. Bridges.

Which?

WHICH are the hands we love the best,
Those that are folded between our own,
Or those that move us to strange unrest
By feathery touch that is quickly flown?
Which, ah which, do we love the best,
Hands caressing or hands caressed?

Which are the eyes we most adore,
Those reflecting our every thought,
Or those whose glances our hearts implore,
Whose fire will neither be tamed nor taught?
Which, ah which, are we drawn most toward,
Eyes adoring or eyes adored?

Which is the heart of hearts we prize,
That which sways with a passionate power,
Or that which yields us a sacrifice,
Gentle and generous, day and hour?
Which, of all, do we hold above,
Hearts most loving or hearts we love?

Mary Berri Chapman.

Outlines.

A MAN found a hobby which he thought to be a real horse, but other people knew it was only a hobby. So he mounted it to ride. And he rode far and well, for it was a real horse.

* * *

A PUPPET was pulled by a string, and as he was moved this way or that, he thought it was his own mind that moved him, and he was puffed up with pride at his own wisdom. But all the time it was the string.

* * *

A MAN who was in need came to his friend for the gift of a coat. "But," said his friend, "my coat will not fit you." Said the man, "That is not necessary; I will fit the coat."

* * *

A CHILD asked me, "What is the water?" I said, "It is one part oxygen and two parts hydrogen." Said he, "But what is the water?"

As a man walked in the road he met Death. Said Death, "Whither do you go?" Said the man, "I go to meet Life." Said Death, "Then go no farther; we have met."

* * *

WHEN I learned how the stars are grouped into constellations, yet every star at an immense distance from every other, I said, "In all nature there is nothing like this."

But when I came to know men and women and children, when I saw how they are grouped in families and bound together by social ties, yet every one living at an immense distance from every other, a world in himself, I said, "This is like."

* * *

A MAN said to his slave, "I am your master no longer; I make you free." "No, master," said the slave; "my work is not oppressive, and I fare well; and in being a slave I feel no degradation." "But," said the man, "I feel the degradation of being a master; you are free."

* * *

IN a certain world men and women were not born as children, to grow up into manhood and womanhood, but they came into being as men and women.

But once a child was born. And all the people of that world flocked to see the child, and they counted it the most wonderful thing.

It is just as wonderful in this world.

* * *

Do you wish me to show you something that is beautiful? First show me something that is not beautiful.

Do you wish me to tell you of something that is wonderful? First tell me of something that is not wonderful.

* * *

A MAN had a glass in which he looked at himself every day. And he did not observe that he grew older. But at length he perceived that the glass had grown old. So he put it away, and got another that was new. Then he saw that he had grown old with his glass.

* * *

THE king walked in his garden with one of his courtiers. A toad coming in the way, the courtier crushed it with his foot. "That was a wicked deed," said the king. Said the courtier, "It is only a toad." "You are wrong," said the king; "it is a toad."

Berry Benson.

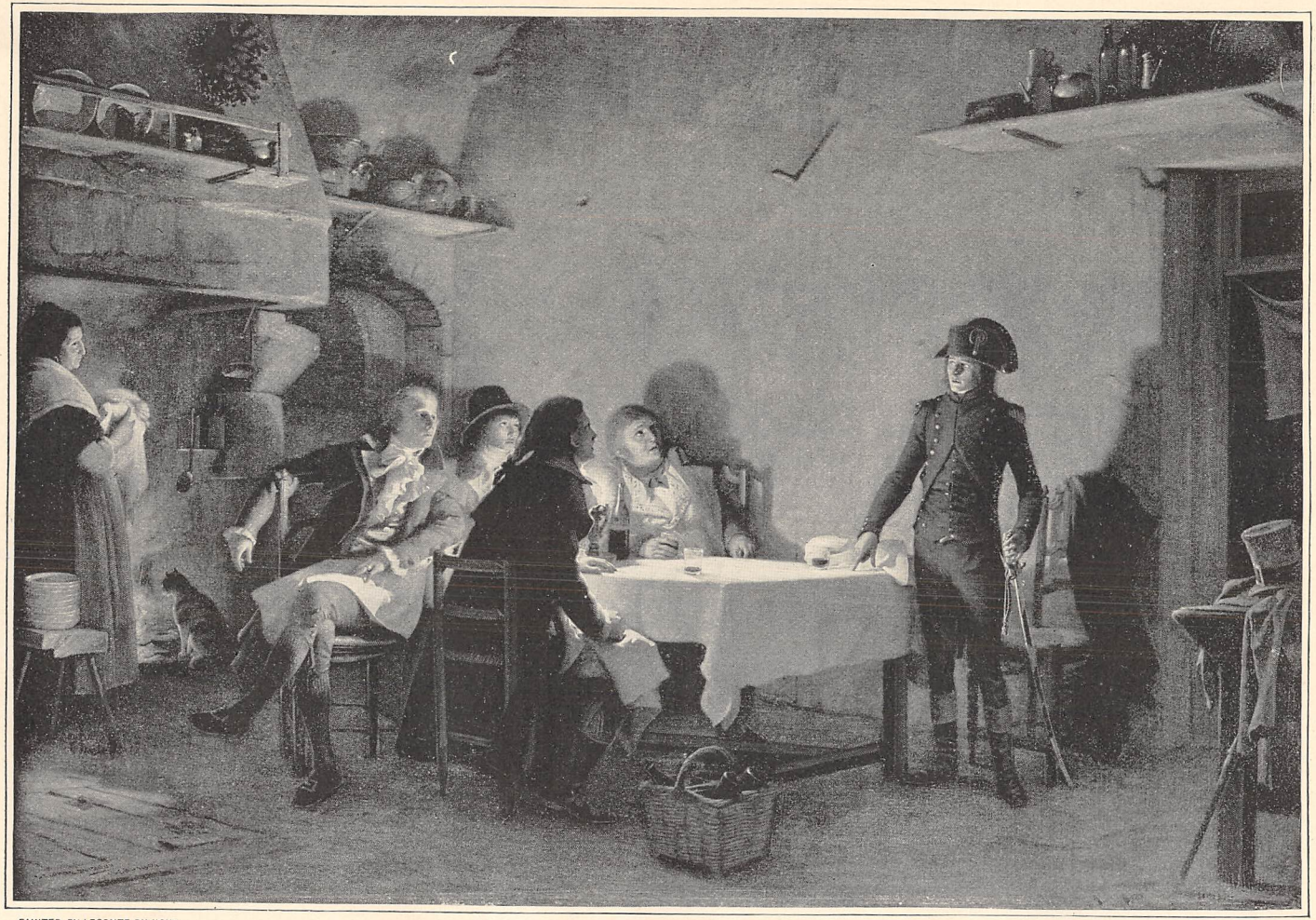
The Awakening.

A WOMAN cried: "O soul of mine,
O heart, from love be free!
O body, be a vestal shrine!
Let thought be all of me!"

A woman wept, as eve was low,
Such tears as women may:
"How could I dream, how could I know,
'T was life I threw away?"

Dorothea Lummis.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



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EXHIBITED IN THE SALON OF 1894. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

"THE SUPPER OF BEAUCAIRE."

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LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON AS A JACOBIN PATRIOT.

"THE SUPPER OF BEAUCAIRE"—FIRST DECISIVE SUCCESS AT TOULON—A JACOBIN GENERAL—THE MISSION TO GENOA—CONSEQUENCES OF ROBESPIERRE'S FALL.



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

BONAPARTE IN THE SUMMER OF 1795.

"THE SUPPER OF BEAUCAIRE."

THE Buonapartes found no abiding place in Provence. Fleeing before the storms of Corsican revolution, they were caught in the whirlwind of French anarchy. The Girondists, after involving the country in a desperate foreign warfare, had shown themselves incompetent to carry it on. They had, therefore, to give way before the Jacobins, who, by the exercise of a reckless despotism, were able to display an unparalleled energy in its prosecution. Against their tyranny the moderate republicans and the royalists outside of Paris now made common cause, and civil war broke out in many places, including Vendée, the Rhone valley, and the southeast of France. Montesquieu declares that honor is the distinguishing characteristic of aristocracy: the emigrant aristocrats were the first in France to throw honor and patriotism to the winds; those who remained went further, and displayed in Vendée and elsewhere a satanic vindictiveness. This shameful policy colored the entire civil war, and the bitterness in attack and retaliation that was shown in Marseilles, Lyons, Toulon, and elsewhere would have disgraced savages in a prehistoric age.

The westward slopes of the Alps were occupied by an army designated by that name, under the command of Kellermann; farther south and east lay the Army of Italy, under Brunet. Both these armies were expected to draw their supplies from the fertile country behind them, and to coöperate against the troops of Savoy and Austria, who had occupied the passes of lower Piedmont, and blocked the way into Lombardy. By this time the law for compulsory enlistment had been enacted, but the general excitement and topsyturvy management incident to such rapid changes in government and society, having caused the failure of the Sardinian expedition, had also prevented recruiting or equipment in either of these two divisions of the army. The outbreak of open

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hostilities in all the lands immediately to the westward momentarily paralyzed their operations; and when, shortly afterward, the Girondists overpowered the Jacobins in Marseilles, the defection of that city made it difficult for the so-called regulars, the soldiers of the Convention, even to obtain subsistence and hold the territory they already occupied.

The next move of the insurgent Marseillais was in the direction of Paris, and by the first week in July they had reached Avignon on their way to join forces with their equally successful friends at Lyons. With characteristic zeal, the Convention had created an army to meet them. The new force was put under the command of Carteaux, a civilian, but a man of energy. According to directions received from Paris, he quickly advanced to cut the enemy in two by occupying the strategic point of Valence. This move was successfully made, Lyons was left to fight its own battle, and by the middle of July the general of the Convention was encamped before the walls of Avignon.

A few days later, Napoleon Buonaparte entered the camp, having arrived by devious ways, and after narrow escapes from the enemy's hands. This time he was absent from his post on duty. The works and guns at Nice being inadequate and worthless, he had been sent to secure supplies from the stores of Avignon when it should be conquered. Such were the straits of the needy republican general at Avignon that he immediately appointed his visitor to the command of a strong body of flying artillery. In the first subsequent move of the campaign Carteaux received a serious check. But the insurgents were more and more dismayed by the menacing attitude of the surrounding population, and in the very hour of victory began their retreat. The road to Marseilles was thus clear, and the commander unwisely opened his lines to occupy the evacuated towns on his front. Buonaparte, whose battery did excellent service, advanced with the main army, but was ordered back to protect the rear by reorganizing and reconstructing the artillery park which had been dismantled in the assault.

This first successful feat of arms made a profound impression on Buonaparte's mind, and led to the decision which settled his career. His spirits were still low, for he was suffering from a return of his old malarial trouble. Moreover, his family had already been driven from Toulon by the uprising of the hostile party, and were now dependent on charity; the Corsican revolt against the Convention was virtually successful, and it was said that in the island the name of Buonaparte was considered as little less execrable than that of Buttafuoco. What must he do to get a decisive share in the surging, rolling tumult about him? The visionary boy was transformed into the practical man. Frenchmen were fighting, and winning glory everywhere, and among the men who were reaping laurels were some whom he had known and even despised at Brienne—Sergeant Pichegru, for instance. Ideas which he had momentarily entertained,—service with England, a career in the Indies, the return of the nabob,—all such visions were set aside forever, and an application was sent for a transfer from the Army of Italy to that of the Rhine. The suppression of the Southern revolt would soon be accomplished, and inactivity ensue; but on the frontier of the North there was a warfare worthy of his powers, in which, if he could only attract the attention of the authorities, long service, rapid advancement, and lasting glory might all be secured.

But what must be the first step to secure notoriety here and now? How could that end be gained? The old instinct of authorship returned irresistibly, and in the long intervals of easy duty he wrote the famous "Supper of Beaucaire," his first literary work of real ability. As if by magic his style is utterly changed, being now concise, correct, and lucid. The opinions expressed are quite as thoroughly transformed, and display not only a clear political judgment, but an almost startling military insight. The setting of this notable repast is based on an actual experience, and is as follows: Five wayfarers—a native of Nîmes, a manufacturer from Montpellier, two merchants of Marseilles, and a soldier from Avignon—find themselves accidentally thrown together as table companions at an inn of Beaucaire, a little city round about which the civil war was raging. The conversation at supper turns on the events occurring in the neighborhood. The soldier explains the circumstances connected with the recent capture of Avignon, attributing the flight of the insurgents to the inability of any except veteran troops to endure the uncertainties of a siege. One of the travelers from Marseilles thinks the success but temporary, and recapitulates the resources of the moderates. The soldier retorts in a long refutation of that opinion. As a politician he shows how the insurgents have placed themselves in a false position by adopting extreme measures and alienating republican sympathy; as a military man he explains the strategic weakness of their position, and the futility of their operations, uttering many sententious phrases—"Self-conceit is the worst adviser;" "Good four- and eight-pound cannon are as effective for field-work as pieces of larger caliber, and are in many respects preferable to them;" "It is an axiom of military science that the army which remains behind its intrenchments



ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

FROM A PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS FLAMENG. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

LA CAUSERIE—LIFE IN PARIS IN 1793.

is beaten: experience and theory agree on this point."

The conclusion of the conversation is a triumphant demonstration that the cause of the insurgents is already lost, an argument convicting them of really desiring not moderation, but a counter-revolution in their own interest, and of displaying a willingness to imitate the Vendeans, and call in foreign aid if necessary. In one remarkable passage the soldier grants that the Girondists may have been outlawed, imprisoned, and calumniated by the Mountain in its own selfish interest, but adds that the former "were lost without a civil war by means of which they could lay down the law to their enemies. It was for them your war was really useful. Had they merited their early reputation they would have thrown down their arms before the constitution and sacrificed their own interests to the public welfare. It is easier to cite Decius than to imitate him. To-day they have shown themselves guilty of the worst possible crimes; have, by their behavior, justified their proscription. The blood they have caused to flow has effaced the true services they had rendered." The Montpellier manufacturer is of opinion that, whether this be true or no, the Convention now represents the nation, and to refuse obedience to it is rebellion and counter-revolution. History knows no plainer statement that "might makes right" than this.



ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY. FROM A DRAWING IN INDIA INK BY DAVID, OWNED BY MR. BENJAMIN FILLON. EXHIBITED AT THE TROCADERO IN 1878.

ÉDOUARD-LOUIS-ALEXIS DUBOIS DE CRANCÉ, WHO SHARED WITH CARNOT THE WORK OF REORGANIZING THE FRENCH ARMY.

At last, then, the leader had shown himself in seizing the salient elements of a complicated situation, and the man of affairs had found a style in which to express his clear-cut ideas. When the tide turns it rises without interruption. Buonaparte's pamphlet was scarcely written before its value was discerned; for at that moment arrived one of those legations now representing the sovereignty of the Convention in every field of operations. This one was a most influential committee of three — Escudier, Ricord, and a younger brother of Robespierre. Accompanying them was a commission charged to renew the commissary stores in Corsica for the few troops still holding out in that island. Salicetti was at its head; the other member was Gasparin. Buonaparte was of course well known to his compatriot Salicetti, and "The Supper of Beaucaire" was heard by the plenipotentiaries with attention. Its merit was immediately recognized both by Gasparin and by the younger Robespierre; in a few days the pamphlet was published at the expense of the state.

FIRST DECISIVE SUCCESS AT TOULON.

In the interval Carteaux had, on August 25, 1793, taken Marseilles. The capture was celebrated by one of the bloodiest orgies of that horrible year. The Girondists of Toulon saw in the fate of those at Marseilles the lot apportioned to themselves. If the high contracting powers now banded against France had shown a sincere desire to quell Jacobin bestiality, they could on the first formation of the coalition easily have seized Paris. Instead, Austria and Prussia had shown the most selfish apathy in that respect, huckstering with each other and with Russia for their respective shares of Poland — the booty they were about to seize. The intensity of the Jacobin movement did not rouse them until the majority of the French people, vaguely grasping the elements of permanent value in the Revolution, and stung by foreign interference, rallied around the only standard which was firmly upheld,— that of the Convention,—and enabled that body within an incredibly short space of time to put forth tremendous energy. Then England, terrified into panic, drove Pitt to take effective measures, and displayed her resources in raising



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A PAINTING BY LEJEUNE, BELONGING TO THE FRENCH WAR DEPARTMENT.

LAZARE-NICOLAS-MARGUERITE CARNOT, WAR MINISTER 1793–95, POPULARLY CALLED "THE ORGANIZER OF VICTORY." HIS GRANDSON WAS THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

subsidies for her Continental allies, in goading the German powers to activity, in scouring every sea with her fleets. One of these was cruising off the French coast in the Mediterranean, and it was easy for the Toulonese to induce its commander to seize not only their splendid arsenals, but the fleet in their harbor as well — the only effective one, in fact, which at that time the French possessed. Without delay or hesitation, Hood, the English admiral, took the easy prize, and before long war-ships of the Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Sardinians were gathered for their share of the defense of the town against the Convention forces. Soon the Girondist fugitives from Marseilles arrived, and were received with kindness. The place was provisioned, the gates were shut, and every preparation for desperate resistance was completed.

Coupled as it was with other discouraging circumstances, the "treason of Toulon" was a staggering blow to the Convention. The siege of Lyons was still in progress; the Piedmontese were entering Savoy, which had but recently been captured by France, and rechristened the department of Mont Blanc; the great city of Bordeaux was ominously silent and inactive; the royalists of Vendée were temporarily victorious; there was unrest in Normandy, and further violence in Brittany; the towns of Mentz, Valenciennes, and Condé had been evacuated, and Dunkirk was besieged by the Duke of York. The loss of Toulon would put a climax to such disasters, destroy the credit



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LUIS JIMENEZ. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

THE DRUMMERS OF THE REPUBLIC.

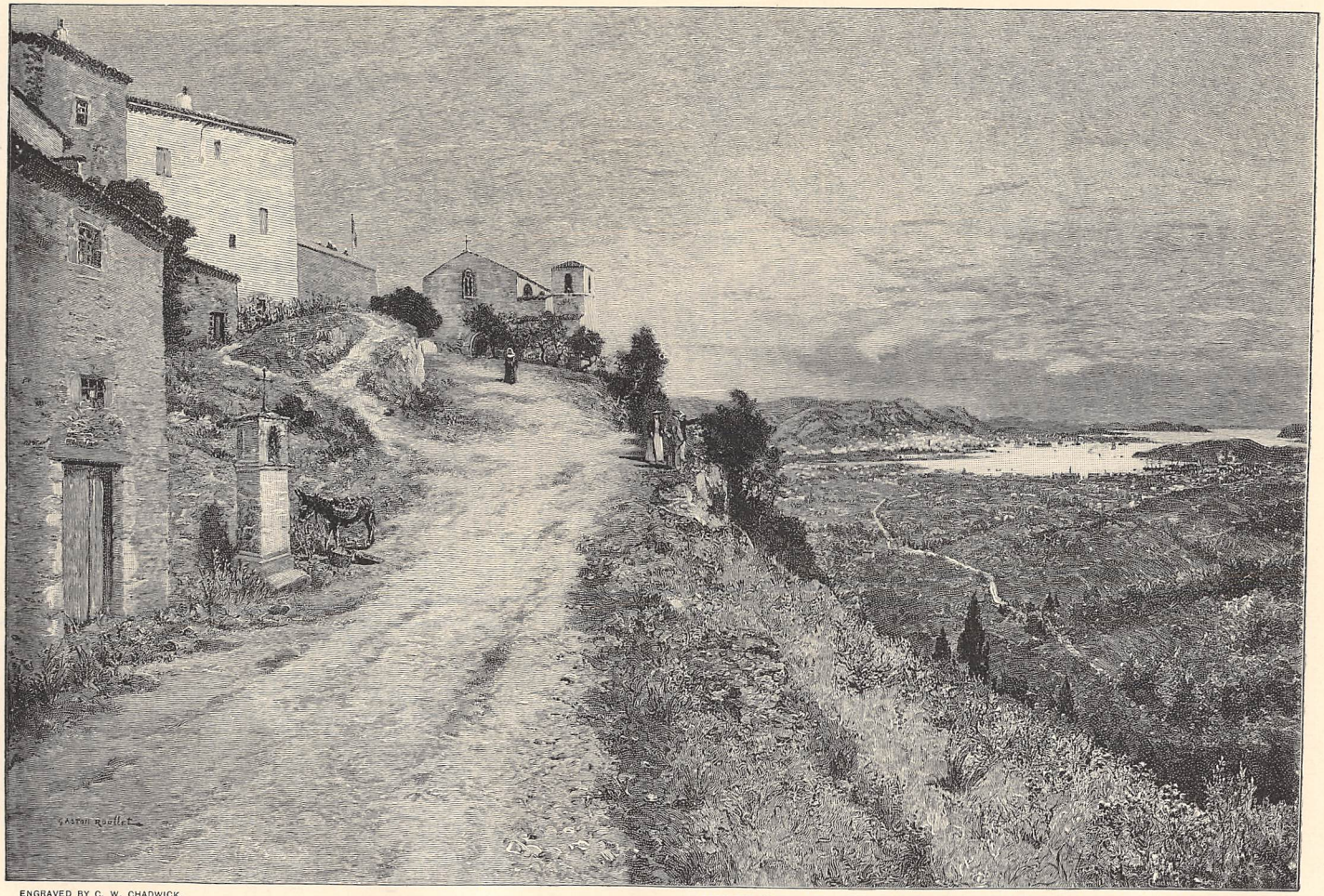
of the republic abroad and at home, perhaps bring back the Bourbons. Carnot had in the mean time come to the assistance of the Committee of Safety. Great as a military organizer and influential as a politician, he had already awakened the whole land to a still higher fervor, and had consolidated public sentiment in favor of his plans. In Dubois de Crancé he had an able lieutenant. Fourteen armies were soon to move and fight, directed by a single mind; discipline was soon to be effectively strengthened because it was to be the discipline of the people by itself; the envoys of the Convention were to go to and fro, successfully laboring for common action and common enthusiasm in the executive, in both the fighting services, and in the nation. But as yet none of these miracles had been wrought, and with Toulon lost, they might be forever impossible.

For a few days after the publication of his little book Buonaparte had a relapse into his queer, restless, wandering ways. He may have been on some secret confidential mission, as has been sometimes hinted, but nothing appears to show it. During August and early September he was at Valence, at Lyons, at Auxonne, and at Paris. He had evidently been thwarted in his plan of securing a position in the Army of the Rhine, or, failing that, of obtaining promotion in the one to which he already belonged. When finally he returned to join the Army of Italy, he halted at Marseilles to visit his mother and sisters. The army of Carteaux had been ordered to Toulon; with apparent hesitancy, and only after much persuasion, the disappointed suppliant consented to serve with his new-found friends for the siege.

The city of Toulon was now formally and nominally invested — that is, according to the then accepted general rules for such operations, but with no regard to such peculiarities of its site as only master minds mark and use to the best advantage. The large double bay is protected from the southwest by a broad peninsula joined to the mainland by a very narrow isthmus, and thus opens southeasterly to the Mediterranean. The great fortified city lies far within on the eastern side of the inner harbor. It is protected on the landward side by an amphitheater of high hills, which leave to the right and left a narrow strip of rolling country between their lower slopes and the sea. The westward pass is commanded by Ollioules, which Carteaux had selected for his headquarters. On August 29 his vanguard seized the place, but they were almost immediately attacked and driven out by the allied armies, chiefly English troops brought in from Gibraltar. On September 7 the place was retaken. In the assault only a single French officer fell mortally wounded, but that one was a captain of artillery. Salicetti and his colleagues had received from the minister of war a charge to look out for the citizen Buonaparte who wanted service on the Rhine. This and their own attachment determined them in the pregnant step they now took. The visiting captain was appointed to the vacant place. At the same time his mother received a grant of money. Fesch and Lucien were made storekeepers in the commissary department.

It was with no trembling hand that Buonaparte laid hold of his task. For an efficient artillery service artillery officers were essential, and there were almost none. In the ebb and flow of popular enthusiasm many republicans who had fallen back before the storms of factional excesses were now willing to come forward, and Napoleon, not publicly committed to the Jacobins, was able to win many capable assistants from among men of this class. His nervous restlessness found an outlet in erecting buttresses, mounting guns, and invigorating the whole service until a zealous activity of the most promising kind was displayed by officers and men alike. The only check was in the ignorant meddling of Carteaux, who, though energetic and zealous, was, after all, not a soldier, but a painter. Strange characters rose to the top in those troublous times: the painter's opponent at Avignon, the leader of the insurgents, was a tailor. Buonaparte's ready pen stood him again in good stead, and he sent up a memorial to the ministry, explaining the situation, and asking for the appointment of an artillery general with full powers. The commissioners transmitted the paper to Paris, and appointed the memorialist to the higher rank of acting-commander; but his further activity was checked by lack of material.

At length the artist was removed from command, and a physician was appointed in his stead. This doctor was an ardent patriot who had distinguished himself at the siege of Lyons, which had fallen on October 9. But on arriving at Toulon the citizen soldier was awed by the magnitude of his new work, and was transferred at his own suggestion to an easier station in the Pyrenees. Dugommier, a professional soldier, was finally appointed commander-in-chief, and Duteil, a friend of Buonaparte's, was made general of artillery. Abundant supplies arrived at the same time from Lyons. On November 20 the new officers took charge, two days later a general reconnaissance was made, and within a short time the investment was completed. On the thirtieth there was a sally from the town directed against Buonaparte's batteries. It was successfully repulsed. The event was made important by the capture of General O'Hara, the English commandant. In the "Moniteur" of December 7 the name of



ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GASTON ROULLET. EXHIBITED IN THE SALON OF 1894. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

THE HARBOR OF TOULON, FROM THE HEIGHTS OF SIX-FOURS.



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER. FROM THE PAINTING BY S.MÉON FORT IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

THE SIEGE OF TOULON, 1793.

Fort Mulgrave, called "Little Gibraltar," is located on the promontory at the right.

Buona Parte is mentioned for the first time, and as among the most distinguished in the action.

The councils of war before Dugommier's arrival had been numerous and turbulent, although the solitary plan of operations suggested would have been adequate — possibly though, not probably — only for an inland town. From the beginning Buonaparte had explained to his colleagues the special features of their task, but all in vain. He reasoned that Toulon depended for its resisting power on the Allies and their fleets, and must be reduced from the side next the sea. The English themselves understood this when they seized and fortified the redoubt known as Little Gibraltar, on the tongue of land separating, to the westward, the inner from the outer bay. That post must be taken. From the very moment of his arrival this simple but clever conception was urged on the new artillery general, and, with others from the same author, was adopted. At the same time it was determined that operations should also be directed against two other strong outposts, one to the north, the other to the northeast, of the town.

Finally, on December 17, after careful preparation, a concerted attack was made at all three points. It was successful in every part; the enemy was not only driven within the interior works, but by the fall of "Little Gibraltar" his communication with the sea was endangered. Since, therefore, the supporting fleets could no longer remain in a situation so precarious, the besieged at once made ready for departure, embarking the troops and many of the inhabitants. In a few days the city was evacuated, and the foreign war vessels sailed away. The news of this decisive victory was despatched without a moment's delay to the Convention. The names of Salicetti, Robespierre, Ricord,

Fréron, and Barras are mentioned in Dugommier's letters as those of men who had won distinction in various posts; that of Buonaparte does not occur. There was either jealousy of his merits, which have been perhaps unduly vaunted by himself and lauded by flatterers, or else his share had been more insignificant than is generally supposed. He declared at St. Helena that during the operations he had had three horses killed under him, and showed Las Cases a great scar on his thigh which he said had been received in a bayonet charge at Toulon. "Men wondered at the fortune which kept me invulnerable; I always concealed my dangers in mystery." The hypothesis of his insignificance appears unlikely when we examine the memoirs written by his contemporaries, and consider the precise traditions of a later generation; it becomes untenable in view of what happened on the next day, when the commissioners nominated him for the office of brigadier-general. In a report written on the nineteenth to the minister of war, Duteil speaks in the highest terms of Buonaparte. "A great deal of science, as much intelligence, and too much bravery; such is a faint sketch of the virtues of this rare officer. It rests with you, Minister, to retain them for the glory of the Republic."

On December 24 the Convention received the news of victory. It was really their reprieve, for news of disaster would have cut short their career. Jubilant over a prompt success, their joy was savage and infernal. With the eagerness of vampires they at once sent two commissioners to wipe the name of Toulon from the map, and its inhabitants from the earth. Fouché, later chief of police and Duke of Otranto under Napoleon, went down from Lyons to see the sport, and wrote to his friend the arch-murderer Collet d'Herbois that they were celebrating the victory in but one way. "This night we send 213 rebels into hell fire (*sous le feu de la foudre*)." The fact is, no one ever knew how many hundreds or thousands of the Toulon Girondists were swept together and destroyed by the fire of cannon and musketry. Fréron, one of the commissioners, would not have left a single rebel alive. Dugommier would listen to no such proposition for a holocaust. Marmont declares that Buonaparte and his artillerymen pleaded for mercy, but in vain.

Running like a thread through all these events was a counterplot. The Corsicans at Toulon were persons of importance, and had shown their mettle. Salicetti, Buonaparte, Arena, and Cervoni were now men of mark; the two latter had, like Buonaparte, been promoted, though to much lower rank. As Salicetti declared in a letter written on December 28, they were scheming to secure vessels and arm them for an expedition to Corsica. But for the time their efforts came to nought; and thenceforward Salicetti seemed to lose all interest in Corsican affairs, becoming more and more involved in the ever madder rush of events in France.

There was nothing strange in this: a common politician could not remain insensible to the course or the consequences of the malignant anarchy now raging throughout France. The massacres at Lyons, Marseilles, and Toulon were the reply to the horrors of like or worse nature perpetrated in Vendée by the royalists. Danton having used the Paris sections to overawe the Girondist majority of the Convention, Marat gathered his riotous band of sans-culottes, and hounded its discredited members to death, flight, or arrest until his bloody career was ended by Charlotte Corday's dagger. Passions were thus inflamed until even Danton appeared calm, moderate, and inefficient, compared with the reckless bloodthirstiness of Hébert, now leader of the Exagérés. The latter prevailed, the Vendeans were defeated, and Citizen Carrier of Nantes in three months took 15,000 human lives by his fiendishly ingenious systems of drownings and shootings. In short, France was chaos, and the Salicettis of the time might hope for anything or fear everything in the throes of her disorder. Not so the men like Buonaparte. His instinct led him to stand in readiness at the parting of the ways. Others might choose and press forward; he gave no sign of being moved by current events, but stood with his eye still fixed, though in a backward gaze, on Corsica, ready, if interest or self-preservation required it, for another effort to seize and hold it as his own. Determined and revengeful, he was again, through the confusion in France, to secure means for his enterprise, and this time on a scale proportionate to its difficulty.

A JACOBIN GENERAL.

HITHERTO prudence had not been characteristic of Buonaparte: his escapades and disobedience had savored rather of recklessness. The whole outlook having changed since his final flight to France, his conduct now began to reveal a definite plan — to be marked by punctilious obedience, sometimes even by an almost puerile caution. His family was homeless and penniless; their only hope for a livelihood was in rising with the Jacobins, who appeared to be growing more influential every hour. Through the powerful friends that Napoleon had made among the representatives of the Convention — men like the younger Robespierre, Fréron, and Barras — much had already been gained. If his nomination to the office of brigadier were confirmed, as was almost certain, the rest would follow, since, with his innate capacity for adapt-



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR AT TOULON. 1793.

ing himself to circumstances, he had during the last few weeks successfully cultivated his power of pleasing, captivating the hearts of Marmont, Junot, and many others.

With such strong chances in his favor, it appeared to Buonaparte that no stumbling-block of technicality should be thrown in the path of his promotion. Accordingly, in the record of his life sent up to Paris he puts his entrance into the service over a year earlier than it actually occurred, omits as unessential detail some of the places in which he had lived and some of the companies in which he had served, declares that he had commanded a battalion at the capture of Magdalena, and, finally, categorically denies that he was ever noble. To this paper, which minimizes nearly to the vanishing-point all mention of Corsica, and emphasizes his services as a Frenchman by its insidious omissions, the overdriven officials in Paris took no exception; and on February 6, 1794, he was confirmed, receiving an appointment for service in the new and regenerated Army of Italy, which had replaced as if by magic the ragged, shoeless, ill-equipped, and half-starved remnants of troops in and about Nice that in the previous year had been dignified by the same title. This gambler had not drawn the first prize in the lottery, but what he had secured was enough to justify his course, and confirm his confidence in fate. Eight years and three months nominally in the service, out of which in reality he had been absent four years and ten months either on furlough or without one, and already a brigadier! Neither blind luck, nor the revolutionary epoch, nor the superlative ability of the man, but a sort of compound resultant of all these, had brought this marvel to pass. It did not intoxicate, but still further sobered, the beneficiary. This effect was partly due to an experience which demonstrated that strong as are the chains of habit, they are more easily broken than those which his associates forge about a man.

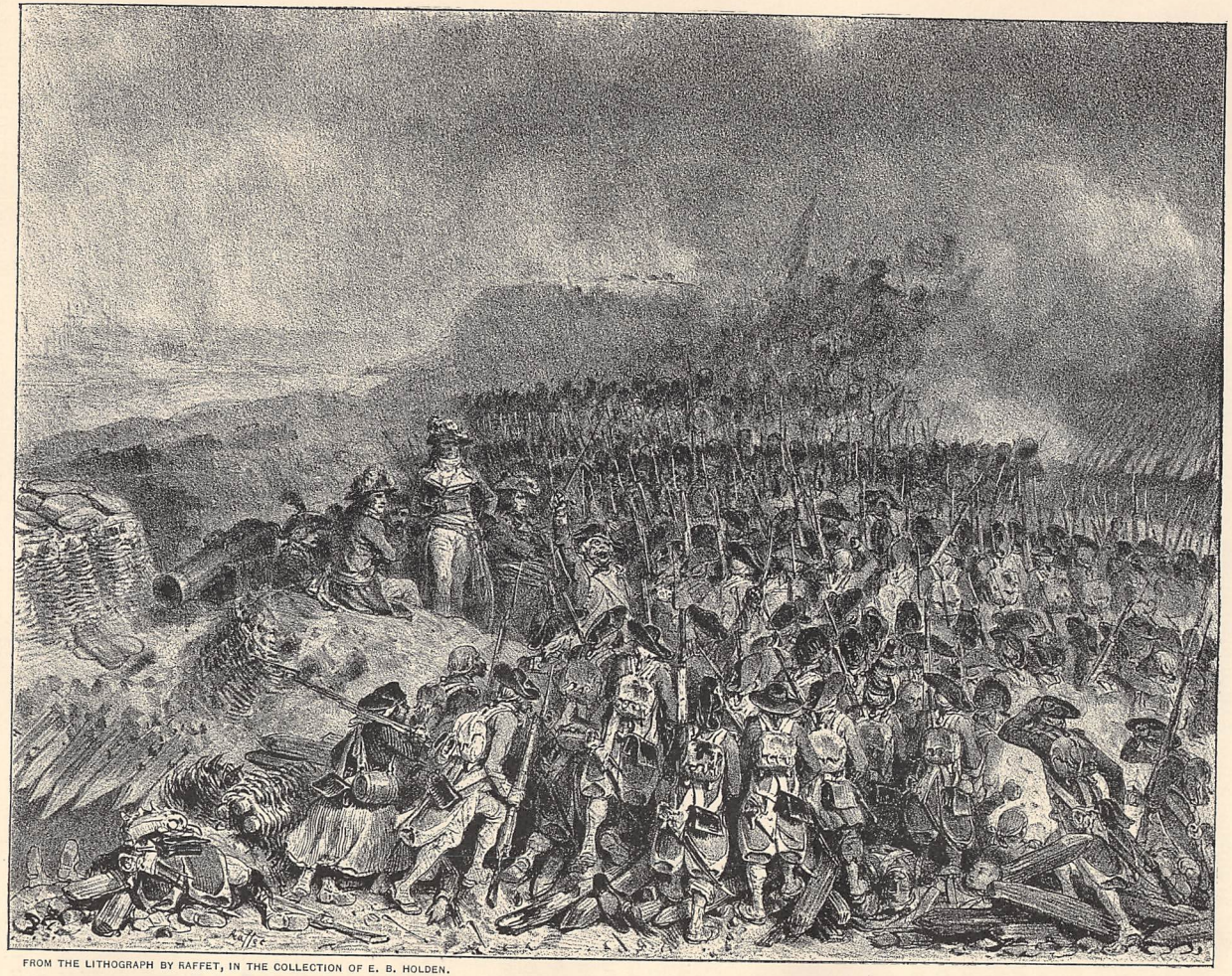


ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER, AFTER AQUATINT BY BONNEVILLE.

CARTEAUX, THE ARTIST GENERAL.

In the interval between nomination and confirmation the young aspirant, through the fault of his friends, was involved in a most serious risk. Salicetti and the other Buonaparte brothers, Joseph, Lucien, and Louis, went wild with exultation over the fall of Toulon, and began, by reckless assumptions and untruthful representations, to reap a preposterous harvest of spoils. Joseph, by the use of his brother's Corsican commission, had posed as a lieutenant-colonel; he was now made a commissary-general of the first class. Louis, without regard to his extreme youth, was promoted to be adjutant-major of artillery — a dignity which was short-lived, for he was soon after ordered to the school at Châlons as a cadet, but which served, like the greater success of Joseph, to tide over a crisis. Lucien retained his post as keeper of the commissary stores in St. Maximin, where he was the leading Jacobin, styling himself Lucius Brutus, and rejoicing in the sobriquet of "the little Robespierre."

The positions of Lucien and Louis were fantastic even for revolutionary times. Napoleon was fully aware of the danger, and was correspondingly circumspect. It was possibly at his own suggestion that he was appointed, on December 26, 1793, inspector of the shore fortifications, and ordered to proceed immediately to an inspection of the Mediterranean coast as far as Mentone. The expedition removed him



FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY RAFFET, IN THE COLLECTION OF E. B. HOLDEN.

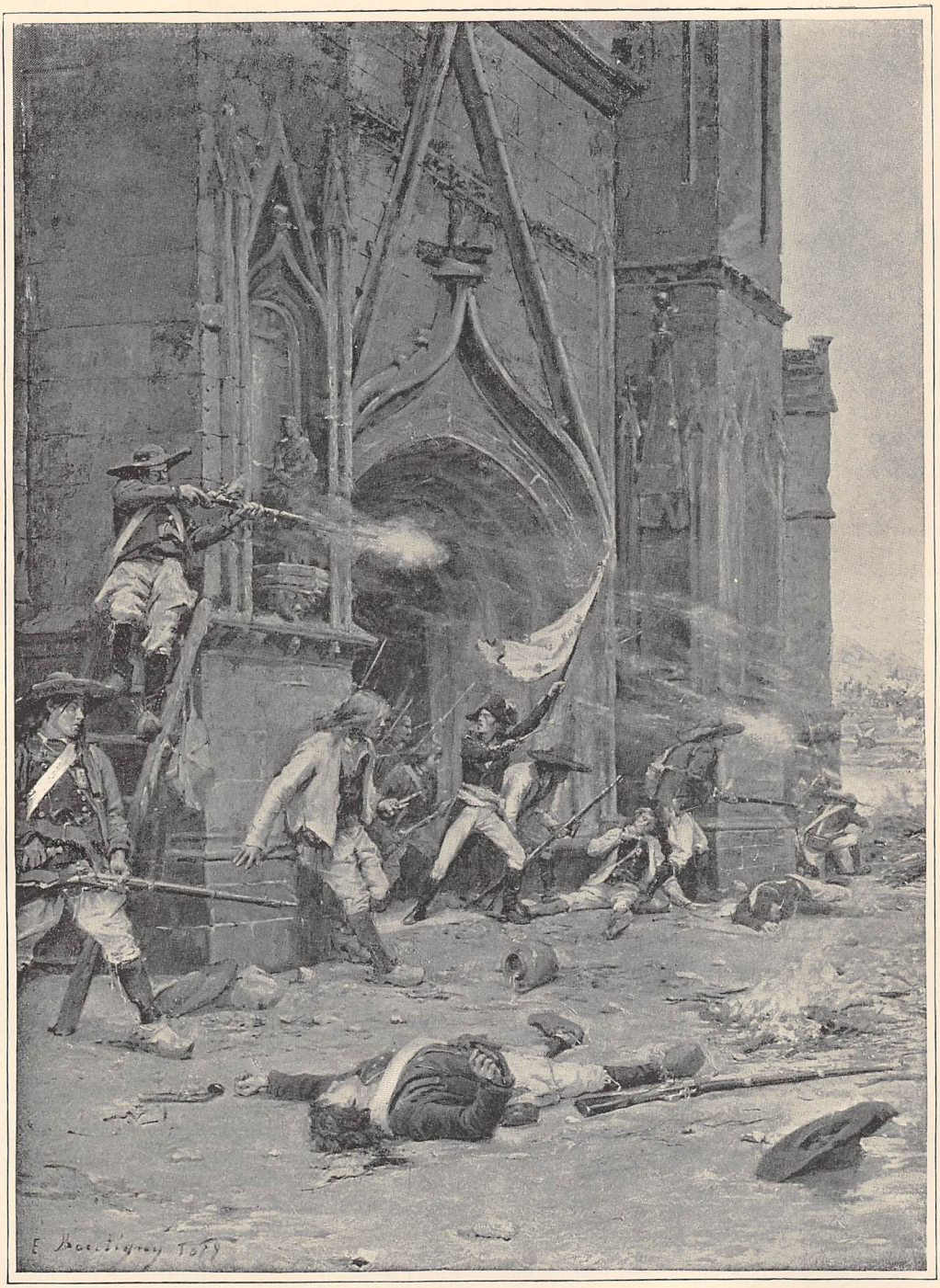
THE TAKING OF FORT MULGRAVE ("LITTLE GIBRALTAR"), TOULON.

from all temptation to an unfortunate display of exultation or anxiety, and gave him a new chance to display his powers. He performed his task with the thoroughness of an expert; but in so doing, his zeal played him a sorry trick, eclipsing the caution of the revolutionary by the eagerness of the sagacious general. In his report to the minister of war he comprehensively discussed both the fortification of the coast and the strengthening of the navy, which were alike indispensable to the wonderful scheme of operations in Italy which he appears to have been already revolving in his mind. The Army of Italy, and in fact all southeastern France, depended at the moment for sustenance on the commerce of Genoa, professedly a neutral state and friendly to the French republic. This essential trade could be protected only by making interference from the English and Spaniards impossible, or at least difficult.

Arrived at Marseilles, and with these ideas occupying his whole mind, Buonaparte regarded the situation as serious. The British and Spanish fleets swept the seas, and were virtually blockading all the Mediterranean ports of France. At Toulon they had actually entered, and had departed only after losing control of the promontory which makes the harbor. There is a similar conformation of the ground at the entrance to the port of Marseilles, but Buonaparte found that the fortress which controlled the entrance had been dismantled. With the instinct of a strategist, and with no other thought than that of his duties as inspector, he sat down, and on January 4, 1794, wrote a most impolitic recommendation that the fortification should be restored in such a way as "to command the town." These words almost certainly referred both to the possible renewal by the conquered French royalists and other malcontents of their efforts to secure Marseilles, and to a conceivable effort on the part of the Allies to seize the harbor. Now it happened that the Marseillais had regarded this very stronghold as their Bastille, and it had been dismantled by the citizens in emulation of their brethren of Paris. The language and motive of the report were therefore capable of misinterpretation. A storm at once arose in the town against both Buonaparte and his superior, General Lapoype; they were both denounced to the Convention, and in due time, about the end of February, were both summoned before the bar of that body. In the mean time Buonaparte's nomination as brigadier had been confirmed, his commission arriving at Marseilles on February 16. It availed nothing toward restoring him to popularity; on the contrary, the masses grew more suspicious and more menacing. He therefore returned to the protection of Salicetti and Robespierre at Toulon, whence by their advice he despatched to Paris by special messenger a poor-spirited, exculpatory letter, admitting that the only use of restoring the fort would be to command the town. Having by this language pusillanimously acknowledged a fault which he did not commit, the writer, by the advice of Salicetti and Robespierre, refused to obey the formal summons when it came. Those powerful protectors made vigorous representations to their friends in Paris, and Buonaparte was saved. On April 1, 1794, he assumed the duties of his new command, reporting himself at Nice. Lapoype appeared at the bar of the Convention, and was triumphantly acquitted.

A single circumstance changed the French Revolution from a sectarian dogma into a national movement. By the exertions and plans of Carnot the effective force of the French army had been raised in less than two years from 112,000 to the astonishing figure of over 730,000. The discipline was now rigid, and the machine was perfectly adapted to the workman's hand, although for lack of money the equipment was still sadly defective. In the Army of Italy were nearly 67,000 men — a number which included all the garrisons and reserve of the coast towns and of Corsica. Its organization, like that of the other portions of the military power, had been simplified, and so strengthened. There was a commander-in-chief, a chief of staff, three generals of division (of whom Masséna was one), and thirteen brigadiers, of whom one — Buonaparte — was the commander and inspector of artillery.

The younger Robespierre, Ricord, and Salicetti were the "representatives of the people." The first of these was, to outward appearance, the leading spirit of the whole organism, and to his support Buonaparte was now thoroughly committed. The young brigadier was considered by all at Nice to be a pronounced "Montagnard" — that is, an extreme Jacobin. At all events, Augustin Robespierre had come to see and hear with the eyes and ears of his Corsican friend, whose fidelity he thought was assured by hatred of Paoli and by a desire to recover the family estates. Whatever the ties which bound them, the ascendancy of Buonaparte was thorough. His were the suggestions and the enterprises, the political conceptions, the military plans, the devices to obtain ways and means. It was probably his advice which was determinative in the scheme of operations finally adopted. A select third of the troops were chosen and divided into three divisions to assume the offensive, under Masséna's direction, against the almost impregnable posts of the Austrians and Sardinians in the upper Apennines. The rest were held in garrison partly as a reserve, partly to overawe the newly



PAINTED BY E. BOUTIGNY. EXHIBITED IN THE SALON OF 1894. PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

SCENE DURING THE INSURRECTION IN VENDÉE. 1792–94.



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

FROM THE MEDAL IN THE CARNAVALET MUSEUM.

MEDAL STRUCK IN HONOR OF ROBESPIERRE THE YOUNGER.

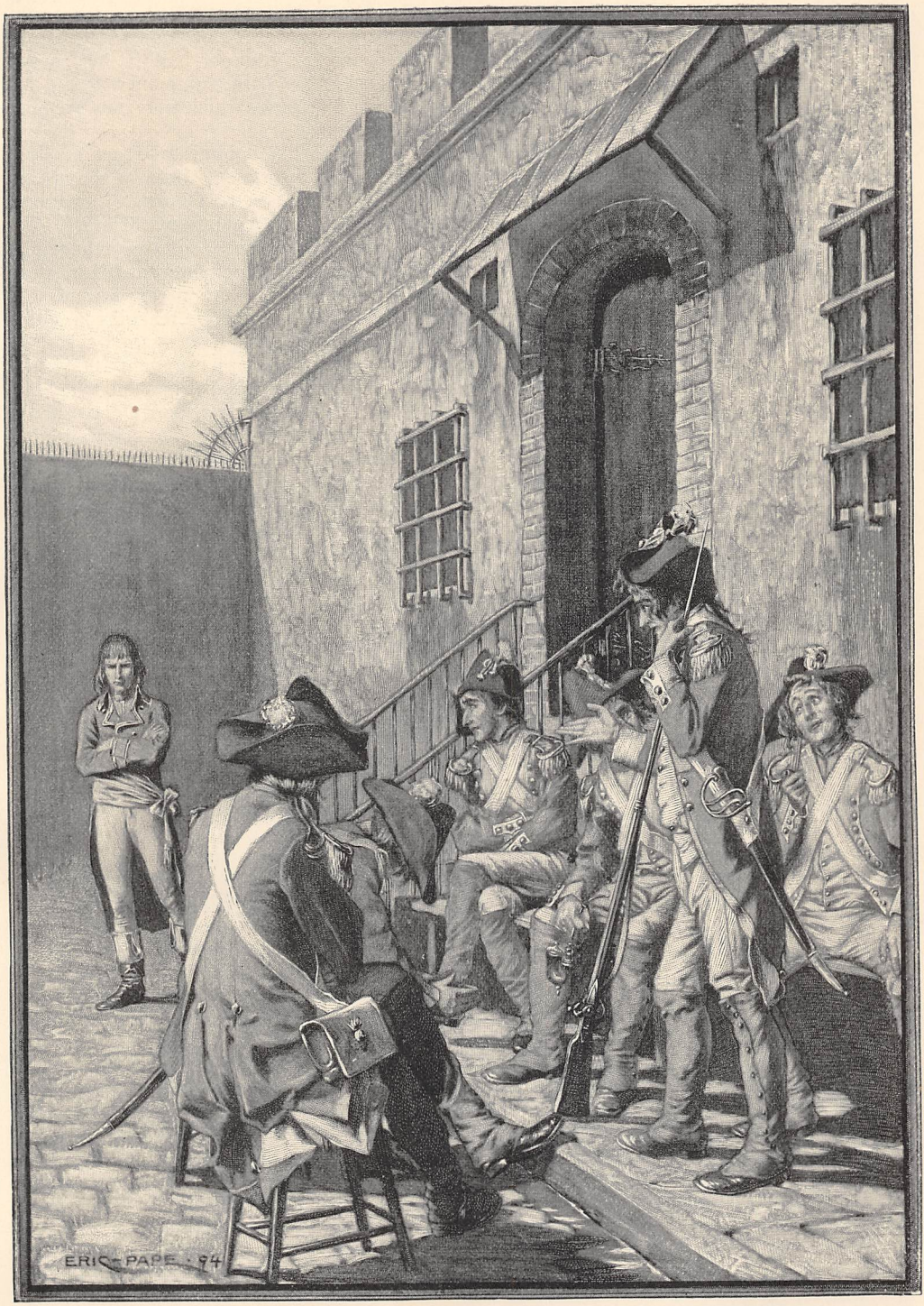
Inscriptions: Reverse — Honor to the defenders of the country. R. F. French Republic. Robespierre the younger at the camp before Toulon. Obverse — Robespierre the younger, representative of the people.

conquered department of which Nice was the capital.

Genoa now stood in a peculiar relation to France. Her oligarchy, though called a republic, was in spirit the antipodes of French democracy. Her trade was essential to France, but English influence predominated in her councils. In October, 1793, a French supply ship had been seized by an English squadron in the very harbor of the capital itself. Soon afterward the French minister at Genoa was told that as it appeared no longer possible for a French army to reach Lombardy by the direct route through the Apennines, it might be necessary to advance along the coast by way of Genoese territory. It was probably as a diplomatic feint that in April, 1794, hostilities were opened against Sardinia and Austria. Masséna seized Ventimiglia on the sixth. Advancing by Oneglia and Ormea, in the valley of the Stura, he turned the position of the allied Austrians and Sardinians, thus compelling them to evacuate their strongholds one by one, until on May 7 the pass of Tenda, leading direct into Lombardy, was abandoned by them.

The result of this movement was to infuse new enthusiasm into the army, while at the same time it set free, for offensive warfare, large numbers of the garrison troops in places now no longer in danger. Masséna wrote in terms of exultation of the devotion and endurance which his troops had shown in the sacred name of liberty. "They know how to conquer, and never complain. Marching barefoot, and often without rations, they abuse no one, but sing the loved notes of '*Ça ira*'— 'T will go, 't will go! We 'll make the creatures that surround the despot at Turin dance the Carmagnole!" Charles Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, was an excellent specimen of the benevolent despot; it was he they meant. Augustin Robespierre wrote to his brother Maximilien, in Paris, that they had found the country before them deserted: forty thousand souls had fled from the single valley of Oneglia, having been terrified by the accounts of French savagery to women and children, and of their impiety in devastating the churches and religious establishments.

Whether the phenomenal success of this short campaign, which lasted but a month, was expected or not, nothing was done to improve it, and the advancing battalions suddenly stopped, as if to make the impression that they could go farther only by way of Genoese territory. Buonaparte would certainly have shared in the campaign had it been a serious attack; but except to bring captured stores from Oneglia, he did nothing, devoting the months of May and June to the completion of his shore defenses, and living at Nice with his mother and her family. That famous and coquettish town was now the center of a gay



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

BONAPARTE UNDER ARREST, AUGUST, 1794.

republican society in which Napoleon and his pretty sisters were important persons. They were the constant companions of young Robespierre and Ricord. The former, amazed by the activity of his friend's brain, the scope of his plans, and the terrible energy which marked his preparations, wrote of Napoleon that he was a man of "transcendent merit." Marmont, speaking of Napoleon's charm at this time, says: "There was so much future in his mind. . . . He had acquired an ascendancy over the representatives which it is impossible to describe." He also declares, and Salicetti too repeatedly asseverated, that Buonaparte was the "man, the plan-maker," of the Robespierres.

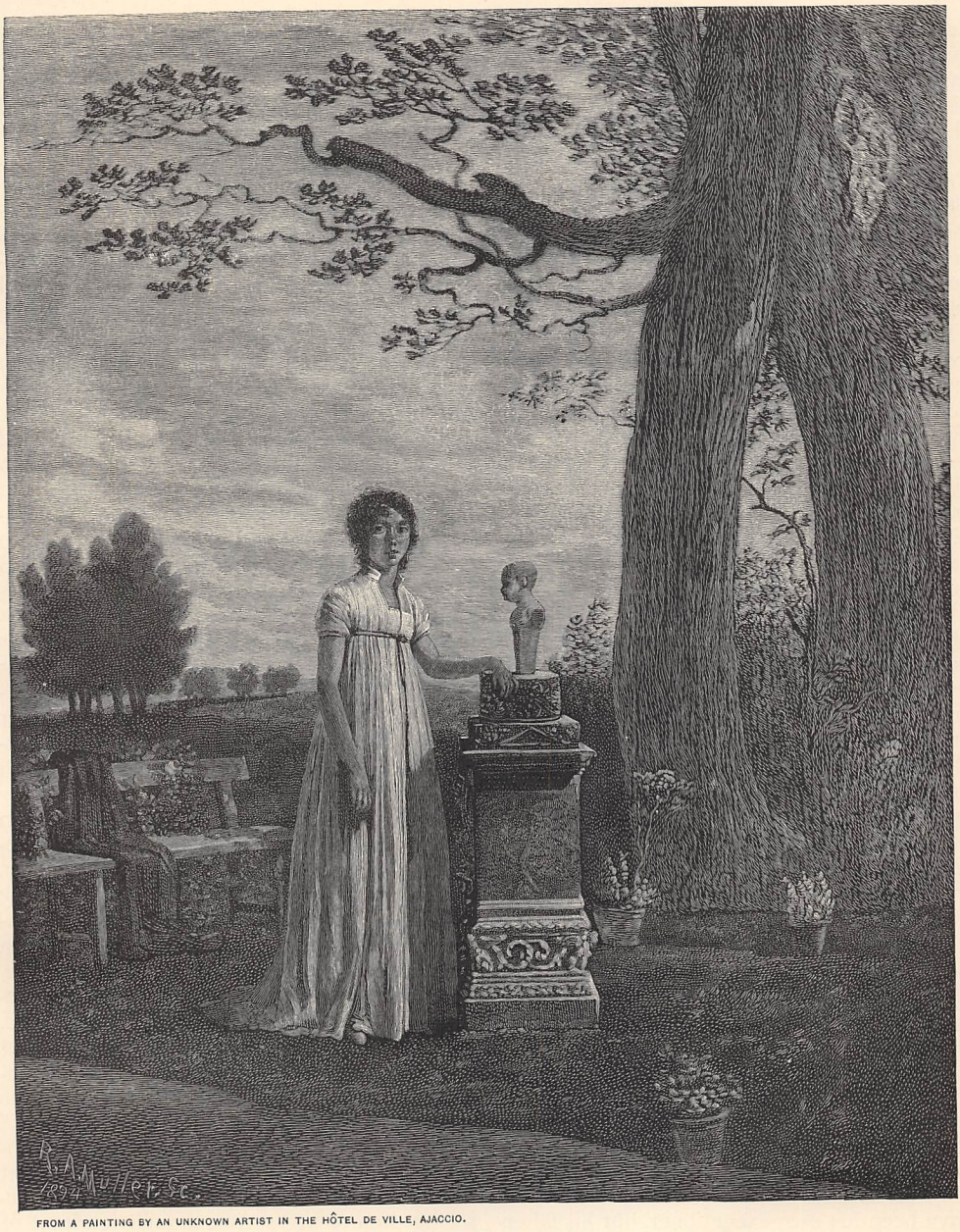
Their impression was doubtless due to the conclusions of a council of war held on May 20 by the leaders of the two armies — of the Alps and of Italy — to concert a plan of co-operation. Naturally each group of generals desired the foremost place for the army it represented. Buonaparte overrode all objections, and compelled the acceptance of a scheme entirely his own. But affairs in Genoa were becoming so menacing that for the moment they demanded the exclusive attention of the French authorities. Austrian troops had disregarded her neutrality and trespassed on her territory; the land was full of French deserters, and England, recalling her successes in the same line during the American Revolution, had established a press in the city for printing counterfeit French money, which was sent by secret mercantile communications to Marseilles, and there was put in circulation. It was consequently soon determined to amplify greatly the plan of campaign, and likewise to send a mission to Genoa. Buonaparte was himself appointed the envoy, and thus became the pivot of both movements — that against Piedmont and that against Genoa.

THE MISSION TO GENOA.

His expansion of the first plan to meet this double requirement finally developed into a rambling document, still in existence, which draws a contrast between the opposite courses to be taken with reference to Italy and Spain. In it he also calls attention to the scarcity of officers suitable for concerted action in a great enterprise, and a remark concerning the policy to be pursued contains the germ of his whole military system. "Combine your forces in a war, as in a siege, on one point. The breach once made, equilibrium is destroyed, everything else is useless, and the place is taken. Do not conceal, but concentrate, your attack." In the matter of politics he sees Germany as the main prop of opposition to democracy; Spain is to be dealt with on the defensive, Italy on the offensive. But, contrary to his own policy of the following year, he advises against proceeding too far into Piedmont, lest the adversary should gain the advantage of position. This paper Robespierre the younger had in his pocket when he left for Paris, summoned to aid his brother in difficulties which were now pressing fast upon him.

Ricord was left behind to direct at least nominally the movements both of the armies and of the embassy to Genoa. Buonaparte continued to be the real power. Military operations having been suspended to await the results of diplomacy, his instructions from Ricord were drawn so as to be loose and merely formal. On July 11 he started from Nice, reaching his destination three days later. During the week of his stay — for he left again on the twenty-first — the mission made its representations, and laid down its ultimatum that the republic of Genoa should preserve absolute neutrality, neither permitting troops to pass over its territories, nor lending aid in the construction of military roads, as she was charged with secretly doing. Their success in overawing the oligarchy was complete, and a written promise of compliance to these demands was made by the Doge. Buonaparte arrived again in Nice on the twenty-eighth. We may imagine that as he traveled the romantic road between the mountains and the sea, the rising general and diplomat indulged in many rosy dreams, probably feeling already on his shoulders the insignia of a commander-in-chief. But he was returning to disgrace, if not to destruction. A week after his arrival came the stupefying news that the hour-glass had once again been reversed, that on the very day of his own exultant return to Nice Robespierre's head had fallen, that the Mountain was shattered, and that the land was again staggering to gain its balance after another political earthquake.

The shock had been awful, but it was directly traceable to the accumulated disorders of Jacobin rule. A rude and vigorous, but eerie order of things had been inaugurated on November 24, 1793, by the so-called republic. There was already the new calendar, in which the year 1 began on September 22, 1792, the day on which the republic had been proclaimed. In it were the twelve thirty-day months, with their names of vintage, fog, and frost; of snow, rain, and wind; of bud, flower, and meadow; of seed, heat, and harvest: the whole terminated most unpoetically by the five or six supplementary days named sansculottides,— sansculottes meaning without knee-breeches, a garment confined to the upper classes; that is, with long trousers like the common people,— and these days were so named because they were to be a holiday for the long-trousered populace which was to use the new reckoning. There was next the new, strange, and unhallowed spectacle



FROM A PAINTING BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST IN THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, AJACCIO.

JULIE CLARY, WIFE OF JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

seen in history for the first time, the realization of a nightmare — a whole people finally turned into an army, and at war with nearly all the world! The reforming Girondists had created the situation, and the Jacobins, with grim humor, were unflinchingly facing the logical consequences of such audacity. Carnot had given the watchword of attack in mass and with superior numbers; the times gave the frenzied courage of sentimental exaltation. Before the end of 1793 the foreign enemies, though not conquered, had been checked on the frontier; the outbreak in Vendée had been temporarily suppressed; both Lyons and Toulon had been retaken.

The Jacobins were nothing if not thorough; and here was another new and awful thing — the "Terror" — which had broken loose with its foul furies of party against party through all the land. It seemed at last as if it were exhausting itself, though for a time it had grown in intensity as it spread in extent. It had created three fac-

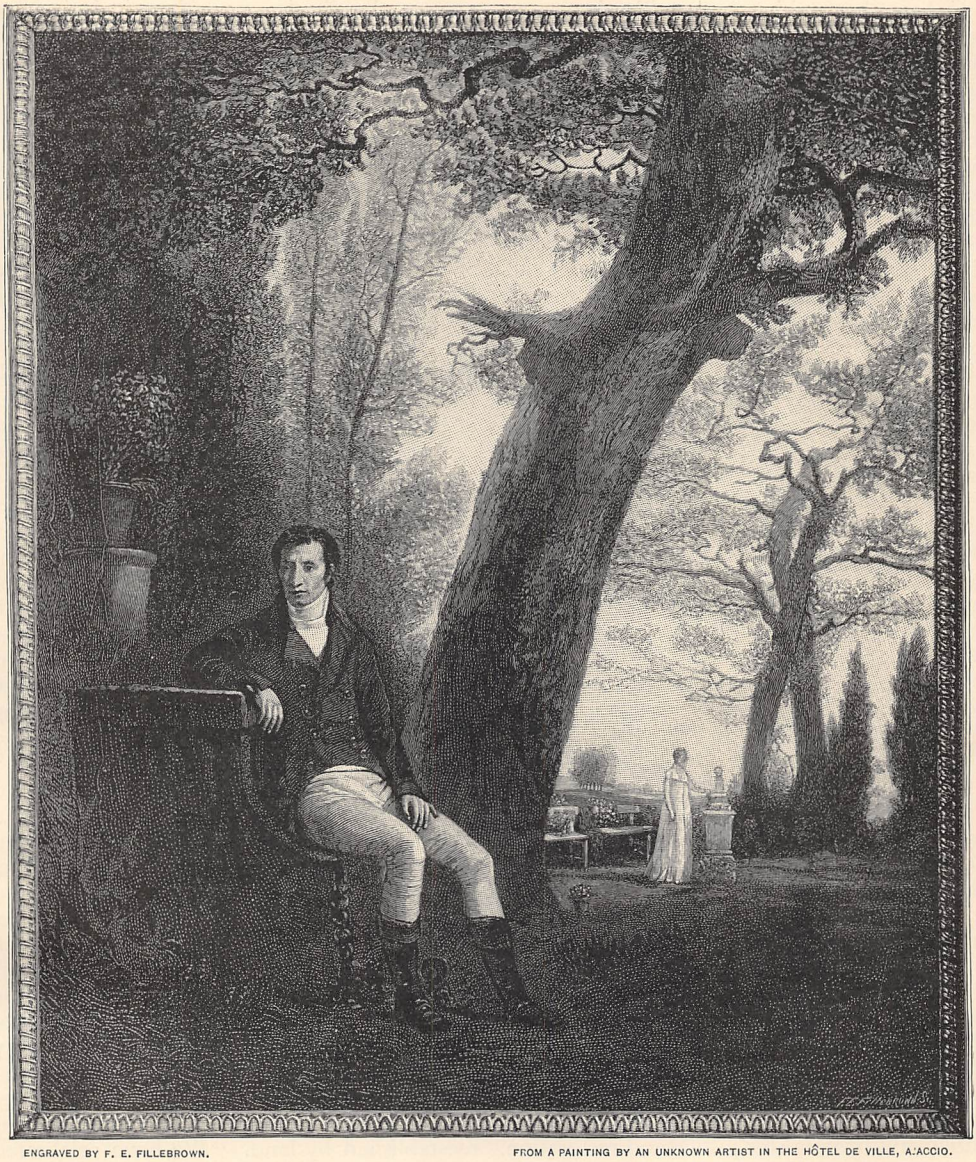
tions in the Mountain. Early in 1794 there remained but a little handful of avowed and still eager terrorists in the Convention — Hébert and his friends. These were the atheists who had abolished religion and the past, bowing down before the fetish which they dubbed Reason. They were seized and put to death on March 24. There then remained the cliques of Danton and Robespierre: the former claiming the name of moderates, and telling men to be calm; the latter with no principle but devotion to a person who claimed to be a regenerator of society. These hero-worshipers were for a time victorious. Danton, like Hébert, was foully murdered, and Robespierre remained alone, virtually dictator. But his theatrical conduct in decreeing by law the existence of a Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul, and in organizing tawdry festivals to supply the place of worship, utterly embittered against him both atheists and pious people. In disappointed rage at his failure, he laid aside the characters of prophet and mild saint to become a perfect devil.

During the long days of June and July there raged again a carnival of blood, known to history as the "Great Terror." In less than seven weeks upward of twelve hundred victims were immolated. The unbridled license of the guillotine broadened as it ran. First the aristocrats had fallen, then royalty, then their sympathizers, then the hated rich, then the merely well-to-do, and lastly anybody not cringing to existing power. The reaction against Robespierre was one of universal fear; but dictator as he had wished to be, he was formed of other stuff, for when the reckoning came his brutal violence was cowed. On July 27 (9 Thermidor) the Convention turned on him in rebellion. Extreme radicals and moderate conservatives combined for the effort. Terrible scenes were enacted. The sections of Paris were divided, some for the Convention, some for Robespierre. The artillerymen who were ordered by the latter to batter down the part of the Tuileries where his enemies were sitting, hesitated and disobeyed; at once all resistance to the decrees of the Convention died out. The dictator would have been his own executioner, but his faltering terrors stopped him midway in his design. He and his brother, with their friends, were seized, and beheaded on the morrow. With the downfall of Robespierre went the last vestige of social or political authority; for the Convention was no longer trusted by the nation — the only organized power with popular support which was left was the army.

CONSEQUENCES OF ROBESPIERRE'S FALL.

THIS was the news which, traveling southward, finally reached Toulon, Marseilles, and Nice, cities where Robespierre's stanchest adherents were flaunting their newly gained importance. No wonder if the brains of common men reeled. The recent so-called parties had disappeared for the moment like wraiths. The victorious group in the Convention, now known as the Thermidorians, were compounded of elements from them both, and claimed to represent the whole of France, as the wretched factions who had so long controlled the government had never done. Where now should those who had been active supporters of the late administration turn for refuge? The Corsicans who had escaped from the island at the same time with Salicetti and the Buonapartes were nearly all with the Army of Italy. They had been given employment, but, having failed to keep Corsica for France, were not in high favor. It had already been remarked in the Committee of Public Safety that their patriotism was less manifest than their disposition to enrich themselves. This too was the opinion of many among their own countrymen, especially of their own partizans shut up in Bastia or Calvi and deserted. Salicetti, ever ready for emergencies, was not disconcerted by this one; and with adroit baseness turned informer, denouncing as a suspicious schemer his former protégé and lieutenant, of whose budding greatness he was now well aware. He was both jealous and alarmed.

Buonaparte's mission to Genoa had been openly political; secretly it was a military reconnaissance, and his confidential instructions, virtually dictated by himself, had unfortunately leaked out. They had directed him to examine the fortifications in and about both Savona and Genoa, to investigate the state of the Genoese artillery, to inform himself as to the behavior of the French envoy to the republic, to learn as much as possible of the intentions of the oligarchy — in short, to gather all information useful for the conduct of a war "the result of which it is impossible to foresee." Buonaparte, knowing that he had trodden dangerous ground in his unauthorized and secret dealings with Robespierre, and probably foreseeing the coming storm, though ignorant of Salicetti's ruse, bent his head before the gale. In a letter written on his arrival at Nice to the French minister at Genoa, and which he believed would speedily reach Paris, he said: "I was a little touched by the catastrophe, for I loved him and thought him spotless. But were it my own father, I would stab him to the heart if he aspired to become a tyrant." This renunciation of Jacobinism was of no avail; he was superseded in his command, then arrested on August 10, and, fortunately for himself, imprisoned two days later in Fort Carré, near Antibes, instead of being sent direct to Paris as



ENGRAVED BY F. E. FILLEBROWN. FROM A PAINTING BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST IN THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, AJACCIO.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE. BORN 1768. KING OF NAPLES, 1806. KING OF SPAIN, 1808. COMTE DE SURVILLIERS, 1815. UNDER THE LATTER TITLE, RESIDENT OF BORDENTOWN, N. J. DIED IN FLORENCE, 1844.

some of his friends were. This temporary shelter from the devastating blast he owed to Salicetti, who would no doubt without hesitation have destroyed a friend for his own safety, but was willing enough to spare him if not driven to extremity.

As the true state of things in Corsica began to be known in France, there was a general disposition to blame and punish the influential men who had brought things to such a desperate pass and made the loss of the island probable, if not certain. Salicetti, Multedo, and the rest quickly unloaded the whole blame on Buonaparte's shoulders, so that he had many enemies in Paris. Thus by apparent harshness to one whom he still considered a subordinate, the real culprit escaped suspicion. Assured of immunity from punishment himself, Salicetti was content with his rival's humiliation, and felt no real rancor toward the family. This is clear from his treatment of Louis Buonaparte, who had fallen from place and favor along with his brother, but was by Salicetti's influence soon afterward made an officer of the home guard at Nice. Joseph had made himself conspicuous in the very height of the storm by a brilliant

marriage; but neither he nor Fesch was arrested, and both managed to pull through with whole skins. The noisy Lucien was also married, but to a girl who, though respectable, was poor; and in consequence he was thoroughly frightened at the thought of losing his means of support. But though menaced with arrest, he was sufficiently insignificant to escape for the time.

Napoleon was kept in captivity but thirteen days. Salicetti found it easier than he had apparently supposed to exculpate himself from the charge either of participating in Robespierre's conspiracy or of having brought about the Corsican insurrection. More than this, he found himself firm in the good graces of the Thermidorians, among whom his old friends Barras and Fréron were held in high esteem. It would therefore be a simple thing to liberate General Buonaparte, if only a proper expression of opinion could be secured from him. The clever prisoner had it ready before it was needed. To the faithful Junot he wrote a kindly note declining to be rescued by a body of friends organized to storm the prison or scale its walls. Such a course would have compromised him further. But to the "representatives of the people" he wrote in language which finally committed him for life. He explained that in a revolutionary epoch there are but two classes of men, patriots and suspects. It could easily be seen to which class a man who had fought both intestine and foreign foes belonged. "I have sacrificed residence in my department, I have abandoned all my goods, I have lost all for the republic. Since then I have served at Toulon with some distinction, and I have deserved a share with the Army of Italy in the laurels it earned at the taking of Saorgio, Oneglia, and Tanaro. On the discovery of Robespierre's conspiracy my conduct was that of a man accustomed to regard nothing but principle." The letter concludes with a passionate appeal to each one separately and by name for justice and restoration. "An hour later, if the wicked want my life, I will gladly give it to them, I care so little for it, I weary so often of it! Yes; the idea that it may be still useful to my country is all that makes me bear the burden with courage."

Salicetti in person went through the form of examining the papers offered in proof of Buonaparte's statements; found them, as a matter of course, satisfactory; and the commissioners restored the suppliant to partial liberty, but not to his post. He was to remain at army headquarters, and the still terrible Committee of Safety was to receive regular reports of his doings. This, too, was but a subterfuge. Commissioners from the Thermidorians soon arrived with orders that for the present all offensive operations in Italy were to be suspended in order to put the strength of the district into a maritime expedition against Rome or Corsica. This plan had been foreseen, and Buonaparte immediately sought, and by Salicetti's favor obtained, the important charge of equipping and inspecting the artillery. He intended to make it tell in his personal interest against the English party now triumphant in his home. This was the middle of September. Before beginning to prepare for the Corsican expedition, the army made a final demonstration to secure its lines. It was during the preparatory days of this short campaign that a dreadful incident occurred. Buonaparte had long since learned the power of women, and had been ardently attentive in turn both to Charlotte Robespierre and to Mme. Ricord. "It was a great advantage to please them," he said; "for in a lawless time a representative of the people is a real power." Mme. Turreau, wife of one of the new commissioners, was now the ascendant star in his attentions. One day, while walking arm in arm with her near the top of the Tenda pass, Buonaparte took a sudden freak to show her what war was like, and ordered the advance-guard to charge the Austrian pickets. The attack was not only useless, but it endangered the safety of the army; yet it was made according to command, and human blood was shed. The story was told by Napoleon himself, at the close of his life, in a tone of repentance, but with evident relish.

Buonaparte was present at the ensuing victories, but only as a well-informed spectator and adviser, for he was yet in nominal disgrace. Within five days the enemies' lines were driven back so as to leave open the two most important roads into Italy — that by the valley of the Bormida to Alessandria, and that by the shore to Genoa. The difficult pass of Tenda fell entirely into French hands. The English could not disembark their troops to strengthen the Allies. The commerce of Genoa with Marseilles was reëstablished by land. "We have celebrated the fifth sansculottide of the year 3 (September 21, 1794) in a manner worthy of the republic and the National Convention," wrote the commissioners to their colleagues in Paris. On the twenty-fourth, General Buonaparte was released by the commissioners from attendance at headquarters, thus becoming once again a free man and his own master. He proceeded immediately to Toulon in order to prepare for the Corsican expedition. Once more the power of a great nation was, he hoped, to be directed against the land of his birth, and he was an important agent in the plan.

To regain, if possible, some of his lost influence in the island, Buonaparte had already opened up communications with former acquaintances

in Ajaccio. In a letter written immediately after his release in September, 1794, to the Corsican deputy Multedo, he informs his correspondent that his birthplace is the weakest spot on the island, and open to attack. The information was correct. Paoli had made an effort to strengthen it, but without success. "To drive the English," said the writer of the letter, "from a position which makes them masters of the Mediterranean, . . . to emancipate a large number of good patriots still to be found in that department, and to restore to their firesides the good republicans who have deserved the care of their country by the generous manner in which they have suffered for it, this, my friend, is the expedition which should occupy the attention of the government." Perhaps the old vista of becoming a Corsican hero opened up once again to a sore and disappointed man, but it is not probable: the horizon of his life had expanded too far to be again contracted, and the present task was probably considered but as a bridge to cross once more the waters of bitterness.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

DR. HOLMES'S social nature, as expressed in conversation and in his books, drew him into communication with a very large number of people. It cannot be said, however, in this age marked by altruisms, that he was altruistic; on the contrary, he loved himself, and made himself his prime study — but as a member of the human race. He had his own purposes to fulfil, his own self-appointed tasks, and he preferred to take men only on his own terms. He was filled with righteous indignation, in reading Carlyle, to find a passage where, hearing the door-bell ring one morning when he was very busy, he exclaimed that he was afraid it was "the man Emerson!" Yet Dr. Holmes was himself one of the most carefully guarded men, through his years of actual production, who ever lived and wrote. His wife absorbed her life in his, and mounted guard to make sure that interruption was impossible. Nevertheless, he was a lover of men, or he could not have drawn them perpetually to his side. His writings were never aimed too high; his sole wish was to hit the mark, if possible: but if a shot hit the head also, he showed a childlike pride in the achievement.

When the moment came to meet men face to face, what unrivaled gaiety and good cheer possessed him! He was king of the dinner-table during a large part of the century. He loved to talk, but he was eager to be quickened by the conversation of others, and reverence was never absent from his nature. How incomparable his gift of conversation was, it will be difficult, probably impossible, for any one to understand who had never known him. It was not that he was wiser, or wittier, or more profound, or more radiant with humor, than other men, because the shades of Macaulay, Sydney Smith, De Quincey, and Coleridge rise up before us from the past, and among his contemporaries many men must still recall the sallies of Tom Appleton, the charm of Agassiz and of Cornelius Felton and others of the Saturday Club; but with Dr. Holmes sunshine and gaiety came into the room. It was not a determination to be cheerful or witty or profound; but it was a natural expression, like that of a child, sometimes overclouded and sometimes purely gay, but always as open as a child to the influences around him, and ready for "a good time." His power of self-excitement seemed inexhaustible. Given a dinner-table, with light and color, and somebody occasionally to throw the ball, his spirits would rise and coruscate astonishingly. He was not unaware if men whom he considered his superiors were present; he was sure to make them understand that he meant to sit at their feet and listen to them, even if his own excitement ran away with him. "I 've talked too much," he often said, with a feeling of sincere penitence, as he rose from the table. "I wanted to hear what our guest had to say." But the wise guest, seizing the opportunity, usually led Dr. Holmes on until he forgot that he was not listening and replying. It was this sensitiveness, perhaps, which made his greatest charm — a power of sympathy which led him to understand what his companion would say if he should speak, and made it possible for him to talk in a measure for others as well as to express himself.

Nothing, surely, could be more unusual and beautiful than such a gift, nor any more purely

his own. His conversation reminded one of those beautiful *danseuses* of the South upon whom every eye is fastened, by whom every sense is fascinated, but who dance up to their companions, and lead them out, and make them feel all the exhilaration of the occasion, while the leader alone possesses all the enchantment and all the inspiration. Of course conversation of this kind is an outgrowth of character. His reverence was one source of its inspiration, and a desire to do well everything which he undertook. He was a faithful friend and a keen appreciator, and he disliked to hear depreciation of others. His character was clear-cut and defined, like his small, erect figure; perfect of its kind, and possessed of great innate dignity, which was veiled only by delightful, incomparable gifts and charms.

My acquaintance and friendship with him lasted through many years, beginning with my husband's early association. I think their acquaintance began about the time when the doctor threatened to hang out a sign, "The smallest fevers gratefully received," and when the young publisher's literary enthusiasm led him to make some excuse for asking medical advice.

The very first letter I find in Dr. Holmes's handwriting is the following amusing note accompanying the manuscript copy of "Astræa: The Balance of Illusions." The note possibly alludes to "Astræa" as the poem to be written.

$100.00.

MY DEAR SIR: The above is an argument of great weight to all those who, like the late John Rogers, are surrounded by a numerous family.

I will incubate this golden egg two days, and present you with the resulting chicken upon the third. Yours very truly,

O. W. HOLMES.

P.S. You will perceive that the last sentence is figurative, and implies that I shall watch and fast over your proposition for forty-eight hours. But I could n't on any account be so sneaky as to get up and recite poor old "Hanover" over again. Oh, no! If anything, it must be of the "paullo majora."

"Silvæ sint consule dignæ." Let us have a brand-new poem or none.

Yours as on the preceding page.

The next letters which I find as having passed between the two friends are dated in the year 1851, and it must have been about this period that their relations began to grow closer. In every succeeding year they became more and more intimate; and when death interrupted their communication, Dr. Holmes's untiring kindness to me continued to the end. Unfortunately for this record, the friendship was not maintained by correspondence. Common interests brought the two men together almost daily long before Dr. Holmes bought a house in Charles street within a few doors of our own, and such contiguity made correspondence to any great extent unnecessary.

The removal from Montgomery Place, where he had lived some years, to Charles street, was a matter of great concern. He says in the "Autocrat" that "he had no idea until he pulled up his domestic establishment what an enormous quantity of roots he had been making during the years he had been planted there." Before announcing his intention, he came early one morning, with his friend Lothrop Motley, to inspect our house, which was similar to the one he thought of buying. I did not know his intention at the time, but I was delighted with his enthusiasm for the view over Charles River bay, which in those days was wider and more beautiful than it can ever be again. Nothing would satisfy him but to go to the attic, which he declared, if it were his, he should make his study.

Shortly after, the doctor took possession of his new house, but characteristically made no picturesque study in which to live. He passed many long days and evenings, even in summer, in a lower room opening on the street, which wore the air of the office of a physician, and solaced his love for the picturesque by an occasional afternoon at his early home in Cambridge. Of a visit to this house I find the following description in my note-book: "Drove out in the afternoon and overtook Professor Holmes" (he liked to be called "Professor" then), "with his wife and son, who were all on their way to his old homestead in Cambridge. They asked us to go there with them, as it was only a few steps from where we were. The professor went to the small side door, and knocked with a fine brass knocker which had just been presented to him from the old Hancock house. It was delightful to see his exquisite pleasure in everything about his early home. There hung a portrait of his father, Abiel Holmes, at the age of thirty-one — a beautiful face it was; there also a picture of the reverend doctor's first wife, fair, and perhaps a trifle coquettish, or what the professor called 'a little romantic'; the old chairs from France still there; and no modern knickknacks interfering with the old-fashioned, quiet effect of the whole. He has taken for his writing-room the former parlor looking into the garden. He loves to work there, where he and his wife spend a good deal of time. Washington slept three nights in the old house, and is said to have planned here the battle of Bunker Hill. Dr. Bradshaw stepped from the door to make a prayer for the troops before

their departure to Charlestown. There are fine trees behind the house, where we sat in the shade and talked until the shadows grew long upon the grass." During the very last years of Dr. Holmes's life he used to talk often of the old Cambridge home and the days of his childhood there. "I can remember, when I shut my eyes," he said one day, "just as if it were yesterday, how beautiful it was looking out of the windows of my father's house, how bright and sunshiny the Common was in front, and the figures which came and went of persons familiar to me. One day some one said, 'There go Russell Sturgis and his bride'; and I looked, and saw what appeared to me then two radiant beings! All this came back to me as I read a volume of his reminiscences lately privately printed, not published, by his children."

Dr. Holmes's out-of-door life was not limited, however, to his excursions to Cambridge. Early in the morning, sometimes before sunrise, standing at my bedroom window overlooking the bay, I have seen his tiny skiff moving quickly over the face of the quiet water; or, later, drifting down idly with the tide, as if his hour of exercise was over, and he was now dreamily floating homeward while he drank in the loveliness of the morning. Sometimes the waves were high and rough, and adventures were to be had; then every muscle was given a chance, and he would return to breakfast tired but refreshed. There was little to be learned about a skiff and its management which he did not acquire. He knew how many pounds a boat ought to weigh, and every detail respecting it. In the "Autocrat" he says: "My present fleet on the Charles River consists of three rowboats: 1. A small flat-bottomed skiff of the shape of a flat-iron, kept mainly to lend to boys. 2. A fancy 'dory' for two pairs of sculls, in which I sometimes go out with my young folks. 3. My own particular water-sulky, a 'skeleton' or 'shell' race-boat, twenty-two feet long, with huge outriggers, which boat I pull with ten-foot sculls, alone, of course, as it holds but one, and tips him out if he does not mind what he is about." The description is all delightful, and a little later on there is a reference to such a morning as I have already attempted to recall. "I dare not publicly name the rare joys," he says, "the infinite delights, that intoxicate me on some sweet June morning when the river and bay are smooth as a sheet of beryl-green silk, and I run along ripping it up with my knife-edged shell of a boat, the rent closing after me, like those wounds of angels which Milton tells of, but the seam still shining for many a long rood behind me. . . . To take shelter from the sunbeams under one of the thousand-footed bridges, and look down its interminable colonnades, crusted with green and oozy growths, studded with minute barnacles, and belted with rings of dark muscles, while overhead streams and thunders that other river whose every wave is a human soul flowing to eternity as the river below flows to the ocean,—lying there, moored unseen, in loneliness so profound that the columns of Tadmor in the desert could not seem more remote from life,—the cool breeze on one's forehead,— . . . why should I tell of these things!"

Since the Autocrat has himself told the story of this episode so beautifully, no one else need attempt it. He drank in the very wine of life with the air of those summer mornings.

Returning to some of Dr. Holmes's early letters, written before he moved to Charles street, I find him addressing his correspondent from Pittsfield, where for seven years he enjoyed a country house in summer. "But," he said one day, "a country house, you will remember, has been justly styled by Balzac *une plaie ouverte*. There is no end to the expenses it entails. I was very anxious to have a country retreat, and when my wife had a small legacy of about two thousand dollars a good many years ago, we thought we would put up a perfectly plain shelter with that money on a beautiful piece of ground we owned in Pittsfield. Well, the architect promised to put the house up for that. But it cost just twice as much, to begin with; that was n't much! Then we had to build a barn; then we wanted a horse and carryall and wagon; so one thing led to another, and it was too far away for me to look after it, and at length, after seven years, we sold it. I could n't bear to think of it or to speak of it for a long time. I loved the trees, and while our children were little it was a good place for them; but we had to sell it, and it was better in the end, although I felt lost without it for a great while." Here is a letter from Pittsfield which describes him there upon his arrival one year in the spring:

PITTSFIELD, June 13, 1852.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDS: I have just received your very interesting note, and the proof which accompanied it. I don't know when I ever read anything about myself that struck me so piquantly as that story about the old gentleman. It is almost too good to be true, but you are not in the habit of quizzing. The trait is so nature-like and Dickens-like, no American — no living soul but a peppery, crotchety, good-hearted, mellow old John Bull — could have done such a thing. God bless him! Perhaps the verses are not much, and perhaps he is no great judge whether they are or not: but what a pleasant thing it is to win the hearty liking of any honest creature who is neither your relation nor

compatriot, and who must fancy what pleases him for itself and nothing else!

I will not say what pleasure I have received from Miss Mitford's kind words. I am going to sit down, and write her a letter with a good deal of myself in it, which I am quite sure she will read with indulgence, if not with gratification. If you see her, or write to her, be sure to let her know that she must make up her mind to such a letter as she will have to sit down to.

I am afraid I have not much of interest for you. It is a fine thing to see one's trees and things growing, but not so much to tell of. I have been a week in the country now, and am writing at this moment amidst such a scintillation of fireflies and chorus of frogs as a cockney would cross the Atlantic to enjoy. During the past winter I have done nothing but lecture, having delivered between seventy and eighty all round the country from Maine to western New York, and even confronted the critical terrors of the great city that holds half a million and P—— H——. All this spring I have been working on microscopes, so that it is only within a few days I have really got hold of anything to read — to say nothing of writing except for my lyceum audiences. I had a literary rencontre just before I came away, however, in the shape of a dinner at the Revere House with Griswold and Epes Sargent. What a curious creature Griswold is! He seems to me a kind of naturalist whose subjects are authors, whose memory is a perfect fauna of all flying, running, and creeping things that feed on ink. Epes has done mighty well with his red-edged school-book, which is a very creditable-looking volume, to say the least.

It would be hard to tell how much you are missed among us. I really do not know who would make a greater blank if he were abstracted. As for myself, I have been all lost since you have been away in all that relates to literary matters, to say nothing of the almost daily aid, comfort, and refreshment I imbibed from your luminous presence. Do come among us as soon as you can; and having come, stay among your devoted friends, of whom count

O. W. Holmes.

From this letter also we get a glimpse of the literary world of New England at that time, and an idea of his own occupations.

By degrees, as the intimacy between the two friends and neighbors grew closer, we find the publisher asking his opinion of certain manuscripts. I have no means of knowing who was the author of the poems frankly described in the following note, but one can only wish that writers, especially young writers, could sometimes see themselves in such a glass — not darkly!

8 Montgomery Place, July 24, 1857.

My dear Mr. Fields: I return the three poems you sent me, having read them with much gratification. Each of them has its peculiar merits and defects, as it seems to me, but all show poetical feeling and artistic skill.

"Sleep On!" is the freshest and most individual in its character. You will see my pencil comment at the end of it. "Inkerman" is comparatively slipshod and careless, though not without lyric fire and vivid force of description.

"Raphael Sanzio" would deserve higher praise if it were not so closely imitative.

In truth, all these poems have a genuine sound; they are full of poetical thought, and breathed out in softly modulated words. The music of "Sleep On!" is very sweet, and I have never seen heroic verse in which the rhyme was less obtrusive or the rhythm more diffluent. Still it would not be fair to speak in these terms of praise without pointing out the transparent imitativeness which is common to all these poems.

"Inkerman" is a poetical Macaulay stewed. The whole flow of its verse and resonant passion of its narrative are borrowed from the "Lays of Ancient Rome." There are many crashing lines in it, and the story is rather dashingly told; but it is very inferior in polish, and even correctness, to both the other poems. I have marked some of its errata.

"Raphael," good as it is, is nothing more than Browning browned over. Every turn of expression, and the whole animus, so to speak, is taken from those poetical monologues of his. *Call it* an imitation, and it is excellent.

The best of the three poems, then, is "Sleep On!" I see Keats in it, and one or both of the Brownings; but though the form is borrowed, the passion is genuine — the fire has passed along there, and the verse has followed before the ashes were quite cool.

Talent, certainly; taste very fine for the melodies of language; deep, quiet sentiment. Genius? If beardless, yea; if in sable silvered, — and I think this cannot be a very young hand, — why, then . . . we will suspend our opinion.

Faithfully yours,

O. W. Holmes.

From this period I find several amusing personal letters which are characteristic enough to be preserved. Among them is the following:

21 Charles st., July 6, 8:33 A. M.
Barometer at $30\frac{1}{10}$.

My dear Friend and Neighbor: Your most unexpected gift, which is not a mere token of remembrance, but a permanently val-

uable present, is making me happier every moment I look at it. It is so pleasant to be thought of by our friends when they have so much to draw their thoughts away from us; it is so pleasant, too, to find that they have cared enough about us to study our special tastes,—that you can see why your beautiful gift has a growing charm for me. Only Mrs. Holmes thinks it ought to be in the parlor among the things for show, and I think it ought to be in the study, where I can look at it at least once an hour every day of my life.

I have observed some extraordinary movements of the index of the barometer during the discussions that ensued, which you may be interested to see my notes of.

Barometer.

Mrs. H.
My dear, we shall of course keep this beautiful barometer in the parlor. *Fair.*

Dr. H.
Why, no, my dear; the study is the place. *Dry.*

Mrs. H.
I 'm sure it ought to go in the parlor. It 's too handsome for your old den. *Change.*

Dr. H.
I shall keep it in the study. *Very dry.*

Mrs. H.
I don't think that 's fair. *Rain.*

Dr. H.
I 'm sorry. Can't help it. *Very dry.*

Mrs. H.
It 's—too—too—ba-a-ad. *Much rain.*

Dr. H.
(Music omitted.)
'Mid pleas-ures and paaal-a-a-c-es. *Set Fair.*

Mrs. H.
I *will* have it! You horrid— *Stormy.*

You see what a wonderful instrument this is that you have given me. But, my dear Mr. Fields, while I watch its changes it will be a constant memorial of unchanging friendship; and while the dark hand of fate is traversing the whole range of mortal vicissitudes, the golden index of the kind affections shall stand always at SET FAIR. Yours ever,

O. W. HOLMES.

There are many notes also showing how the two friends played into each other's hands. This one is a sample:

21 CHARLES STREET, July 17, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDS: *Can* you tell me anything that will get this horrible old woman of the C——California off from my shoulders? Do you know anything about this pestilent manuscript she raves about? This continent is not big enough for me and her together, and if she does n't jump into the Pacific I shall have to leap into the Atlantic—I mean the original damp spot so called. Yours always,

O. W. HOLMES.

P. S. To avoid the necessity of the latter, I have written to her, cordially recommending suicide as adapted to her case.

Surely there must have been something peculiarly exasperating about this applicant for literary honors, because Dr. Holmes erred, if at all, in the opposite direction. He was far more apt to write and to behave as the following note recommends: "Will you read this young lady's story, and let me know what you propose to do with it? A young woman of tender feelings, I think, and to be treated very kindly." Again: "Will it be too late for a few paragraphs about Forceythe Willson? If not, in what paper? And can you tell me anything? Will you do it yourself?"

The number of those notes is legion, bringing every variety of form and subject and problem to his friend as editor or publisher, or for private advice. In one of them he says, "Please give me your grand-paternal counsel."

I have quoted enough notes upon this head to give an idea of the kind and busy brain not too deeply immersed in its own projects to have a tender regard for those of others.

Meanwhile his own work was continually progressing. Lowell had already made him feel that he was the mainspring of the "Atlantic," which at the time of the war attained the height of its popularity, and achieved a position where it found no peer. The care which Dr. Holmes bestowed upon the finish of his work, the endless labor over its details, are almost inconceivable when we remember that "this power of taking pains," which Carlyle calls one of the attributes of genius, was combined with a gay, mercurial temperament ready to take fire at every chance spark.

One Sunday afternoon in the sad spring of 1864, during the terrible days of the war, he came in to correct a poem. "I am ashamed," he said, "to be troubled by so slight a thing when battles are raging about us; but I have written

"Where Genoa's deckless caravels were blown.

Now Columbus sailed from Palos, and I must change the verse before it is too late."

This habit of always doing his best is surely one of the fine lessons of his life. It has given his prose a perfection which will carry it far down the shores of time. The letter sent during the last summer of his life to be read at the celebration of Bryant's birthday, was a model of simplicity in the expression of feeling.

It was brief, and at another time would have been written and revised in half a day; but in his enfeebled condition it was with the utmost difficulty that he could satisfy himself. He worked at it patiently day after day, until his labor became a pain; nevertheless, he continued, and won what he deserved — the applause of men practised in his art who were there to listen and appreciate.

Any record of Dr. Holmes's life would be imperfect which contained no mention of the pride and pleasure he felt in the Saturday Club. Throughout the forty years of its prime he was not only the most brilliant talker of that distinguished company, but he was also the most faithful attendant. He was seldom absent from the monthly dinners either in summer or in winter, and he lived to find himself at the head of the table where Agassiz, Longfellow, Emerson, and Lowell had in turn preceded him. Could a shorthand-writer have been secretly present at those dinners, what a delightful book of wise talk and witty sayings would now lie open before us! Fragments of the good things were sometimes brought away, as loving parents bring sugar-plums from a feast to the children at home; but they are only fragments, and bear out but inefficiently the report which has run before them. The following pathetic incident, related on one of those occasions by Dr. Holmes, need not, however, be omitted:

"Just forty years ago," he said one day, "I was whipped at school for a slight offense — whipped with a ferule right across my hands, so that I went home with a blue mark where the blood had settled, and for a fortnight my hands were stiff and swollen from the blows. The other day an old man called at my house and inquired for me. He was bent, and could just creep along. When he came in he said: 'How do you do, sir; do you recollect your old teacher Mr. ——?' I did, perfectly! He sat and talked awhile about indifferent subjects, but I saw something rising in his throat, and I knew it was that whipping. After a while he said, 'I came to ask your forgiveness for whipping you once when I was in anger; perhaps you have forgotten it, but I have not.' It had weighed upon his mind all these years! He must be rid of it before lying down to sleep peacefully."

Soon after Dr. Holmes's removal to Charles street began a long series of early morning breakfasts at his publisher's house — feasts of the simplest kind. Many strangers came to Boston in those days, on literary or historical errands — men of tastes which brought them sooner or later to the "Old Corner" where the "Atlantic Monthly" was already a power. Of course one of the first pleasures sought for was an interview with Dr. Holmes, the fame of whose wit ripened early — long before the days of the "Autocrat." It came about quite naturally, therefore, that they should gladly respond to any call which gave them the opportunity to listen to his conversation; and the eight-o'clock breakfast-hour was chosen as being the only time the busy guests and host could readily call their own. Occasionally these breakfasts would take place as frequently as two or three times a week. The light of memory has a wondrous gift of heightening most of the pleasures of this life, but the conversation of those early hours was far more stimulating and inspiring than any memory of it can ever be. There were few men, except Poe, famous in American or English literature of that era who did not appear once at least. The unexpectedness of the company was a great charm; for a brief period Boston enjoyed a sense of cosmopolitanism, and found it possible, as it is really possible only in London, to bring together busy guests with full and eager brains who are not too familiar with one another's thought to make conversation an excitement and a source of development.

Of Dr. Holmes's talk on these occasions it is impossible to give any satisfactory record. The simple conditions of his surroundings gave him a sense of perfect ease, and he spoke with the freedom which marked his nature. It was one of the charms by which he drew men to himself that he not only wore a holiday air of finding life full and interesting, but that he believed in freedom of speech for himself, and therefore wished to find it in others. This emancipation in expression did not extend altogether into the practical working of his life. Conventionalities had a strong hold upon him. He loved to avoid the great world when it was inconvenient, and to get a certain freedom outside of it; but once in the current, the manners of the Romans were his own. He reminded one sometimes of Hawthorne's saying that "in these days men are born in their clothes," although Dr. Holmes's conventions were more easily shuffled off than a casual observer would believe. Nothing could be farther from the ordinary idea of the romantic "man of genius" than was his well-trimmed little figure, and nothing more surprising and delightful than the way in which his childlikeness of nature would break out and assert itself. He declared one morning that he had discovered the happiest animal in creation — "next to a poet, of course, if we may call him an animal; it is the acheron, the parasite of the honey-bee. And why? Because he attaches himself to the wing of the bee, is carried without exertion to the sweetest flowers, where the bee gathers the honey while the acheron eats it; and all the

while the music of the bee attends him as he is borne through the air."

He met Hawthorne for the first time, I think, in this informal way. Holmes had been speaking of Renan, whose books interested him.

"A long while ago," he began, "I said Rome or Reason; now I am half inclined to put it, Rome or Renan." Then suddenly turning to Hawthorne, he said, "By the way, I would write a new novel if you were not in the field, Mr. Hawthorne." "I am not," said Hawthorne; "and I wish you would do it." There was a moment's silence. Holmes said quickly, "I wish you would come to the club oftener." "I should like to," said Hawthorne, "but I can't drink." "Neither can I." "Well, but I can't eat." "Nevertheless, we should like to see you." "But I can't talk, either." After which there was a shout of laughter. Then said Holmes, "You can listen, though; and I wish you would come."

On another occasion, when Lowell was present, he was talking of changes in physical conditions. The doctor said, now, at the age of fifty-four, he could eat almost anything set before him, which he could by no means do formerly. Lowell found opportunity somehow at this point to laugh at Holmes for having lately said in print that "Beecher was a man whose thinking marrow was not corrugated by drink or embrowned by meerschaum." Lowell said *he* had no "thinking marrow," and objected to such anatomical terms applied to the best part of a man.

By and by Lowell came out of his critical mood, and said pleasantly, after some talk upon lyric poetry in general, "I like your lyrics, you know, Holmes." "Well," said Holmes, pleased, but speaking earnestly and with a childlike honesty, "but there is something too hopping about them. To tell the truth, nothing has injured my reputation so much as the too great praise which has been bestowed upon my 'windfalls.' After all, the value of a poet to the world is not so much his reputation as a writer of this or that poem, as the fact that the poet is known to be one who is rapt out of himself at times, and carried away into the region of the divine; it is known that the spirit has descended upon him, and taught him what he should speak."

Holmes's admiration of Dickens's genius was very sincere. "He is the greatest of all of them," he loved to say. "Such fertility, such Shaksperian breadth — there is enough of him; you feel as you do when you see the ocean."

Speaking of the difficulty of being a good listener, he said that it was a terrible responsibility for him to listen to a story. He could never be rid of the feeling that he must remember accurately, or all would be lost. There was one story in particular, told by a friend remarkable as a raconteur, which tried him more than anything he knew in the world — of the kind. He felt like one of the old Greek chorus with strophe and antistrophe, and it was a weight upon his mind lest he should not laugh properly at the end.

I recall one day, when the subject of Walt Whitman's poetry was introduced, Dr. Holmes said he abhorred playing the critic, partly because he was not a good reader — had read too cursorily and carelessly; but he thought the right thing had not been said about Walt Whitman. "His books sell largely, and there is a large audience of friends in Washington who praise and listen. Emerson believes in him; Lowell not at all; Longfellow finds some good in his 'yaup': but the truth is, he is in an amorphous condition."

Longfellow was once speaking of an address he had heard which he considered quite a perfect performance. "Yes — yes," said Dr. Holmes; "I don't doubt it was very good; but the speaker is such an unpleasant person! He is just one of those fungi that always grow upon universities."

One evening the doctor came in after the Phi Beta Kappa dinner at Cambridge. "I can't stop," he said. "I only come to read you my verses which I gave at the dinner to-day: they made such a queer impression! I did n't mean to go, but James Lowell was to preside, and sent me word that I really must be there, so I just wrote these off, and here they are. I don't know that I should have brought them in to read to you, but Hoar declares they are the best I have ever done." After some delay, and in the fading light of sunset reflected from the river, he read the well-known verses "Bill and I." He must have been still warm with the excitement of the first reading, for I can never forget the tenderness with which he recited the lines. They are still pleasant on the printed page, but to those who heard him, divested of the passion of affection with which they were written and read.

Late in life he said to a friend who was speaking of the warm friendships embalmed in his poetry, and which would help to make it endure: "I don't know how that may be; but the writing of spicy poems has been a passionate joy."

The following amusing note gives a picture of Dr. Holmes in his most natural and social mood:

296 BEACON STREET, February 11, 1862.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDS: On Friday evening last I white-cravated myself, took a carriage, and found myself at your door at 8 of the clock P. M.

A cautious female responded to my ring, and opened the chained portal about as far as a clam opens his shell to see what is going on in Cambridge street, where he is waiting for a customer.

Her first glance impressed her with the conviction that I was a burglar. The mild address with which I accosted her removed that impression, and I rose in the moral scale to the comparatively elevated position of what the unfeeling world calls a "sneak-thief."

By dint, however, of soft words, and that look of ingenuous simplicity by which I am so well known to you and all my friends, I coaxed her into the belief that I was nothing worse than a rejected contributor, an autograph collector, an author with a volume of poems to dispose of, or other disagreeable but not dangerous character.

She unfastened the chain, and I stood before her.

> I calmed her fears, and she was calm
> And told

me how you and Mrs. F. had gone to New York, and how she knew nothing of any literary debauch that was to come off under your roof, but would go and call another unprotected female who knew the past, present, and future, and could tell me why this was thus, that I had been lured from my fireside by the ignis fatuus of a deceptive invitation.

It was my turn to be afraid, alone in the house with two of the stronger sex; and I retired.

On reaching home, I read my note and found it was Friday the 16th, not the 9th, I was invited for. . . .

Dear Mr. Fields, I shall be very happy to come to your home on Friday evening, the 16th February, at 8 o'clock, to meet yourself and Mrs. Fields and hear Mr. James read his paper on Emerson. Always truly yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

On occasions of social dignity few men have ever surpassed Dr. Holmes in grace of compliment and perfection of easy ceremony. It was an acquired gift; perhaps it always must be. But as soon as human nature was given a chance to show itself, he was always eager, bringing an unsated store of intellectual curiosity to bear upon every new person or condition. He was generous to a fault in showing his own hand, moving with "infinite jest" over the current of his experiences until he could tempt his interlocutor out upon the same dangerous waters. If others were slow to embark, he nevertheless interested them in the history of his own voyage of life.

Dr. Holmes had never known any very difficult hand-to-hand struggle with life, but he was quite satisfied with its lesser difficulties. He could laugh at his own want of courage, as he called a certain lack of love for adventure, and he could admire the daring of others. He was happy in the circle of his home affections, and never cared to stray far away. He had a golden sense of comfort in his home life, an entire satisfaction, which made his rare absences a penance. Added to this was his tendency to asthma, from which he suffered often very severely. In a letter written from Montreal in 1867, whither he had gone to obtain a copyright of one of his books, we can see how his domestic habits as well as his asthma made any long absence intolerable to him.

MONTREAL, October 23, 1867.

DEAR MR. FIELDS: . . . I am as comfortable here as I can be, but I have earned my money, for I have had a full share of my old trouble.

Last night was better, and to-day I am going about the town. Miss Frothingham sent me a basket of black Hamburg grapes to-day, which were very grateful after the hotel tea and coffee and other 'pothecary's stuff.

Don't talk to me about taverns! There is just one genuine, clean, decent, palatable thing occasionally to be had in them — namely, a boiled egg. The soups *taste* pretty good sometimes, but their sources are involved in a darker mystery than that of the Nile. Omelettes taste as if they had been carried in the waiter's hat, or fried in an old boot. I ordered scrambled eggs one day. It must be that they had been scrambled for by *somebody*, but who — who in the possession of a sound reason *could* have scrambled for what I had set before me under that name? Butter! I am thinking just now of those exquisite little pellets I have so often seen at your table, and wondering why the taverns *always* keep it until it is old. Fool that I am! As if the taverns did not know that if it was good it would be eaten, which is not what they want. Then the waiters, with their napkins — what don't they do with those napkins! Mention any one thing of which you think you can say with truth, "*That* they do not do." . . .

I have a really fine parlor, but every time I enter it I perceive that

> Still, sad "odor" of humanity

which clings to it from my predecessor. Mr. Hogan got home yesterday, I believe. I saw him for the first time to-day. He was civil — they all are civil. I have no fault to find except with taverns here and pretty much everywhere.

Every six months a tavern should burn to

the ground, with all its traps, its "properties," its beds and pots and kettles, and start afresh from its ashes like John Phœnix-Squibob!

No; give me home, or a home like mine, where all is clean and sweet, where coffee has preëxisted in the berry, and tea has still faint recollections of the pigtails that dangled about the plant from which it was picked, where butter has not the prevailing character which Pope assigned to Denham, where soup could look you in the face if it had "eyes" (which it has not), and where the comely Anne or the gracious Margaret takes the place of these napkin-bearing animals.

Enough! But I have been forlorn and ailing and fastidious—but I am feeling a little better, and can talk about it. I had some ugly nights, I tell you; but I am writing in good spirits, as you see. I have written once before to Low, as I think I told you, and on the 25th mean to go to a notary with Mr. Dawson, as he tells me it is the right thing to do.

Yours always, O. W. H.

P. S. Made a pretty good dinner, after all; but better a hash at home than a roast with strangers.

With much the same experience of asthma as a result, he visited Princeton three or four years later, and wrote after his return:

296 BEACON STREET, August 24, 1871.

MY DEAR FIELDS: . . . I only sat up one whole night, it is true, which was a great improvement on Montreal; but I do not feel right yet, and it is quite uncertain whether I shall be in a condition to enjoy the club by Saturday. So if I come, all the better for me; and if I don't come, you can say that you have in your realm at Parker's not "five hundred as good as he," but a score or so that will serve your turn.

I cut the first leaves I wanted to meddle with in the last "Atlantic" for No. IX of the "Whispering Gallery," and took it all down like an oyster in the height of the season. It is captivating, like all the rest. Why don't you make a book as big as Allibone's out of your store of unparalleled personal recollections? It seems too bad to keep them for posterity. When I think of your bequeathing them for the sole benefit of people that are unborn, I want to cry out with Horace:

Eheu — *Postume, Postume!*

Always yours, O. W. HOLMES.

Again, three years later, he writes: "I hope you are reasonably careful of yourself during this cold weather. Look out! A hot lecture-room, a cold ride, the best-chamber sheets like slices of cucumber, and one gives one's friends the trouble of writing an obituary, when he might just as well have lived and written theirs. We had a grand club last Saturday. Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Adams, and Tom Appleton (just home a few weeks ago), Norton (who has been sick a good while) were there, and lots of others, and Lord Houghton as a guest. You ought to have been there; it was the best club for a long time."

The following note, written in 1873, shows how closely Dr. Holmes kept the growth of the club in mind, and his eagerness to bring into it the distinguished intellectual life of Boston.

296 BEACON STREET, February 21, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDS: I doubt whether I shall feel well enough to go to the club to-morrow, as I am somewhat feverish and sore-throaty to-day, though I must crawl out to my lecture.

Mr. Parkman and Professor Wolcott Gibbs are to be voted for, you know.

President Eliot, who nominated Professor Gibbs, will, I suppose, urge his claims if he thinks it necessary, or see that some one does it.

As for Mr. Francis Parkman, proposed by myself, I suppose his reputation is too solidly fixed as a scholar and a writer to need any words from me or others of his friends who may be present.

He has been a great sufferer from infirmities which do not prevent him from being very good company, and which I have thought the good company he would find at the Saturday Club would perhaps enable him to forget for a while more readily. It has seemed to me so clear that he ought to belong to the club, if he were inclined to join it, that I should have nominated him long ago had I not labored under the impression that he must have been previously proposed. . . .

Yours very truly, O. W. HOLMES.

For many years it seemed that time stood still with the Autocrat. His happy home and his cheerful temper appeared to stay the hand of the destroyer. At last a long illness fell upon his wife; and after her death, when his only daughter, who had gone to keep her father's house, was suddenly taken from his side, the shadows of age gathered about him; then we learned that he was indeed an old man.

For the few years that remained to him before his summons came he accepted the lot of age with extraordinary good cheer. His hearing became very imperfect. "I remind myself sometimes," he said, "of those verses I wrote some years ago. I wonder if you would remember them! I called the poem 'The Arch-

bishop and Gil Blas: A Modernized Version.' He then repeated with great humor and pathos a few of the lines:

Can you read as once you used to? Well,
the printing is so bad,
No young folks' eyes can read it like the
books that once we had.
Are you quite as quick of hearing? Please
to say that once again.
Don't I use plain words, your Reverence?
Yes, I often use a cane.

"As to my sight," he continued, "I have known for some years that I have cataracts slowly coming over my eyes; but they increase so very slowly that I often wonder which will win the race first — the cataracts or death."

He was most carefully watched over during the succeeding years of disability by his distinguished son and his daughter-in-law, of whose talent he was sincerely proud. Nevertheless, he suffered of necessity many lonely hours, in spite of all that devotion could do for him. Such a wife and such a loving daughter could not pass from his side and find their places filled. But he did not "mope," as he wrote me one day; "I am too busy for that"; or, he might have said truthfully, too well sustained. His habit of carrying himself with an air of kindliness toward all, and of enjoyment in the opportunities still left him, was very beautiful and unusual. "If the Lord thinks it best for me to stay until I tumble to pieces, I 'm willing — I 'm willing," he said. He was always capable of amusing his friends on the subject, as in the former days when Old Age came and offered him "a cane, an eye-glass, a tippet, and a pair of overshoes. 'No; much obliged to you,' said I. . . . So I dressed myself up in a jaunty way, and walked out alone; got a fall, caught a cold, was laid up with lumbago, and had time to think over the whole matter."

Who that heard him can ever forget the exquisite reading of "The Last Leaf" at the Longfellow memorial meeting. The pathos of it was then understood for the first time. The poem had become an expression of his latef self, and it was given with a personal significance which touched the hearts of all his hearers.

His wit has left the world sparkling with the shafts it has let fly on every side. They are taken up continually and sent out again both by those who heard him utter them and by those who repeat them, unmindful of their origin.

His attention was turned on some occasion to a young aspirant for artistic fame. He referred to the youthful person later as "one who performed a little on the lead-pencil." He said to me one day, "I 've sometimes made new words. In Elsie Venner I made the word 'chrysocracy,' thinking it would take its place; but it did n't: 'plutocracy,' meaning the same thing, was adopted instead. Oddly enough, I had a letter from a man to-day, asking if I did not make the word 'anæsthesia,' which I certainly did."

In the sick-room he was always a welcome guest. A careful maid once asked if he minded climbing two flights of stairs to see his friend. "I laughed when she asked me," he said; "for I shall have to climb a good many more than that before I see the angels."

"I gave two dinners to two parties of old gentlemen just before I left town," he said, the year before his death; and then added, "our baby was seventy-three!"

His letters in the later years were full of feeling. He says in one of them, written on a Christmas day, speaking of an old friend: "How many delightful hours the photographs bring back to me! . . . Under his roof I have met more visitors to be remembered than under any other. But for his hospitality I should never have had the privilege of personal acquaintance with famous writers and artists whom I can now recall as I saw them, talked with them, heard them, in that pleasant library, that most lively and agreeable dining-room. How could it be otherwise, with such guests as he entertained, and with his own unflagging vivacity and his admirable social gifts? Let me live in happy recollections to-day."

Only two years before Dr. Holmes's death he said in a letter received by me in Italy: "But for this troublesome cold, which has so much better come out than I feared, I have been doing well enough — kept busy with letters and dictation of my uneventful history. It is strange how forgotten events and persons start out of the blank oblivion in which they seem to have been engulfed, as I fix my memory steadily on the past. I find it very easy, even fascinating, to call up the incidents, trivial oftentimes, but having for me a significance of their own, which lie in my past track like the broken toys of childhood. It seems as if the past was for each of us a great collection of negatives laid away, from which we can take positive pictures when we will — from many of them, that is; for only the Recording Angel can reproduce the pictures of every instant of our lives from these same negatives, of which he must have an infinite collection, with which sooner or later we are liable to be confronted."

In another letter from Beverly Farms, when he was eighty-three, he says:

Where this will find you, in a geographical point of view, I do not know; but I know your heart will be in its right place, and accept kindly the few barren words this sheet holds for you. Yes; barren of incident, of news of all sorts,

but yet having a certain flavor of Boston, of Cape Ann, and, above all, of dear old remembrances, the suggestion of any one of which is as good as a page of any common letter. So, whatever I write will carry the fragrance of home with it, and pay you for the three minutes it costs you to read it. . . . I find great delight in talking over cathedrals and pictures and English scenery, and all the sights my traveling friends have been looking at, with Mrs. Bell. It seems to me that she knew them all beforehand, so that she was journeying all the time among reminiscences which were hardly distinguishable from realities.

My recollections are to those of other people around me who call themselves old,— the sexagenarians, for instance,— something like what a cellar is to the ground-floor of a house. The young people in the upper stories (American spelling, *story*) go down to the basement in their inquiries, and think they have got to the bottom; but I go down another flight of steps, and find myself below the surface of the earth, as are the bodies of most of my contemporaries. As to health, I am doing tolerably well. I have just come in from a moderate walk in which I acquitted myself creditably. I take two-hour drives in the afternoon, in the open or close carriage, according to the weather; but I do not pretend to do much visiting, and I avoid all excursions when people go to have what they call a "good time."

I am reading right and left — whatever turns up, but especially re-reading old books. Two new volumes of Dr. Johnson's letters have furnished me part of my reading. As for writing, when my secretary — Miss Gaudelet — comes back, I shall resume my dictation. No literary work ever seemed to me easier or more agreeable than living over my past life, and putting it on record as well as I could. If anybody should ever care to write a sketch or memoir of my life, these notes would help him mightily. My friends too might enjoy them — if I do not have the misfortune to outlive them all. With affectionate regards and all sweet messages to Miss Jewett. Always your friend,

O. W. Holmes.

This letter gives a very good picture of his life to the end. Few incidents occurred to break the even current of the order he describes. He still dined out occasionally, and I find a few reminiscences of his delightful talk which linger with me.

"I 've several things bothering me," he confessed one day. "First, I am anxious to find a suitable inscription for a child's porringer. I never wrote a poem to a child, I believe. I love children dearly; I always want to stop them on the street: but I have never written about them; nor have I ever written much about women. I don't know why, but I *care* too much to do the Tom Moore style of thing."

He was eager to frame a letter to President Eliot, and also one to President Cleveland, in order to advance some one in need of help; but the grasshopper had become a burden. "I feel such things now when I have to do them," he said; "nevertheless, when young men and maidens come skipping in with an air of saying, 'Please give me your autograph, and be quick about it; there may not be much time left,' I want to say, 'Take care, young folks; I may be dancing over your graves yet!'"

There was a clock which stood upon his table, the bequest of Dr. Henry J. Bigelow. This remembrance from his dying friend was one of his most valued possessions. He loved to talk of Dr. Bigelow, and in a published discourse he has said of him: "He read men and women as great scholars read books. He took life at first hand, and not filtered through alphabets. . . . He would get what he wanted out of a book as dexterously as a rodent will get the meat of a nut out of its shell. . . . He handled his rapidly acquired knowledge so like an adept in book-lore that one might have thought he was born in an alcove and cradled on a book-shelf." Dr. Bigelow was so frequently in Dr. Holmes's thought in the latter days that one can hardly give a picture of his later life without rehearsing something of his expression with regard to him. He says further: "Dr. Bigelow was unquestionably a man of true genius. . . . Inexorable determination to have the truth, if nature could be forced to yield it, characterized his powerful intelligence."

The doctor would often look up when the little clock was striking musically on his writing-table, and say, "It always reminds me tenderly of my dead friend."

When the time came that writing was a burden, and indeed, except for limited periods, impossible, Dr. Holmes lived more and more in his affections. Often, as I entered his room on a dull afternoon, he would say, "Ah, now let 's sit up by the fire and talk of all our friends." Then would begin a series of opinions, witty and tender by turns, and interspersed with tears and smiles. On one such occasion he said: "There are very few modern hymns which have the old ring of saintliness in them. Sometimes when I am disinclined to listen to the preacher at church, I turn to the hymn-book, and when one strikes my eye I cover the name at the bottom, and guess. It is almost invariably Watts or Wesley; after those, there are very few which are good for much.

"Calm on the listening ear of night

is a fine hymn, but even that lacks the virility of the old saints."

Our minds that day were full of one thought, — the death of Phillips Brooks,— and when, a moment later, he said:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling floods —

"there is nothing like that," it seemed quite natural that his voice should break and the tears come as he added, without mentioning the bishop's name, "How hard it is to think he is gone! I don't like to feel that I must live without him."

His days grew gradually shorter, as the days of late October dwindle into golden noons. During the few hours when he was at his best he was wonderfully active, driving to his publisher's or to make an occasional visit, besides a daily walk. If to those who saw him continually the circle of his subjects of conversation began to appear somewhat circumscribed, upon those who met him only occasionally the old fascination still exerted itself. He set his door wide open when he made up his mind to receive and converse with any human being. There is nothing left to say of him which he did not cheerfully and truthfully say of himself. "I am intensely interested in my own personality," he began one day; "but we are all interesting to ourselves, or ought to be. I *know* I am, and I see why. We take, as it were, a mold of our own thought. Now let us compare it with the mold of another man on the same subject. His mold is either too large or too small, or the veins and reticulations are altogether different. No one mold fits another man's thought. It is our own, and as such has especial interest and value."

It was really amazing to see his intellectual vigor in society even at this late period. When the conditions were satisfactory, at a small luncheon for instance, he would soon grow warm with excitement, his eyes would glow, and he would talk with his accustomed fire. He was like an old war-horse hearing the trumpet that called to battle. His activity and versatility of mind could still distance many a clever men in the prime of life.

He responded in the most generous way to the expectations of strangers and foreigners who came to visit him as if on pilgrimage. He always found some entertainment for them. Sometimes he would read them one of his poems; sometimes he would have a pretty scientific toy for their amusement; or again he would write his autograph in a volume of his works for them to carry away in remembrance. Such guests could not help feeling that they had seen more than the Dr. Holmes of their imagination. He entered into their curiosity regarding himself with such charming sympathy that they came away thinking the half-hour they had passed in his study was one always to be remembered.

As I think of those latest days I cannot help recalling what he himself wrote once, long ago, about old age: "One that remains waking," he says, "while others have dropped asleep, and keeps a little night-lamp flame of life burning year after year, if the lamp is not upset and there is only a careful hand held round it to prevent the puffs of wind from blowing the flame out. That 's what I call an old man."

"Now," said the professor, "you don't mean to tell me that I have got to that yet? Why, bless you, I am several years short of the time!"

Dr. Holmes left this world, which he had found pleasant and had filled with pleasantness for others, after an illness that was happily brief. He passed, in the words of that great physician Sir Thomas Browne, "in drowsy approaches of sleep; . . . believing with those resolved Christians who, looking on the death of this world but as a nativity of another, do contentedly submit unto the common necessity, and envy not Enoch or Elias."

Annie Fields.



[*BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.*]

AN ERRANT WOOING.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Belhaven Tales," "A Bachelor Maid," etc.

VII.

SOME months after her return from England to spend, as usual, the summer in Massachusetts, where Mr. Woodbury owned a country place, Mrs. Standish was called on to attend her father in his first serious illness during a long and rugged life. An attack of pneumonia, weathered by the grace of God and the old man's robust constitution, left him, early in January, a prisoner in his town house with every prospect of being detained there until the most treacherous season of the year in New York — the breaking up of winter — should have passed.

In this emergency it was manifest that some one of his family should devote constant attention to the convalescent; and as Mrs. Low (Paulina's Aunt Sophy, who will be remembered as possessing marriageable daughters) had also an exacting husband, "The back is fitted to the burden," sighed Mrs. Standish; "I am the only one to be counted upon, and I must go."

By Paulina her mother's proposition to let their own house and remove to her grandpapa's to live was received quietly, as a mere episode in interrupted work; for our young lady had this season thrown herself into occupations educational and philanthropical that absorbed her days completely, and was quite lifted above the consideration of shelter and whereabouts.

To Toodles the matter was one of equal indifference, for, alas! a great cloud had passed over the fond mother's empyrean: Toodles had gone to boarding-school! How this climax had been reached Mrs. Standish hardly knew. A little of Roger, a little of Paulina, and a great deal of the boy himself, had been contributed to influence her consent. She had let him go, dragging her heartstrings with him, and was convinced he would not be able to stand it any more than she. But Toodles had flourished and continued cheerful. He had thrown himself with zeal into school affairs, had taken his place creditably in scholarship and athletics, had made friends — had become a different creature entirely from the dawdling and dispirited traveler of the year before. While his mother sighed and prayed for him at home, he from time to time remembered to write her the letters in round hand beginning with an apology and plunging at once into details of events in athletics that were like Greek to her puzzled brain. Against her calmer judgment, he had almost convinced her that foot-ball is the aim and end of adolescent existence; and although secretly agitated by the risk to Toodles' beautiful aquiline nose, she perused the reports of the games in which he had taken part, burning with excitement over a goal kicked or a touchdown made on Toodles' side. When, during one of these encounters, her heir had temporarily disappeared from sight under a mass of struggling young humanity, to emerge with a broken collar-bone, she, who had heard of it in New York, decided that the world must immediately cease to revolve. But this did not occur; and when, next day, she arrived upon the scene, the sufferer was found complacently looking on at another game of foot-ball, and wishing his bandages would permit him to take part.

Toodles had arrived at his home for the Thanksgiving holiday in russet shoes, his hair a mop of startling length, with which he obstinately refused to part. Mrs. Standish had thereupon tried to persuade herself of his moral decadence, and wondered whether he should not be taken away from school. But a few days' observation of his development in manhood, joined to a healthy content of spirit, convinced her there was no excuse for tampering with a boy established in his right place.

Still, home was not home without Toodles; and Paulina acquiescing in the change, Mrs. Standish found tenants for her house in some friends who had set up an "English all-the-year-round" establishment in Westchester, in October, and by Christmas were already quite prepared to move into town.

"How I wish papa could breathe that soft air of the Riviera!" said Mrs. Standish to Polly. "At least, when it *is* soft. And there 's Corfu! Don't you remember, dear, Mrs. Malbrooke, that we met in Venice, had just come from Corfu, and she said there was nothing like it?"

"There was always somebody just arrived from some place where we had not been, mother; and she always declared it was better than anything we had seen."

"That 's true, my dear; but I 'm convinced if we could once get papa abroad we could find the right place for him. However, I suppose there is no use talking. Polly, why do you sigh?

You are so busy nowadays with all those classes and lectures, I hardly have time to notice how you seem. Are you happy, my daughter?"

"Happy! Why not?"

"Why not, indeed? You are certainly a very lucky girl. Mrs. Manhattan, when she was calling yesterday, said she considered your prospects as brilliant as those of any young woman she knows. You must see, my love, what respect all old New-Yorkers have for the Woodbury estate."

"Oh, of course! I respect it, too, and all that relates to it — except myself," she added *sotto voce*.

"You hear regularly from Roger?"

"Every week. He is a model for Toodles in regularity."

"When your grandpapa awoke from his afternoon nap yesterday, he asked me, quite eagerly, about you and Roger. I think, dear, he has an idea that if the wedding could come off this spring — "

"Mother, I won't hear another word. Please tell grandpapa not to think of it. I have till next September free."

"My dear child, what ails you?"

"Did you ever see me better?"

"In health, no; but you are nervous — restless. Where are you off to now?"

"To Music Hall, to listen to one of those lovely concerts. That 's the only place in New York where the world of workaday stands absolutely still, to let Walter Damrosch's baton lift it up into the region of pure sentiment. Now, kiss me, and don't forget to tell grandpapa that if I 'm to keep to my compact, he must to his. Grandpapa will see that; he 's always just."

By the middle of February Mr. Woodbury's physicians — the medical fraternity of New York are so well trained in the art of suggesting agreeable remedies to solvent patients! — announced that in order fully to restore the convalescent's tone he must spend the ensuing months in a climate more equable than that of New York. Mrs. Standish, who had awaited in vain the explosion usually following any proposition for the old gentleman to leave his home, here ventured on a suggestion.

"I suppose you will prefer Florida or California, papa," she said meekly.

"Nothing of the sort," said Mr. Woodbury, snappishly.

"Bermuda?"

"You will please engage rooms in one of those boats that sail to Genoa," he said, with decision. "We shall go about March 1; you and I, Paulina and Roger. Now, no lamentations about Toodles, Rose. The boy is perfectly well off where he is; and you know wild horses could n't drag him abroad with you again, even if you were weak enough to propose it. Wire Roger at once, and write him particulars by this evening's mail. Did you get a blank from my table? What are you delaying about? Here is Wilcox ready to take it. What *are* you doing with your fingers, Rose?"

"Counting ten words, papa; but I can't get it all in. 'Come — prepared — sail — Genoa — March — first — Grandpapa's — health — Paulina — and I — poor — Toodles — remains — at — school.' I might leave off 'health'; he would understand simply 'Grandpapa.' Of course Roger knows if you go to Genoa it would be because of your health."

"Suppose you leave off 'poor Toodles remains at school,'" said her father, grimly. "But there; give it to me as it is. Wilcox, send this message at once. Now, Rose, write to the steamboat agents, and if you like you can tell them about Toodles remaining at school, and any other little family details of the sort ladies generally introduce. The chief thing for me is to secure Roger. I can't get about in foreign parts with only you two women and Wilcox."

The admission, unwonted in his independent life, of a belief in any one's power to help him touched Mr. Woodbury's daughter considerably. She obeyed instructions, and by the time Paulina returned from her rounds, just before dinner, and stopped to speak with her mother on her way up-stairs, preparations for their journey were well under way.

"You like the idea?" Mrs. Standish said, concluding her narrative.

"Like it?" But Polly caught her breath, and would say no more.

"And it will be particularly nice having Roger. He has such an influence on your grandpapa. And you remember how delightful Roger was in England. How long ago that seems — does it not, my dear? — when we were with Lucy and those nice, interesting Gilchrists! One almost regrets getting to like people, and then having to put the sea between one's self and them."

"You have no idea where we shall bring up?"

"Not the slightest. I did not like to ask. Papa's old friend, Professor Cranleigh, was here a few nights since, talking about a journey he made last year along the Barbary coast. It may be we shall be riding on mules, with those Arabs, in slippers, running by our sides; and it may be Sorrento, or Cannes; or, since papa is so very fond of Lockhart's Spanish ballads, it might turn out to be Spain. When Roger comes, he may have the courage to ask, and then we shall know."

"What a jolly way to set out!" said Paulina.

"Polly, I am so relieved. I thought you would n't like it; and with all my sorrow over parting with my precious boy, what should I have done?"

"I 'll be Toodles and Polly in one, darling," cried the girl, kissing her mother tenderly.

For the rest of the evening she was radiant, a new light in her eyes, a new spring in her feet. On awakening next morning, cold daylight and common sense brought the usual quietus to hope's flattering tale told overnight. But still, during the days before sailing, Polly was more like her old bright self; and Roger, on answering in person his grandfather's summons, felt that when larks fell his platter did not fail to catch them.

It was not a cheerful procession — that of two carriages and an express-wagon shrouded in falling snow — which left Mr. Woodbury's house one wild March morning; nor was it enlivening to pick a way through streets encumbered on each side with weeks-old banks of snow, black with mud in the more frequented parts, and strewn here and there with ashes and kitchen refuse, which the high intelligence of the city fathers had not yet been able to decide how to remove. While jerking from side to side to avoid street-cars, the occupants of the carriages felt grateful for the fresh falling snow that sometimes distracted attention from such eye-sores, and less than commonly regretful at bidding adieu to the proud metropolis.

Crossing the river to the steamer's dock in Hoboken, they had barely time to be installed in their large, clean cabins, when the big North-German liner turned her nose in the direction of the Narrows, and, amid wind and sleet, steamed safely out to sea.

A businesslike embarkation, and a contrast to the gossiping and emotional sailings of crack ships in the early summer. On this blustering Saturday people shunned the deck and drafty companionways, mostly hastening below to make preparation for the rough time that awaited them outside.

There were few hints of the joys of a southern Atlantic passage during the four-and-twenty hours after leaving New York. Wind, sleet, angry cross-seas, laid low all but the proudest spirits among the *Kaiser Wilhelm's* passengers. Even Polly, commonly defiant of ocean's pranks, remained on her lounge under the port-hole, content to watch the fierce green waves knock for admission against its heavy glass, and then fall away repulsed, to gather and pound again.

To Roger, who came intermittently to hold conferences through the curtain at her door, she languidly confided that she was not sick, only not interested in anything living; that she liked to see the waves, and fancy herself a mermaid under their crests; that there was a funny steward, with electrified hair, always bouncing in to wait on them; and that she had consumed two grapes since leaving New York, and would thank him not to propose anything more to eat.

Mrs. Standish's seasickness took the happy turn of sleep, and Polly, watching the enveloped form of her parent in the berth opposite, had abundant time for meditation as the ship yielded to the buffeting of mighty billows.

By the following afternoon she had had enough of quiet; and averring that she could no longer endure lying still to hear the band play hymn-tunes that reminded her of her latter end, she shook off her sloth, and dressed, going on deck to find Roger among the few promenaders who had ventured out.

"Polly! This is fun!" he cried, joyfully tucking her arm in his.

"I never saw such a dismal-looking sea," she said, as they staggered about together.

"Never mind. We are still off our own blustering coast. By to-morrow we 'll have summer weather. You should see how pluckily the old gentleman keeps up. His man is a good sailor, and, between us, we had him out for a half hour to-day. How did you manage to dress? Of course your maid is worse than useless. They always are."

"She sent mama warning by the stewardess to-day, but I think she will recant if it ever is fine again. Roger, I 'm so desperately hungry that if I don't get something to eat now, this minute, I can't answer for the consequences."

Roger laughed as he took her under shelter, and with champagne and biscuits and a cup of broth summoned back the brightness of her looks. By dinner-time she was pronounced cured. When, a day later, the sun set in a clear sky, the disagreeables of their start were already among the things forgiven and forgotten.

And now behold them rewarded by an ideal voyaging over a brilliant blue sea, under a brilliant blue sky islanded with silver clouds. Early one morning they passed "Flores in the Azores" where "Sir Richard Grenville lay," and all day walked the deck quoting the stirring lines of "The Revenge," while trying to fancy they smelled odors drifting seaward from the flowers that, sheltered in deep ravines, have given the island its name.

By noon, when, leaving Terceira, they came in sight of the bold western headland of Fayal, — running, as the day progressed, close enough inshore to see sheep feeding on the cliffs, and men with oxen plowing on the slopes, — there was no doubt of the fragrance of young vine-leaves and wood-blossoms that followed the ship and tantalized its passengers. Here the high hills, with their tightly stretched coverings of mossy green, were streaked with black fissures marking the passage of volcanic streams. Vineyards and orange groves clothed their flanks, and along the shores caressed by curling lines of foam nestled whitewashed villages, each with its dominating church or convent,

its red-tiled roofs, its windmill shaped like a Maltese cross. Peasants, following the plow, stopped to gaze at the apparition of the big ship in their lonely waters. Then, while the ship rocked along like a huge cradle, the lion couchant of Fayal faded from sight, Pico was left behind, St. Jorge became a mist on the horizon — they were off again in the open sea, and ho! for the coasts of Portugal and Spain.

"Polly, what would you say to exile with me on one of these moist green islands?" Roger had asked as they leaned together over the rail in starlight.

Polly shivered a little. As luck would have it, she had been caught in the act of supposing herself alone with somebody, leading an existence hidden from their world, upon these verdurous shores. But, strange to say, the somebody was not Roger.

"This is very nice, dawdling in a stanch ship in such perfect weather," she answered prosaically. "Who could suppose that only last Saturday we were shivering under furs in a snow-storm in New York? I am glad we sha'n't see those stupid docks at Liverpool. Roger, have you yet found out where we are to land?"

"I have n't the ghost of an idea," said the young man, smiling. "My grandfather is having it out with the guide-books in his deck-chair, and I don't doubt, with his usual habit of acquiring information solidly, could now pass a competitive examination in Murray, O'Shea, and Baedeker, on all the Southern countries of which they treat. As for me,—need I say?—I don't care a rap. Whatever is, is best, so long as we drift in tropic waters, and your temper keeps what it has been latterly."

"Take care!" she said, but was unable to sustain her threatening attitude in the spell of the fairy islands, from which, however, the screw was carrying them steadily away.

It was not until Monday evening, off the southern coast of Spain, that the oracle chose to divulge their destination. From Cape Trafalgar, spot of glorious memories, the watchers on deck were reclaimed for the "Captain's dinner," at which much bunting, the band, champagne, and a procession of illuminated stewards bearing illuminated ices under the miniature flags of Europe and America, gild the hours before separation of those who are to land in Spain and those who are to keep on to Italy.

"Mr. Woodbury's compliments, m'm, and we shall spend the night in Gibraltar," said Mr. Woodbury's man to Mrs. Standish, as she came out from table to the deck.

"Oh, my dears, I am never surprised!" commented that lady to her daughter and nephew. "Supposing this might occur, I have had Justina pack all the cabin things. And, indeed, I 'm glad to take that girl ashore, as she spends half her time talking to the very foolish-looking young steward who is in our entry. However, I had better go below and see that all is ready."

Polly and Roger, head to head, were peering through the darkness when the ship steamed gallantly in under the shadow of the great rock, coming to anchor with the firing of a gun as the clocks of Gibraltar were striking nine. Then the indefatigable band, that had not parted with its wind and energy in the fierce international effort of the last two hours, clashed out a proud announcement of their arrival to the town. But in vain: the town and its inhabitants gave the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* a cold shoulder, no response of any kind greeting the ears of the expectant on the ship. Was it too late? Were they contraband of war? Must they remain aboard till morning, or would their commander's haughty spirit take intending travelers in Spain past Spanish ports and on to Genoa?

These queries were at last answered by the late arrival of a small uncovered tender drenched with moisture, into which the Gibraltar passengers, amid maddening confusion, were hastily invited to descend over a long, steep ladder ending apparently in the sea.

"Very pleasant indeed," said old Mr. Woodbury, as, on his valet's arm, he was first to go down the Stygian incline. Under all contrary circumstances the indomitable old gentleman shone with peculiar luster, and he now sat on a small wet bench, with his feet in a puddle, smiling into the darkness. When Mrs. Standish, who followed, announced to him that she had lost her maid and her hand-luggage, Mr. Woodbury smiled more broadly. His daughter's struggles with Justina were at all times refreshing to his sense of humor; and when Roger and Polly, having captured Justina, without the hand-luggage, in a parting flirtation with the steward, came down the gang-plank as the tender was about to push out upon a dark, oily sea, amid a babel of hoarse voices, Spanish and English, that offered no comfort for his daughter's woe, Mr. Woodbury laughed aloud.

"You are very droll, my dear Rose, over your impedimenta. Everything will come ashore in the next trip of the tender. But I think if you had been wise you 'd have brought the bags and left the woman. I forgot to mention that the courier for whom I cabled the day we sailed came aboard just now, and he will look out for everything."

"Then that was our courier," said Polly — "the mysterious being who presented me with a bunch of violets as I left the ship, and told me all would be right. I had no idea who he was, but I was so glad to get fresh flowers, I just took them, and thanked him, and ran along."

"If I had known," said Roger, "you should

have had a flowery welcome here, like a girl who came out by this line last year. The young man whose life her absence had left a blank dropped in at one of these florist places in New York where they undertake to cable bouquets to all parts of the world; and being rather doubtful of results, ordered ten dollars' worth of flowers to meet his fair at Gibraltar. The ship got in by daylight; the passengers standing on deck saw a rowboat full of lilies and roses and orange-blossoms pull under the landing-stage, and two men came aboard staggering under the weight of them. The poor girl was overpowered, in every sense, with her trophies."

"I have never had enough flowers," cried Polly. "This bunch of violets seems to me the sweetest I ever smelt. I wish it had been you, Roger, who presented them — not the stately being whom I took to be at least a grand duke of Gibraltar."

Roger observed in his cousin's manner, after her feet touched the old stone quay at Gibraltar, an exhilaration not altogether to be attributed to the excitement of landing at night outside the gate of a grim walled fortress. Of Spain, Spain, was all her talk. She must hear the ways and means of getting upon actual Spanish soil. When the courier rejoined them at the hotel, she asked him so many questions on this head that Gillson felicitated himself upon having at least one properly appreciative tourist in his charge. Polly's last query for the night, before her mother ordered her off to bed, was in which direction lay Granada.

From the steamer *Gib-el-Tarik* next day, while they waited for the complement of passengers that would justify sailing across the strait, our heroine looked back regretfully at the rock, which the splendor of a midday sun had not induced to part with its nightcap of cloud. Mr. Woodbury, who had arisen refreshed like a giant from his sleep, had whisked his party aboard the Tangier boat, and was now trotting up and down the deck in high good humor with his own success.

It was a perfect day and scene, the bay glinting in sunlight, and alive with every variety of craft. Far away they saw the black line of a P. & O. steamer; close to their bows passed a Moorish felucca filled with fruit. Around her all was life, animation, color, radiance — and yet the unreasonable Polly looked back at the Spanish shore, and sighed.

"Do you think, Roger, they have newspapers printed in Gibraltar that contain the lists of arrivals at the hotels?" she ventured wistfully.

"I hope not. I pray that I may not see the printed name of any human being I know for a month of Sundays," he answered, laughing.

"I fancy grandpapa will return here," she added tentatively.

"I don't know, I 'm sure. The grand duke Gillson, who is a most persuasive creature, is much more of a potentate on Spanish soil than elsewhere, and it is possible that he (and old Cranleigh, who recommended him) may have convinced my grandfather of the charms of Spain in March and April."

"All travelers go to Granada, do they not? Is n't the Alhambra quite a hackneyed place?"

"Hackneyed! Is St. Peter's hackneyed? Is St. Mark's hackneyed? Is the Taj hackneyed, or the Sphinx, or either of the great immemorial monuments of the world? There is but one Alhambra, and to be so near it, and not see it, would be a disgrace to any party not controlled by our respected progenitor. As it is, we are like the *feuilles éphémères*, that go where the zephyr leads them. Just now, Polly, I confess I ask nothing more. Look across yonder shining, dancing sea. Let me tell you, you are going to fall in love with Tangier, arriving on such a day. It will be like clapping your hands and seeing forty thousand black slaves appear, bearing jars of jewels on their heads, or any other genie's work, to find yourself in this sunshine in the unadulterated East. I wish you would look a little livelier."

"I do. I am," she cried, throwing off in secret shame the haunting thoughts Roger could not divine.

By the time they had passed Tarifa, the last stronghold of the Moors in Spain, and, leaving the Spanish coast with its Moorish watch-towers, its blaze of yellow gorse, the boat had steamed out where the Atlantic pours its volume into the Mediterranean, she was again as gay as a bird on the wing.

In truth, nature here withheld no coaxing from the depressed in body or spirit. Behind them the great rock and the purple line of the Sierra melted into the softer hues of distance. Before lay the verdant coasts, the golden sands, the snow-clad summits, of northern Africa. In the marvelously clear atmosphere they could almost believe that by stretching out a hand it were possible to seize the snow lying in the clefts of the Atlas Mountains, which, as sun or shade struck their bold masses, took on varied tints of azure — the blue of turquoise streaked with the blue of lapis-lazuli. And all too soon, away to the southwest, were pointed out the white lines, like clothes hung out to dry upon a green background of hills, announced to be the houses of Tangier.

Full of delighted curiosity, Paulina found that they had come to anchor in the bay of Tangier before she was aware of the arrival of a fleet of small boats, crowded with strange, wild figures, barelegged, black or brown, of majestic proportions, an escaped chorus from an Eastern opera, clad in a variety of pictur-

esque robes and rags, who stood up shouting, gesticulating, struggling, quarreling, and clearly thirsting for the blood of those they sought to decoy into their several crafts.

Justina, indeed, a timid blossom of forty summers, wept with alarm at the invasion, and was little comforted by the courier's assurance that this hurlyburly meant no more than the usual acclaim of hackmen at railway-stations of other countries. Roger told his aunt that her maid, invited into the arms of one of "them savages," to be deposited in the stern of a rocking boat piled with luggage, wore the expression of Virginia when she declined to be saved for Paul.

VIII.

It was a trifle disappointing to Paulina — who found herself, upon touching African soil, with her brain ablaze like a child's in a toy-shop — that the first bedroom assigned to her in the East was supplied with the usual commonplaces of comfortable living. A soap-dish, mug for tooth-brushes, bell-pull, mosquito-net, a door that locked, were considerations so banal in an apartment where by running to the window one might see veiled ladies taking the air on flat roofs under a sky of vivid blue, or by looking down into the narrow street take observation of a common school in the house opposite, where delicious amber infants with topaz eyes squatted on the floor, rocking back and forth over hornbooks containing selections from the Koran!

So lost in interest was she in an altercation between the teacher — Father Abraham himself, turbaned, caftaned, and with a long, flowing white beard — and a naughty little Moor finally sentenced to stand on one leg for misdemeanor, that Miss Standish delayed in brushing her hair, and was, as usual, late when called to go down-stairs.

In the lower hall of the hotel, with its Moorish fittings and curiosities arrayed for sale, they sat in a pleasant sea breeze, and drank their tea. At little tables here and there groups of people similarly employed showed that the trail of the tourist was over Tangier. Polly took special note of an English bride and groom, the latter a handsome, fair man in knickerbockers, who surveyed his own legs in worsted stockings alternately with evident approbation, and spake no word to the partner of his joys. And then Miss Standish became aware of the vicinity of some transatlantic steamer companions she had desired to avoid.

"Let me give you some cream, Roger," she said, seizing the jug and deluging her cousin's cup. "I don't want to see those Montana horrors, don't you understand?"

"All right, though I take no cream, as you know. I thought I was used to the vagaries of young women in tea-cup time, but this—"

"Never mind; here 's another cup. I wish they would give us something Moorish to eat, not English tinned biscuits. There, I knew it! Grandpapa is affably conversing with Senator (or Judge, is it?) Galusha W. Treat, whom he considers a 'fine, deserving self-made man.' I wish he had let somebody else make him! On the crossing to Tangier the Treats never left the cabin of the *Gib-el-Tarik*, she crocheting, he reading a copy of the Paris edition of the 'New York Herald' bought in Gibraltar."

"I did that myself, with great satisfaction," quoth Roger, doughtily.

"Now we are about to become the Treats' bosom friends. Mama is answering her vapid questions. Roger! She is talking about her cooks! And grandpapa is launched into American politics with him! What did they come abroad for? They are practically deaf, dumb, and blind to what we enjoy, and yet they are the kind who swarm in foreign parts, and become our national reproach, while hundreds of eager, ardent poetic spirits stay at home forced to lead narrow lives, and eat their hearts out with longing for the opportunity of travel. Tell me, Roger, what will the Galusha W. Treats get by being in these parts?"

"All Americans desire to see what all Americans have seen. You know we have stopped being one of the 'races' Henry James once spoke about, 'for which the type of domestic allurement is the parlor hearth-rug.'"

"Look at those dear Arabs," said Paulina, jumping up to cross the hall and survey a group of runners for the hotel, picturesque figures with bare legs and feet, and flashes of vivid color about their drapery, who stood inside the front door. "Oh, I can't rest here! I did not come to Africa to take tea with Judge and Mrs. Treat. Come, grandpapa, mama, let us explore the town."

"I should be very glad to do so," said Mrs. Standish, while the courier discussed their arrangements with a white-robed official, whose function seemed to be to talk for hours about the idiosyncrasies of each individual mule to be engaged. "But I think it would discourage Justina to leave her alone in a strange hotel. The poor thing is feeling very nervous since we arrived."

"Put Justina on one donkey, and Wilcox on another, and let them keep each other company," said Roger, promptly.

"Oh, thank you, Roger; you always settle things," responded his aunt. "But then, I have n't your courage with servants, or Paulina's. Polly dear, would you mind letting Justina know she is to come, and see that she

has had her tea, and tell her she may use my lavender salts if her head aches; and —"

"I think that is enough, Rose," said her father, dryly.

In the narrow lane outside the chief door of the hostelry were assembled a drove of eight or ten mules in process of saddling by as many Moors. The words, cries, threats, gesticulations, disputes, expended in this performance passed computation by the visitors, who thought, like the Irishman going on an excursion in a sedan-chair without a bottom, "If it was n't for the honor of the thing I might just as well have walked."

At last mounted,— the women upon crimson pads inclosed on three sides, and offering every facility for sliding to the ground,— they set off over the pointed cobblestones of the so-called streets, in which, to avoid collision with innumerable pack-donkeys carrying all a Tangerine eats and wears and drinks and uses, a rider must either have had experience, or be content to think of nothing else. Thus, at the bridle-rein of the newcomer is generally seen a native to whom is committed the "cares that infest" the way of the filthy, fascinating town; and to Polly was assigned Shamar, a bright-eyed, good-looking young fellow in red fez and slippers and blue burnoose. He managed to make himself understood in a compound of French, Arabic, and English, and marched gaily beside her, calling out at intervals, "Balak! Balak!" the usual warning to living obstacles to get out of one's path.

Roger, leading the procession, had secured a little white Arabian mare that minced like a fine lady through the dirt of the streets, but could, on occasion, "go like smoke," as Shamar said. After Paulina came Mr. Woodbury, on a donkey so small that his respectable old legs nearly swept the pavement. Mrs. Standish was escorted by the courier, and in the wake of the Treats (invited by Mr. Woodbury to use two extra mules brought in for his party) were seen Justina, on a tiny beast selected by her as being nearest the ground in case of a fall, and Wilcox, trying to preserve his smug dignity astride of a large flea-bitten mule.

Passing between the whitewashed house walls that seemed to hide tempting mysteries; under the mosques, the gay summits of which glittered with blue and green faience; between the gay little shops, honeycombed on each side the way, where high-bred old dealers sit inside on their yellow slippers, and the artificer plies his trade as his forebears plied it hundreds of years ago, Paulina resisted all Shamar's wiles to induce her to purchase of his uncles and cousins along their route.

"No money," she cried again and again, showing empty hands.

"All right, lady," Shamar responded, grinning amiably. That she had left plenty of money in New York the guileless native managed to convey to her was a fact he perfectly understood. Shamar, indeed, begged Polly to take him to America, where he pledged himself to run by her mule and pick up the gold lying in the streets!

"The Soko is just ahead, through that old gate in the city wall," said Roger, turning to speak with his cousin. "As the rest of the party seem to be unaccountably delayed, I think I 'll go back to look for them. You can wait in the market-place till we come. Shamar will take care of you. You 're not afraid?"

"No," she cried, with a sigh of satisfaction. "Except that I shall never know whether I am in the Old Testament or the 'Arabian Nights.'"

"This is the only town I was ever in where I do not prefer to walk," Roger remarked as he rode away.

"I had not thought of that," said Polly, suddenly becoming unpleasantly aware of the condition of things underfoot, while above her the splendid African sun, tempered by an intermediate veil of sea-mist, made the world seem too bright and beautiful for mortal use, and the breeze bore to her nostrils odors of orange-blossoms and wood-violets.

Under an arched gateway of the ancient crenelated wall whereon grow moss and stonecrop and tufts of flowering plants — a flower bursts where a seed falls in Morocco — they passed into the Soko. It is a broad open space on the slope of a sun-baked hill, capped by a line of melancholy tombs. Throughout the length and breadth of it she saw a gray-brown moving mass of men, women, children, donkeys, dogs, so closely welded that collision and annihilation for some seemed inevitable.

Here, amid a confusion of sights and sounds, the cries of showmen and venders, of camels, cattle, asses, sheep, calves, the beating of native drums, and blowing of native whistles, Paulina sat upon her mule, thankful for that means of isolation from the dirt of the crowd, and strove to disentangle her first impressions of this page of the historic East.

The people — tawny, tattered, pathetic paupers, of no use to themselves or to humanity — steeped in the depths of degradation of past ages — seemed to her to be mere animated grains of sand from some desert of antiquity. It was all sad, depressing. And then the ineffable beauty of the golden atmosphere fell with a sudden glory over her, and over the scene; the elixir of the air passed into her veins; she saw, at every turn, pictures by Gérôme or Henri Regnault; the dirt, the misery, the rags, blended indistinguishably with color, life, and movement to make the Orient of her dreams.

At the upper end of the market-place a train of camels just in from the Fez country dropped on their weary knees as they were called to a halt, and, stretching their long necks vainly around in search of something to eat while their packs were taken off, made mournful remonstrance because food was not. Following the camels came another file of beasts of burden in silhouette against the sky-line — women with splay feet and bare legs, who, carrying babies in the coarse mantles that constituted their sole coverings, bore on their heads huge bundles of furze for fire-wood.

At every turn Paulina collected pictures to hang up in the gallery of memory. Here passed a stunning pair: a Rif mountaineer, wild and haughty, carrying his matchlock, without which one of these desperate fellows would not care to venture forth from his eyrie in the hills; at his heels, his wife, less veiled than the women of Tangier, handsome and bold, tattoo-marks showing under the silver clasps and chains over her breast, a net containing live chickens swung upon her back.

Next, a graybeard Moor carrying on his shoulder above the crowd a naked *café-au-lait* cherub, as lovely as any Murillo ever painted — round limbs, fat little paunch, eyes like diamonds, a mischievous rosy mouth. "No wonder the patriarch is proud," thought Paulina, "of the admiration his charge creates." This picturesque couple was succeeded by an old hag, a mass of wrinkles, her single garment, a piece of burlap, serving also as a veil. Ah! could wife and mother sink to be like this?

A sister of charity, hurrying along; a priest or two; of Jews a plenty; a sprinkling of tourists, Spaniards, Rock-Scorpions, Soudanese, Berbers; types of all tribes, samples of all colors of children of the dark continent. And amid the shrouded shapes of the native women, by whose eyes only could one judge of their beauty, came tripping with the gay insouciance (and perhaps other characteristics) of Carmen, a pretty Spanish girl, bareheaded, with a pink-and-white camellia in the parting of her jetty locks, and a shoot of green bamboo in the knot behind. Her cheeks were highly rouged, her eyes darkened, but her clean pink calico spencer and blue skirt were in refreshing contrast to her surroundings.

Then a fierce, warlike brown man, with hideous red gashes where eyeballs had been — a notorious robber and murderer, whose eyes had been put out by the paternal sultan to keep him from further mischief.

Again, a tall soot-black negro, standing aloof, with a forest of black hair, parted in the middle, bound with a fillet, and braided with cowrie-shells, upon his shoulders, wearing his ragged mantle with an air of senatorial dignity.

"He is really much more my idea of a senator than Judge Treat," mused naughty Polly, who, finding at that moment near her hand a pate shaven except for the long plaited lock depending at the back, — by which appendage the wearer believes he will be jerked into paradise when his time comes, — was seized with a desire to pull it, and stand by the consequences.

"You darling!" she exclaimed, her attention arrested by a lovely unveiled maiden of thirteen or fourteen, who stood motionless, clasping to her bosom a white chicken. The little girl had walked, Shamar explained, ten miles, from the flower-enameled country where she lived, in hopes of selling her fowl for twenty sous. "Give her this, Shamar; yes, you shall. I must be obeyed. In America ladies are always obeyed, and, besides, it is only half a franc."

"No good," said Shamar, while submitting; and the flower face was illuminated with a look of gratitude that made Polly wish she had given twice as much.

Turning, she saw another young girl, timid and terrified, her arm in the grasp of a black man who appealed to the passers-by in harsh gutturals.

"Oh! what is it?" Paulina asked; but Shamar could not or would not answer; he was now, with thwacks and adjurings, bent upon leading her mule to view the performance of a serpent-charmer, whither Shamar's own taste evidently turned.

The way, as they advanced, was more encumbered. The eternal donkey was everywhere struggling, carrying in his panniers bales of stuff, barrels of water, crates of bread, meat, vegetables, eggs, coops of fowls, live lambs and calves, fagots for kindling, baskets of fruit and sweetmeats, dates, nuts, and medlars, amphoræ of milk and sheep's butter, native confections of orange and jujube, sheafs of callas and heliotrope, oranges and lemons decked with their own flowers, red dye-stuff for women's nails and for the wool of sheep.

"At last I can understand," quoth Paulina to Shamar (who said, when she had finished, "Yes, lady," although he naturally did not comprehend ten words), "the shopping excursion of that damsel in the 'Arabian Nights' who engaged the porter to carry home so many nice-sounding things for her to eat, and afterward entertained him by whipping little dogs."

They had now reached the outer verge of the throng surrounding the snake-charmer, and saw that a double bill had been provided by the management for the diversion of the public. A terrible old wizard with black ringlets, like a nightmare, was lighting wisps of dirty straw picked up from the ground, and stuffing them into his mouth; while his comrade sorcerer, by frenzied leaping to the music of a drum and pipe, strove to excite himself and deaden his

sensibilities for the introduction of the heads of two disgusting snakes into his mouth, whence they were expected to draw blood.

"I won't stay here," said Miss Standish, positively; but again Shamar was attacked with convenient deafness, and she was fain to turn away her head altogether, and look over on the other side of the slope, where a professional story-teller, a handsome, olive-skinned young man with mobile face, in clean white robes, wearing a hat like a candle-extinguisher, waved a long black wand to emphasize his tales before an audience of men and boys sitting cross-legged around him on the ground.

"Oh, dear! I want to tell some one how this strikes me. I am enchanted, but all the same I am just in the state to worship the first clean white person of my own kind I see. I wish Roger would come. I feel as if I know nobody but Shamar in the whole wide world," went through her mind in whimsical meditation. "I wonder how it would seem to know only one person in the world. A woman told me once she can never get enough of the society of those she loves; that she would like to sit for an eon on the verge of a star talking to her best friend. The question is, of course, who would the best friend be? Roger — could I sit with Roger for an eon? No, no, *no!* There never was but one, and oh! what in the world makes me so silly as to think about *him* now?"

"Balak! Balak!"

"Whose voice was that?" said Polly aloud, quickly swinging around in her saddle, and looking up the path.

"Balak! Balak!"

There was no mistake. It was he, riding down toward her, the man who for months had possessed the fortress of her virgin heart! In another moment they would be face to face.

Sitting his horse with the negligent grace she recalled as part of him, cleaving the tawny multitude with good-humored command, into this scene of foulness and squalor he seemed to bring a breath of the lavender and iris from the hills. Following, also on horseback, came May Gilchrist; and Paulina, to whom this overture would not have been as easy had he been alone, bravely and joyously called out his name.

"You here!" exclaimed Sir Piers, with a look of pleased astonishment that fairly matched her own. "May, it's Miss Standish; or is it still Miss Standish?" he added, in what Polly forlornly felt to be altogether too matter-of-fact a tone.

She explained their presence in Tangier, learning in return that the Gilchrists had been making expeditions to Ceuta, Tetuan, etc., keeping Tangier as their headquarters; that May had proved herself a famous horsewoman and raider of the hills, meeting without flinching many severe tests of her endurance of fatigue. Paulina saw at once the change wrought in May by a life of independence in her father's companionship. The awkward girl had bloomed into the beautiful young woman, whose eyes met one's frankly, whose native gladness of spirit now gave itself free rein. Beside May's large fair radiance Paulina instinctively felt herself to be a brownie, a creature to be overlooked, ignored, noticed only when she might give utterance to some saying saved by wit.

And (there was no doubting this) in the ten minutes while they talked Paulina disposed savagely of her last lingering belief that Gilchrist had ever felt for her anything more than a man's passing admiration for "rather a jolly little girl."

"Oh, yes," she thought; "that 's what he calls me, no doubt. I 've been a fool, a fool, a fool! He looks at me full in the face, coolly, as if I were any other tourist in brown serge; there is not a tremor in his voice, while I am trying so awfully hard to squeeze mine into steadiness. I deserve it. All girls who are so untrue to higher womanhood as to fall in love unsought, should be punished just as I am now. It 's all over forever, slain in the Soko at Tangier. I ought to put up a little tablet here, with that on it for an inscription, to warn other idiotic girls. What I 've got to do is to reward poor Roger for his lifetime of devotion, I suppose. Poor Roger, who has suffered so long by me! There he comes through the gateway, my family after him. Here, Roger, look this way; rescue your poor Polly from this ogre of an Englishman who has come so near crunching her bones! Oh, I shall laugh at myself — I won't cry; nobody shall say I 'm suffering. And to think how I 've been looking over at those hills where they tell me Granada is, and longing and yearning — yes, yearning (I may as well tell my inside self the truth) to be there — only to see Sir Piers once more! The sole comfort is, he 's not unworthy of all I 've felt for him — not a bit unworthy. He 's a man, if ever there was one — a big, true, noble, tender man, no matter where he came from. Here 's Roger! Ah!"

And with a sigh of relief the self-tormentor leaned from her saddle, calling out a welcome to her cousin, while bestowing on him the sweetest smile he had had from her for many a long day.

Roger, properly astonished at Paulina's company, exchanged handshakes with the Gilchrists, explaining in due time the cause of his delay. Justina's donkey, having slipped on a trifle of a dead rat in the middle of the Tangerine Piccadilly, had fallen, precipitating its burden upon the greasy breast of Abdallah, her attendant; and this combination proving too much for the nerves of the lady's-maid, she had favored the onlookers with what Wilcox called "highstrikes," necessitating another steed, and the return of Justina to the hotel. "We had

much ado," he added, "to keep your mama from accompanying her, till a few expressive words from my grandfather determined my aunt's progress in this direction. You 'll be glad to learn, Paulina, that we left the Treats purchasing brass trays in a little shop, where they will probably remain till dinner-time."

While speaking, the young man toyed with a spray of fresh orange-blossoms; and as the Gilchrists rode forward to greet Mrs. Standish, he laid it timidly on Polly's lap.

"Oh, thank you, dear Roger!" Paulina said with emphasis; and casting away the bunch of red roses she had hitherto worn at her girdle, she put in their place Roger's flowers — a substitution of which Gilchrist did not fail to take note.

"That might be called a pretty little hint," the Englishman observed to himself when, having agreed to meet that evening at a discreet *café chantant* where stranger ladies were made welcome, the party separated.

"ROGER, I have asked you twice if you don't think May Gilchrist the most improved girl you ever saw," said Paulina, after dinner, as in the wake of two lanterns of pierced brass swung by white-robed attendants they followed the courier and Hadji with his staff and turban from the hotel into the mystery of the night.

"What a delicious soft atmosphere! One can hear the sea without seeing it; and I smell orange-blossoms," he said dreamily.

"They are yours I 'm wearing still — they 've kept perfectly fresh."

"If you like, I will order a cart-load of them daily to the hotel."

"I should die of sweets, like a fly in honey. But you may give me every day, with your own hand, a spray like this, and I will promise to wear nobody else's flowers."

"Polly, what do you mean by being so adorable?" he cried, taking the hand that lay upon his arm.

"I 'll tell you some other time," she said, drawing her fingers sharply out of his. In spite of herself, his touch troubled, offended her.

"You asked me a question," he resumed, trying to cover his mortification. "I do think Miss Gilchrist improved. I may say I never saw such a magnificent young girl."

"Is n't she?" said Polly, generously. "You can't imagine what a little insignificant thing I feel beside her. She is almost as tall as you."

"She is charming in her vigor, her simplicity, her utter freedom from conventional fripperies. I think she gets that from her father; for he too is cast in a big mold. It is nice that you have met them, Paulina. You needed a girl-friend; and if my intuitions are right, Miss Gilchrist is of all girls the one I should choose to do you good."

"Well done, Roger! When you praise, you are not begrudging."

"Did you observe what a strong fancy our grandfather took to Gilchrist?" went on Roger. "This morning he was vituperating the whole English nation, and after two minutes' talk with Sir Piers he agreed to an excursion with them to-morrow, in his most hearty fashion. Bless the dear old fellow! He has no idea what a bundle of inconsistencies he is. As to Aunt Rose, she, like everybody else, has bowed to and worshiped the all-conquering baronet."

"Not everybody, Roger," said Paulina, nestling a little to his arm. "I don't lose my head because a great golden-haired, blue-eyed man comes riding down the Soko in the midst of those dirty camel-colored natives, do I? And you won't forget the orange-blossoms, Roger — every day? And when we go to the country to-morrow, you are to keep by me — you hear?"

Hadji turned, and marshaled his party up the outer steps leading to a doorway around which slippers of all grades clustered. They found within it a clean, well-ventilated room, dadoed with matting having a border of dried rice and grasses, and supported by pillars set with blue and yellow azulejos. On a shelf above the dado were ranged plaques and jars of native pottery, full of dried grass and seed-pods. Over these again were maps of Africa and of the Indian Ocean, a clock, and various bits of beaten brass and Moorish faience. On the matted floors sat a number of men smoking pipes and cigarettes, the unmarried distinguished by the fez, and all engaged in playing chess, cards, or checkers.

To one side, in a division made by boards, were the musicians: two violins, two guitars, a little mother-of-pearl fiddle with two strings, two tambourines, two men to clap hands and mark the time. A fine, strong-featured set, the members of this orchestra, preserving perfect dignity of manner; and during the evening they furnished a liberal supply of their characteristic music, accompanied by the slightly nasal chanting of which it is possible in a short time to have enough.

On benches running around the walls were placed the lookers-on from the hotels and elsewhere, at whose beck barelegged waiters ran hither and thither, carrying the tin tripods upon which was served black Turkish coffee, made from the berry crushed between two primitive stones.

In a corner beneath the open window the Gilchrists had saved places for Polly and Roger, who enjoyed the arrival, directly after theirs, of the valet, Mr. Wilcox, looking determinedly rakish until at the unexpected sight of his employers he became painfully proper in a flash.

"I want to make a memorandum of these

musical instruments for my grandfather, who has a little collection of his own," said Paulina to Gilchrist. "Have you a pencil and a bit of paper? Anything will do. Don't tear your note-book."

Sir Piers persisted, however, and a leaf from the book was given her with its accompanying pencil.

"Take care," he said, "lest they suspect you of making a sketch of them, which is an unpardonable offense to their religion."

And, truly, a grave violinist had already taken observation of the young stranger, and was shaking his head at her with a dark frown. Quickly Paulina held up her bit of paper, exhibiting her writing, and as quickly the Moor flashed back at her his white teeth in a smile of apology, laying his hand upon his heart with the charming gesture so common to his race.

"Oh, see!" said Polly. "You had drawn something on the other side. Luckily, I did not show him that."

"Give it to me back," he answered, after bestowing on it a glance, "and I 'll surrender to you any other leaf you may select."

Polly, trying to make believe she had not seen, did as he asked her; but she had recognized the outline and attitude of her own figure, as in her sketch of the Pheasants' Walk — only in this the girl's hand held a heart with an arrow piercing it.

"It reminds me of something for which I never thanked you," she said impulsively.

"This is only an illustration for some *vers de société*," he said lightly; and Polly felt ready to bite her tongue for having allowed herself to be repulsed.

"You would not have supposed me to be such a jessamy kind of fellow, would you?" he went on. "But in my nomadic life I must find diversion as I can. To-morrow, when you get outside the town, you 'll understand that here we leave behind the rules that bind ordinary mortals, and behave as if in the region of eternal sentiment. Have you had enough of this? I am sure May has, and so we 'll meet to-morrow in a better atmosphere. I must make the most of our pleasant rencontre, for Thursday we go back to Gib."

"So soon?" she asked, unconscious of her depth of expression in look and tone.

"Our outing in Morocco finishes as yours begins. Maybe you will look in upon my *pied-à-terre* at Granada, if you come there, and if you remember it. But we shall soon be wending our way to Seville for Holy Week, like everybody else."

"Shall you? Did you know that Lucy Blount, who has been ill of influenza and was ordered to Biarritz, wrote before we left home, urging us to meet her in Seville at Easter?"

"Then I advise you by all means to do so. The religious processions are fine, and the wailing of the bands that accompany them is, of itself, worth the journey. You, who are so sensitive to music of that kind, should not miss the thrill it will give you."

"How do you know I am sensitive to music of that kind?"

"There! The cat jumped, did n't she? Turn your memory back to a dolefully rainy Sunday last spring, when a young girl sat in one of the stalls in the choir of King's College Chapel at Cambridge, with a score upon her knee, and alternately followed the singing and looked up at the vault over her head."

"Were *you* there?"

"I stopped over Sunday, on my way to Wooton Magna, to let May see my alma mater and hear its choir at evening service."

"So that is your college? Oh! I 'm glad, I 'm glad!"

"I 'm glad also, if it brings such a note of approval into your voice. When I saw you again at Lady Edmund's, it was like an answer to my thoughts."

The monotonous music, the whining chant, went on. The odors of coffee and Turkish tobacco drifted out over their heads through the lattice in at which looked the bright African stars. But Paulina's spirit had flown back to green England; and as Gilchrist watched her, a mighty conviction that this woman or no other was nature's mate for him came again into the citadel whence he had once dislodged it. Just then he noticed that with one of her rapid movements she had let fall something upon the floor; and stooping, he picked up the spray of orange-flowers she had been wearing at her breast.

At once a chill fell upon him, and was reflected in his voice.

"This is yours, is n't it?"

"Oh, yes," said Polly, awe creeping into her tones. "It is mine, of course. I suppose you know that I am — I am —"

She glanced furtively around at Roger. He was carving a date with his penknife upon the long staff May carried as an aid in walking, while May looked on laughing.

"I am — oh!" Polly went on, bravely swallowing her distaste — "I am to be married in the autumn."

"Yes, I know," he answered awkwardly; and poor Polly felt that the light of the universe had gone out for her. England, Africa, America, it was all one! There would never be anything but duty to live for, after this.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.

LUKA FILIPOV.

(AN INCIDENT OF THE MONTENEGRIN WAR OF 1874.)

PARAPHRASED FROM THE SERVIAN OF ZMAI IOVAN IOVANOVICH, AFTER LITERAL TRANSLATION BY NIKOLA TESLA.

ONE more hero to be part
Of the Servians' glory!
Lute to lute and heart to heart
Tell the homely story:
Let the Moslem hide for shame,
Trembling like the falcon's game,
Thinking on the falcon's name —
Luka Filipov.

When he fought with sword and gun
Doughty was he reckoned;
When *he* was the foremost, none
Blushed to be the second.
But he tired of the taint
Of the Turk's blood, learned restraint
From his sated sword — the quaint
Luka Filipov.

Thus he reasoned: Though they fall
Like the grass in mowing,
Yet the dead Turks, after all,
Make a sorry showing.
Foes that die remember not
How our Montenegrins bought
Our unbroken freedom — thought
Luka Filipov.

So, in last year's battle storm
Swooped our Servian falcon,
Chose the sleekest of the swarm
From beyond the Balkan:
Plucked a pasha from his horse,
Carried him away by force,
While we cheered along his course
"Luka!" "Filipov!"

To the Prince his prize he bore
Just as he had won him —
Laid him at the Prince's door,
Not a scratch upon him.
"Prince, a present! And for fear
He should find it lonely here,
I will fetch his mate," said queer
Luka Filipov.

Back into the fight he rushed
Where the Turks were flying,
Past his kinsmen boldly brushed,
Leaping dead and dying:
Seized a stalwart infidel,
Wrenched his gun and, like a spell,
Marched him back — him heeding well
Luka Filipov.

But the Moslems, catching breath
'Mid their helter-skelter,
Poured upon him hail of death
From a rocky shelter,
Till a devil-guided ball
Striking one yet wounded all:
For there staggered, nigh to fall,
Luka Filipov!

Paused the conflict — all intent
On the two before us;
And the Turkish regiment
Cheered in hideous chorus
As the prisoner, half afraid,
Turned and started up the glade,
Thinking — dullard! — to evade
Luka Filipov.

We 'd have fired, but Luka's hand
Rose in protestation,
While his pistol's mute command
Needed no translation:
For the Turk retraced his track,
Knelt, and took upon his back
(As a peddler lifts his pack)
Luka Filipov!

How we cheered him as he passed
Through the line, a-swinging
Gun and pistol — bleeding fast —
Grim — but loudly singing:
"Lucky me to find a steed
Fit to give the Prince for speed!
Rein or saddle ne'er shall need
Luka Filipov!"

So he urged him to the tent
Where the Prince was resting —
Brought his captive, shamed and spent,
To make true his jesting.
And as couriers came to say
That our friends had won the day,
Who should up and faint away?
Luka Filipov.

Robert Underwood Johnson.



DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

LUKA FILIPOV.

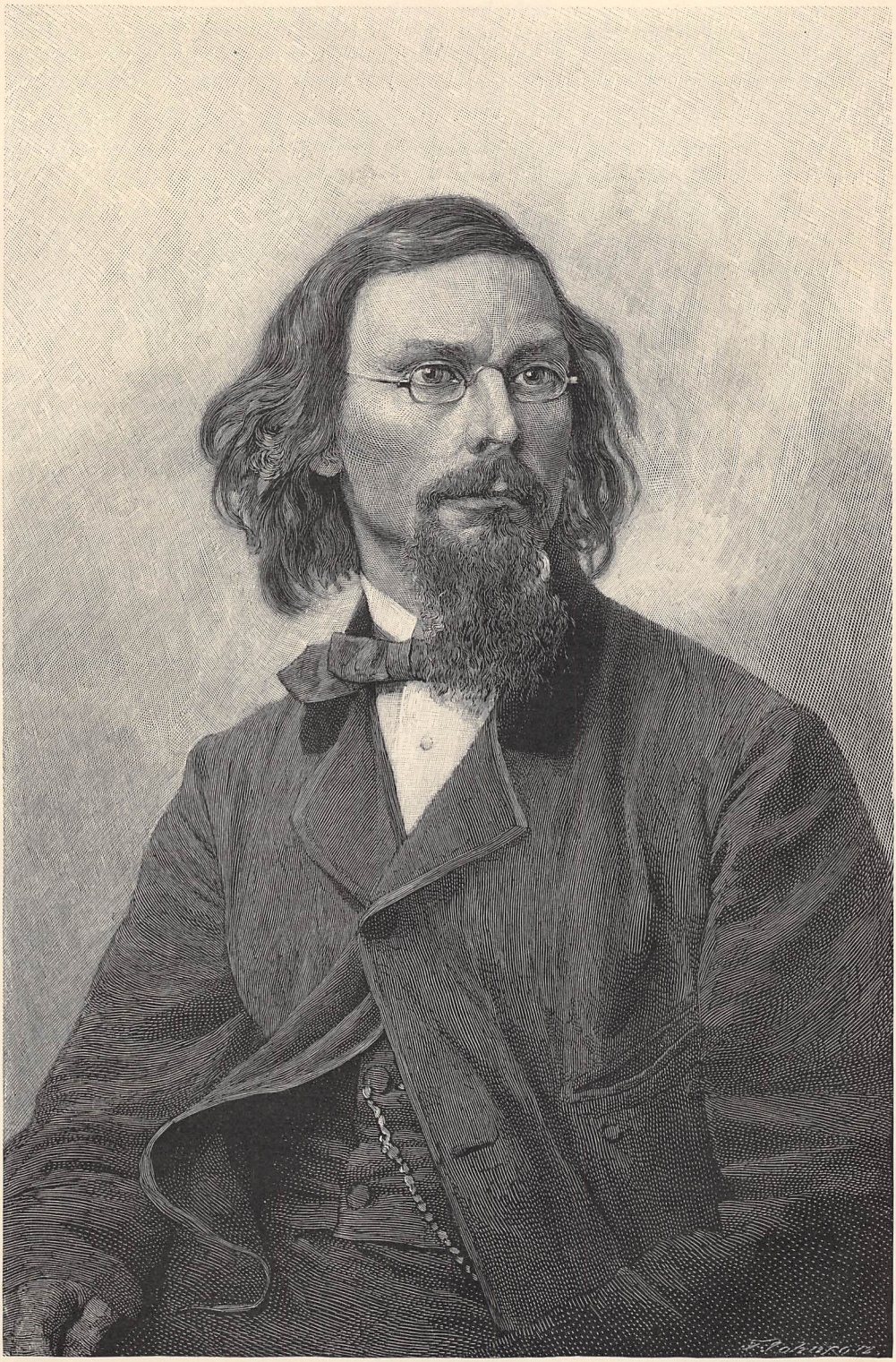
CHARACTERISTICS OF GEORGE INNESS.

WHAT George Inness most enjoyed, in his hours of ease, was talking and writing on metaphysical subjects like the Darwinian hypothesis of evolution, and the distinction between instinct and reason. He had neither the time nor the inclination to become well read in these matters, but he would wade through a treatise of Archbishop Whately's or John Stuart Mill's, and industriously record the more notable of his animadversions. Certain he was that man could not have descended from the ape, that a brute must always remain a brute, that no class or function could be merged in another class or function. For years he studied the science of numbers,— into which Swedenborg also made many incursions,— and in several of his manuscripts he demonstrated that the number one represents the infinite; the number two, conjunction; the number three, potency; the number four, substance; the number five, germination; the number six, material condition; and so on. And wherever these numbers occurred in the Bible, he was ready, in conversation or with his pen, to prove their symbolical significance. So fond was he of these speculations that, had he been rich, he said, he would have pursued them to the exclusion of painting. In reading a manuscript of Inness's it was not always easy to understand his meaning. His sentences were long and involved, and lucidity of expression suffered from haste and inexperience. The art of writing he had never mastered, principally because he never really cared that what he wrote should be read. The extracts from his manuscripts which I have contributed to various periodicals are sometimes obscure in spite of my efforts to get him to explain them. "I don't expect everybody to understand these things," he protested. On one occasion he showed me an essay, of perhaps five thousand words, on Zola's "L'Assommoir," in which he had endeavored to prove that this French novel was the greatest temperance tract ever published.

In his conversation, however, especially when answering questions on art matters, he was particularly concise, forcible, and clear; and if he had cared to be reported often enough by a competent person, the result might have been a treatise on painting more useful than Leonardo's. I never knew a man whose offhand thoughts were so well worth preserving; and I never took a stroll with him, or welcomed him at my house, or met him at his own, without wishing that some invisible scribe might make a stenographic report of his talk, and, after submitting it for editorial revision, print it for the benefit of art students.

"A work of art," he said, "is beautiful if the sentiment is beautiful; it is great if the sentiment is vital. Details are to be elaborated only enough to produce the sentiment desired. A picture in which the evident intention has been to reach the truth is the picture that the true artist loves. The sleek polish of lackadaisical sentiment, and the puerilities of impossible conditions, are never admirable. Here is a pencil sketch of my own — a young girl about to slip into a brook from the overhanging trunk of a tree. She is entirely disrobed. I made this sketch with the purest kind of motive, feeling that the subject was beautiful, and that in no other way could I convey the sentiment that I had chosen. I shall put it on canvas, keeping the background cool and sweet, and trying to idealize as much as possible. Such a subject, so treated, is as pure as any other. Moreover, I paint the girl at a distance of thirty or forty feet, which gives at once a subdued effect. The mind does not receive the full impression of an object looked at unless this object is viewed at a distance of three times its own length or height; and if it is in the midst of accessories, a proportionate distance should be allowed."

Swedenborgianism interested him as a metaphysical system, especially in its science of correspondences; but he never formulated for himself a theological creed, because, as he said, a man's creed changes with his states of mind, and the formulation made to-day becomes useless to-morrow. He never doubted the immortality of the soul, nor felt that other proof of it was necessary beyond the fact that men generally believe and have believed in immortality. "The consciousness of immortality," he declared, "is wrapped up in all the experiences of my life, and this to me is the end of the argument. Man's unhappiness arises from disobedience to the monitions within him. The principles that underlie art are spiritual principles — the principle of unity and the principle of harmony. Christ never uttered a word that forbade the creating or the enjoying of sensuous form. The fundamental necessity of the artist's life is the cultivation of his moral



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

GEORGE INNESS.

powers, and the loss of those powers is the loss of artistic power. The efforts of the Catholic Church to excite the imagination of worshipers are admirable, because the imagination is the life of the soul. Art is an essence as subtle as the humanity of God, and, like it, is personal only to love, a stranger to the worldly-minded, a myth to the mere intellect. I would not give a fig for art ideas except as they represent what I, in common with all men, need most — the good of our practice in the art of life. Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, hillsides, sky, and clouds, all things that we see, will convey the sentiment of the highest art if we are in the love of God and the desire of the truth."

Sometimes, when feeling a subject deeply, he expressed himself in verse as well as on canvas. A landscape called "Breaking Up," in which storm-clouds were dissolving over the crest of a mountain, an impression dashed off in four hours, suggested to him a poetical "Address of the Clouds to the Earth." Shelley's clouds wandered in thick flocks, shepherded by the unwilling wind. Inness's clouds were brothers, and benefactors of the earth, wooers of the wind that made groves and meadows ring with joyous laughter. In another landscape autumn leaves are falling into a river, and floating along toward the sea. Some lines of symbolism describe each leaf as "a little truth from off the tree of life," going to join other truths that had preceded it, and to report progress in the interest of the brotherhood of truths. Rhyme and meter do not count in Inness's poetry. He did not wish them to count.

The hero of a novel of Jane Austen's says: "I like a fine prospect. I do not like crooked, twisted, or blasted trees. I admire those that are tall, straight, and flourishing. I am not fond of nettles, or thistles, or heath-blossoms." One summer afternoon, when Inness and I were walking in Montclair, New Jersey,— his home and mine,— near the foot of its beautiful mountain, where the "prospect" was particularly fine, the subject that engaged his attention was the delightful gradation of grays in an old rail fence; and on another occasion, when driving down that mountain, from the green slopes of which the trees and cottages of Montclair appear so picturesquely grouped, he feasted his eyes on the rich, creamy tones produced by sunlight shining through the hairs of our gray horse's tail. No natural object was ugly to him. So beautiful was the meanest natural object that no other natural object seemed more beautiful than it. He fondly loved the gnarled writhings of old apple-trees, the affectionate drooping of their branches toward the earth that nourished them, the crooked, twisted olive-trees of Italy, which told stories of man's relations with them. And the landscapes that he painted — civilized landscapes, not savage and untamed — pleased him the most when they most communicated the sentiment of humanity.

In his "Life of Turner," Mr. Hamerton quotes "the following opinion expressed by an intelligent and accomplished American artist, Mr. George Inness":

> Turner's "Slave-ship" is the most infernal piece of claptrap ever painted. There is nothing in it. It has as much to do with human affections and thought as a ghost. It is not even a bouquet of color. The color is harsh, disagreeable, discordant.

"These views," says Mr. Hamerton, "while interesting for their frankness, are severe; and their severity is partly due to reaction against Mr. Ruskin's eloquent praises." I remember well the circumstances in which Inness spoke. The "Slave-ship," after having been sold by Mr. Ruskin, had just been removed from New York, where it was coolly received, to Boston, where it became a subject of hot newspaper controversy. I casually asked Inness what he thought of the picture. He expressed himself at once with indignant emphasis and in the most unqualified terms. "But has it no value as color?" I asked. "Not the least in the world," he replied. "Its color is harsh, disagreeable, discordant." Mr. Hamerton is mistaken in supposing that Inness's severity was even partly due to reaction against Ruskin's enthusiastic commendation. Inness was not interested in Ruskin, and nothing occupied him less than the lucubrations of art critics. When he discovered insincerity and falseness in what might have been a great picture, he became angry; he detested insincerity and falseness. Mr. Hamerton admits that the introduction into the canvas of the sharks, the manacles, and the human hand and leg, is so horrible as to revolt him, and that the color is crude.

I have dwelt upon the strength and activity of Inness's intellect because these qualities produced and explain the beauty of his landscapes. Art, like language, is a means of expressing ideas, and in the work of George Inness the ideas are great and noble. Most of the pictures in the dealer's collections could be described, he thought, by the phrase "intellectual dish-water." "My compositions," said Beethoven, "are not intended to excite the pretty little emotions of women: music ought to strike fire from the soul of a man." This is what Inness's best pictures do, and his recreations in theology, poetry, and metaphysics are less interesting in themselves than in the evidence they afford of his intellectual power.

His struggle was, while obtaining objective

force, not to lose sentiment. He sympathized with Corot, who had had the same struggle, and had confessed himself beaten. He admired Daubigny, because in the struggle Daubigny had been less unsuccessful. He deplored in Meissonier the wilful sacrifice of sentiment to objective force. He considered Millet chiefly as a painter of figures rather than of landscapes, and he thought him the greatest figure-painter that ever lived, because his figures best and most often expressed the tenderest and purest sentiments of labor and of home, with just enough objective force for perfect lucidity. He almost worshiped Rousseau, because, above all other landscape-painters, he preserved the local color of trees, of grass, and of sky, while maintaining the general tonality of his picture. He had no patience with Cabanel, Bouguereau, Lefebvre, Verboeckhoven, and scores of other painters, foreign and native, who, though sought by American collectors, seemed animated by the spirit of commercialism. He believed in objective force, and it was for their lack of it that he criticized the young painters who founded the Society of American Artists, and who had elected him a member of their organization. Speaking of one of their exhibitions, he said, "The poetic quality is not obtained by eschewing any truths or facts of nature which can be included in a harmonious representation"; but at the same time he insisted that men of artistic genius could often dash off an impression which would appeal to the cultivated spectator as more vital than the most laborious efforts of artists less generously endowed.

In his sympathies and his works Inness belonged to the school of Barbizon. As early as 1850 a few of its paintings had found their way to the United States, and Inness was the first American landscapist of distinction to welcome them. He soon went to France to study the methods of Millet, Rousseau, Daubigny, and Corot. Millet, then in his thirty-fifth year,—Inness was ten years younger,—had just abandoned the painting of nude subjects, the sale for which was easy and rapid, and had started upon his unique career as the interpreter of French peasant life. When Inness returned to France, sixteen years later, the Barbizon school was making itself felt. Had he been a Frenchman he would have been recognized as a member of it, with an individuality as distinct as that of Daubigny. At this time he fixed his method of painting, which was as follows: after staining the white canvas with Venetian red, but not enough to lose the sense of transparency, he drew, more or less carefully, with a piece of charcoal, the outlines of the coming picture, and confirmed them with a pencil, putting in a few of the prominent shadows with a little ivory-black on a brush. His principal pigments were white, Antwerp blue, Indian red, and lemon chrome. He began anywhere to paint, and worked in mass from generals to particulars, keeping his shadows thin and transparent, and allowing the red with which the canvas was stained to come through as a part of the color. When the pigments were sufficiently dry, he added to his palette cobalt, brown, and pink. The last steps were glazing, delicate touching, and scumbling.

George Inness had no jealousies and few amusements. He smoked some, and took long walks. Often he painted fifteen hours a day. On the dozen or more canvases in his studio he worked as the humor seized him, going from one to another with palette and maul-stick, and always standing when painting. He had two styles, one restrained, the other impetuous; and as he grew older the latter prevailed. Correctness of linear design was less important than color, atmosphere, and chiaroscuro; but first in importance was the resolve to convey distinctly the impressions of a personal, vital force. Believing that he obtained with oils all the delicacy of water-colors, and much strength in addition, he did not paint in water-colors. His sincerity, his faith, his earnestness,—all that which escapes like a perfume from his works,—increased with his years, and with the honorable fame and competence that he had earned. One of his landscapes is called "Light Triumphant"—a name that fitly describes them all.

George William Sheldon.

THE GOSPEL OF ART.

WORK thou for pleasure: paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.

Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.

Work for the work's sake, then, and it may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.

Kenyon Cox.

PEOPLE IN NEW YORK.

WITHIN one square mile on the island of Manhattan live three hundred thousand people. Within the titular limits of the city of New York live one million and eight hundred thousand, and more. And the outermost limits of this city, the full number of its sons and daughters, can hardly be fixed; for very wide regions — suburban, semi-urban, or urban under other names — daily send their swarms across the ferries and down the railroads, to mix indistinguishably with the resident islanders. There may well be four and a half million human beings who are nourished by the life-blood which pulses to and from the center of our town. Of course the tips of the fingers are as much a part of the body as the valves of the heart itself; and so a very wise and patient and loquacious pen would be needed to describe, or even roughly to classify, the people of New York. But it is possible to glance quickly at people in New York for the sake, not of finished pictures, but of broad impressions, and yet to see things that are worth seeing, and cannot be seen elsewhere.

I.

OUR most conspicuous habits result from the narrow elongated shape of our island. As its places for making money, its places for spending money, and its places of residence, are successively grouped from south to north, its people are compelled to travel unanimously southward in the morning and northward again at evening; and between times there is a marked separation of the sexes.

Our down-town streets, in their busy hours,



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

ON THE ELEVATED.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

URBAN AND SUBURBAN.

show crowds that are unusually black, not only because they are very dense, but because black is the customary wear of men. This is the domain of the masculine New Yorker; and it is less freely invaded by women, I think, than the corresponding part of any other town, although, indeed, early and late, during the brief periods of transit, the approaches to the tall and crowded buildings are brightened by hundreds of girls named for their little clicking machines — as alert, as self-confident, as businesslike as the men among whom they labor.

But pass up town. After Canal street is crossed, petticoats become more and more numerous until, as you reach Fourteenth street, they dominate the general effect. And then, on cross-streets and avenues, you will find blocks and blocks, sometimes as packed as Wall street itself, where men take their turn at looking out of place. This is where our money is chiefly spent, and very motley is the composition of the spending throngs. Side by side we see comfortable dowdiness (suggesting the suburban contingent), dismal shabbiness, and naïve attempts to copy the fashions cheaply; trim, simple neatness, rich, tasteful elegance, and an exaggerated, showy imitation of this last. As a whole, the effect is certainly not somber. Judged by any European standard, or by any sensible abstract standard, overdressing prevails; and it means colors too bright and *façons* too conspicuous as well as materials too costly for the sidewalk. No such overblown excess in street attire can be noticed in Boston, for example. But, on the other hand, one sees a much larger proportion of highly fashionable, yet impeccably appropriate, street costumes than in Boston or elsewhere in America; and they are not all on women whom one might expect to be exponents of good taste. Again, even when a garment is unsuitable, it is often admirable in itself; no matter what she wears, the back of a New York woman is usually a pleasure to look at, if we can appreciate artistic

niceties of cut and fit; and on the whole we are almost tempted to condone the excessive gaiety of our street clothes for the sake of the brightness they add to the panorama of our up-town crowds.

Of course the varied elements which compose such crowds do not distribute themselves with geographical impartiality. They are most strikingly varied in front of the pretty and stately shops lining Broadway between Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets. They are most demo-



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

THE MORNING AFTER ELECTION.

cratic in front of the mammoth shops along the parallel stretch of Sixth Avenue, and the two great connecting cross-streets, Fourteenth and Twenty-third. Then the more aristocratic elements, which are least conspicuous here, increase in numbe. on upper Fifth Avenue, and the show-

ier, flashier elements display themselves along upper Broadway. Naturally the carriage-folk are more aristocratic in general effect than any groups of pedestrians, despite the fact that well-bred women walk more in New York than in European towns; and to see the rich of New York in all their gorgeousness one must visit Central Park of a pleasant afternoon.

I like to do this myself, in the finest carriage owned by any of my friends, and to pretend that nothing else could suit me quite so well. But I also like to drive down Fifth Avenue in a hansom-cab, just at the time when every one else is driving up, to contemplate its protean types of feminine dignity and charm, breeding and refinement, pride and ostentation, vulgarity and commonplaceness. And I like as



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

HER MARRIED SISTER.

well to walk for the same purpose where the shopping throngs are thickest, and even where they are most tawdry and ungenteel. Nor do I find it disagreeable at times to be still more plebeian, and stray far down the Bowery or far up the quieter but just as democratic regions of Third and Eighth avenues. Surely it is worth while to know the city one lives in, and surely it is a very shallow, uninstructive, unhumanizing sort of knowledge which confines itself to the dominions of King Plutus and Dame Fashion.

II.

I SHOULD need a more flexible, versatile pen than I own to explain how the essence and the idiosyncrasies of New York gradually reveal themselves if one studies its humbler and cruder as well as its gayer and more polished sides; how unlike one feels it is to any other city, and how interesting even when it is least attractive. Taking it bit by bit, and analyzing it in the faces, clothes, manners, actions, and habitations of its people, by turns one loves and hates, despises and admires, berates and ridicules it. It seldom pleases the eye for more than a few moments together. Often it grievously offends the senses which take account of slovenliness and dirt. And always it seems a reckless, immature, inconsequent, unreasonable creature. But it is so big and active, so variable and spontaneous, so well pleased with itself, and so willing that you should take your pleasure as you choose, that you get to feel toward it as toward an overgrown baby whose foolishness, awkwardness, and ugliness are largely excused by its promise of better looks and better behavior, and are offset by its

spasms of cleverness, its comicality, and good humor.

If we look at the worst aspects of New York in a serious spirit, it certainly does not exemplify the gospel of kindliness, as, after a little, I shall try to explain. But looking at it superficially, or studying its population, not in the abstract aggregate, but in the myriad individuals one meets, up town and down town, in aristocratic or in extremely sordid precincts, good nature seems the "note" of the New Yorker, provided, of course, that you are good-natured yourself. What patience he has with municipal tyrannies and corporate inhumanities, and enlivened by what a salty touch of humor! One would not cite an elevated-railroad car or a ferry-slip, jammed full of tired and hungry New Yorkers, as a school of courtesy. Yet I think such a throng might easily be less courteous anywhere else — at least anywhere in northern Europe, if we can conceive of its existing there. And no woman with pleasant words on her own lips need shrink from asking help or guidance in the streets of New York: usually it will be given with a good many kindly trimmings, whether it be asked from the "dude" or the hurried business-man, the lawless street-boy or the Italian sweeper, or even the traditionally abused car-conductor. On the whole, a woman is more likely to meet with incivility from her own sex than from men of any class; and if, like too many New York women, she expects courtesy in return for brusqueness, of course she will be disappointed.

I have a friend who was born and who lives on an island in a far-off Southern sea, but who has had much European experience and is a keen observer. He chanced to be in New York during our last presidential election, and was shown its workings through many diligent hours. What impressed him most was, not the way in which order was kept, but the small necessity for keeping order — the extreme good temper of the people. At a big club-house where the losing side had been supported, the members, he said, as the returns came in, buttoned their coats like stoical Arabs, and silently, almost smilingly, stole away. And in the City Hall Park, in front of the big newspaper building where, as State after State reported its vote, effigies of the rival candidates correspondingly climbed up the tall façade on the numbered rungs of symbolical ladders, one might have thought, he declared, that every man in the enormous crowd had voted for the winning climber, and felt a kindly compassion for the climber who lagged behind. Yet we knew, and he could see, that a pretty strong — nay, a very passionate — interest was felt in that particular election.

Facts such as these tempt us to fancy what a nice place New York may be to live in when oppression, extortion, and stupidity succeed in provoking us into collective bad temper for a long enough time to bring about conditions which will permit individual amiabilities to display themselves unhampered, unexasperated, unabused. Perhaps it may then seem almost as pleasant-tempered, polite, and kindly as did, one summer, the populous fair-grounds at Chicago.

III.

A FOREIGNER must be struck by the lack of certain types, social rather than physical, among the crowds of New York. One great peculiarity of our whole land reveals itself in the absence of soldiers from our streets and drawing-rooms; and the cosmopolitanism of our particular town shows just as clearly to an observant eye. We have plenty of cabmen, for instance, but no typical cabman, while Paris has one such type and London has two — one for her hansoms and one for her dismal "four-wheelers." The New York butler, the New York nursery-maid, cannot be put into caricature with the broad fidelity possible in England, nor can the New York policeman, despite his monotonous grandeur of size. In fact, all our servants, private and public, are drawn from many nationalities, and we have not yet smoothed or coerced them into a general correspondence with our own corporate manners and ideals.

Dudes we have, but not in such amusing numbers as London, nor nearly so large a proportion of those elder lilies-of-the-pavement whose scientific name is "men-about-town," all blooming precisely alike from the curve of their boot-tips to the minutest shaping of their collars and the tenor of their speech; and the beautifully attired, beautifully self-satisfied, beautifully vacuous-looking old gentlemen who decorate the club-windows and the parkways of London are present with us only in rare examples. Again, clerical types make default almost as wholly as do military types; and with all our variety in feminine types, the dowager hardly lives among us. To be a true dowager, not only age and social experience are needed, but social devoutness and an ingrained fine assumption of great social power; so for this type we shall have to wait until the generation now entering middle life sees its grandchildren growing into manhood.

Probably we shall get it then, for this generation now plays a much more important rôle than was formerly attempted by people of similar age. One can feel sure that nothing will ever quite break the scepter of the American girl. But, in New York at least, a rival scepter has recently been erected, held by her married



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"SHE LOOKS WELL AT A BALL."

sisters and her mother. Nay, the youthful matron has actually captured the girl's right to the first place in society, and she does not yield what she has achieved even when the adjective no longer fits her. Of course there is great gain in this, for social talent, like other gifts, must be developed as well as born; and a reflex part of the gain already shows in the improvement of the girl herself. Her manners have greatly bettered; she dresses more attractively than ever, because more appropriately; she thinks more about her mind and her intellectual tastes—indeed, just now, her ambition in this respect hardly takes enough account of the boundaries prescribed by her sex and age; and, as was not formerly the case, she continues to improve as she grows older. Married or unmarried, a well-bred New York woman is now apt to be more charming at thirty than at twenty, and not to have lost very much at forty; and this often applies to her looks as well as her mental characteristics. Of her chief physical characteristic do I need to speak? Other American towns may claim more beauty within their borders, but all will agree that the New York woman, individually and collectively, leads in that combination of the results of money, good taste, unaggressive self-content, and that highly finished physical bearing which, in the vernacular, is called "style."

As a rule, I think, she is most attractive in her daytime clothes. She looks well at a ball and well in an opera-box, but better yet in her carriage, and especially in summer when outdoor plumage may be bright and light, beribboned, belaced, and very fluttersome. Shall I venture to say that this is because she is a singularly pretty person rather than a beautiful person? Only true beauty of face and form shows at its best in ball-attire, and the statelier it is the better it then appears. But stateliness of manner and regularity of feature are not the characteristic merits of New York women: brilliancy of expression, rather, charm of eyes and mouth and color, vivacity, piquancy, and a flexuous grace of movement. And therefore when I say that daytime clothes become her best, I do not mean the kind which so singularly well becomes her sturdier English cousin. She is not at her bonniest when tailor-made. If she could wear her tea-gowns in public, the public would probably then admire her most. But failing this, it may very pleasurably contemplate her at the evening sessions of the horse-show. Almost a special type of costume has been devised for her for these particular occasions, more gay and ornate than any worn with bonnets at any other time in town. And when you see her thus arrayed, and multitudinously repeated, you feel that the horse-show must have been established less to display our steeds than to display our young women in the most scientifically favorable light.

Going outdoors again, and looking at our down-town streets, the most conspicuous type is so ubiquitous that it may simply be called the New York business-man. We all know him—well featured, but hardly handsome; well rounded as to cheek and form, but not with the stodgy plumpness of John Bull; well dressed sometimes, and at other times showing that he has tried to be; looking prosperous even when he is not; affable to the point of familiarity; good-natured and generous almost to the point of weakness; and yet certainly not an altruist by profession or by practice. We all know him, and we also know our German business types in their purely Teutonic and their Hebraic varieties; and just as well, the dignified figure of the elder commercial or professional New Yorker—quiet and refined in face and manner, kindly and courteous in speech, yet with a curious shrewdness of eye and mind. But if I should try to fill out the catalogue of our masculine types, I should have to name almost all those of all America. Hardly more than one is missing. This is the traditional Brother Jonathan type—the "hayseed" type. The real country is much farther from Wall street than from the center of Boston or Chicago; even the most guileless suburban soon learns to assume a measure of our sophistication; and with the development of this the shambling gauntness of proverb and comedy seems to disappear.

It may be worth while to add that once when I said, "How unlike each other are our American faces, yet how quickly we recognize any one of them among European faces!—I wish I knew why," a foreign friend replied that she could tell me why. "The typical American mouth," she said, "is more sensitive than that of other races, and the chin is slenderer; but the main peculiarities are the shape and setting of the eyes, and especially the modeling of the cheek-bones. You have high cheek-bones, but they are narrow, while when they are high in other races they are broad and flat, as with the Japanese, or square, as with the Scandinavians." I am afraid she thought that we all looked a little foxy; but a fox's face has beauty, and shows a keen sense of humor as well as its own sort of cleverness; and besides, every one knows that it is merely a mask.

IV.

Now, what do we see if we look at people in New York collectively again, but from the point of view of their social life?

First we see that "New York society" is not a single sovereign body—one and inseparable to-day as it was in olden days. Of course



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

AT THE HORSE SHOW.

there is one circle, one "set," more prominent, more self-exalting, more "highly fashionable," than any other, and it is often described as containing only a few hundred people. But these are merely such members of the best society in New York as tread the social mill with peculiar diligence and, apparently, with peculiar zest. Closely connected with them are a great many others who make less of a career of their pleasuring, but, an they would, might be as highly fashionable as any one else.

It is largely from among this latter class that are recruited certain circles which touch edges with the most conspicuous. They are formed in part of New Yorkers as well born and bred as the best, and in part of people, once strange to New York, who have made themselves important within her gates. In these circles the brains and the humor and the wit, the progressive energy, and the higher cultivation, of New York are chiefly to be found; and it is to them that come accredited almost all the famous (which does not mean titled) foreigners who pass by Sandy Hook. Here there is excellent conversation as well as lively talk — excellent nutriment for mind and soul, although less sumptuous feasting for the mouth and eye than in the "smartest" circles. Here one learns about what is being thought and done in our town and in other parts of the world, and not merely about what is "going on." Here genuine reputations are made, the true



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

GOING HOME FROM THE THEATER.

critical, appreciative, and prophetical voice of New York is uplifted, and most of those things are said and planned which seriously redound to her credit; and our very fashionable folk might be surprised could they realize how rarely their ideals are deferred to here, or their verdicts quoted, and how seldom their own kind of prestige is considered enviable.

While no strict line separates these social circles from the most ultra-fashionable, and while some people pass constantly between them, yet I think it is not harder to enter the very "smartest" set in New York than, if you happen to belong to it, to find a welcome just outside it. Of course the reason for this fact is easily read. It merely means that few fashionable folk seem interesting, seem "worth while," to those who are helping to turn the wheels of the big, busy, thinking, experimenting world, because few of them know much about these wheels, or the goals toward which they tend.

A social body such as I am trying to define can never be as conspicuous as the "smart set" of New Yorkers, for its members have not so much time to give to amusement, nor so much money; and as yet it is not as thoroughly organized, as highly conscious of its own powers and resources, as determined to make the most of itself for its own entertainment, and, therefore, not to be over gracious to people who may have other claims upon respect, but who lack the social talent which alone is truly valuable in social life. But a generation ago such a body did not exist at all; year by year it is developing and crystallizing, and the next generation ought to see an intellectual and artistic society in New York, comparable in significance, variety, and interest to that which exists in London, likewise touching edges with ultra-fashionable circles, yet not to be confounded with these, and very far indeed from being jealous of them.

One reason why this society must rapidly increase in numbers and importance is because high intelligences are less often born under the mantle of Dame Fashion in New York than they seem to be in Boston, for example — or, at least, are less likely to be nourished there to full development; so when they do appear beneath this mantle, they are tempted to shake off its folds, and seek association with their kind elsewhere. And surely we may find another reason in the fact that to immigrants New York is more than the most hospitable, that she is the most affectionate, the most motherly, city in the world. She has little time to bestow upon strangers briefly tarrying within her doors, and therefore they sometimes fill the air with taunts of cold indifference as they depart, especially if they had arrived with an undue sense of their personal importance, fostered by the attentions of smaller and less level-headed towns. But come to her claiming a home, and, if you have any importance at all, presto! she forgets that you were not born of her body. Say you intend to be a New Yorker, and you are one, if you have any charm or merit upon which to base your resolve. New York will make no difference between you and her veritable children; soon you will feel none yourself, and, after a little, the fact that you are not her veritable child will be forgotten, only to be recovered when your obituary is in type.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

GOING HOME FROM THE SHOP.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

IN THE WRONG SET.

In all of this, I may note, New York is the very opposite of Boston. Boston is found most gratifyingly gracious by her visitors, no matter how well they may think of themselves before they arrive. But she refuses really to adopt any children, or, at the best, she seems to them like a stepmother obliged by conscience, not by inclination, to be just and somewhat kind.

Even the most fashionable circles in New York open not unreadily to applicants supplied with such credentials as are valid there; and it is a pleasure to say that these credentials, if they do not often take the form of intellect or talent, are by no means to be confounded with the claims of mere birth, or of mere wealth and a willingness to spend it lavishly. They must be social diplomas of a better kind than this. They must mean first, of course, an interest in the things which interest society's present members — a similar point of view as regards the meaning of existence; and then, some measure of social talent: of training in the ways of what is called the world, of agreeableness and adaptability, of gracious, cultivated manners, and of refinement in external things at least. Fashionable society is very conventional and inelastic, very narrow-visioned, and not a little timid in New York. But so it is almost everywhere on earth; and in New York it is less snobbish, and, at bottom, less influenced by the love of money than, for example, in London town.

Indeed, many of the faults and follies of our fashionable folk should be painted with a lighter tint than is sometimes employed, and they have done the community very good service in certain ways. Try as hard as they may, their imitation of the domestic pomp of European capitals does not nearly equal the undemocratic original thing. Their restless, excessive love for travel, and even for expatriation, cannot have a very bad effect upon any one but themselves; other people are too firmly bound at home by the ties of genuine local interests. And when the result of their lack of absorbing urban oc-

cupations takes the better form of a taste for country life and its wholesome pleasures, they are setting an example which has already profited our citizens of every class. Anglomania is not really very prevalent among them; they do not make or approve of mercenary marriages one-tenth part as frequently as our comic papers say; and even their international marriages are often instances of true love upon which the public sees fit to put a mask. In making athletics fashionable they have made them popular. They have done the same for the sensible physical education of girls. They have raised our standards as regards dainty housekeeping, good cooking, and the training of children in properly modest manners, and they have introduced that once un-American person, the chaperon, for whom our need develops in geometrical proportion to the increasing size of our towns. They often give a portion of their time as well as their money to works of beneficence. Of course they have led the way in refining the taste of America as regards, not attire and cookery alone, but other external material factors in life; and they have also been most prominent in buying works of art, although one cannot call them the best judges or most genuine lovers of art in the community. Artistic reputations they cannot make; but they do much good by patronizing those whom their less wealthy fellow-citizens can only admire and praise, and they will do more good in this way when they learn to believe what they are told with regard to American as well as foreign artists.

V.

BUT I have not yet got to the end of all the forms which social life takes in New York. What other town can show so many groups of foreign citizens as prosperous, united, and well organized for social life as ours? Look at the club-houses of our Germans, for instance; think of their musical societies, half artistic, half social in aim; read of their weddings and balls, where money is spent and diamonds are shown as profusely as on fashionable Fifth Avenue. And note the number of Teutonic or Hebrew-Teutonic faces in the finest carriages in Central Park. It will seem as though all of us Americans might be swept away and New York still exist, socially no less than industrially. Then, we have many well-to-do Italians who have a social existence of their own, and the same is true of our Spaniards and Spanish-Americans. Our French people and our Greeks are fewer, but they still remember that they are French and Greek when their social instincts awaken. It is only the Irish who grow less clannish as they take unto themselves of the dollars of New York.

A strange spectacle is presented by all these nationalities, all these clear dividing lines; and it seems still stranger when we understand that, nevertheless, every one in New York soon feels himself a loyal New Yorker. Of course, taking these last words as a text, and trying to show what they mean and what they ought to mean, a fine little lecture might be preached, bristling with peculiar points (and very sharp ones), and strongly flushed with local color of a rather dismal tint. But it lies more in my path to note the fact that, despite all this social activity, thousands of men and women in New York have no social life at all.

I do not mean such rich people as willingly shut themselves into narrow domesticities; nor do I mean the really poor—these have their own cheerful ways of associating, as perhaps Mr. Harrigan's theater has shown you. I speak of people belonging by birth and circumstances to the intermediate ranks.

In no community of our race and tongue do the so-called middle classes show as much desire for social pleasures as they do in Continental lands—or perhaps I should write aptitude instead of desire. But in New York their case is aggravated not only by our large proportion of strangers, needing time to settle and to throw out social roots, but, among strangers and natives alike, by the great cost of our soil. This means very high rents, and these mean boarding-house life for multitudes of families who elsewhere would have homes of their own: it is said that half the houses within two blocks of Fifth Avenue and between Thirty-fourth street and Central Park are boarding-houses of the better and more high-priced kinds. Then, by a natural reaction (or contamination), the easy-going pseudo-social life of the boarding-house and cheap hotel aids our profusion of public pleasures in keeping many people contentedly adrift after they might have homes and begin to form genuine social ties. These people, and many others with small incomes who do have homes of their own (but most often in cramped, inhospitable flats), find their amusement in theaters and restaurants and the motley pageants of the streets, or, if more soberly minded, in concert- and lecture-rooms and at church entertainments.

And thus, I think, we find a reason for much of that persistent love of shopping and spending with which the middle-class women of New York are so often reproached, and for the overdressing in street and theater which is its chief result. Outside of home walls it is hard to train girls well in mind or spirit or manners, and it is hard for women to find sensible occupations. The idleness of shallow minds naturally finds relief in extravagance, and where there is no home to make lovely, extravagance finds its only outlet in amassing personal apparel, while

the same is true of that natural love for pretty things which assails even the least extravagant of my sex. Then, if social occasions do not exist for the display of fine clothes, it is small wonder that they are displayed where plain clothes would be better — that the great importance of appropriateness, as essential in costume as in art, should be entirely overlooked.

But the idle and selfish and mentally slipshod habits fostered by boarding-house life have worse results than these. The lack of thorough education, of domestic duties and pleasures, of steady standards in customs and behavior, of the refining power of true social enjoyments and restraints, shows — I need not explain just how — in the faces, the voices, the carriage, the demeanor of thousands of the overdressed young girls and wives who throng our streets and theaters. If one studies them a little, these seem wise words which I recently heard a New York woman speak: "I would far rather have my daughter a working-girl in New York than a girl like one of those who, from the vantage-ground of their fine clothes, their idle, unguarded hours, and their abundance of pocket-money, look down upon working-girls as immeasurably beneath them."

But any one whosoever that looks down upon the working-girls of New York makes a sad mistake; and I speak as much of those who labor in a factory as of those who sell in a shop or "run" a typewriter. Bad girls there are among them, and foolish girls who easily may become bad. But the good ones, the wise ones, are very much more numerous, and they are good and wise amid temptations which make of mere respectability almost an heroic virtue, of mere common sense almost an inspiration. Any one who understands what these girls really are, and what they so easily might be, must respect and admire their character, whether he be amused or shocked by the saucy independence, the "flip" tone of good-fellowship with men, and the confessed familiarity with evil under which this character is often hidden. Moreover, if he inquires about their more intimate relationships with men, he will find them limited and controlled by rules of etiquette, different, indeed, from those which prevail in aristocratic circles, but quite as moral and quite as strictly obeyed; whereas, with what I may call the boarding-house classes, social rules too often mean no more than the dictates of untrained personal impulse.

VI.

We have no true "leisure class" in New York, unless our wealthy women may by themselves be said to constitute such a class. Almost without exception even our wealthiest men are busy workers. Nevertheless, the meaning of the extremes of riches and poverty is bitterly expressed by the contrast between what have been called Upper and Nether New York. Indeed, nowhere else except in London is this meaning so bitterly expressed upon so large a scale. As I now use the term, Upper New York does not indicate the up-town parts of the city. It typifies that central strip running from end to end of the island, and stretching into certain lateral quarters, which the well-to-do possess, while Nether New York implies all those shabby quarters of the East side and the West wherein the majority of the well-to-do never set a foot.

Walk through the brightest regions of Upper New York, in the early evening, as their places of amusement open, as the garlands of fire bloom out upon Diana's tower, as the great hotels and restaurants and theaters blaze their invitations in streams of golden light across the sidewalks, as luxurious carriages and well-tended horses fill the street, as the doors of one mansion and another swing back with the promise of dainty dining, and through the chinks in the curtains of countless quiet homes come rays like those of Christmas stars: if this is the only New York you see, and if you do not peer below the surface of some of its most glittering or most innocent-appearing spots, it may well amuse and please you; you may well admire the progress, the material development of the last twenty years, and praise our taste and cultivation, our public spirit, our gaiety, hospitality, and kindliness.

I do not intend to detail for you the picture on the reverse side of our civic shield. You might not like to go through the nethermost parts of Nether New York — through that square mile, for instance, where three hundred thousand people live, more closely packed together than people in any European town; and I should be loath to show you just how they live, or how and why they die — die in such ways and for such reasons that one tenth of all our funerals have at their end a pauper's grave. You would not even realize what this fact means unless I could make you understand how much less important it seems to the very poorest that they should continue to live than that they should lie in paid-for graves. You might see dreadful things in the streets of this region, more dreadful things in its flaming bar-rooms and dance-halls, things most dreadful and pitiful beyond words in its damp and filthy cellars, in its naked attics, which are cold past sufferance in winter, and in summer pestilential with a tropic heat. And now you might hear the desperate cry, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," and again the still more desperate moan, "Help us to eat, drink, and

be warm, just for once — for we are dying to-day."

I am not wise enough to take you through these black hives where vice and crime are at once fostered and excused by ignorance, poverty, and pain; not wise enough, and not patient enough with the sins which lie back of the sins we should see there — back in the beliefs and customs and daily actions of each and every social class that helps to populate New York. But I can point you to a very wise and patient guide whom, in some serious hour, it should do you great good to follow. Read what Mr. Riis has to tell you about "How the Other Half Lives" in New York, and about "The Children of the Poor" of New York; and then judge our civilization by Christ's simple tests — *Thy neighbor as thyself*, and *The stranger by the wayside whom others have despoiled, he is thy neighbor*. Read these books carefully, and then see if you do not confess that back of all human evil lies ignorance, and that the burden of the ignorance in New York is shared between its rich and its poor.

Yes; and not in an equal measure. For example, those who have studied such matters attribute half the crime in New York to drunkenness, but they attribute at least half the drunkenness in New York to wastefulness and bad cooking in the homes of the poor. Can we blame the miserable sickly drudge, born and nurtured in such slums as ours, because she does not know how to spend her husband's scanty earnings to advantage, because she does not know how to cook his food so that he will not crave the supplement of drink? Can we blame for similar ignorance even the girls in better homes who are forced to go directly from the public school to the shop or factory, never having time to learn the little that their mothers may know?

But would our slums exist if we all knew about them and their fatal work — streets and acres of tenements in which decent living is impossible, which are as poisonous to the souls as to the bodies of their inmates? Would our present methods of manufacture and trade be permitted if we all grasped their deadly effects upon individuals, their deadly menace to the well-being of the community as a whole?

Do you know that among the 135,595 families — not persons — registered by the Charity Organization Society as asking for help during a recent period of eight years, more than fifty per cent. were honestly seeking work and finding none? Do you grasp the real meaning of "no work" in families where a day's wage can but pay for a day's hard fare, and leave no penny over? Can you appreciate the unspeakable danger, moral as well as physical, involved in the fact that among 150,000 women who, in our town, earn their living, and often the living of men and children too, the average wage — not the lowest, but the average where some are paid pretty well — is only sixty cents a day? Have you tried to understand the tenor of lives like those of seamstresses who get from twenty to thirty-five cents a dozen for making flannel shirts, and a dollar and a half a dozen for calico wrappers? Or to fancy how it must feel to labor for such pittances in cold and semi-darkness from four in the morning until eleven at night? Or to estimate their purchasing power when coal must be bought by the bucket at the rate of twenty dollars a ton, and rent in the vilest purlieus must be paid at a higher ratio upon the invested capital than is asked on Fifth Avenue? If you and every other man and woman in New York could be brought to realize these things, and to ponder them a little, would they not cease to be? Surely it must be our ignorance, not our hard-heartedness, which permits them now. But is our ignorance — yours and mine and that of all the rich and the well-to-do — as readily excusable as that of the very poor themselves? Where lies the real responsibility for the wretchedness of Nether New York?

VII.

I SHOULD be unjust to the poorest people in New York, however, if I left you to believe that you would be only shocked and alarmed did you visit them in their homes. The whitest virtue, the most lovely merit, lives among them, as well as the darkest crime and sin. When they are not wicked it is sometimes through respect, of course, for the terrors of the law, and sometimes through the apathy of debilitated souls and bodies leading lives of hopeless struggle or forlorn surrender. But it is very often because of marvelous excellences in themselves — because of a self-respect, a patience, a fortitude, a resignation, a perennial hopefulness, a pathetic gratitude for small good-fortunes, a lack of the passions of envy and jealousy, which would surprise us did we find them among the richest, the most cultivated, the most pious people. No philosopher is surprised to find them more often among poor and suffering and sorely tempted people, for of course virtue can reach heroic heights only under stress and strain: the real marvel is that human nature should be able to compass such heights at all.

Sometimes, indeed, one is tempted to think that God will never let extreme poverty be uprooted lest the extremes of virtue be forgotten. Do you know that the tiny gifts in money and food which pass from almost empty to quite empty hands in this town of ours must exceed in their noble aggregate the lordly sums that our rich folk give in charity? Do you know

the ease with which virtue is propagated and the need for charity is removed once material conditions have been bettered? Do you know that among the eighty thousand waifs of our slums sent by the Children's Aid Society to country homes and followed by many times eighty thousand letters of inquiry, only four per cent. are reported as having "gone wrong"? It is facts like these which should make it easy to approach the people of Nether New York in that spirit of fellow-feeling, of true and brotherly love, through which alone real assistance may be given them — justice instead of charity, prevention instead of relief, better chances at the beginning of life instead of punishment at its end. It is facts like these which should make us look hopefully for the day, distant though it may be, when no such immeasurable difference will exist between the people of the two parts of our town, no such terrible, unchristian contrast between the pictures on the two sides of our civic shield.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

KATE NEGLEY'S LEADINGS.

By the Author of "The Floating Bethel."

MRS. MELISSA ALLGOOD gathered the last handful of meal from the pan on her arm, and scattered it among the young guineas. "Them little guinea-fowl," she said, "can come about as near eatin' folks out of house and home as the next one. They ain't got the ambition to scratch for theirselves that young chickens has, or young turkeys, or goslin's; but seems like I like 'em all the more for it. It 's same as babies — they got to have everything done for 'em; and so helpless and confidin' that folks can't keep from lovin' 'em even *when* they got drawbacks."

She settled herself comfortably on the smoke-house step, and pushed back the white sunbonnet from her plump, rosy face and warm blue eyes.

"But I commenced tellin' you about Kate Negley and the doctor, and here I am plumb off on the guinea line. I never was much of a talker noways, and can't stick to what I want to tell. Ma she always says when I commence to tell anything, 'Now, M'liss, you shut up, and le' *me* tell that; you 'll talk all day.' Well, as I was sayin', when Kate Negley takes anything, she takes it pretty hard. When she had the whoopin'-cough and chicken-pox and measles, she had 'em worse 'n anybody else; and when she fell in love with Dr. Negley, she had *that* awful bad. Them that run could read. So when she got sanctification, nobody was n't surprised when she taken that hard, too. She said she 'd never stop till she was as wholly sanctified as they make 'em. And she never got tired searchin' the Scriptures to find out somethin' you must n't do. Then she 'd get up next Sunday in meetin', and tell about such and such a text, and her havin' such and such a leadin,' or experience, on that line, and feelin' called to tell it. Kate Negley she commenced to get so terrible godly, all the rest of us jest felt like we was n't nowheres.

"One of her notions was that nobody could n't be sanctified and drink coffee. You know Solomon says, 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragin',' and Kate Negley say if coffee was n't strong drink she never seen any, and that anybody that 'u'd drink it was n't truly sanctified. That riled the Station folks consid'able. Of co'se we all thought it was wrong to drink liquor, and we had local option anyways in the Station; but most of us did n't set no store on its bein' wrong to drink coffee.

"The next notion she taken up was on the tobacco line. She got up and talked on that line when she knowed Brother Cheatham hisself, that was then preachin' for us, chewed tobacco and smoked. She said it was a mark of the beast. She said she was 'fraid a heap of church members would spend eternity in a' awful hell.

"The Station folks had n't much more 'n got over that talk before one Sunday Kate Negley come in church with her hair hangin' down her back; and after preachin' she up and say she 'd had a bright experience on the hair line; that she been studyin' a long time about what Paul says about women folks adornin' theirselves with modest apparel, and not with braided hair or jewels or costly array. She say she done give up the jewels and costly array too long ago to talk about, but she never did quite understand about the braided hair. She say she always s'posed it meant platted, and she quit plattin' her hair when she first got the blessin'. But she say she never was jest easy about it, and she went up to town to see her cousin Mis' Simmons last week, and Mis' Simmons done got a new dictionary, and she think that 's a good chance to find out jest what 'braided' meant. So she found where it explain the word 'braided,' and she say it say 'braided' means

'to bend, to twist, to entwine, to plat'; and Kate Negley say if any woman can put up her hair without doin' one of them things, she 'd like to see 'em do it. She say she think it 's violation of the word of God for women to put their hair up, and that she never expect to wear hern put up again; and she advise all them that want to be wholly sanctified never to wear *their* hair put up no more. Well, that jest more 'n stirred up the women folks, and some of 'em was right in for lettin' their hair hang down their backs like Kate Negley's. But the men folks they held a meetin', and passed resolutions that the first woman that turned her hair loose that a-way her husban' 'd up and leave her; and that settled 'em.

"Dr. Negley he did n't join in that meetin', and all the men folks was kind of 'fraid to ask him to join. Dr. Negley he 's a saint on earth, if I do say it, and him not sanctified. He 's jest the easiest, kindest, generousest man you ever see, and done spoilt Kate Negley to death 's what 's the matter with her now. He jest thinks Kate Negley can't be beat nowheres, and anything she do is all right. When she let her hair down, he jest say that 's all right, he think she look mighty pretty that a-way. And I don't say she did n't. Her hair it 's curly, and not very long, and ain't got a gray thread in it; and I always thought it *did* look real pretty. But laws! th'ain't a woman in a thousand could have done it and looked decent. But Kate she always was a real pretty woman, and before she got sanctification she used to know it, and used to be terrible stylish and fashionable, and put on more airs than ever was seen in these parts. Doctor he jest give her more 'n was good for any woman. The year after they was married he built her the nicest house in the Station — two stories, and seven rooms in it, and porches and windows all round. They never had no children, and the doctor he taken out all his spoilin' on Kate, and she used to it, and look for it. Of co'se when Kate got religion she natchully wanted to convert the doctor the first thing; but he kind of shake his head and laugh a little, and say he think she got enough religion to carry 'em both through, and for her to go 'long and do the prayin' and shoutin' while he make the livin'.

"Well, after Kate Negley let her hair down she kind of taken a back seat for a while. Seem like she sort of satisfied. And things would have moved along smooth enough if it had n't been for the doctor havin' took up with the Masons when he went to medical college at Louisville. He joined 'em then, and kept up a terrible hankerin' after 'em ever since, look like; and at last he give a' invite to the lodge in town to come out to the Station and get up a branch lodge out here. At first the men folks kind of held back 'count of the initiation and ridin' the goat and that; but finally most of 'em got up their courage and joined — Brother Rolly McKittrick, and Brother Gilly Jones, and Brother Melton, and more of the sanctified, and of *co'se* all the sinners. And even Brother Cheatham hisself joined 'em and met with 'em. They hired 'em a room over Bundy's store, and commenced to meet two or three nights a week, and seemed to have consid'able fun. They 'd pass all kinds of signs and winks between 'em, and had a p'tic'lar hand-shake.

"Of co'se the women folks did n't like it none too well, and did n't thank the doctor for bringin' that lodge out here. But they never let on. But I knowed if Kate Negley had feelin's on the subject we 'd hear from her. Sure enough, about three weeks after that lodge got started to runnin' nice, Kate Negley she up one Sunday after preachin' and say she been a-warrin' with the spirit till she reach a point where she must move out and speak, or lose her own soul. She say she done refuse to take action till she pretty near lost the blessin', and got plumb desperate. She say the p'tic'lar line she felt called to speak on was secret societies and lodges. She say she had a big leadin' on that line, but she been a-quenchin' the spirit, and pullin' back from the work. But she say when she seen them that ought to speak *would n't* speak, but was jest a-pacin' down the big road theirselves, she dass n't keep quiet no longer. She say the Bible say to lay aside every weight, and be not conformed to the world, and not to have fellowship with the workers of darkness. She say she reckon the lodges might get mad at bein' called workers of darkness; but she say, what else was they? She say who knows what 's goin' on inside that lodge-room? She say *no*body knows, 'cause th'ain't no way in the world to get a peep in*to* it. She say if they was n't workers of darkness, how come they bolt them doors and paint them lower window-panes? She say yea, it was like the Bible said, 'They loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds was evil.' She say yea, 'Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved; but he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest.' She say if their doin's was righteous, why n't they get out in broad daylight an' do 'em? She say how come they act like they 'shamed of 'em? She say if they found any salvation in ridin' a goat, why n't they let the light shine? She say she was 'fraid on the great day there 'd be a division even amongst them that called theirselves sanctified. She say while some was settin' up on the *right* hand, she was 'fraid that others she could name, that had hankered after the company of sinners and

goats in *this* world, would be gettin' a bigger dose of it than they wanted *there!*

"Well, you ought to have seen them men folks while she was a-talkin'! You never see anything look as mad *in* your life. Brother Cheatham he was jest a-boilin', and he jump up right quick, like he goin' to answer her. But he seen she got Scripture on 'em, so he pulled hisself together, and give out a hymn. The doctor he was n't at church, 'cause he never did come; but Monday night, when the lodge met again, Brother Jones and them up and told the doctor what she said. The doctor he laughed real quiet, and told 'em he reckon what he had to stand every day in the week they could certainly stand for a little while on Sunday. He told 'em not to mind; that women was women, and it 'u'd all blow over after while.

"But it did n't blow over. Kate she never said no more in church, but she went around to see all the women folks, and talked to 'em, and expounded Scripture to 'em, and got 'em all stirred up; and they all commenced on their p'tic'lar husbands, and things commenced to run pretty high in the Station. The more the women talked, the more the men went to the lodge to get a little peace. At last Brother Jones and them told the doctor one night he 'd have to do somethin' to shut his wife's mouth, that life was gettin' to be a mighty ornery thing with all the women a-talkin' so much, and they really think something ought to be done. The doctor he 'greed with 'em, and say he think somethin' ought to be done, too. They kep' on discussin' of it till it got pretty late before they knowed it; and more 'n one of 'em felt kind o' trembly goin' home, 'cause they did n't know what their women *would* say this time. The doctor he fairly made tracks for home, and he thought he 'd let hisself in real easy, and not wake up Kate Negley. He turned the knob real quiet, not makin' no noise, and kind of give the door a shove. But the door would n't budge, and he found that door been locked on the inside. He tiptoed round to the kitchen door then, but he found that locked too. Then he tried the dining-room window, but he recollect all the windows got them patent fasteners on 'em to keep out the burglars. So he seen he 'd have to wake up Kate Negley. He tiptoed round to the front door again, and hollered real soft, 'Open the door, Kate!' He waited a little, and then he hollered a little louder, 'I wisht you 'd please get up there and unlock this door!' Still he never got no answer. It was a cold night, too, and blowin' like everything. He rap on the door then, and holler again right loud, and shake the door: 'Hurry up and le' me in, will you? I 'm all but froze!' Then he heard a window goin' up, and Kate Negley poke her head out, right slow, and look at him. 'S'p'osin' you get in with your lodge key!' she says, mighty ca'm like. Then he heard her shut the window and get back into bed.

"The doctor he stood there a minute right still, and then he put out for the wood-house, and pretty soon come back with a' ax. Now, if there was anything in the world that Kate Negley would have set store by if she had n't been sanctified, it was that front door of hern. I don't say she *did* take pride in it, for of co'se them that 's got sanctification has the old Adam took out of 'em, and the carnal mind, and the pride of the eye and the flesh. But I *do* say if there was anything in the world she would have been proud of if she had n't been sanctified, it was that front door. The doctor he sent off somewheres after it; and there never was, or has been, anything like it in the Station. It was cherry wood, consid'ably carved, and had two long panes of whitish glass in it. He come up on the porch, and holler up, 'I 'm a-comin' in with my lodge key!' and with that he let fly at that front door, and before you could say Jack Robi'son he cut it in about a hundred pieces. The glass it made a terrible noise a-fallin', and Kate Negley she come down them stairs two at a time, in her night-clo'es. She wring her hands, and cry and holler. But it never fazed the doctor. He jest kep' a-choppin' till that door jest nice for kindlin'-wood. All he say was, 'You see, I 'm a-gettin' in with my lodge key!' And next day the doctor sent for Abe Timbles, that potters around consid'able at carpenterin', to come and take the measure for the plainest deal door he could make. And that 's the kind of front door Kate Negley's got in her house this day; and she still has her leadin's, but you jest bet she don't have no more on the lodge line."

Lucy S. Furman.

THE END OF THE GAME.

"YOU really can't rouse me to much enthusiasm over the short story," she said. "I know all you would say of it,—subtile, perfect of form, and sonnet-like in finish,—'yet I am well.' Any man may wear its laurels, and I envy him not. But when it comes to the literature of correspondence, then I confess to coveting the crown. I would rather have written a series of fascinating letters than all the short stories of the decade."

"Do it," said he. "Put your next novel into epistolary form."

"I might—and fail more signally than ever in making my characters speak out what is in them. Letters, of all things, must be written from the heart. Fancy the tone Swift's would have taken if he had been told he must correct the proofs on some day of reckoning!"

"The heart is a fiction in literature. We all know what powerful work has been done with the avowed purpose of making money, and by men who would n't have touched pen to paper without that ignoble spur."

"You are a pagan!"

"You are a sentimentalist—shall that be my retort? No; you are simply 'pure womanly.' You can't imagine desires fulfilled without esthetic cringings and moral winces."

"Nothing of the sort; but I do acknowledge the concrete fact that I could n't play dummy in a series of letters."

"Then—collaborate."

"With whom? Some gifted ghost? Prosper Mérimée's?"

"With me. We say good-by to-morrow, after a charming summer acquaintance of six weeks. You leave this hotel, and go back to your Bohemian Boston attic. I return to New York and journalism. Now, let us assume a situation. I am madly in love with you. Don't start! How undramatic you are! You—there my invention halts, though it is easy to see there would be no story without an obstacle. What shall it be, your engagement or mine?"

"You give me a choice of fetters! That 's generous. But I won't take the hackneyed obstacle of 'another,' thank you! Somebody always has to descend to bathos or perfidy in order to extricate himself. No; let 's pretend that we are conscious of a mutual attraction, but don't in the least satisfy each other's ideals of what a man and woman should be."

"Do forgive me for saying how truly Bostonese and priggish!"

"Shall I endeavor to be suburban and flippant? Well, there are dozens of possible situations. Take your choice. Disgrace—my great-uncle has cheated the widow and orphan, and then shot himself."

"No drawback at all, unless you get up some sort of moral scruple about returning the spoils; and that would bore me to such an extent that I should reply only by postal cards."

"Hereditary feud—though in that case we should have to join hands in the regulation manner, and satisfy tradition. My imagination is quite at sea; you propose something."

"Consumption and insanity have been done to death. You might be devoted to a cause, and refuse to give it up for devotion to one man."

"Hundreds of women have fought, bled, and died over that, from 'The Princess' down. Best of all, why not begin the correspondence, and let it determine its own course?"

"Excellent! We will merely draw a heavy line under the fact that I am in love with you. Remember to write only on one side of the paper, won't you? It will save us a deal of copying."

"Yes; and suppose we send the letters flat in large envelops? Then we need only number them, lay them aside, and they are ready for the printer. But I predict a bar to our perfect satisfaction in the completed work. Did you ever yet write a clever thing without having some great-aunt or second cousin accuse you of lending it from your personal experience?"

"Never; and I anticipate what you are going to say. No matter how much the all-knowing public clamors for 'author' of our immortal work, we will lie low and confess nothing. But if it actually does find us out, we will deny it the satisfaction of declaring that our own hearts have been laid bare; for I will claim the woman's part, and you shall have the man's!"

"Clever, indeed; but bold to a 'bragian' extent! Well, say what you like. I will at least deny nothing. How often shall we write?"

"Every day, by all means. I have some important work coming on in December, and I should like to finish this episode of the heart before then. By the way, remember to make no allusion in the letters to the fact that we are playing a game. Let us dress for the part, de-

ceive ourselves into all possible earnestness, and see what swagger things we can do."

In a month the correspondence was in full swing, and, omitting the letters which served as prologue, thus it ran:

HE.

Your yesterday's letter probed my armor at a hundred points. I have loved other women, you say; what, more or less, does it mean when I declare I love you? It is true, I have had my dreams and passions, though I should decidedly object to posing as that species of hero who is not only beautifully Byronic, but truly unwholesome. I am the average man, with a sense of the ideal and a poetic imagination. Therefore have I idealized woman, and to idealize is to love. I loved my cousin May. She grew up and away from me, and married somebody else. She was a bonnie bride,—God bless her!—and meeting her to-day is as commonplace as reading the weather probabilities. Two years after, I wrote sonnets to a woman who never guessed them to be from what I am pleased to call my soul; and this summer, when you met me, I was engaged. You have not seen her, but you have heard of her—a gentle, domestic creature, who would have made me half happy and supremely comfortable. She guessed at my having fled from you because I dared not trust myself to stay, and gave me my freedom. She is no less tranquil, and I am her everlasting debtor. What then? "If these things be so," you say, "what can love mean? What do you give me more than the others? How do I know whether the jewel is mine own, not only to have, but to hold?" You speak like one born yesterday, or as a child forlornly strayed out of Arcadia into these solid streets. Have you yet to learn that a relation must be judged, not by its length, but by its perfection? When I sat with you those moon-fed nights, while the sea washed the rocks at our feet, and we had no need of talking because our thoughts ran together like heavenly horses of the sun, what then? Do you think such communion is often duplicated? Does one find a diamond more than once in a lifetime, or see the perfect arch of the rainbow twice in a summer? Why will you so fatally pull open the petals of this heart-flower, to count the stamens, and determine whether it conforms to this or that system of classification? You know me—the average man. Such as I am, I am yours. If you challenge me to the clearest truth I know how to utter, I confess that I know nothing about eternity, and care less. I ask you to walk step and step with me through this troublous world; and if, some fair morning, I should wake and see your face beside me in that other land which theologians and poets seem to know all about, why, then, I 'll give you merry greeting! But as to swearing that I shall love you eternally, how do I know? I would have sworn it had we met ten years ago. Now the days, inexorable "daughters of time," have brought me wisdom, and I see that our affections are indeed "tents of a night." But passing fair they are, and I prithee, sweet mistress, let me rest in mine undisturbed. You women expect of men a fantastic and impossible loyalty—a loyalty consecrated to keeping a niche vacant for you until you come, and making life forever sterile after you go. God knows your scheme might be a happy and heroic one for some unknown world, made on a different plan, but not in this—not in this! We are growing and changing creatures, like our brothers, the trees. Year by year we put forth shining buds, and renew ourselves in the sun and cherishing air. There *were* birds in last year's nests, I tell you plainly; but now they are gone. Shall my leaves whisper above the poor little brown dwellings with no desire to see them warm again with downy life? Perish the thought!—since change is life, and standstill means decay and death. You are the choice of my prime. Why deny us both our happiness because you cling too long and closely to the dreams of youth?

SHE.

When I read a letter like your last I almost hate you. Fortunately—or the reverse, according as you value my toleration—you do not fall into the Goethean platitudes which would force me to remove myself forever from the risk of hearing them. You are not absolutely blasphemous. You do not say, in so many words, that love is a succession of fancies and phases; and so I am sorry for you without actually despising you. For, believe me, my friend, it is true that though men do not die of love, they should think it possible.

Though, if I deny you, in a year you will have loved again, you should be swearing to me and to yourself that, without me, in your own proper person, you die. And I should know you would not die, and you would know I knew it, because we are neither of us at the morning of life, when one believes that wishing brings the boon; but we should be a little nearer heaven than we are now. For I, alas! doubt you, and you can analyze yourself and me. So, farewell,—nay, rather, honest, plain good-by. May all the gods be with you, for I will not! You need them, and you do not need me more than another.

HE.

Now, by all the powers that rule this curious modern world of analysis and cross-analysis,

or occupy their Olympic leisure in bringing about the madness of our day, it shall not be good-by! The gods shall be with me, but only to fight on my side, not to console me for a victory lost. Poor child! you can't help your temperament, can you? No more can I mine. But yours is the greater curse. You are stung by the gadfly of the ideal, and you are fated to rage through life in search of the perfect love, a perfect lover. Diogenes himself, that prince of visionaries, might have held himself moderate in comparison. You should have lived in a day when I could have claimed your hand through battle with a hundred knights; when your favor would have had baptism of blood, and I could at last have come begging home from Holy Land to die at your feet. You would have canonized me then, in your maiden calendar, with the same single-mindedness and fervor which had inspired you when you buckled on my armor, and sat at prayer and tapestry while I fought the heathen host. And since you are denied that narrow and musty path, you would fain invent wild beasts and paynims of the mind for me to conquer. I must play with you a poetic drama of love, overleap obstacles, and dissect my heart and your own, to note whether the tissues are homogeneous. And I would do it if there were no other way of winning you. I am but a man, an actor in this merry game of life, and I could well play such a pretty interlude, if needs must. But I should do it only under protest, as one might snatch a glove from the arena. Realities far better serve my mood, and I 'd rather sit down with you to one of those flashing hours of lightning speech than rhyme you "love" and "dove" by the ream, and pretend I had not slept since I saw you last. Heaven save us! it 's an easy part to play. Listen; this is how Strephon would woo you — Strephon who has never loved before, and never will gaze on woman's face again while you and he shall live; nay, who shall be constant beyond the stars!

"Last night I could not sleep. The minutes whispered of you, the hours struck your name." (Poor metaphor; but Strephon's metaphors *would* be poor. You find such romantic bathos only in combination with intellectual poverty.) "At midnight I rose, and looked at the moon sailing her sea of blue. Immeasurably far" (or do they know her distance?), "she was yet nearer than you; for no intelligence of the night would bring me news of you. Were you wakeful, and did your thoughts turn burningly to me, as mine to you; or did you wander lonely in dreams whither I could not follow? O most dear, jewel of the earth and desire of all the winds of heaven that dare to touch your cheek, one word from you or I die!"

Do you like it? The style is fatiguing, and the subject-matter, feeble as it is, a tax on the imagination; but I can turn out such stuff by the quarto volume, and perhaps I could even talk it on a rainy day, when you had lighted my pipe, and I was disposed, like a kindly lord and master, to humor you. Dost like it, I say, and wilt have more to-morrow? But whatever thou wilt have, be assured that I will have thee from henceforth and — nay, I cannot say forever, for that would be pure folly, and an arrogance at which fate smiles.

SHE.

WHY do I answer a letter like that — not even earnest, but jeering at me and the holiest of my dreams? I do not know, except that I seem to myself so hopelessly under your influence that I cannot cut this knot at one stroke, as a more heroic woman might. And that brings me to another reason why I should not be to you what we both have hoped. I have accused you of not loving me. I come now to the doubt whether I in the least love you. That you attract me, I grant you, and that the attraction is so strong I can hardly withstand even your written words, I allow with shame; but that I love you — no, I am not sure of it. What have we in common? I am trying to stumble into the path of the ideal, and you are contenting yourself with a daily carnival of intellectual pastimes, with flashing lights and glowing flowers. I want to bind my hopes to emotions that are imperishable, and relations that are infinite; you are content to take the joy of the flying hour, and pledge yourself to no more arduous task than that of making it your own. You disappoint me at every turn, and yet you fascinate me. As I write, the ring of your voice, the remembrance of that radiant look you threw me when you rode away, — for your eyes could laugh because the sky was blue and the air soft, and mine were heavy with tears since I must lose you, — the very thought of your presence so sweeps over me at times that I whisper the air to carry you the message, "I am yours!" But, after all, I am not. An inner self — a dissenting, stern, and resolute self — says "No"; and I cannot yield. Oh, if you but guessed it, I had been easily won before I knew you so well! Had you been less honest, — less insolent, I might write, — had you paid me the compliment of lying to me, you might, I say, have won me; but I suppose I shall some day thank heaven that you did not choose. That you could stop in the midst of a letter to the woman you profess to love, and interpolate a travesty of honest emotion — oh, it sickens me! Let us write no more. What have we to say? For you there are a thousand pleasure-paths, since, as you own, you have an idealizing and poetic

nature, and there are thousands of women for you to idealize. I have been but a throbbing line in your spectrum of life. As for me, perhaps I can some day be wholly thankful that I did, though with breaking heart, choose the highest. Do you remember Guinevere's self-despairing cry:

"I should have loved the highest"?

Do you remember how Maggie Tulliver turned from Stephen, not alone because he was bound to her cousin, but because the nobler part of her nature never responded to his call? I do not court martyrdom with these; but I stretch out my hands to them for help in this stress and trouble of my life, that their memory may give me strength. Do not answer this. Why should we spar with words? To you it may be intellectually amusing; to me it is agony.

HE.

My child, you never gave me so much joy in your life. You say I am fascinating to you. I make my lowest bow, and respond that you are infinitely charming to me. What more do we ask? Love is but a subtile attraction, and there is scarcely one chance in a million that either of us finds in another the mysterious soul-likeness or soul-difference which draws us now together. I consider myself, so to speak, a saturated solution. (Did David Copperfield say that before me?) I can conceive that I might adore some other order of being more than I adore you; but it is not within the remotest possibility that I shall meet such a being during the next fifty years, and at the end of that time I expect to be dust. Therefore we are quite safe, and let us haste to the wedding. By the way, I met Aunt Elizabeth to-day, and told her we are to be married in the spring, and she proposed having some jewels set for you. I could give you dozens of toothsome little items like this, if you did n't keep me so busy writing about the state of my soul, or wildly defending myself from the charge of having one. But I implore you, as a friend,— nay, as a lover, whose peace of mind should be precious to you,— not to mix our affairs with those of bogies out of books like Guinevere and the Tullivers. Why should they be dragged forth to daunt me? I shudder when you tacitly command me to put on buskins and copy some hero of tragic story. Much as I delight in your letters, I tell you frankly they make me nervous. I feel as if I must respond in blank verse, and my muse has been halt and blind this many a year. You have criticized me tremendously, my lady, for the last three weeks. I am going to retaliate, and enlarge upon your greatest fault. Neither wince nor fear me; 't is not that you are not fairest, virtuousest of your sex, but that you have no sense of humor. If you had, you would appreciate that neat little bit about Strephon in my last. I consider it a clever interpolation; but you, being, as I say, destitute of humor, count it a blasphemy against the Unknown Eros. (And let me tell you that Eros, in his best estate, does a precious deal of laughing. He is nut-brown and rosy, and I should n't wonder if he were fed on strong ale and meat, instead of sweets and syllabub.) Think not, though, that I love thee less for thy foolish seriousness, for in that thou art the more feminine. No woman yet ever had a man's sense of humor without losing some essence of fineness, some aroma of her sex, priceless beyond jewels. And so I do not accuse you because I would have you other than you are, but that you may say to yourself, when you do not approve me, "It is because, being a man, he sees the strange, jagged edges of events, and the way they fit into each other — the awful incongruousness of life; he smiles over the grim irony of the game, and smiles where I should pray." You will keep on striving for the impossible, seeking the gold at the end of the rainbow; and I shall pore over the pebbles at my feet, in search of some more shining than the rest, to build into our garden wall. We will still be different, but alike in that we love each other.

HE.

(*Telegram.*) Are you ill? Why do you not write?

SHE.

(*Telegram.*) I am quite well. Letter follows.

SHE.

My Friend: My last letter tells you my reason for not writing. How could you have misread it or forgotten? I said then that we have nothing in common, and that we must part. What could I add? There was no need of further valedictory. Yet if there be need, let me say now that I wish you all good, all happiness and peace. I am your friend . . .

HE.

The strikes are making dramas at every street corner. I am out all day, and writing leaders at night. It's a tremendous chance to do splendid work, but I shall throw it up and go to you if I don't hear by the next mail. What right have you to withdraw from your faith — your bond? You are mine, I tell you! I can't stop to argue, with socialism pulling at one sleeve and love at the other; but — come! stand up

like a man, and tell me you love me. I challenge you!

SHE.

Do not think of coming to me when you can march in the van of a movement like this, and throw one influencing note into the uproar of voices. I think of you as Taillefer before Hastings; and the struggle of class to-day is no less tremendous than that between races eight centuries ago. Oh, that I too were wise enough to influence the scale by a hair! But I am not, and therefore I joy in knowing that I have a friend in the field, and that he will fight for me. Of course I shall write to you. There is no bar to friendship between us, but with that line we stop. We have been foolish in attempting to cross it; and having seen our mistake, we remain henceforth in the level meadows on the hither side of prudence. Beyond were mountain-tops of exaltation (so we thought) and valleys of despair, as one of us found; but here there is peace. Let us talk no more of our futile dreams, but, if we do write, speak only of the problems of this great day — so dark, yet so sure to burn away its clouds. I read eagerly everything that you send me. Your last article seemed to me perfect, broadly humanitarian, and yet full of the keenest common sense. Your sarcastic mirroring of the pure philanthropist, "the merely good, who constantly needs the supervision of the truly wise," may be — must be — true. I acquiesce, because you are a student and I am not; but at each word I shrink for fear the next will prove you mere scoffer and cynic. But it does not. I can believe that you are standing the test of sentimentalist and statistician, and — emptiest and most delusive of honors! — are making a name. But to me it is far more that you fill a place in the surging ranks of this ill-trained army of men, and I send you God-speed.

HE.

I HAVE mailed you a bundle of papers. They will show you what I have been about; for my arm is so tired of writing facts, and my brain of matching them, that I shrink from going over the story again, even in a letter. There is, as you will see, a lull. The social caldron is not seething over just at this minute, though the dregs are still agitated. Last night I took my first breath of real rest and relaxation: on my way home, dead tired and too excited to sleep, I saw a light in Mary Wilbur's windows. To speak tersely, as becomes one who has written facts and figures for the last week, she is the woman who broke her engagement with me a few months ago. I rang the bell, and was admitted. She and her mother keep house, in an exquisite fashion, in a little apartment. They were there by the fire — two gentlewomen who, it seemed to me, having no workaday men to wait for, should have been in bed hours before. But "we were talking," said the mother, and the younger woman only smiled a welcome, and busied herself, in a gracious way, in serving a little supper for me. Well, the repose of it all! This, it seemed to me, was the true meaning of the *ewig weibliche* — grace, beauty, poise, without anxiety for the way the battle of life is turning, without undue stress over anything; simple bloom and delight in blooming, like that of the rose in mid-wilderness. Sometimes, when I have been fighting a grimy world-battle, like that of last week (wherein I am afraid I was not so much inspirer and leader as you think), some phase of the esthetic side of life strikes me with such power that I faint and sicken under my longing for it; the reproachful clarion-cry of pure beauty comes across the murky, mob-peopled wilderness of life like a silver trumpet-call. Then nothing seems of value but peace — the peace born of innocence, and not of battles fought or dreams outgrown; and I long for a new life, a new land, unpolluted by utilitarian desires. And all this because two women stayed me with flagons, and talked musically and slow, with fine cadences, of a struggle that seemed to them, as then to me, afar and vain!

I ought to be able to describe Mary Wilbur to you, but I cannot so subtly that you would not think her commonplace. Her eyes are deep, not bright; her hair is an honest brown; her walk would never enslave the eye, though every movement is fine. But she is so finished, so harmonious! You know good breeding is sometimes a matter of inheritance, and again of imitation and constant self-counsel. Well, with her, I believe fine manners to be but the index of her finer soul. It is not even necessary to know her well in order to swear that she never had a thought which would not be pure and beautiful as a flower if it suddenly bloomed into speech. You will say my head is light to-night from wakefulness and weariness, and perhaps you will be right. Yet my soul speaketh as it speaks seldom to any one, and I dare tell you exactly how the beauty and harmony of things have stirred me, and made me long for joy, contentment, peace.

Good-night! Tell me you understand this side of me as well as the hard-headed one that writes leaders and compels in you an admiration for which I don't care a pin. Tell me you understand the real ego, who is himself of the private opinion that he is a bubble, iridescent here and there as he reflects the sun, and speedily to be resolved into nothingness by some wind of fate.

SHE.

No, I do not understand that side of you; but why should I? One hardly expects understanding of the emotional nature from a woman who is in the stress and storm of life, and would not be elsewhere. I am not harmonious, nor am I full of repose, nor do such graces appeal to me when they are the mere results of ignorance and youth, and not of peace attained through strength and wisdom. Yet now I remember you did not ask me to admire this glittering broidery of life, but only to sympathize with you for being dazzled by it. At least I am glad you find such perfect understanding, and I hope you will see Miss Wilbur often. One can easily read your need of relaxation after so severe a strain.

HE.

O femina!—I will not complete the quotation, since it would be manifestly inapplicable. It is your vice, methinks, that you are not more fickle and changing, and one that brings you much discomfort. For if, instead of marching with head erect in the van of your army of ideas (and just and right they usually are), you could take little side excursions with me into the foolish realms of fancy, you would be far happier. But, to return to the apostrophe, abstract of all mystery, with which I began this letter: let me go on from there, and charge you with the most egregious inconsistency ever perpetrated by your sex. For, not many days ago, you did accuse me of lacking ideality and pure sentiment; and now, when I kick up my heels and prance about the pastures of No Man's Land, you do coldly inform me that I am incomprehensible. Prithee, tell me why? Though to-day I am no such man, and can smile at the mood I was in that night. Throughout the last twelve hours I have behaved as becomes a good citizen, and one who might be alderman an the fickle mob would elect him. First, I held a knock-down battle with an apostle of the single-tax (I will not say who was worsted); then I talked with some boys (nay, children; for they were but twenty-one) who are going to reform the world, and bring out a political magazine, and told them how futile and fond all such nonsense is, and that, if they would not have their lives wasted, they should spend them on some form of art, ending with a rhetorical burst,

"The bust outlasts the throne;
The coin, Tiberius."

Then I lunched royally at the club, as one may who has earned much by telling his unwashed brother how to live cleanly and godly; took a middle-aged nap; met Mary Wilbur by chance, and walked with her, soothed anew by her violets' fragrance, and the sweet seriousness of her smile; and dined out — by the way, taking her in to dinner.

Now, listen to me; this letter-writing is only fit for Tantalus. Of course I own it preferable to nothing at all; but time is flying faster than it was in old Herrick's leisurely day, and I am impatient. When will you marry me?

SHE.

WHEN will I marry you? *Never!* I have told you so before; but I tell you so now in a passion of rage at myself for giving you a chance to ask me again, even in so perfunctory a way, and at you for daring to insult me by doing it. You fill your letters with references to the beauty and grace of a woman you professed to love only a few months ago, and then, almost in the same breath, you ask me to marry you! Never — never! Yet perhaps I need not deny you thus passionately. It may be that you feel yourself tacitly bound to me, and ask in order that I may give you a welcome release. I wish you well. Good-by.

HE.

HERE is an end of trifling for you and for me. You profess to treat life more seriously than I, and yet you dare juggle with it. Stand up before the bar of truth and your own soul, and answer me. Do you love me? Yes or no! Not with any sophistical quibblings as to whether I am stable or fickle, good or bad, Philistine or poet. Do you love me — *me* — the me whom you would walk with and talk with, smile at and weep over, if you were my wife? Then, having answered that question as your own honor will have it, ask yourself what it is, in the face of a great fact, a great life-tide like this, if I do tell you a woman is pretty, is sweet, is pleasant. You are you, and I am I; and I call upon you to swear yourself mine. Love is not love that concerns itself with sophistry and shamblings. If you think me weak, why, love me all the more. If I am fickle, wait — if you believe so strongly in eternal passion — till, even after a thousand deflections of fancy, I return to you, though on some other star. *If*, I say; but I pledge you my fealty with the breath of a man, and not a dastard. Therefore, do you now gird your soul with virgin armor, lay your hand in mine, and meet these imps and goblins of life at my side. You would have faced the wild beasts of the forest with me if we had lived in knightly days; but you do fear the unsubstantial psychological spirits

that go with a complex civilization. Are you jealous of Mary Wilbur? She is a sweet woman, but she is not for me, nor am I for her. One question, one answer, settle the status of our little world. Do you love me? For if you do I shall go down to see you to-morrow night; and when I can once look into your eyes, I defy you to tell me anything but the truth.

SHE.

Then, come!

HER answer! It found him standing at the hall door, his mouth set in hard lines, impatience burning in his eyes. He was ready, even to his greatcoat and gloves, for going into the country at the summons of another woman, the one to whom he had been engaged for five years, and whom he had not seen for more than a twelvemonth. He was waiting only for this final letter, and when it came he tore it open, read the two words, and crushed the paper in his hand. He stood there a moment, undecided, immovable. At length—

"God help us all!" he said under his breath. "Does she mean it, or is it a part of the game?"

The clock struck. Still he waited, deep in wretched thought. Now the hands of the timepiece pointed to a moment so late that, whichever way his decision might lead him, it must be followed in haste. He thrust the crumpled note into his pocket, seized his bag, and ran.

Alice Brown.



NOTTINGHAM HUNT.

(AUGUST 22, 1642.)

OH, the dawn is all about us and the dew is in our faces,
Dashed from off the rushing branches as we ride and, riding, sing:
"Yoiks! The hunt is up, the hounds are out, the beaters in their places;
'T is a gallant day for hunting in the name of Charles the King!"

Hi! the chase is well-nigh over, for the game has broken cover,
Scudding out into the open, while the moors and meadows ring
With the yell of horns, the bay of hounds, the shout of lord and lover:
'T is a gallant day for hunting in the name of Charles the King.

Count the rascals as they scamper! If there 's one, there 's one-and-twenty;
There 's the gray old fox Noll Cromwell, crafty Pym, and coward Byng,
Hampden, Hollis, Vane, and Essex—Lord! there 's sport enough in plenty;
'T is a gallant day for hunting in the name of Charles the King.

Now, for God, for Charles, for England! as we close upon the vermin;
The dogs shall tear the many, save old Cromwell; he shall swing.
Aye, we 'll hang him high as Haman, give him hempen rope to squirm in;
'T is a gallant day for hunting in the name of Charles the King.

Soon the sun will be behind us, and the night wind in our faces,
Blowing gaily from the uplands as we ride and, riding, sing:
"Oh, the hunt is done, the horsemen home, the trail has left no traces,
And we ride to lay the brushes at the feet of Charles the King."

Ralph Adams Cram.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

XIII.

WITH slow steps, and pressing her clasped hands to her bodice, the girl reached the door of her father's house at dusk. She knew that he was away, and that as she had not come home earlier her mother would be in the lower rooms preparing Dalrymple's supper. The door which gave access to the staircase from the street was still open, and she was almost sure of being able to reach her own room unobserved, unless she chanced to come upon Dalrymple himself on the stairs. Just then she would rather have met him than her mother. She was in great pain, and it would have been hard to explain to Sora Nanna that she believed herself to have been deliberately poisoned.

She crept noiselessly up the stairs, which were almost dark, and came to Dalrymple's door, which faced the first landing. She paused and hesitated, leaning against the wall. He was a wise man, in her opinion, and would of course understand her symptoms at once. But then, as she was poisoned, he could do nothing for her. If that were true, her next thought told her that Sor Tommaso must have poisoned himself. He would not do that. She had never heard of antidotes; for, though poisoning was traditionally familiar to her and the people of her class, it was very uncommon. Yet her sharpened wit told her that if Sor Tommaso had swallowed the stuff, as he had done, with a smile, he had means at his disposal for counteracting it—some medicine which he had doubtless taken as soon as she had left him. But if he had medicine to save from poison, Dalrymple, who was a far wiser man, must have such medicines too, and even better ones. This reflection decided her. She was close to his door. It was probable that he would be in his room at that hour. She was in fear of her life, and she knocked.

But Dalrymple had not come back. He had gone for a long walk alone in the hills, had climbed higher as the sun sank lower, and was belated in steep paths along which even his mountain-trained feet trod with some caution. He was too familiar with the country to lose his way, but he by no means found the shortest way there was, nor was he especially anxious to do so. The hours would pass sooner in walking than in sitting over his books under the flaring little flames of the three brass beaks.

Annetta saw that there was no light in the room, for the hole through which the latch-string hung was worn wide with use. She felt dizzy, too, and the knife-like pain ran through her so that she bent herself. She knew that Dalrymple kept his medicines locked up in the laboratory, and that she could not get at them, though she would have had little hesitation in swallowing anything she found, in the simple certainty that all his medicines must be good in themselves, and therefore life-saving and good for her. But he was out, and she was sure that there could be nothing in the bedroom. She had herself too often looked into every corner when she watered and swept the brick floor each morning, and put things in order according to her primitive ideas.

She then and there lost her hold upon life. She was poisoned, and must die. She was as sure of it as the Chinaman who has seen an eagle, and who, recognizing that his hour is come, calmly lies down and breathes his last by the mere suspension of volition. In old countries the lower orders, as a rule, have but a low vitality. It may be truer to say that the vital volition is weak. Let the learned settle the definition. The fact is easily accounted for. During generations upon generations the majority of European agricultural populations live upon vegetable food, like the majority of Eastern Asiatics, and with the same result. Hard labor produces hard muscles, but vegetable food yields a low vital tension, so to say. Soldiers know it well enough. The pale-faced city clerk who eats meat twice a day will outfight and outlast and outstarve the burly laborer whose big thews and sinews are mostly compounded of potatoes, corn, and water.

The girl crept up the stairs stealthily to her lonely little room, and lay down to die upon her bed, as though that were the only thing to be done under the circumstances. It never occurred to her to go to her mother and tell her what had happened and what she suspected, any more than it had suggested itself to Sor Tommaso to lay information against her for having stabbed him. If her father had been

at home, she might perhaps have gone to him and told him with her dying breath that the doctor had killed her, and that Stefanone must avenge her. But he was away. She was stronger than her mother, and had always dominated her. She knew, also, that if she complained, Sora Nanna would raise such a scream as would bring half Subiaco running to the house. The girl's animal instinct was to die alone, and quietly. So she made no sound, and lay upon her bed, writhing in pain and holding her sides with all her might, but with close-set teeth and silent lips.

Looked at from the point of view of fact, it was all ridiculous enough. The girl had been all day in the hot autumn sun, had eaten a quantity of overripe figs and grapes, which might have upset the digestion of an ostrich, had tired even her strong limbs with the final walk home, and had then, at Sor Tommaso's house, swallowed nearly a quart of ice-cold water. It was not surprising that she should be very ill. It was not even strange that the theory of poison should suggest itself. To her it was tragedy, and meant nothing less than death, when she lay down upon her bed.

Between the spasms all sorts of things passed through her mind, when her head lay still upon the pillow. But chiefly and particularly her thoughts were filled with hatred of Sor Tommaso, and a sort of doglike longing to see Dalrymple's face before she died. She was still fascinated by the vision of his red hair and bright blue eyes, which came back to her vividly, with the careless smile his hard face had for her half-childish, half-malicious sayings. And with the thought of him came also jealousy of Maria Addolorata, and another hatred which was deeper and stronger and more vengeful than any she owed Sor Tommaso. She felt, rather than understood, that Dalrymple loved the nun with all his heart. She had spoken of her to him and had watched his face, and had seen the quick, savage glare of his eyes, though his voice had expressed only his annoyance. As the vision of him rose before her, she saw him as he had been when the angry blush had overspread his face to the roots of his hair.

The image fixed itself. In the dim shadow behind it she saw the face of Maria Addolorata, like a death-mask, and those strange, deep eyes of the nun looking scornfully at her over the man's shoulder, though she forgot him in the woman's deadly fascination. She stared, unable to close her lids, as it seemed to her, though she longed to shut out the sight. Then a dull noise seemed to be in her ears, a noise that was not a sound, but the stunning effect on her brain of a sound not heard but imagined. There were great circles of light around the nun's head, which cut through Dalrymple's face and then hid it. They were like glories, like the halos about the heads of saints. Annetta was angry with them, for she was sure that Maria Addolorata was bad, and sinned in her throat.

"An evil death on you and all your house!" cried the angry peasant girl, in a low voice.

"Death!" She could not tell whence the echo came back to her, in a tone strange to her ears — for it was her own, perhaps.

She was startled. The vision vanished, and she sat up on her bed with a quick movement, suddenly wide awake. The pain must have passed. No — it came again, but with far less keenness. She felt her face with her hands, and laughed softly, for she knew that she was alive. It was night, and she must have lain some time there all alone, for there was a silvery, misty something through the darkness, the white dawn of moonrise, which is not like the dawn of day, nor like the departing twilight. As she sat up she saw the outline of the hills, jagged against the crosses of the lead-joined panes in the window. There was the moon-dawn sending up its soft radiance to the sky. A little longer she watched, and a single bright point sent one level ray straight into her face. A moment more and the room was flooded with light so that she could see the smallest objects distinctly.

"But I am alive!" she exclaimed in a soft, glad tone. "The brigand only did me a spite. He was afraid to kill me."

The pain seized her again, less sharp than before, but keen enough to stir her anger. She still sat up, but bent forward, clasping her bodice. In the moonlight she could see her heavy shoes on her feet sticking up before her. Realizing that it was a disgraceful thing to lie down with them on, she sprang off the bed, and began to dust the coverlet with her hand. The pain passed.

After all, she reflected, she had swallowed a quantity of cold water at Sor Tommaso's, whether the first glass had contained any poison or not. She had not forgotten, either, that the same thing had once happened to her before, and that Dalrymple had made it pass with a spoonful of something that had stung her mouth and throat, but which had afterward warmed her and cured her. She felt chilly now, and she wished that she had some of that same stinging, warming stuff.

Something moved, somewhere in the house. The girl listened intently for a moment. Probably Dalrymple had come back and was moving about in his room, washing his hands, as he always did before supper, and taking off his heavy boots. His room was immediately under hers, facing in the same direction. She went toward the door, intending to go down

at once and ask him for some of his medicine. By this time she was persuaded that she was not in any danger, and her common sense told her that she had merely made herself momentarily ill with too many grapes, too much cold water, and too long exposure to the sun. She did not care to let her mother know anything about it, for Sora Nanna would scold her. It would be a simple matter to catch the Scotchman at his door, to get what she wanted from him with an easily given promise of secrecy, and then to go down-stairs as though nothing had happened.

Annetta hesitated only a moment, and then went out into the dark staircase, and crept down as she had crept up, feeling her way at the turnings by the wall. She reached the door, and was surprised to see that there was no light within — none of that yellow light which a lamp makes, but only the gray glimmer of the moonlight through the shadow, creeping out by the hole of the latch-string. Her ears had deceived her, and Dalrymple was not there. Nevertheless she believed that he was. The moonlight would be in his room as it was in hers, just overhead, and he might not have taken the trouble to light his lamp. It was very probable. She tapped softly, but there was no answer. She was afraid that her mother might come up the stairs and hear her speaking through the door, as though by stealth. She put her lips close to the hole of the latch and whistled softly. Her whistle was broken by her own smile as she fancied that Dalrymple might start at the unexpected sound.

But there was no response. Growing bolder, she called him gently.

"Signore! Are you there?"

There was no answer. Just then, as she stooped, the pain ran through her once more. She was so sure that she had heard him that she was convinced he must be within, very probably in his little laboratory beyond the bedroom. The pain hurt her, and he had the medicine. Very naturally she pulled the string and pushed the door open.

He was not there. The moonlight flooded everything, and the whitewashed walls reflected it, so that the place was as bright as day. The first object that met her eyes was a small bottle standing near the edge of the table in the middle of the room, where Dalrymple had carelessly set it down in the afternoon when Sora Nanna had called him to read her letter. It was directly in the line of the moon's rays, and the stopper gleamed like a little star.

Annetta started with joy as she saw it. It was the very bottle from which he had given her the camphor less than a month ago — the same in size, in its transparent contents, in its label. It might have deceived a keener eye than hers.

The door of the laboratory stood open, as he had left it, being at the time preoccupied and careless. She stopped only a moment to assure herself that the bottle was the right one, reflecting that he had perhaps felt ill, and had taken some of it himself. She went on and looked into the little room.

"Signore!" she called softly. But there was no answer.

It was clear that Dalrymple was either still out, or was down-stairs at his supper with her mother. He might be out, however. It was quite possible, on such a fine evening, for he was irregular in his hours. He would not like it if he came in suddenly and found her meddling with his belongings. She crossed the room again and softly shut the door. At least, if he came, she would not be found with the bottle in her hand. She could give an excuse.

It was all so natural. It was the same bottle. She knew the right quantity, for she had the peasant's memory for such detail. There was a glass and a decanter of water on a white plate on the table. She had no spoon, but that did not matter. She took out the stopper with her strong fingers, though it stuck a little. The pain ran through her again as she poured some of the contents into the tumbler, and it made her hand shake so that she poured out a little more than necessary. But it did not matter. She filled it up with water, held the glass up to the moonlight, and drank it at a draught, and set the empty tumbler upon the table again.

Instantly her features changed. She felt as though she were struck through head and heart and body with red-hot steel. Maria Addolorata's death-mask rose before her in the moonlight.

"An evil death on you and all your house!" she tried to say.

But the words were not out of her mouth before she shivered, caught herself by the table, sank down, and lay stone dead upon the brick floor.

There was no noise. Dying, she thought she screamed, but only the faintest moan had passed her lips.

The door was shut, and the quiet moonlight floated in and silvered her dark, dead face.

XIV.

At moonrise on that evening, Maria Addolorata was standing at the open door of her cell, watching the dark clouds in the west, as they caught the light, one by one, edge by edge. The black shadow of the convent covered all the garden still, and one passing could hardly have seen her as she stood there. Her veil was raised, and the cold mountain breeze chilled her cheeks. But she did not feel it, for she had

been long by the abbess's bedside, and then long, again, in the close choir of the church, and her head was hot and aching.

To her, as she looked toward the western mountains and watched the piling clouds, and felt the cool, damp wind, it seemed as though there were something strangely tragic in the air that night. The wind whistled now and then through the cracks of the convent windows, and over the crenelations of the old walls, as Death's scythe might whistle if he were mowing down men with a right good will, heaps upon heaps of slain. The old bell struck the hour, sullenly, with a dead thud in the air after each stroke, as a bell tolls for a burial. The very clouds were black and silver in the sky, like a funeral pall.

Maria Addolorata leaned against the doorpost and looked out, her hand white in the shadow against the dark wood, her face whiter still. But on her hands there were two marks, visible even in the dimness. They would have been red in the day, and the place hurt her from time to time, for she had bitten it savagely. It was her pledge, and the pain of it reminded her of what she had promised to do.

She needed the reminder; for, now that he was not near her, the enormous crime stood out, black and lofty as death itself. It was different when Dalrymple was at her side. His violent vitality dragged hers into action; dragged, drove it, and goaded it, as unwilling soldiers have been driven into battle in barbarous armies. Then the fatality seemed irresistible, then the dangers seemed small, and the burning red shame was pale and weak. Those bony young hands of his had strength in them for two, his gleaming eyes burned out the resistance in hers, and lighted them with their own glow. The hearty recklessness of his unbelief drove through and through her composite faith, and riddled it with loopholes for her soul's escape. Then the reality of her passion made her nobler love mad to be free, and to break through the solid walls in which it had been born and had grown too strong. When his love was there, hers matched itself with his, to smite fortune in the face, to dare and outdare heaven and hell for love's sake; with him, the bursting blood made iron of her hand, tingling to buffet coward fate's pale mouth. Then she was strong above woman; then she was brave as brave men; then, having promised, to keep was but the natural hold of will — to die was but to dare one little adversary more.

But she was alone now, and thinking, as she looked out into the tragic night, and watched the blackness of the monumental clouds. She did not return to her former self, as some women do when the goad leaves the heart in peace for a moment. She did not say to herself that she would order the convent gate to be shut on Angus Dalrymple forever, and herself go back to the close choir, to sit in her seat amongst the rest, and sing holy songs with the others, restfully unhappy as many of them were. She knew far too well how strongly her heart could beat and how icy cold her hands could grow when love was near her. Yet she shuddered with horror at what she had promised to do. She would struggle to the last, but she must yield when she heard his voice, and felt his hand, at the very last moment, when they should be at the garden gate, he drawing her on, she looking back.

It was perjury and sacrilege, and earthly shame, and eternal damnation. Nothing less. And the words had full and deadly meaning for her. It mattered little that he should think differently, being of another faith, or rather of no faith at all. It was all true to her. It was not risk; it was certainty. What forgiveness had earth or heaven for a faithless nun? He talked of marriage, and he would marry her according to a rite that had a meaning in his eyes. Heaven would not divorce the sworn and plighted spouse of Christ to be the earthly wife of Angus Dalrymple.

Visions of eternal torment rose in her mind, a tangible searing hell alive with flame and devils, a sea of liquid fire, an ocean of boiling pitch, Satan commanding in the midst, and a myriad of fiends working his tormenting will.

Her pale lips curled scornfully in the dark. Those were not the terrors that frightened her, nor the horrors from which she shrank. There was a question that was not to be answered by her own soul in damnation or salvation, but by the lips of men hereafter — the question of the honor of her name. The traditions of the good old barons were not dead in that day, nor are they all dead yet. Many a Braccio had done evil deeds in his or her day, and one, at least, had evil deeds to do after Maria Addolorata had been laid in her grave. But sin was one thing, and dishonor was quite another, even in the eyes of the nun of Subiaco. For her sins she could and must answer with the weal or woe of her own soul. But her dishonor would be upon her father and her mother, and upon all her race. Nor was there any dishonor deeper, more deadly, or more lasting than that brought upon a stainless name by a faithless nun. Maria Braccio hesitated at disgrace, while Maria Addolorata smiled at perdition. It was not the first time that honor had taken God's part against the devil in the history of her family.

That was the great obstacle of all, and she knew it now. She was able to face all consequences but that, terrible as they might be. The barrier was there, the traditional old belief in

honor as first and above every consideration. They had played upon that very belief when, at the last, she had hesitated to take the veil. She had gone so far, they had told her, that it would be cowardly and dishonorable to turn back at the last minute. The same argument existed now. Then, she would at least have had human right and ecclesiastical law on her side, if she had refused to become a nun. Now, all was against her. Then she would have had to face but the condemning opinion of a few who spoke of implied obligation. Now, she must stand up and be ashamed before the whole world. There would be a horrible publicity about it. She was too high-born not to feel that all the world in which she should ever move was as one great family. Dalrymple might promise her honor and respect, and the affection of his own father and mother for the love of her parents, a home, respected wifehood, and all the rest. With his strength, he might impose her upon his family, and they might treat her as he should dictate, for he was a strong and dominant man. But in their hearts, Protestants, English people, foreigners as they were to her race, even they could not tell themselves honestly that it was not a shameful thing to break such vows as hers, shameful and nothing less. And if, for a moment, he were not there to hold them in his check, she should see it in their faces, and she must hang her head, for she could have nothing to answer. For him she must not only sacrifice her soul, wrench out her faith, break her promise to God, and her vows to the Church; she must give herself to public, earthly shame for his sake.

It was too much. She could bear anything but that. Rather than endure that, it was better to die.

The black clouds rose higher in the west, and the gloomy air blew upon her face. Her head was no longer hot, for a chilly horror had come upon her, like the shadow of something unspeakably awful, close at hand. Suddenly she was afraid to be alone. A bat, lured by the second twilight of the moon's rising, whirled down from above, with softly flapping wings, and almost brushed her face. She drew back quickly into the doorway. It was a very tragic night, she thought. She shut the door, and groped her way out beyond her cell to the corridor dimly illuminated by a single light hanging from the vault by a running cord. She entered the abbess's apartment. One of the sisters had taken her place, but Maria Addolorata sent her away by a gesture, and sat down by the bedside.

The old lady was either asleep or did not notice her niece's coming. Her face was gray as ashes, and upturned in the shadow. Upon the stone floor stood the primitive Italian night-light, a wick supported in a triangular bit of tin by three little corks in oil floating on water in a tumbler. The light was very clear and steady, though there was little of it, and to Maria, who had been long in comparative darkness, the room seemed bright enough. There was little furniture besides the plain bed, a little table, a couple of chairs, and a tall, dark wardrobe. A grim crucifix hung above the abbess's head, on the white wall, the work of an age in which horror was familiar to the eye, and needed exaggeration to teach hardened humanity.

Maria was too much occupied with her own thoughts to notice the sick woman's condition at once. Besides, during the last two days there had been no return of the syncope, and the abbess had seemed to be improving steadily. She breathed rather heavily and seemed to be asleep.

Gradually, however, as the nun sat motionless beside her and as the storm of thought subsided, she became aware that all was not right. Her aunt's face was unnaturally gray, the breathing was unusually slow and heavy. When the breath was drawn in, the thin nostrils flattened themselves strangely on each side, and the features had a peaked look. Maria rose and felt the pulse. It was fluttering, and not always perceptible.

At first Maria's attention to these facts was only mechanical. Then, with a sudden sinking at her own heart, she realized what they might mean — another crisis like the one in which the abbess had so narrowly escaped death. It was true that on that occasion she had called for help more than once, showing that she had felt herself to be sinking. At present she seemed to be unconscious, which, if anything, was a worse feature.

Maria drew a long breath and held it, biting her lips, as people do in moments of suspense, doubt, and anxiety. It was as though fate had thrust the great decision onward at the last moment. The life that hung in the balance before her eyes meant the possibility of waiting, with the feeble consolation of being yet undecided.

She stood as still as a statue, her face like a mask, her hand on the unconscious woman's wrist. The stimulant which Dalrymple had shown her how to use was at hand — the glass with which to administer it. It would prolong life. It might save it.

Should she give it? The seconds ran to minutes, and the dreadful question was unanswered. If the abbess died, as die she almost certainly must within half an hour if the medicine were not given to her — if she died, Maria would call the sisters, the porteress would be instructed, and when Dalrymple came on the morrow he would be told all was over, and that he was no longer needed. Nothing could be more sure. He might

do his utmost. He could not enter the convent again.

In a quick vision, as she stood stone still, Maria saw herself alone in the chapel by night, prostrate, repentant, washing the altar-steps with tears, forgiven of God,—since God could still forgive her,—honored on earth as before, since none but the silent confessor could ever know what she had done, still less what she had meant to do. Her sorrow would be real, overwhelming, able to move Heaven to mercy; her penance true-hearted and severe as she deserved. Her name would be unspotted and unblemished.

It would be so easy, if she had not to see him again. How could she resist him, if he could so much as touch her hand? But if she were defended from him, she could bury his love and pray for him in the memory of the thing dead. All that, if she but let that heavy breathing go on a little longer, if she did not raise her hand and set a glass to those gray, parted lips.

They were parted now. The labored breath was drawn though the teeth. The eyelids were a little raised, and showed but the white of the upturned eyes.

Maria stared fixedly into the pinched face, and a new horror came upon her.

It was murder she was doing. Nothing less. The power to save was there, and she would not use it. No — it could not be murder — it was not possible that she could do murder.

Still with wide eyes she stared. Surely the heavy breath had come more quickly a moment ago. It seemed an age between each rise and fall of the coverlet. There was a ghastly whistling sound of it between the teeth.

It was slower still. The eyelids were gradually opening — the blind white was horrible to see. Each breath was a convulsion that shook the frail body.

It was murder. Her hand shot out like lightning and seized the small bottle. Let anything come — love, shame, heaven, damnation; it should not be murder.

She forced the unstoppered bottle into the dying woman's mouth with a desperate hand. The next breath was drawn with a choking effort. The whole body stirred. The thin hand appeared, grasped the coverlet with distorting energy, and then lay almost still, twitching convulsively second by second. Still Maria tried wildly to pour more of the stimulant between the set teeth. When they parted, no breath came, and the fingers moved only once more, for the very last time.

It was not murder, but it was death. The wasted old woman had outlived by two or three hours the strong young peasant girl, and fate had laid her hand heavily upon the life of Maria Addolorata.

XV.

When Dalrymple came home that evening, he found his supper already on the table and half cold. Sora Nanna was busier than her daughter, and less patient of the Scotchman's irregularities. If he could not come home at a reasonable hour, he must not expect her to keep everything waiting for him.

He sat down to the table without even going up-stairs as usual to wash his hands, simply because the cooked meat would be cold and greasy if he let it stand five minutes longer. Being once seated in his place, he did not move for a long time. Sora Nanna came in more than once. She was very much preoccupied about the load of wine which her husband had ordered to be sent, and which, if possible, she meant to send off before morning, for she did not wish him to be absent in Rome with money in his pocket a day longer than necessary.

Gloomy and preoccupied, without even a book before him, Dalrymple sat with his back to the wall, drinking his wine in silence, and staring at the lamp. Sora Nanna asked him whether he had seen Annetta. He shook his head without speaking. The woman observed that the girls were quite capable of spending a second night at Civitella to prolong the festivities. Dalrymple nodded, not caring at all.

Annetta being absent, Gigetto had not thought it necessary to put in an appearance. But Sora Nanna wished to see him again about the wine. With a grin, she asked Dalrymple whether he would keep house if she went out for half an hour. Again he nodded in silence. He heard her lock from the inside the door which opened from the staircase upon the street, for it was already late. Then she came through the common room again, with her overskirt over her head, went out, and left the door ajar. Dalrymple was alone in the house, unaware that Annetta was lying dead on the floor of his room up-stairs.

Sora Nanna had not been gone a quarter of an hour when a boy came in from the street. Dalrymple knew him, for he was the son of the convent gardener.

The lad said that Dalrymple was wanted immediately, as the abbess was very ill. That was all he knew. He was rather a dull boy, and he repeated mechanically what he had been told. The Scotchman started, and was about to speak, when he checked himself. He asked the boy two or three questions, in the hope of getting more accurate information, but could elicit only a repetition of the message. He was wanted immediately, as the abbess was very ill.

He covered his eyes with his hand for a few seconds. In a flash he saw that if he were ever to carry off Maria Addolorata, it must be to-

night. The chances were a hundred to one that if there were another crisis, the abbess would be dead before he could reach the convent. Once dead, there was no knowing what might happen in the confusion that would ensue, and during the elaborate funeral ceremonies. The man had that daring temper that rises at obstacles as an eagle at a crag, without the slightest hesitation. When he dropped his hand upon the table, he had made up his mind.

It was generally easy to get a good mule at any hour of the night in Subiaco. The mules were in their stables then. In the daytime it would have been very doubtful, when most of them were away in the vineyards, or carrying loads to the neighboring towns. The convent gardener, who was well-to-do in the world, had a very good mule, as Dalrymple knew, and its stable was half-way up the ascent. The boy could saddle it with the pack-saddle without any difficulty, and meet him anywhere he chose. Dalrymple's reputation was excellent as a liberal foreigner who paid well, and the gardener would not blame the boy for saddling the mule without leave.

In a few words Dalrymple explained what he wanted, and to help the lad's understanding he gave him some coppers, which filled the little fellow with energy and delight. The boy was to be at the top of the mule-path leading down from above the convent to the valley, in half an hour. Dalrymple told him that he wished to go to Tivoli, and that the boy could go with him if he chose, after the visit to the abbess was over. The boy ran away to saddle the mule.

Dalrymple rose quickly, and shut the street door, in order to take the lamp with him to his room, and not to leave the house open with no light in it. The case was urgent. He went up-stairs, carrying the lamp, and opened the door of his quarters. Instantly he recognized the faint, sickly odor of hydrocyanide of potassium, and remembered that he had left the bottle with the solution on his table that afternoon, in his hurry. Then he looked down and saw a white face upon the floor, and the flowered bodice and smart skirt of the peasant girl.

He had solid nerves, and possessed that perfect indifference to death as a phenomenon which most medical men acquire in the dissecting-room. But he was shocked when, bending down and setting the lamp upon the floor, he saw in a few seconds that Annetta had been dead some time. He even shook his head a little, very slowly, which meant a great deal for his hard nature. Glancing at the unstoppered bottle and at the empty glass, side by side on the table, he understood at once that the girl, intentionally or by mistake, had swallowed enough of the poison to kill half a dozen strong men. He remembered instantly how he had once given her spirits of camphor when she had felt ill, and he understood all the circumstances in a moment, almost as though he had seen them.

Scarcely thinking of what he was doing, though with an effort which any one who has attempted to lift a dead body from the ground will understand, he took up the lifeless girl, stiff and stark as she was, and laid her upon his own bed. It was a mere instinct of humanity. Then he went back and took the lamp and held it near her face, and shook his head again, thoughtfully. A word of pity escaped his lips, spoken very low.

He set the lamp down on the floor by the bedside, for there was no small table near. There never is, in peasants' houses. He began to walk up and down the room, thinking over the situation, which was grave enough.

Suddenly he smelled the acrid odor of burning cotton. He turned quickly, and saw that he had placed the three-beaked lamp so near to the bed that the overhanging coverlet was directly above one of the flames, and was already smoldering. He smothered it with the stuff itself between his hands, brought the lamp into the laboratory, and set it upon the table.

Then, realizing that his own case was urgent, he began to make his preparations. He took a clean bottle and poured thirty-five drops of laudanum into it, put in the stopper, and thrust it into his pocket. Unlocking another box, he took out some papers and a canvas bag of gold, such as bankers used to give travelers in those times when it was necessary to take a large supply of cash for a journey. He threw on his cloak, took his plaid over one arm, and went back into his bedroom, carrying the lamp in the other hand. Then he hesitated, sniffing the air and the smell of the burnt cotton. Suddenly an idea seemed to cross his mind, for he put down the lamp and dropped his plaid upon a chair. He stood still a moment longer, looking at the dead girl as she lay on the bed, biting his lip thoughtfully, and nodding his head once or twice. He made a step toward the bed, hesitated once more, and then made up his mind.

He went back to the bedside, and, stooping a little, lifted the body on his arms as though judging of its weight and of his power to carry it. His first instinct had been to lock the door of the room behind him, and to go up to the convent, leaving the dead girl where she was, whether he were destined to come back that night, or never. A moment's reflection had told him that if he did so, he must certainly be accused of having poisoned her. He meant, if it were possible, to take Maria Addolorata

on board of the English man-of-war at Civita Vecchia within twenty-four hours. So far as the carrying off of a nun was concerned, he would be safe on the ship; but if he were accused of murder, no matter how falsely, the captain would have a right to refuse his protection, even though he was Dalrymple's friend. A little chain of circumstances had led him to form a plan, in a flash, which, if successfully carried out, would account both for the disappearance of Annetta herself, and of Maria Addolorata as well.

His eyelids contracted slightly, and his great jaw set itself with a determination to overcome all obstacles. In a few seconds he had divested the dead girl of her heavy bodice and skirt and carpet apron and heavy shoes. He rolled the things into a bundle, tossed them into the laboratory, locked the door of the latter, and stuck the key into his pocket. He carefully stopped the bottle containing the remainder of the prussiate of potassium, and took that also. Then he rolled the body up carefully in his great plaid, mummy-like, and tied the ends of the shawl with shoe-laces which he had among his things. He drew his soft hat firmly down upon his forehead, and threw his cloak over his left shoulder. He lifted the body off the bed. It was so stark that it stood upright beside him. With his right arm round its waist, he raised it so high that he could walk freely, and drew his wide cloak over it as well as he could, and freed his left hand. He grasped the lamp as he passed the table, listened at the door, though he knew that the house was locked below, and cautiously and with difficulty descended the stairs.

Just inside the street door of the staircase there was a niche, as there is in almost all old Italian houses. He set the body in it, and went into the common room with the lamp. Taking the bottle with the laudanum in it from his pocket, he filled it more than half full of aniseed cordial, of which a decanter stood with other liquors upon a sideboard, as usual in such places. He returned it to his pocket, and listened again. Then he assured himself that he had all he needed — the bottle, money, his cloak, and a short, broad knife which he always took with him on his walks, more for the sake of cutting a loaf of bread if he stopped for refreshment than for any other purpose. His passport he had taken with his few other valuable papers from the box.

He left the lamp on the table, and unlocked the street door, though he did not pull it open. Brave as he was, his heart beat fast, for it was the first decisive moment. If Sora Nanna should come home within the next sixty seconds, there would be trouble. But there was no sound.

In the dark he went back to the door of the staircase, unlocked it, and opened it wide, looking out. The heavy clouds had so darkened the moonlight that he could hardly see. But the street was quiet, for it was late, and there were no watchmen in Subiaco at that time. A moment later, the door was closed behind him, and he was disappearing round the dark corner with Annetta's body in his arms, wrapped with himself in his great cloak.

It was a long and terrible climb. A weaker man would have fainted or given it up long before Dalrymple set his foot firmly upon the narrow beaten path which ran along between the garden wall at the back of the convent, and the precipitous descent on his left. The sweat ran down over his hard, pale face in the dark, as he shook off his cloak and laid down his ghastly burden under the deep shadow of the low postern. He shook his big shoulders and wiped his brow, and stretched out his long arms, doubling them and stretching them again, for they were benumbed and asleep with the protracted effort. But so far it was done, and no one had met him. There had been little chance of that, but he was glad all the same. And if, down at the house, any one went to his room, nothing would be found. He had the key of the little laboratory in his pocket. It would be long before they broke down the door and found Annetta's skirt and bodice and shoes wrapped together in a corner.

He went on up the ascent five minutes farther, walking as though on air now that he carried no weight in his arms. At the top of the mule-path the lad was already waiting for him with the mule. He told the little fellow that he might have to wait half an hour longer, as he must go into the convent to see the abbess before starting for Tivoli. He bade him tie the mule by the halter to the low branch of an overhanging fig-tree, and sit down to wait.

"It is a cool night," said Dalrymple, though he was hot enough himself. "Drink this, my boy."

He gave him the little bottle of aniseed, opening it as he did so. The boy smelled it and knew that it was good, for it is a common drink in the mountains. He drank half of it, pouring it into his mouth with a gurgling sound.

"Drink it all," said Dalrymple. "I brought it for you."

The boy did not hesitate, but drained it to the last drop, and handed the bottle back without a word. Dalrymple made him sit down near the mule's head, well aside from the path, in case any one should pass. He knew that between the unaccustomed dose of spirits and the thirty-five drops of opium, the lad would be sound asleep before long. For the rest, there was nothing to be done but to trust to luck. He had done the impossible already, so far as physi-

cal effort was concerned, but Fortune must not thwart him at the end. If she did, he had in his other pocket enough left of what had killed Annetta to settle his own affairs forever, and he might need it. At that moment he was absolutely desperate. It would be ill for any one who crossed his path that night.

XVI.

DALRYMPLE wrapped his cloak about him once more, as he turned away, and retraced his steps by the garden wall. He glanced at the long dark thing that lay in the shadow of the postern, as he went by. It was not probable that it would be noticed even if any one should pass that way, which was unlikely, between ten o'clock at night and three in the morning. He went on without stopping, and in three or four minutes had gone round the convent to the main entrance, next to the church. He rang the bell. The porteress was expecting him, and he was admitted without a word.

He found Maria Addolorata in the antechamber of the abbess's apartment, veiled, and standing with folded hands in the middle of the little room. She must have heard the distant clang of the bell, for she was evidently waiting for him.

"Am I in time?" he asked in a tone of anxiety.

She shook her head slowly.

"Is she dead?"

"She was dead before I sent for you," answered Maria Addolorata, in a low and almost solemn tone. "No one knows it yet."

"I feared so," said Dalrymple.

He made a step toward the door of the parlor, naturally expecting that Maria would speak with him there as usual. But she stepped back and placed herself in his way.

"No," she said briefly.

"Why not?" he asked in quick surprise.

She raised her finger to her veiled lips, and then pointed to the other door, to warn him that the porteress was there and was almost within hearing. With quick suspicion he understood that she was keeping him in the antechamber to defend herself; that she had not been able to resist the desire to see him once more, and that she intended this to be their last meeting.

"Maria," he began; but he pronounced only her name and stopped short, for a great fear took him by the throat.

"Yes," she answered, in her calm, low voice. "I have made up my mind. I will not go. God will perhaps forgive me what I have done. I will pray for forgiveness. But I will not do more evil. I will not bring shame upon my father's house, even for love of you."

Her voice trembled a little at the last words. Even veiled as she was, the vital magnetism of the man was creeping upon her already. She had resolved that she would see him once more, that she would tell him the plain truth, that she would bid him farewell, and promise to pray for him, as she must pray for herself. But she had sworn to herself that she would not speak of love. Yet with the first words she spoke, the word and the vibration of love had come too. Her hands disappeared in her sleeves, and her nails pressed the flesh in the determination to be strong. She little guessed the tremendous argument he had in store.

"It is hard to speak here," he said. "Let us go into the parlor."

She shook her head, and again moved backward a step, so that her shoulders were almost against the door.

"You must say what you have to say here," she answered after a moment's pause, and she felt strong again. "For my part, I have spoken. May God forget me in my utmost need if I go with you!"

Dalrymple seemed little moved by the solemn invocation. It meant little enough to him.

"I must tell you a short story," he replied quietly. "Unless I tell you, you cannot understand. I have set my life upon your love, and I have gone so far that I cannot save my life except by you — my life and my honor. Will you listen to me?"

She nodded, and he heard her draw a quick breath. Then he began his story, putting it together clearly, from the facts he knew, in very few words. He told her how Annetta must have mistaken the bottle on his table for camphor, and how he had found her dead. Nothing would save him from the accusation of having murdered the girl but the absolute disappearance of her body. Maria shuddered and turned her head quickly when he told her that the body was lying under the postern arch behind the garden wall. He told her, too, that the boy was by this time asleep beside the mule on the path beyond. Then he told her of his plan, which was short, desperate, and masterly.

"You must tell no one that the abbess is dead," he said. "Go out through your cell into the garden, as soon as I am gone, and when I tap at the postern open the door. Leave a lamp in your cell. I will do the rest."

"What will you do?" asked Maria, in a low and wondering tone.

"You must lock the door of your cell on the inside and leave the lamp there," said Dalrymple. "You will wait for me in the garden, by the gate. I will carry the poor girl's body in and lay it in your bed. Then I will set fire to the bed itself. Of course there is an under-mattress of

maize-leaves — there always is. I will leave the lamp standing on the floor by the bedside. I will shut the door and come out to you, and I can manage to slip the bolt of the garden-gate from the outside by propping up the spring from within. You shall see."

"It is horrible!" gasped Maria. "And I do not see — "

"It is simple, and nothing else can save my life. Your cell is of course a mere stone vault, and the fire cannot spread. The sisters are asleep, except the porteress, who will be far away. Long before they break down your door, the body will be charred by the fire beyond all recognition. They will see the lamp standing close by, and will suppose that you lay down to rest, leaving the lamp close to you — too close; that the abbess died while you were asleep, and that you had caught fire before you waked; that you were burned to death, in fact. The body will be buried as yours, and you will be legally dead. Consequently there will not be the slightest suspicion upon your good name. As for me, it will be supposed that I have procured other clothes for Annetta, thrown hers into the laboratory, and carried her off. In due time I will send her father a large sum of money without comment. If you refuse, I must either be arrested, convicted, and sentenced to death for the murder of a girl who killed herself without my knowledge, or, as is probable, I shall go out now, sit down in a quiet place, and be found dead in the morning. It is certain death to me in either case. It would be absolutely impossible for me to get rid of the dead body without arousing suspicion. If it is wrong to save one's self by burning a dead body, it is not a great wrong, and I take it upon myself. It is the only wrong in the matter, unless it is wrong to love you, and to be willing to die for you. Do you understand me?"

Leaning back against the door of the parlor, Maria Addolorata had almost unconsciously lifted her veil and was gazing into his eyes. The plan was horrible, but she could not help admiring the man's strength and daring. In his voice, even when he told her that he loved her, there was that quiet courage which imposes itself upon men and women alike. The whole situation was as clear as day to her in a moment, for all his calculations were absolutely correct,— the fire-proof vault of the cell, the certainty that the body would be taken for hers, above all, the assurance of her own supposed death, with the utter freedom from suspicion which it would mean for her ever afterward. Was she not to be buried with Christian burial, mourned as dead, and freed in one hour from all the consequences of her life? It was masterly, though there was a horror in it.

She loved him more than her own soul. It was the fear of bringing shame upon her father and mother that had held her, far more than any spiritual dread. It was not strange that she should waver again when he had unfolded his scheme.

She turned, opened the door, and led him into the parlor, where the silver lamp was burning brightly.

"You must tell it all again," she said, still standing. "I must be quite sure that I understand."

He knew well enough that she had finally yielded, since she went so far. In his mind he quickly ran over the details of the plan once more, and mentally settled what still remained to be decided. But since she wished it, he went over all he had said already. Being able to speak in his natural voice without fear of being overheard by the porteress, and feeling sure of the result, he spoke far more easily and more eloquently. Before he had finished he was holding her hand in his, and she was gazing intently into his eyes.

"It is life or death for me," he said, when he had told her everything. "Which shall it be?"

She was silent for a moment. Then her strong mouth smiled strangely.

"It shall be life for you, if I lose my soul for it," she said.

She felt the quick thrill and pressure of his hand, and all the man's tremendous energy was alive again.

"Then let us do it quickly," he answered. "I will go out with the porteress. Go to your cell before we reach the end of the corridor, and shut the door with some noise. She will remember it afterward. Wait at the garden gate till I tap softly, and leave the rest to me. There is no danger. Do not be afraid."

"Afraid!" she exclaimed proudly. "How little you know me! It never was fear that held me. Besides — with you!"

The last two words told him more than all she had ever said before, and for the first time he wholly trusted her. Besides, it was to be only for a few minutes, while he went out by the front gate and walked round to the back of the convent. The plan was so well conceived that it could not fail when put into execution.

They shook hands, as two people who have agreed to do a desperate deed, each for the other's sake. Then, as their grasp loosened, Dalrymple turned toward the door, but turned again almost instantly and took her in his arms, and kissed her as men kiss women they love when their lives are in the balance. Then he went out, passed through the antechamber, and found the porteress waiting for him as usual. She took up her little lamp, and led the way in silence. A moment later he heard Maria come

out and enter her cell, closing the door loudly behind her.

"Her most reverend excellency is in no danger now," he said to the porteress, with Scotch veracity.

"Sister Maria Addolorata may then rest a little," answered the lay sister, who rarely spoke.

"Precisely so," said Dalrymple, dryly.

Five minutes later he was at the garden gate, tapping softly. Immediately the door yielded to his gentle pressure, for Maria had already unfastened the lock within.

"Stand aside a little," said Dalrymple, in a whisper. "You need not see—it is not a pretty sight. Keep the door shut till I come back. Where is your cell?"

She pointed to a door that was open above the level of the garden. A little light came out. With womanly caution she had set the lamp in the corner behind the door when she had opened it, so as to show as little as possible from without.

She turned her head away as he passed her with his heavy burden, treading softly upon the hard, dry ground. But he was not half across the garden before she looked after him. She could not help it. The dark thing he carried in his arms attracted her, and a shudder ran through her. She closed the gate, and stood with her hand on the lock.

It seemed to her that he was gone an interminable time. Though the moon was now high, the clouds were so black that the garden was almost quite dark. Suddenly she heard his step, and he was nearer than she thought.

"It is burning well," he said, with grim brevity.

He stooped and looked closely in the dimness at the old-fashioned lock. It was made as he supposed and could be easily slipped from without. He found a pebble under his foot, raised the spring, and placed the small stone under it, after examining the position of the cracks in the wood, which were many.

"There is plenty of time now," he said, and gently pushed her out upon the narrow walk, drawing the door after him.

With his big knife, working through the widest crack, he teazed the bolt into the socket. Then with his shoulder he softly shook the whole door; he heard the spring fall into its place as the pebble dropped upon the dry ground.

"No human being can suspect that the door has been opened," he said.

He wrapped her in his long cloak, standing beside her under the wall. Very gently he pushed the veil and bands away from her golden hair. She helped him, and he kissed the soft locks. Then about her head he laid his plaid in folds and drew it forward over her shoulders. She let him do it, not realizing what service the shawl had but lately done.

They walked forward. The boy was fast asleep and did not move. The mule stamped a little as they came up. Dalrymple lifted Maria upon the pack-saddle, sideways, and stretched the packing-cords behind her back.

"Hold on," he said. "I will lead the mule."

So it was all over, and the deed was done, for good or evil. But it was for evil, for it was a bad deed.

To the last, fortune favored Dalrymple and Maria, and everything took place after their flight just as the strong man had anticipated. Not a trace of the truth was left behind. Early in the morning the abbess was found dead, and in the little cell near by, upon the still smoldering remains of the mattress, lay the charred and burned form of a woman. In Stefanone's house the little bundle of clothes in the locked laboratory was all that was left of Annetta. All Subiaco said that the Englishman had carried off the peasant girl to his own country.

Up at the convent the nuns buried the abbess in great state, with catafalque and canopy, with hundreds of wax candles and endless funeral singing. They buried also another body with less magnificence, but with more pomp than would have been bestowed upon any of the other sisters; and not long afterward a marble tablet in the wall of the church set forth, in short, good Latin sentences, how the Sister Maria Addolorata, of many virtues, had been burned to death in her bed, on the eve of the feast of Saint Luke the Evangelist, and all good Christians were enjoined to pray for her soul—which indeed was in need of their prayers.

Stefanone returned from Rome, but it was a sad home-coming when he found that his daughter was gone; and unconsciously he repeated the very words she had last spoken when she was dying in Dalrymple's room all alone.

"An evil death on you and all your house!" he said, shaking his fist at the door of the room.

And Stefanone swore within himself solemnly that the Englishman should pay the price. And he and his paid it in full, and more also, after years had passed, even to generations then unborn.

This is the first act, as it were, of all the story; and between this one and the beginning of the next a few years must pass quickly, if not altogether in silence.

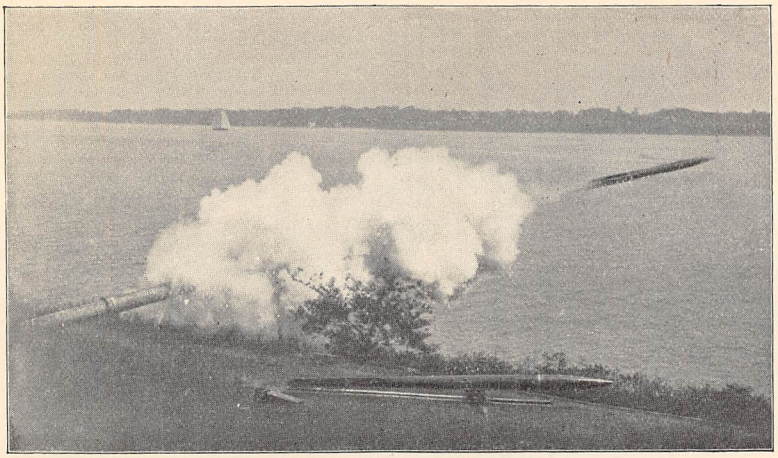
(To be continued.)

F. Marion Crawford.



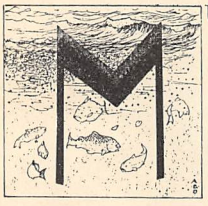
DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"'AN EVIL DEATH ON YOU.'"



ERICSSON AËRIAL SUBAQUATIC PROJECTILE IN FLIGHT.

NEW WEAPONS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.



UCH has been written of late relative to the regeneration which has been taking place in the navy, of which we are justly proud; but scarcely anything has been said of the strides that have been taken by the army in offensive and defensive implements and engines of war, covering almost everything from the huge guns of 12-inch caliber for sea-coast defense down to the infantry rifle, the bore of which now measures but three-tenths of an inch. The muzzle-loading cast-iron smooth-bore guns and mortars have been superseded by the breech-loading rifled steel guns and mortars, which are marvels of power, endurance, and accuracy; the single-loading infantry rifle has been succeeded by a magazine small-arm of smaller bore, giving higher velocity and consequently greater range and penetration; powders producing dense clouds of smoke are shortly to be supplanted entirely by the smokeless variety of superior ballistics; the untrustworthy method of guessing ranges is soon to give way to delicate and accurate devices for locating the exact position of the enemy on land or sea; machine-guns have been improved until they are capable of delivering 1800 shots per minute by electrical power; rapid-fire guns have been developed; a high explosive has been discovered which can be safely fired from powder-guns,—in fact, the changes that have been wrought in the *matériel* of war since the Civil War, and especially during the last decade, have been as revolutionizing in their effect as they are marvelous in their conception. As in other nations, the system of artillery in the United States has only just emerged from the experimental state. But the most gratifying part of these experiments and tests lies in the fact that the United States has not only provided her army with material that is equal to any produced abroad, but in almost every instance has outstripped the older European countries in the most improved engines of modern warfare.

Guns may be divided into two general classes: those using fixed or metallic ammunition, wherein the projectile and powder-charge are simultaneously loaded, and those in which the shell and charge are loaded separately.

Under the first subdivision may be included the infantry rifle, the carbine and revolver, and machine, rapid-fire, and mountain guns; and under the second, field, siege, and heavy cannon (guns, howitzers, and mortars). They are described by their weight, their caliber, and the weight of the projectile, or by all three. Thus, we speak of the 110-ton guns (the English high-power cannon of 16.25 inches caliber, which proved such failures), the 3.2-inch gun, the 8-inch gun, or the 12-inch mortar; the 3-pounder (1.85 inches caliber) or the 6-pounder (2.244 inches); or we may say the 12-centimeter, 45-pounder quick-fire gun.

THE NEW INFANTRY RIFLE.

THE old small-arm now in the hands of the army (the Springfield rifle) is .45 of an inch in caliber, and is a "single-loader"—that is, is

capable of firing but one round without reloading. We have been very much behind other countries in taking the necessary steps leading to the adoption of a modern infantry rifle; in fact, almost every foreign army had adopted a small-caliber, high-velocity magazine-arm before this country began the serious consideration of that all-important subject; and to within a very recent period the same statement applies with equal force to the other modern munitions of war.

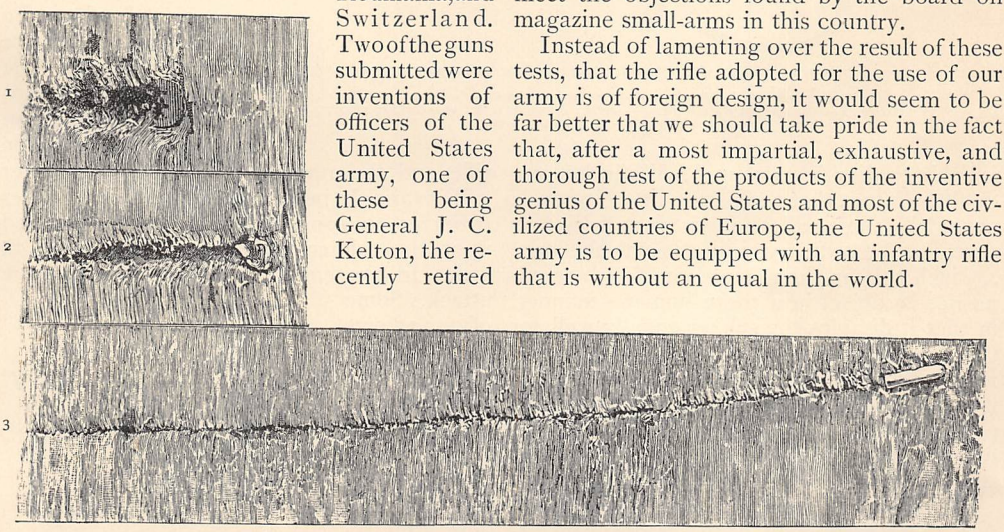
The new rifle selected for the army is of smaller caliber than that now in use, being only .30 of an inch; and is what is termed a "magazine-gun," or a rifle in which the magazine can be charged and then held in reserve while single fire is delivered, magazine fire being, however, available at any moment. The magazine has a capacity for five additional rounds.

On December 16, 1890, a board of army officers, consisting of men who were known to be experts in their knowledge of small-arms, was convened for the purpose of testing all small-arms of either American or foreign invention with a view to the selection of the best for our service. This board sat for nearly two years, and tested during that time fifty-three guns, including, besides the product of different private inventions both American and foreign, the small-arms adopted for the armies of Austria, Belgium, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Egypt, Portugal, Russia, Roumania, and Switzerland. Two of the guns submitted were inventions of officers of the United States army, one of these being General J. C. Kelton, the recently retired adjutant-general. After a most thorough, exhaustive, and impartial test of all the devices presented to it, the board recommended the Krag-Jorgensen gun as being the most suitable for the United States army. As soon as the announcement was made that a weapon of foreign invention had been selected, an outcry was raised by the inventors of this country that a fair trial had not been given them, and that there had not been sufficient opportunity for all to compete.

In order, therefore, to satisfy American inventors, Congress in January, 1893, deferred for six months the time for the final selection of an infantry rifle, and directed that another board of army officers be appointed to test during this period all small-arms of American invention which might be presented to it. This board tested nineteen different guns, but found none fulfilling the conditions deemed necessary for the requirements of our military service, and the decision of the first board therefore remained unchanged, which was that the Krag-Jorgensen rifle "was vastly superior for use in the United States service to any weapon adapted to single fire only."

The gun, as its name indicates, is the joint invention of Captain O. Krag, director of the Royal Manufactory of Arms, Kongsberg, Norway, and Mr. E. Jorgensen of the same country. The Krag-Jorgensen rifle of .315-inch caliber is that adopted by the Danish government; but the weapon of this name selected for the United States army differs in many particulars from the one in use in Denmark, having been modified in important details to meet the objections found by the board on magazine small-arms in this country.

Instead of lamenting over the result of these tests, that the rifle adopted for the use of our army is of foreign design, it would seem to be far better that we should take pride in the fact that, after a most impartial, exhaustive, and thorough test of the products of the inventive genius of the United States and most of the civilized countries of Europe, the United States army is to be equipped with an infantry rifle that is without an equal in the world.



1. PENETRATION IN OAK (3.3 INCHES) OF THE .45-CALIBER LEAD BULLET. 2. PENETRATION IN OAK (5.3 INCHES) OF THE .45-CALIBER GERMAN-SILVERED BULLET. 3. PENETRATION IN OAK (24.2 INCHES) OF THE .30-CALIBER BULLET WITH NICKEL-STEEL JACKET.

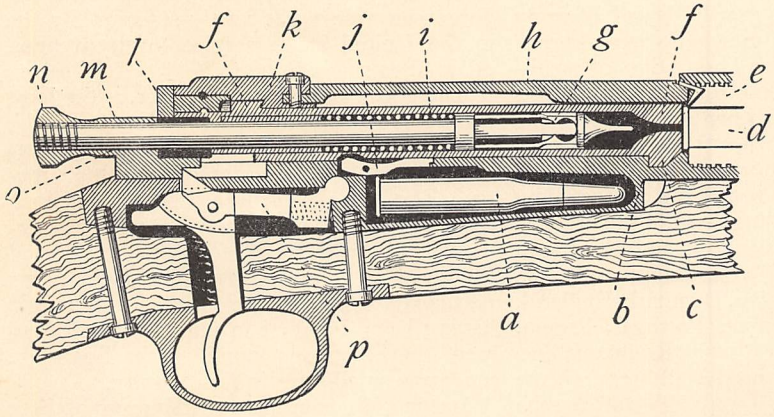
The following table gives the names and calibers of modern guns which have been adopted for the services of European countries and

Japan, all of which were tested in competition with the Krag-Jorgensen:

COUNTRY.	NAME OF GUN.	CALIBER.
		Inch.
England	Lee-Speed	.303
Denmark	Krag-Jorgensen	.315
Austria	Mannlicher	.315
Belgium	Mauser	.301
Germany	Mark V, Model 1888,	.311
Portugal	Kropatschek	.315
Japan	Murata	.315
Switzerland	Schmidt	.295
Roumania	Mannlicher	.256
France	Berthier (Cavalry)	.30

This universal reduction in the caliber of small-arms is due to the fact that the smaller bullet gives greater velocity, and consequently is liable to disable more men. While it is undoubtedly true that the nature of the wounds caused by the smaller-caliber guns is not so severe at the ordinary ranges as with the large .45-inch caliber, the reduced cartridge accomplishes its object in a more humane manner, in that it disables the soldier equally well for the time being without shattering in an unnecessary and brutal manner the bone which it may happen to strike. It answers every purpose if the man struck is compelled to leave the line of battle, and nothing is gained by excessive maiming.

Outside of this humane consideration is the fact, above mentioned, of the greater penetrative power of the smaller caliber, which is capable of disabling two, three, or even more men instead of one; and also, as both the gun and cartridge are lighter than the old, the soldier is now able to carry 175 rounds of ammunition instead of only 100 as heretofore.



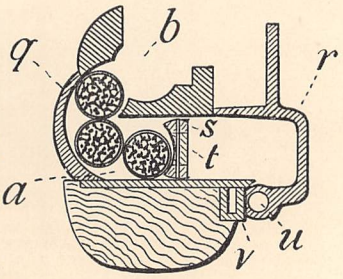
U. S. MAGAZINE-RIFLE, MODEL 1892. BREECH MECHANISM IN LONGITUDINAL SECTION.

a — magazine; *b* — receiver; *c* — locking lug; *d* — chamber; *e* — barrel; *f* — bolt; *g* — striker; *h* — extractor; *i* — mainspring; *j* — ejector; *k* — sleeve; *l* — safety lock; *m* — cocking-piece; *n* — thumb-piece; *o* — firing-pin; *p* — sear.

The drawing on page 571, taken from the report of the chief of ordnance, United States army, 1893, illustrates the relative penetration in oak of the .30- and .45-caliber bullets. The former was propelled by 37 grains of Wetterin smokeless powder, and consisted of a lead core with cupro-nickeled steel jacket, and gave a penetration in dry, well-seasoned oak of 24.2 inches; whereas the latter all-lead bullet, propelled by 69 grains of black powder, gave but 3.3 inches penetration in oak not well seasoned, and 5.3 inches penetration when the bullet was covered with a German-silver jacket. The .45-caliber bullets were in both instances badly deformed, while the .30-caliber was recovered undeformed.

In addition to the changes which have taken place in the small-arm proper, the old form of triangular rod-bayonet has been superseded by the knife-bayonet of the general design used in all the European services. The carbine has been changed to the same mechanism as the rifle, and differs from the latter only in being 22 instead of 30 inches long.

The only important modification which has taken place in reference to the army revolver has been the reduction of the bore to .38 of an inch. The reason for this unequal reduction in caliber between the rifle and the revolver is that as the latter will invariably be employed at shorter ranges (from 50 to 100 yards), the shock produced upon the soldier struck must be greater in order to prevent his reaching the line of attack. Some of our officers are of opinion that even this diameter (.38 of an inch) is not large enough for that purpose. The army revolver adopted for our military service is the Colt double-acting six-shooter.



U. S. MAGAZINE-RIFLE, MODEL 1892. THE MAGAZINE IN CROSS-SECTION.

a — magazine; *b* — receiver; *q* — side-plate; *r* — gate; *s* — follower; *t* — carrier; *u* — hinge-bar; *v* — magazine-spring.

MACHINE-GUNS.

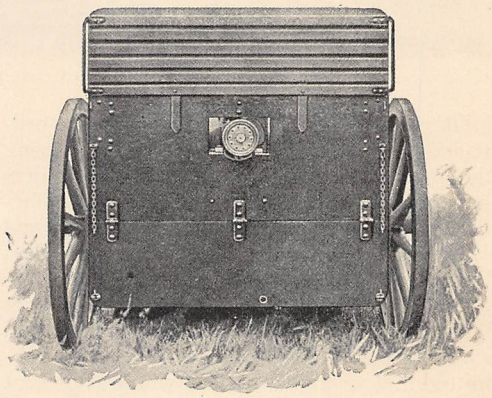
CLOSELY allied to the infantry rifle, and used in connection with it, is the machine-gun or mitrailleuse. Machine-guns are those guns using metallic ammunition which are loaded by the action of the mechanism, the gun being automatically fed by means of belt, hopper, or otherwise. The pioneer in the development of this important and destructive weapon was Dr. R. J. Gatling, an American, whose name has become a household word throughout the world. His original inventions were presented to this government during the early part of the War of the Rebellion, but were at that time too crude and undeveloped to warrant their use. The first practical attempt to use a machine-gun in the field was made with the French mitrailleuse during the French-Prussian war. France expected great results from this weapon, but was doomed to bitter disappointment. The gun had a number of fixed barrels, and could fire from 30 to 50 rounds per barrel a minute, but was poorly constructed and possessed the serious fault of employing paper cartridges.

Following close upon the Gatling and the French mitrailleuse came the inventions of Gardner, Nordenfelt, and Maxim, the latter, an American by birth and parentage but English by adoption, being the designer of the famous Maxim automatic machine-gun, a one-barreled gun which, after the first discharge, is entirely automatic, the energy of recoil being so utilized as to eject the fired cartridge, insert a new one in its place, raise the hammer, and fire again, with an average rapidity of about 650 shots per minute.

The greatest objection which has heretofore been made to the Gatling gun is that the mechanism is dependent upon gravity entirely for its supply of ammunition. This was a serious fault, especially at great angles of depression or elevation. The difficulty has now been satisfactorily overcome in a new "positive feed" which supplies the cartridges by means of a belt. The Gatling 10-barrel .30-caliber gun, adapted for either positive or gravity feed, in use in the United States military service, is designed also to be operated by an electric motor, by means of which a rapidity of fire is secured that "would seem to have no limit but the endurance of the parts," being capable of delivering no less than 1800 shots per minute.

RAPID-FIRE GUNS FOR COAST DEFENSE.

ONE of the latest additions to modern engines of warfare, and at the same time one of the most important, has been the introduction of the so-called rapid-fire or quick-fire guns. Rapid-fire guns are those guns employing metallic cartridges which are loaded by hand for each round, and are used solely in the military service as auxiliary agents in sea-coast defense. (Rapid-fire field-guns are not, therefore, here included.) Experimentation with guns of this class was begun as late as 1880, when Hotchkiss, at the request of the French government, constructed a single-barreled 47-millimeter-caliber continuous-fire gun, throwing a 2½-pound shell; although Nordenfelt claims to have been the pioneer in producing rapid-fire guns, having introduced in 1877 a 1-pounder, worked with



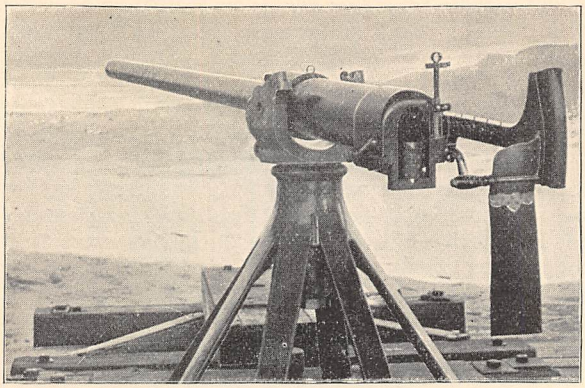
GATLING 10-BARREL GUN READY FOR ACTION.

breech mechanism and lever, capable of firing 216 rounds per minute, which was to be employed as an "antidote to torpedo-boats."

The particular object for which the first guns of this class were built was to stop the new torpedo-boats of that time,— the requirements being mobility both as regards laying the gun — *i. e.*, aiming — and fire, coupled with accuracy, the heavier guns mounted on shipboard being too cumbersome to cope instantly and effectually with the attack of torpedo-boats. From their use on shipboard has grown the demand for their employment on land.

These guns are termed "quick-fire" abroad and "rapid-fire" in this country, but there appears to have been a tendency of late, especially in the United States, to apply these terms separately to two different types of this general class, the term "rapid-fire" being given to those auxiliary sea-coast defense guns, not exceeding 6-pounders (caliber 2.244 inches), which will be used for the general and local flanking of the approaches to batteries. They are adapted to simultaneous loading, and mobility is their essential characteristic. All other guns of this class (exclusive, of course, of rapid-fire field-cannon) exceeding 6-pounders may be termed "quick-fire." They are devised for a different purpose which is explained further on.

The tests with rapid-fire guns with a view to the selection of a type for the United States



DRIGGS-SCHROEDER RAPID-FIRE GUN. 2.244 INCHES CALIBER, 6-POUNDER.

military service has been in progress at the ordnance-proving ground at Sandy Hook during the past summer, and designs of 6-pounders have been submitted by the leading manufacturers of these guns in the United States and Europe, including the Hotchkiss, Skoda, Seabury, Driggs-Schroeder, and Sponsel.

Some very remarkable results (38 rounds per minute from one gun) have been obtained; and so excellent indeed have been the types submitted that an eminent officer who was present at the test was overheard to say that "any one of them could be selected for our army with safety."

Quick-fire guns (those using metallic ammunition exceeding 6-pounders), while possessing greater range, have less rapidity of fire, and are designed for a different purpose. "They are to be used for the protection of the mine fields, and coöperation with the smaller guns (machine and rapid-fire) in repelling parties approaching the land; and will contend against small unarmored boats, or against boats protected with light armor, engaged perhaps at considerable distances, by night or by day." The term "mine field" is applied to a water area in which are anchored submarine torpedoes for the defense of the approaches to rivers and harbors. These mines are operated by means of electrical connections with the shore, under the control of an officer, and form a necessary part of the protection of our seaports, and our inland cities on navigable rivers.

The caliber of quick-fire guns which are now undergoing test at Sandy Hook is 4.724 inches (12-centimeter). In the navy, however, guns as high as 6 inches in caliber are also included under the head of "quick-fire guns," being designed for metallic ammunition. The types of quick-fire guns which are being tested are those submitted by Armstrong, Hotchkiss, Canet, Schneider (Creusot), and the Seabury Gun Company. The rapidity of aimed fire of these guns is about 10 rounds per minute, and their weight of projectile is 45 pounds.

MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY.

THE conditions governing fighting in mountainous and rough country districts render the use of field-pieces and horse artillery impracticable. Absence of roads and precipitous footpaths have necessitated the devising of special guns the primary feature of which is lightness; but it is a general rule of military science that the most powerful gun that can be transported should be used, and for mountainous districts weights not exceeding those that can be carried by pack-mules have to be employed. Guns of this class are termed "mountain artillery."

The mountain artillery of the United States consists, in addition to machine-guns, of the 1.65-inch (2-pounder) and 3-inch (12-pounder) Hotchkiss guns. The weight of the former is a little over 100 pounds, with a carriage of about twice that weight. The gun and the carriage are transported separately by mules, as is also the ammunition. The 2-pounder and the 12-pounder Hotchkiss mountain guns are designed to fire metallic ammunition, the latter being also adapted to fire shrapnel.

FIELD ARTILLERY.

FIELD artillery may be divided into horse artillery, light artillery, and heavy field artillery. The gun employed for horse artillery is very light in order to accompany cavalry, the cannoneers being mounted; and the cannon adopted for this purpose in the United States is the new 3.2-inch steel breech-loading field-gun, weighing 829 pounds, and firing a projectile of 13½ pounds with a charge of 3½ pounds.

The function of light field artillery is to accompany infantry, and the field-piece adopted for this purpose is the steel 3.6-inch cannon weighing 1181 pounds. Its charge is 4 pounds 8 ounces with a 20-pound projectile.

These two guns are also termed "rapid-fire field-guns," from the fact that an attempt is now being made to adapt them to fire metallic cartridges. In order, therefore, that they may be rapid-fire field-guns it has become necessary to devise carriages which shall not permit any recoil upon the ground. For this purpose the rapid-fire field-carriages are now being fitted with recoil cylinders attached to and forming part of the top carriage, the lower carriage being checked by wheel-brakes.

Heavy field artillery is intended to form batteries for engaging at long ranges, and delivering vertical fire against troops sheltered by temporary defenses. For this purpose the 3.6-

inch steel rifled field-mortar is used, weighing 244 pounds, and firing the same weight of projectile as the 3.6-inch field-gun (20 pounds), with a charge of one pound. Its range is about two miles, and in the test of the type of its class it has demonstrated its superiority to any similar piece in use by foreign services.

In addition to the artillery in use for mountain, field, and siege purposes (the latter being briefly touched upon below), should be mentioned the Hotchkiss 1.5-inch-caliber revolving cannon. It may be regarded as being midway between the machine and rapid-fire gun types, and is used principally in defending caponieres. The gun is not without its place also in the field in defending ditches, and in service of a like nature where the character of the fire is rapid, continuous, and powerful.

SIEGE-GUNS.

SIEGE-CANNON are intended for attacking and defending inland fortifications and the land fronts of sea-coast fortifications. The term "siege" is usually applied to pieces which, although too heavy for field operations, are yet light enough to be transported over common roads upon the carriage from which they are fired.

The siege artillery of the United States consists of the 5-inch siege-gun, the 7-inch siege-howitzer, and the 7-inch siege-mortar. The difference between howitzers and mortars, it should be remarked, is very slight. Howitzers are short cannon possessing the caliber of the mortar and yet approaching the accuracy of the gun. Mortars, on the other hand, may be defined simply as "very short cannon," and are used chiefly for high-angle firing. Howitzers are employed for the demolition of earthworks, and field-mortars for the destruction of life behind earthworks. The range of the service 7-inch howitzer with a 100-pound shell is about three miles, and its rapidity of fire is nearly at the rate of one round per minute.

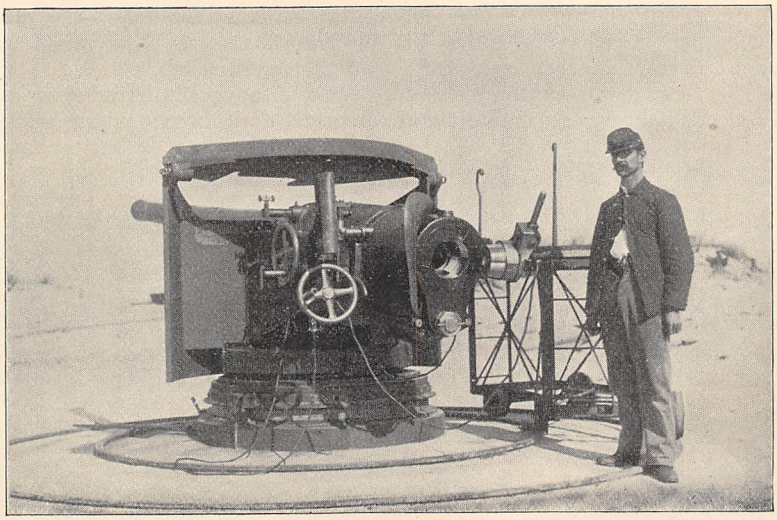
HEAVY GUNS FOR COAST DEFENSE.

THE sea-coast guns of the Civil War were cast-iron smooth-bore muzzle-loaders made in a single piece. The present sea-coast cannon of the United States and Europe are composed entirely of steel, and are constructed on what is termed the "built-up" system, which in general may be said to consist "of a series of concentric simple cylinders or layers in which the principle of initial tension is secured by the method of assemblage, whether by shrinkage as applied in the use of cylinders of a determinate size, or by tension of winding, as in the wire-wound gun."[1]

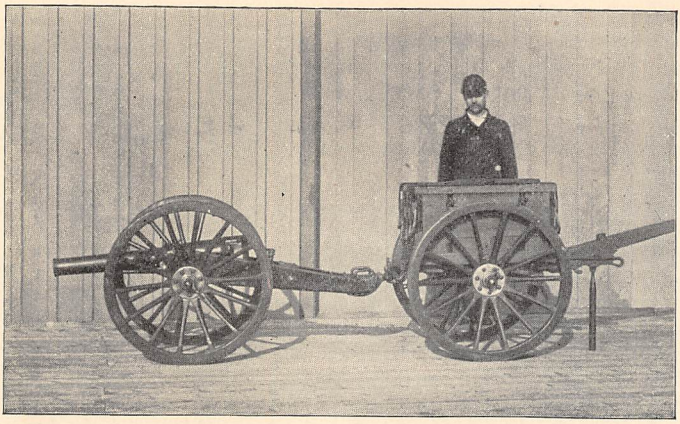
To Krupp of Germany belongs the credit of first making steel in large masses (1854), but Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell & Co. of England were the pioneers in the method of building up guns. The attempt to forge steel in sufficient masses for high-power sea-coast guns was not made in this country until within the last five years.

The sea-coast artillery employed in the United States for the armament of our fortifications consists of the 8-, 10-, and 12-inch breech-loading steel rifles, and the two types of 12-inch breech-loading mortars — the cast-iron steel-hooped and the all-steel mortars. Too much credit cannot be given to the ordnance department of the army for the development of our

[1] Captain R. Birnie, "Modern Gun Construction."



4.724-INCH ARMSTRONG QUICK-FIRE GUN AND MOUNTING. LOADING POSITION.



3-INCH HOTCHKISS MOUNTAIN GUN AND LIMBER.

modern high-power sea-coast guns. These cannon have been constructed in accordance with the plans of that department, and the tests of the type 8-, 10-, and 12-inch guns have demonstrated their marked superiority in accuracy, endurance, power, and symmetry over any other guns of like caliber and weight the world has ever seen.

A fair conception of the size and cost of these massive pieces of ordnance may best be realized when it is stated that the 12-inch breech-loading rifle weighs 127,680 pounds; that the cost of its forgings before machining and assembling is about $42,000; and that the expense of machining is about $10,000,—making a total cost of about $52,000 for a gun which, it is estimated, can be fired only about 300 rounds before an additional expense is necessitated by the insertion of a new liner. (In England the estimated life of their 12-inch gun, which weighs over ten tons more than that of like caliber in this country, is but 105 rounds.) So carefully constructed are these modern high-power cannon that a variation from the prescribed diameter of more than $\frac{3}{1000}$ of an inch in the bore or the shrinkage surfaces cannot be allowed. In fact, they are more accurately and delicately constructed than a watch.

The charge of the 12-inch breech-loading rifle is 450 pounds of powder and a projectile of 1000 pounds; the required muzzle velocity is 2100 feet per second; and the penetration in Creusot steel is 25 inches at the muzzle, and 21 inches at 3500 yards (two miles). With 20 degrees elevation the range is a little less than 8 miles, and the cost of a full service charge is about $400. With such ponderous weights and huge charges of powder, the question naturally arises, What is the accuracy? The answer is best given by quoting the following table and comment of the chief of ordnance as expressed in his annual report for 1892, page 14 (referring to the 8-inch gun, which has been fully tested):

Range	mile	1
Mean vertical deviation from center of impact	foot	.56
Mean horizontal deviation from center of impact	foot	.56
Range	yards	3,000
Mean vertical deviation from center of impact	foot	1
Mean horizontal deviation from center of impact	feet	1.75

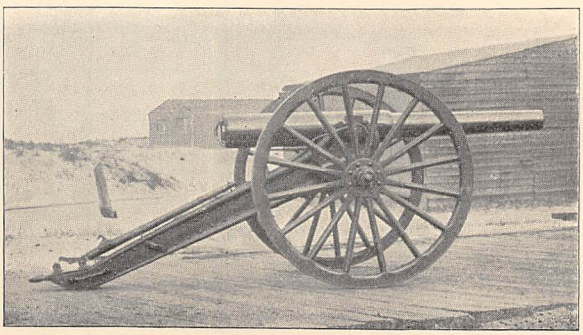
"This extreme accuracy of fire is better illustrated by the statement that in a target of five shots, at a range of one mile, *four out of the five shots struck within an area of 20 by 21 inches;* and in a target of eight shots, at a range of 3000 yards (about 1¾ miles), six shots struck within an area of 1½ by 4 feet. The targets with the 10-inch breech-loading rifle have shown about the same degree of accuracy."

So far as I am aware, no other guns in the world of this class have exhibited such a high coefficient of accuracy under similar conditions.

SEA-COAST MORTARS.

NOT less important in the defense of the United States nor less successful in the results obtained are the modern high-power sea-coast 12-inch breech-loading mortars. Sea-coast mortars are used for the destruction of ships of war threatening our coasts, and fire projectiles designed to strike the deck—the most vulnerable part of a ship. These missiles are termed "deck-piercing shell."

One of the most interesting series of experiments that have been in progress during the past few years has been the keen competition be-



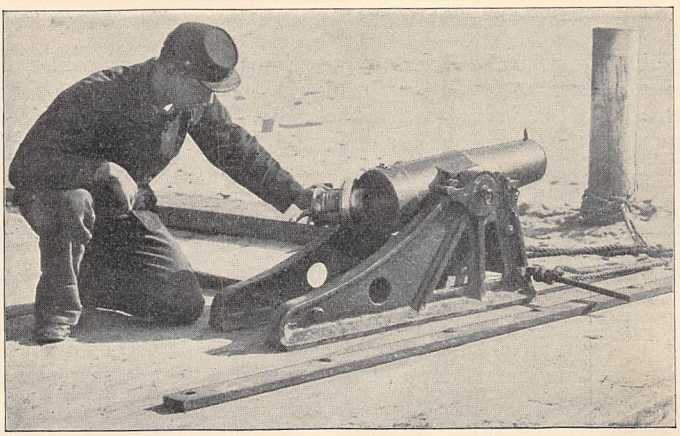
3.6-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE FOR LIGHT FIELD ARTILLERY.

tween the armor-piercing shells and armor-plate. While the army has devoted its energies to the fabrication of a projectile which shall pierce any plate, the navy has aspired to produce an armor which shall withstand any projectile. No sooner does the navy manufacture what is thought to be an impenetrable plate, than the army brings forth a projectile that shatters it. The projectile at present undoubtedly has the advantage, which it is likely to maintain.

There are two kinds of 12-inch breech-loading mortars in the United States service — the cast-iron steel-hooped and the all-steel. But cast-iron as a material for guns has been weighed in the balance of military experience, and found wanting. The numerous casualties of the Civil War, and the bursting at Sandy Hook in 1889 of the 12-inch cast-iron breech-loading mortar constructed by the South Boston Iron Works, after the firing of only 20 rounds, have caused it to be looked upon as unsuitable for guns in any form. For this reason, therefore, although primarily a cheaper method of construction, the adoption of the cast-iron steel-hooped mortar is not necessarily regarded as final. In addition to the element of danger in the employment of cast-iron, the 12-inch cast-iron breech-loading mortar has shown itself to be inferior in velocity and range and power to the all-steel mortar of like caliber, and it is believed that its inferiority in endurance will prove to be equally great.

For the defense of our coast sixteen mortars capable of simultaneous fire will be grouped in sunken batteries or pits united under the control of one officer. By means of delicate instruments for ascertaining the range and position of the enemy with reference to the battery (which devices will be located on the parapet of the mortar-pits), the commanding officer will be enabled to give directions for the proper laying (aiming) of the mortars. They will be fired in volley, or otherwise.

The knowledge of the extreme accuracy of fire of which these new mortars are capable will render it very hazardous indeed for a vessel to approach within range (six miles), especially when it is known that the shells are designed to carry not less than one hundred pounds of high explosive, as will be the case in time of war.



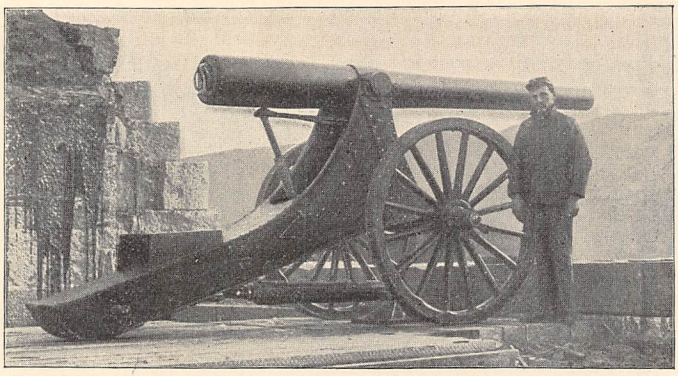
3.6-INCH BREECH-LOADING STEEL RIFLED MORTAR FOR HEAVY FIELD ARTILLERY.

WIRE-WOUND AND MULTICHARGE GUNS.

Of the many experimental guns that have been tested in this country might be mentioned the so-called wire-wound and the multicharge guns. Dr. W. E. Woodbridge, an American, was the pioneer in wire-wound gun construction; and although all of the cannon built in accordance with his methods have proved failures, it is said that England has adopted for her service wire-wound guns which are being constructed after the system proposed by Mr. J. A. Longridge of that country. Other types of wire-wound guns constructed in this country are those of Mr. J. H. Brown, and of Captain William Crozier of the ordnance department. So far, the latter's design is the only successful type tested. The essential feature of artillery of this class consists in winding wire under great tension around a tube of steel which is either in a single piece or composed of segments. The Brown 5-inch segmental wire gun failed after the firing of 192 rounds, but withstood some abnormally high pressures during its test.

On the whole, it may be said that the method of wire-wound gun construction does not give promise of producing as good results as the built-up system; the former, however, possesses one very important advantage over the latter, and that is as regards cost: the wire-wound method requires a much less expenditure of both time and money than the built-up system.

The Haskell multicharge gun (experimental) is probably the most unique piece of ordnance ever constructed. The object of this invention is to secure the greatest velocities with a minimum of pressure, and to accomplish this purpose a series of powder-chambers are so arranged that each adds to the velocity of the projectile as it passes along the bore. The



5-INCH SIEGE BREECH-LOADING RIFLE AND CARRIAGE.

picture on page 580 illustrates the original design, dubbed the "old sow," which was constructed of cast-iron. It was unsuccessful. This gun, like the second one of similar design, is of 8-inch caliber.

The second Haskell gun, made of steel, has a reduction in the number of its additional powder-chambers, and was constructed, as was also the first one, by direction of Congress.

It is hardly probable that any further guns of this type will be built, for the reason that the same results are obtained, by means of the new slow-burning smokeless powders, in a more efficient manner from the high-power steel breech-loading rifles; and, moreover, the weight of the Haskell 8-inch multicharge gun exceeds that of the 10-inch built-up gun, and its cost is nearly twice as great.

THE PNEUMATIC GUN.

ANOTHER type of experimental guns which has attracted no little attention at home and abroad is the pneumatic dynamite gun invented by Mr. D. M. Mefford, and modified by Captain E. L. Zalinski, U. S. A. These guns are especially designed for firing high explosives, the propelling charge being compressed air. Three pneumatic dynamite guns—one 8-inch and two 15-inch—have been constructed and tested during the past summer at the Sandy Hook proving-ground. They were designed at a time when it had not been demonstrated that high explosives could be safely fired from powder-guns. The maximum range with 50 pounds of explosive gelatin is but 3 miles, and only 1 mile with the greatest charge (500 pounds).

As the object for which these guns were designed can be accomplished in a far more effectual manner by the high-power sea-coast guns, their place in the armament of our fortifications is of doubtful value. Then again, the flight of the projectile from the pneumatic guns is so slow that it can be traced with the unaided eye throughout its entire trajectory; and it is not improbable that a torpedo-boat could dodge the large projectiles by simply watching the course of their flight.

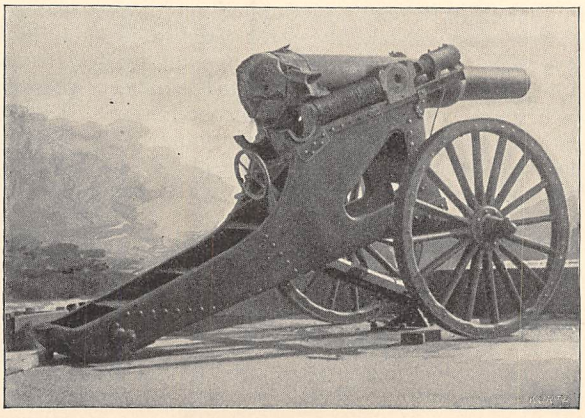
METHOD OF MOUNTING SEA-COAST GUNS.

A QUESTION of paramount importance, and one to which the best talent of European countries has been devoted without a satisfactory solution ever since the arrival of the modern high-power sea-coast cannon, is that of securing suitable carriages for them.

The 8-, 10-, and 12-inch guns weigh respectively 32,480, 67,200, and 127,680 pounds, and it must necessarily be an extremely strong device which can support these ponderous weights when fired, and allow of easy and speedy manipulation of the cannon. And the question is not only one of properly supporting and manœuvering the gun, but involves the more important problem of so mounting it as to afford a maximum protection with a minimum cost.

Three methods are in vogue for mounting modern high-power sea-coast guns: mounting *en barbette* behind earthworks; protecting the gun by heavy armored turrets or cupolas; and mounting on disappearing carriages. The first is adapted only to certain localities where the natural conditions of the coast afford high elevation, and the second is extremely expensive. The last-named method has received the most favor in this country.

The system of disappearing carriages has



7-INCH SIEGE BREECH-LOADING HOWITZER AND CARRIAGE.

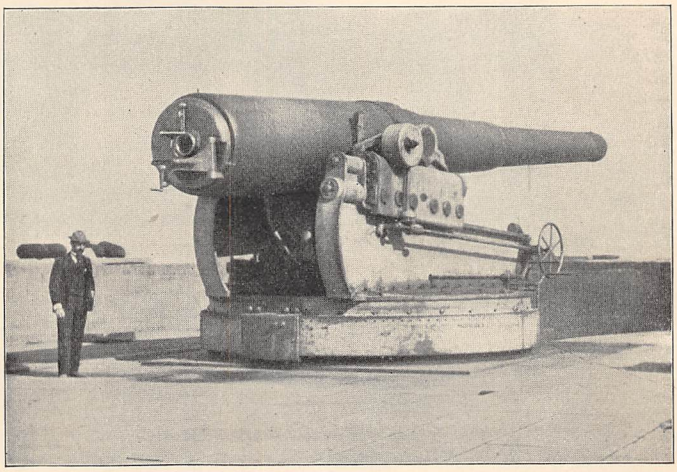
for its object the cover of the gun when loading, and exposure only when firing,—the gun being loaded out of sight behind the parapet, and then, by means of compressed air, electricity, or counterweights, raised above the parapet, the muzzle of the gun elevated to the proper angle required for covering the desired distance, and also traversed to the proper azimuth angle. The shock of recoil on firing is enormous, and this terrible blow must be absorbed by some suitable means, such as hydraulic and pneumatic cylinders, or counterweights. In addition to taking up this force of recoil in such a manner as will not shatter the carriage and everything connected with it, the desideratum has been so to store the energy of recoil as to make it available for manipulating the gun—that is, raising it into battery again for the next round, traversing, etc.

A properly constructed disappearing carriage, therefore, does not expose the gun for a longer period than is required to lay the piece (about twenty seconds is the maximum time); and if smokeless powder is employed it will be impossible for a hostile vessel to locate the gun. The moral effect, therefore, of a hidden attack is very apparent, and no vessel could attempt the silencing of an unseen battery.

A series of extremely interesting experiments was conducted in England a few years ago for the purpose of ascertaining the ability of a vessel to hit a gun mounted in this manner. A model gun was mounted on a disappearing carriage sunk in a pit, and arranged to rise every two minutes, remain exposed for twenty seconds, and then disappear again. A puff of smoke from powder fired just as the gun disappeared made the conditions for the ship's practice exactly similar to what they would have been had the gun been a real one. Hundreds of rounds were fired from machine-guns, rapid-fire guns, and heavy guns (10-inch), but not a bullet fell within the pit, not a shot struck the model. It should be remarked, however, that all the conditions worked to the disadvantage of the ship—high winds, strong tides, thick weather; but the commanding officer admitted that even had all the circumstances been favorable, the results would have been the same.

The only carriage of the disappearing type which seems to have been tested with any success abroad is the English Moncrief, or Elswick, hydropneumatic disappearing carriage, as it is called; and according to the standard United States service requirements of what a carriage of this type should be, the results obtained cannot be considered at all satisfactory.

Three distinctive types of disappearing carriage, all of American design and manufacture, have been purchased by the government, and are now under test at the Sandy Hook proving-ground. They are the pneumatic disappearing gun-carriage, the Gordon counterpoise carriage, and the Crozier-Buffington disappearing carriage,—all being adapted to the 10-inch breech-loading rifle.

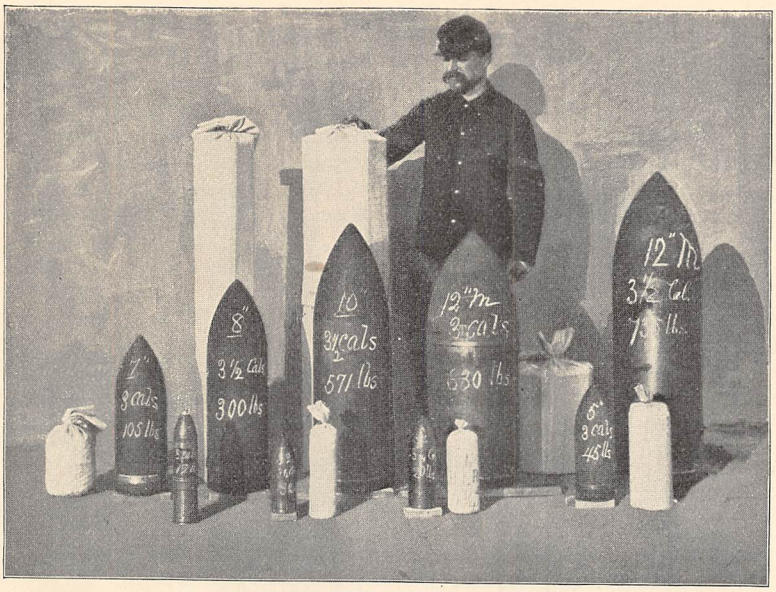


MODERN 12-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE. CREUSOT CARRIAGE AND GUN-LIFT.

The pneumatic carriage resembles in many features the English Elswick hydropneumatic carriage, while the Gordon carriage is the most novel of the three types, and affords the greatest amount of cover to the gun and its crew,—a projectile, to enter the carriage-pit, requiring an angle of fall of not less than 13 degrees with the horizon. None of these carriages has been tested to completion; but in the trials for rapidity of action conducted with the Crozier-Buffington 10-inch carriage during the past summer, the unprecedented record of 10 rounds in 14 minutes and 42 seconds was obtained, the carriage being manœuvered throughout the trials entirely by hand.

The Crozier-Buffington is exclusively a hand-power carriage,—its manœuvering (elevating, depressing, traversing) being performed by hand, while the elevation into battery is of course accomplished by means of the counterweights, in which sufficient energy for this purpose is stored by the recoil.

The Gordon carriage is capable of being operated either by hand or by electric power. The second Gordon carriage, operated *entirely by*



SERVICE CHARGES AND PROJECTILES. THE LARGEST CHARGE IS FOR A 10-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.

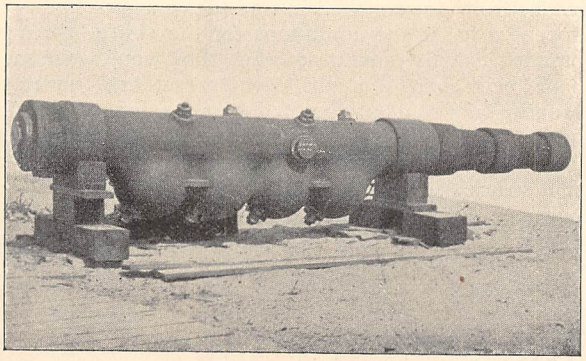
hand-power, was tested for rapidity December 3, 1894, and proved to be a phenomenal success, thirty-two rounds being fired within an hour.

The tests thus far conducted with the Gordon and the Crozier-Buffington disappearing gun-carriages have been very satisfactory and extremely gratifying, for these tests have proved these carriages to be far superior to any type of sea-coast carriage constructed in Europe; and the importance of these results cannot be overestimated. These experimental carriages cost between $40,000 and $60,000 apiece, including the platform. In addition to the cost of purchase must be added about $20,000 for the test of each carriage.

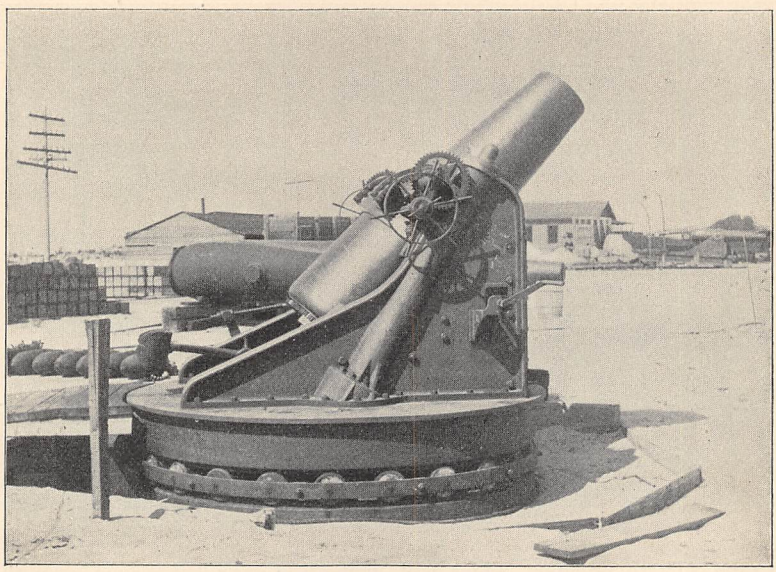
EXPERIMENTS WITH HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

PROBABLY one of the most important series of experiments conducted by the government during the past few years has been that with high explosives. Lieutenant William R. Hamilton, in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for October, 1888, says: "As is well known, many attempts in years past have been made to throw shells charged with dynamite from guns fired with gunpowder; but, due to the terrific shock of discharge, the shells generally burst in the guns, and were more dangerous to those firing than to those fired at"; but although not much more than six years have elapsed since the publication of this statement, a high explosive has been developed, almost as powerful as dynamite, which is capable of being safely fired from large-caliber cannon giving a velocity of not exceeding 1400 feet per second.

At the Sandy Hook proving-ground very extensive and instructive experiments have been conducted with the different explosives furnished by the inventors of this country and abroad, and the results of these interesting investigations have already reached a point justifying conclusions of no small importance. The knowledge has already been given to the public that there can be safely fired from mortars of as large a caliber as 12 inches, 100 pounds of Emmensite and of wet guncotton; and, as stated in the annual report of the Board of Ordnance and Fortification, United States Army, for 1892 (page 29), which conducted these tests, "it is quite certain that 100 pounds of Emmensite exploded in the interior of a war-



HASKELL 8-INCH CAST-IRON MULTICHARGE GUN. (THE "OLD SOW.")



12-INCH BREECH-LOADING HOOPED MORTAR. SPRING RETURN CARRIAGE. FIRING POSITION.

ship, whether entering through the deck or unarmored side, would be decisive; and mortar-shells carrying this charge are easily and cheaply provided. Moreover, so long as the propelling charge in the 8-inch, 10-inch, and 12-inch high-power guns is restricted to give initial velocities not exceeding 1000 feet per second, charges up to this limit may be safely fired from them."

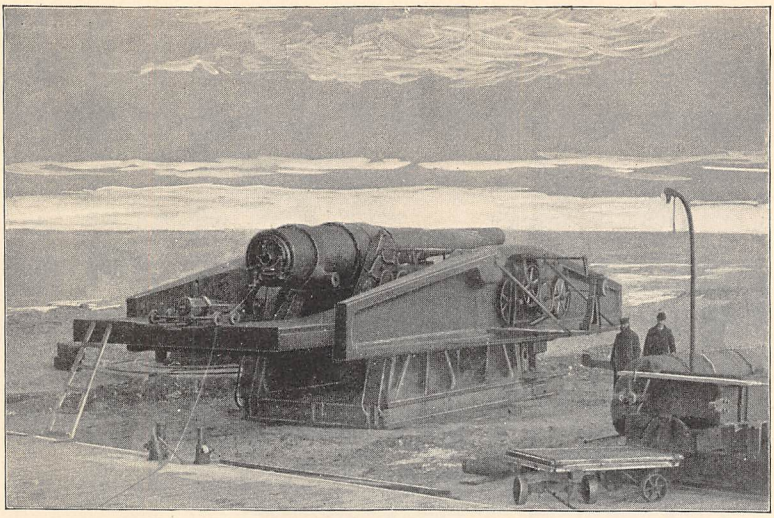
The importance of these statements is better appreciated when it is borne in mind that the simple knowledge of the fact that we can fire 100 pounds of high explosive from these modern high-power mortars, with the extreme accuracy of which they are capable at ranges of five and six miles, amounts almost to a protection in itself of our harbors where these modern mortar-batteries are mounted, rendering an approach thereto an undertaking so hazardous that very few vessels would be willing to risk it.

THE NEW POWDERS.

POWDER, as a propelling charge for cannon, has been in use for over 300 years. The development, however, of the high-power steel breech-loading guns has rendered necessary the employment of a different-sized grain for each caliber; and in order to secure the highest ballistics it has not only been found desirable to devise a grain of different size for the different guns, but also of particular form. The best results from brown powders in our modern guns have been obtained with those grains of prismatic or hexagonal shape having a hollow core running longitudinally. The grains are so arranged as to have the hole in each next that immediately in front and behind, so that when ignited the combustion begins in the interior, producing a steadily increasing volume of gas as the exterior and larger surface of the grain is reached.

No invention of the present century relating to military matters has aroused keener interest or given promise of producing as far-reaching results as that of smokeless powder. Mr. Alfred Nobel, of Stockholm, the inventor of dynamite, succeeded in 1863 in producing in large quantities nitroglycerin (formed by the addition of glycerin to a mixture of concentrated nitric and sulphuric acids). But it was not until 1885 that he was able to produce his firing-powder by dissolving collodion cotton in an equal part of nitroglycerin. Since his discoveries there have been many inventions in smokeless powder, most of which have nitroglycerin or guncotton for a base. The peculiar and distinguishing characteristics of these powders is that, as the product of their combustion is almost entirely gaseous, they burn without the production of any smoke, and leave no solid residue; and as they are slow-burning, give a steadily increasing pressure on the base of the projectile. Physically they differ materially from the old forms of black powder, being manufactured either in thin sheets or small tubes, and range in color from a straw-yellow to a red-brown. They are rarely black.

The government has now under test, with a view to selection for the military service, types of smokeless powders submitted by various inventors and manufacturers of this coun-



10-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE. GORDON DISAPPEARING CARRIAGE. LOADING POSITION.

try and Europe. These powders, which will unquestionably be adopted for every piece of ordnance in the United States military service, from the infantry rifle to the high-power sea-coast guns, in addition to possessing the extremely desirable quality of not hiding the field of fire, and of not indicating to the enemy the location of the firing-piece, possess a higher coefficient of strength than the black or brown powders; and owing to the fact, above mentioned, that the resulting product of their ignition is almost entirely gaseous, there is very little fouling of the piece.

The greatest difficulties that have thus far been experienced with smokeless powders are their liability to deterioration during storage, and the widely different ballistic results which the same lot of powder may produce without apparent cause. These, however, are difficulties which experience in manufacture and use will undoubtedly soon overcome.

Almost all the foreign governments have adopted for their military services smokeless powders, the composition and method of production being kept secret. The United States navy has used to the greatest extent the so-called "navy smokeless" designed by Professor Charles E. Munroe, late chief chemist of the naval torpedo station at Newport, and now professor of chemistry in the Columbian University, Washington, D. C.

The most promising smokeless powders of domestic manufacture, and which are unquestionably equal, if not superior, to any produced thus far abroad, are the Peyton and the Leonard smokeless. The keeping qualities of the Leonard have not yet been determined, but the experiments thus far show it to be a highly promising powder, since it has given a muzzle velocity of 2875 feet per second, with a pressure of but 46,800 pounds per square inch, from the 5-inch Brown segmental wire gun.

RANGE- AND POSITION-FINDERS.

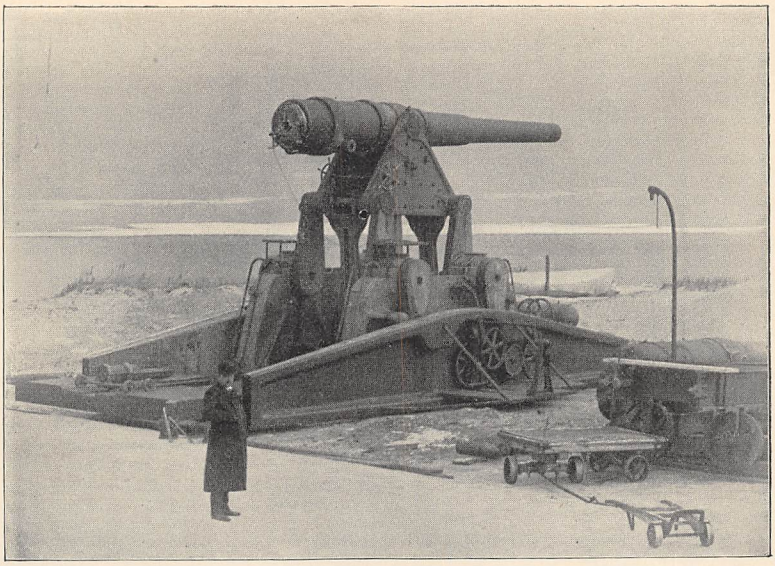
ONE of the greatest difficulties that have always existed in connection with good shooting is the measurement of the range, and this difficulty has been augmented by the increased range and cost of practise-firing with modern high-power guns. It has been found necessary, therefore, to devise special instruments for locating accurately and speedily distant objects. They are based upon the well-known trigonometrical principle of solving a triangle at the apex of which is the object, a permanent base-line being given; and after the two angles thereat are ascertained by the observer, a close approximation to the true range is rapidly secured.

These instruments are termed range- and position-finders, and designs of the most improved types have been submitted by inventors of both the United States and Europe, including the Fiske, the Lewis, and the Zalinski range- and position-finders.

They will undoubtedly form a necessary part of the armament of every fortification where high-power guns are mounted, and it is not improbable that they will also be extensively used in the field.

APPROPRIATIONS NEEDED FROM CONGRESS.

THE far-reaching and all-important changes which have been taking place during the past few years in almost every kind of *matériel* of war in the different branches of our military service, were inaugurated by the Fortification



10-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE. GORDON DISAPPEARING CARRIAGE. FIRING POSITION.

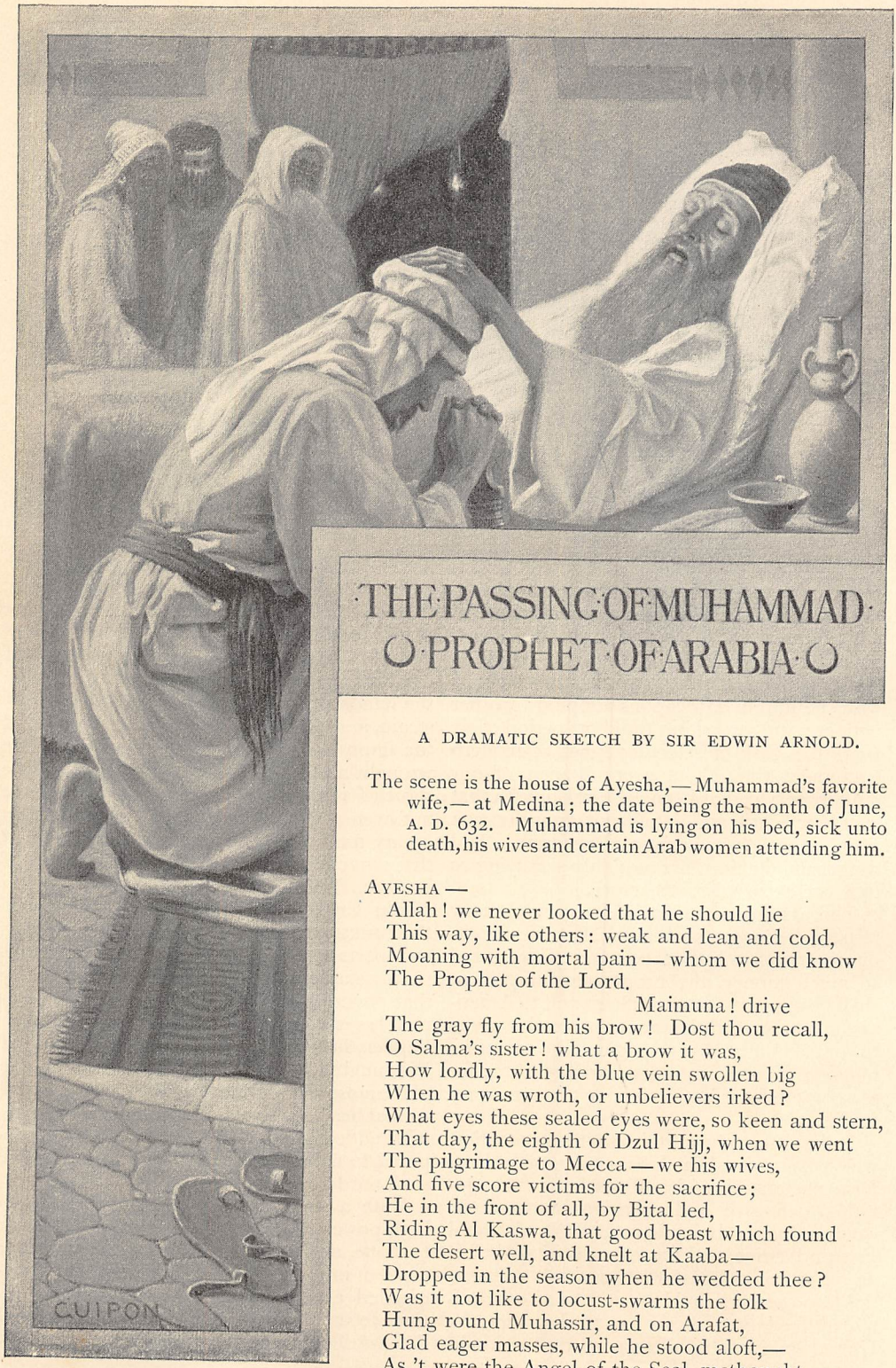
Appropriation Act approved September 22, 1888, prior to which time it was not unjustly charged that the United States was utterly without any means of protection for her sea-coast, and that the munitions of war in the hands of the army were obsolete and ill fitted to cope with the improved weapons adopted by other nations; and yet within the short period of six years this task of selecting types of modern equipment throughout every branch of our military service has been undertaken with that energetic spirit and intelligent consideration which is the characteristic of our race. And the results obtained are as highly gratifying as they are extremely satisfactory.

The army has performed its part. It now rests with Congress whether, after the expenditure of so much time, so much energy, and so much money, the proper encouragement shall be extended to our officers and to American inventors, and the proper protection given to our country, by providing the requisite number of guns, mortars, carriages, etc., for sea-coast defense, and by issuing to our military service.

It is absolutely certain that the practice, which has existed in this country, of waiting for a declaration of hostilities before inaugurating defensive and offensive preparations, can no longer be followed. "We defeated England twice, and we can do it again," is an oft-repeated boast that creates a pleasant tinkle in our ears, and lulls us into an overestimated feeling of security — a boast that the United States, with all her vast resources, would find it extremely difficult to carry out unless provided with the proper armament to do so. And the reasons for this are apparent. At the time of our conflicts with Great Britain in 1776 and 1812, the means of war at the disposal of the British army were not superior to those in the hands of our own. But the discovery of steam, and the invention of the telegraph and the improved methods of treating steel, have wrought a change in military matters but little short of miraculous; and other nations have not been as slow as we have been up to within a very recent period in taking advantage of these inventions as applied to the methods of warfare. Within ten days from a declaration of war England could land on the borders of this country many thousands of men,— the fast transports at her disposal, and the numerous supply-stations which have been established by that government, and which now almost completely surround us, facilitating this to a degree but very little appreciated. The trite truism of Washington — "to be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace" — that has been so often repeated, applies now with added force. The fact that we are prepared to fight is the surest guarantee that we shall not have to fight.

With a superior magazine small-arm, with high-power sea-coast- and field-guns inferior to none, and with the development of other types of implements and engines of war of unequaled excellence, the necessary appropriations to supply these weapons for our national defense should not be withheld.

Victor Louis Mason.



THE PASSING OF MUHAMMAD
PROPHET OF ARABIA

A DRAMATIC SKETCH BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

The scene is the house of Ayesha,— Muhammad's favorite wife,— at Medina; the date being the month of June, A. D. 632. Muhammad is lying on his bed, sick unto death, his wives and certain Arab women attending him.

AYESHA —

Allah! we never looked that he should lie
This way, like others: weak and lean and cold,
Moaning with mortal pain — whom we did know
The Prophet of the Lord.
Maimuna! drive
The gray fly from his brow! Dost thou recall,
O Salma's sister! what a brow it was,
How lordly, with the blue vein swollen big
When he was wroth, or unbelievers irked?
What eyes these sealed eyes were, so keen and stern,
That day, the eighth of Dzul Hijj, when we went
The pilgrimage to Mecca — we his wives,
And five score victims for the sacrifice;
He in the front of all, by Bital led,
Riding Al Kaswa, that good beast which found
The desert well, and knelt at Kaaba—
Dropped in the season when he wedded thee?
Was it not like to locust-swarms the folk
Hung round Muhassir, and on Arafat,
Glad eager masses, while he stood aloft,—
As 't were the Angel of the Seal, methought,—
In Mina, saying loud: "I have fulfilled

The message! I have left amidst ye here
A plain command, the Book of Allah! This,
If ye hold fast, shall guide aright your feet."
And, lifting up his gaze, he spake aloud:
"O Lord! I have delivered all thy will;
Witness thou for me!" Then, what thunder rolled
Of forty thousand score of tongues which cried:
"Aye! of a truth thou hast!" Did we not deem
He clomb too near to Heaven in those great hours
Ever to fall, like this, to us and death?
By Allah! did ye think it could be so?

MAIMUNA — Nay; and how bright with life this wan cheek was
When he came back from Mecca, all his heart
Full of God's peace, the seven due circuits done,
The Zemzem water quaffed, and each thing set
In just ensample for the days to be
When men shall wend to Mecca! Ayesha!
Thou wert on Arafat that dawn he spake
The sunrise prayer — and afterward the verse
From the fifth Sura: "This day have I made
Truth finished for ye; this day have fulfilled
My mercy toward ye; this day do appoint
Islam your faith forever." On that night
I did not dare caress him when he came
Into my tent; I let the date-water
Spill from the leathern bowl, afeard to speak,
He was so rapt. I chafed his feet, and dropped
My eyes — ashamed of his far-seeing eyes.

ASMA (*sister to* MAIMUNA)—
For me, I held him most majestical,
Surest of years, that day when Zeïd's son
Osâma took command for Syria.
How like a conqueror did our Lord unroll
The banner of black wool, and bind the sword
Which flashed at Beder on Osâma's thigh,
Saying: "Fight thou with this under my flag,
In Allah's name for Allah's truth, and smite
And break the unbelievers!" Then, indeed,
Who would have dreamed our Master nigh to this?

AYESHA — Yet he fell sick next night. Oh, had we marked,
There lacked not signs. Fatma! hast thou in mind
How Abu Bekr met him two moons back
In the mosque gate, and, noting that his beard
Grizzled amid its flowing ebon, spake
Full sorrowfully in a sudden grief:
"Thou — who than father or than mother art
More dear to all — alack! I see gray hairs
Are hastening in upon thee!" and his eyes
Brimmed with quick tear-drops when the Prophet raised
With both thin hands his beard, gazing thereon,
And answering, "Yea! 't is travail of the Word
Hath wrought its sign upon me: night and day
The saying of the 'Suras Terrible'—
'Hud,' and 'The Striking,' and 'The Inevitable'—
Has burned my strength to ashes."

FATMA — Aye! 't was so;
Yet sought we ever what might bring him rest:
His uncle Abbas, seeing how the folk
Thronged round him in the mosque, said: "If we build
A lofty seat for thee, they shall not throng."
But sweet reply our Lord gave: "Kinsman kind!
I will not cease from moving in their midst,
Dragging my abbas through the press of them,
And covered with their dust, till Allah's call
Bring me my time of peace."

AYESHA — Ah, Fatma! moist
His lips with honey, for I think they move,
And peradventure 't will be Allah's will
This weakness shall go by. Yet latterly
Ofttimes he did recite, as if 't were due,
That Sura which doth say: "When God's help comes,
And victory, and thou shalt see all tribes
Entering by troops the gateways of the Faith,
Then celebrate the praises of thy Lord,
And seek his mercy who is merciful."

FATMA — Aunt! When that same great Sura was writ down,
He called me; spake to me with quiet eyes:
"My daughter! it is opened I shall die."
At which hard word mine eyes broke into floods
Like rain on Yemen in the sowing-time.
But he said softly: "Nay, Khadija's child!
Weep not; be comforted! since, verily,
Thou shalt first join with me in Paradise."
Thereat no more I wept, but in my heart
Joy gleamed like sun-breaks when the rain is done.

MAIMUNA — Most happy Fatma! if it were to me
He had spoke so, this sorrow would not lie
Crushing my soul, as when her too great load
Keeps bent the camel's knee. I too recall
How — when it was my night, and naught he loved
Soothed him, not date-cakes, nor the rabab's string,
Nor perfumes of the myrrh and ambergris,
Nor kisses,— and ye women wot he liked
Women and scents and sweets — he rose from me,
Wrapped his striped izar-cloth about his head,
And, lifting up the inner curtain, passed
Into the jeweled stillness of the night.
With fearful steps I dared to follow him,—
Ah, sisters! not to spy,— solicitous
Lest wandering beast or sinful robber hurt
The Prophet of the Lord. But he came straight,
Quick-striding, resolute, to where our dead
Sleep by the city wall. There, 'mid the tombs,
Long leaned he on his cedar staff, intent,
Deep-meditating, silent. At the end
A jackal barked: whereon, as if the cry
Roused him, I heard him in most gentle tones
Speak to the dead: "Verily, ye and I
Have found fulfilment of what Allah pledged:
Blessèd are ye, and blessèd is your lot
Beyond the lot of those left in the world!
Sleep well, till God's great daybreak wakens you.
O Lord! shew mercy to these slumberers,

And grant thy grace to me!" At that he turned
And hastened back with such assurèd strides
Scarce I had space to outrun him, and to quench
The kindled lamp, and cast my sandals by,
And seem to slumber, when he came again,
Chilled, to my side, and whispered: "This good night
Allah hath proffered me which thing I would,—
Long life, or else to meet my Lord betimes,—
And I have chosen very soon to die."

AYESHA — That was the week my brows ached; and I moaned,
"My head! my head!" not wotting he was near.
Then entered he, his own brow knit with pain,
And lightly spake: "'T is I might cry, 'My head!'
So bitter is this heat that scorcheth me!
But thou, Omm Raman's child! — were it not sweet
If Allah willed thou didst die first: so I
That loved thee best, might speak the prayers for thee,
And wrap thee in thy grave-cloth, Ayesha,
And lay thee safe till I came too, Gazelle?"
"Now, God forbid!" quoth I — as who would turn
A heaviness to merriment. "Thy wish,
I fear me, Prophet, is to find some eyes
Brighter than Ayesha's when she is gone,
Giving the love that hath been mine to her."
But wistfully he smiled, and silent went.

MAIMUNA — Yea, yea! we know he loved you best. You came
New to him from the goat's milk and the games.
But I, and Haphsa, Zeinab, and the rest,
Dwelled in the outer garden of his love.
It was his will: we grudge thee not; 't is meet
He lie now in thy chamber, Ayesha,
Since — save Khadija — thou in all these years
Held most his heart. But oh, have heed to him —
He strives to speak!

(MUHAMMAD *awakens.*)

MUHAMMAD — Ayesha! Ayesha!
Hath yet Osâma marched?

AYESHA — My Lord! sweet Lord!
He stands without, waiting to speak farewell.

MUHAMMAD — Cover your faces, then, and bid him come.

(OSÂMA *enters, and, kneeling by the couch, kisses the sick man's face.*)

OSÂMA — Prophet! how fierce a fever burneth thee!

MUHAMMAD — I swear by Him in whose hand lies my life,
There suffereth no believer but his woes
Cause sins to shed away, as the hot wind
Strips dead leaves off, that new green leaves may grow.
I, here consuming, cheat my fever's flame
Praising the Lord: but thou, why tarriest thou?
Smite me the unbelievers! Fall at dawn
Upon those dogs of Obna! Let attack
Sound the first tidings of thee! Send forth scouts,

And Allah give thee victory! Guide my palm
That I may lay it on thy head, and leave
A blessing there. Go in God's peace!

(OSÂMA *departs.*)

My girl!
Where is that gold I gave into thy hands?
Part it among the "people of the Bench,"
Heaven's poor ones.

AYESHA— Master! 't is the last we have:
We owe for wood and sesamum.

MUHAMMAD— Give! Give!
That were ill done if I should meet my Lord
With dinars in my hands. Maimuna! reach
My izar down. I hear the muezzin
Calling to prayer! *Ya! ya! Ash 'had do an*
La illah 'l-lul-la-ho. Ye faithful! know
There is no God save God: *hya ul-aṣ-salaat!*
Come unto prayer! Nay, nay! I have not force;
I cannot stand; this fever burns my brain!
Lay me once more upon the camel-skin.

AYESHA— Sweet Lord! Thou doest ill to vex thy heart.
Enough is wrought. Ah, rest! Saith not the Book:
"We have forgiven to thee all thy sins,
The former and the latter"?

MUHAMMAD— Ayesha!
Except God's mercy cover me with grace,
I that am called the Prophet of the Lord—
I shall not enter into Paradise!
Hath yet Osâma marched? I cannot ease
Of this fierce aching till I hear his drums.
Oh, set the door wide back. I faint! I faint!

MAIMUNA— Make wet his holy lips with date-water,
Zeinab! Fan quickly, Fatma! Ah, he swoons!
Our Master's eyes are shut. He hath desired
Too ardently to lead this evening prayer.

AYESHA— 'T was Monday's Azan brought him to such point
Of mortal feebleness.

ZEINAB— I did not know.
How fell that, Abu Bekr's daughter?

AYESHA— Weak—
Though not, as now, to seeming death—he lay.
And I, who oft before in time of strait
Heard him ask Allah for deliverance,
Knelt heartsick by the bed, because he prayed
Saying, "Oh, soul! my soul! why seekest thou
Another refuge than in God alone?"
For then first did he no more crave to live.

ZEINAB— Inshallah!

AYESHA— But the morn broke, rose and gold,
And the cool air was like a spring to drink,
While on the ways the footfalls of the folk
Made clatter, and the pigeons on the roof
Cooed, and the well-ropes creaked, awakening him.

So, stronger for his sleep,— and hearing then,
As now, the muezzin,— he would arise
And gird himself to go. My father served
Imam that day, and told us what befell.

ZEINAB — Impart it, sister!

AYESHA — All the mosque was filled
To the corner flag-stones, and the first rakaat[1]
Was finished, and the people stood to make
The second form, when our Lord entered in,
His arm about the neck of Abbas' son.
Then, in the house of God, the weakness went;
Glad grew his face; his wan lips smiled; he said
Softly to Fadhl: "Allah granteth me
Cooling of eyes by this good breath of prayer."
And the folk parted on the right and left
To make way for him to the mimbar-rail,
Where Abu Bekr would have yielded place
But our Lord motioned "No," and on the mats
Sate till my father ended morning prayer.
Then he arose, and while the eyes of men
Fed on his looks, and eager fingers caught
His robe's hem to fond lips, he cried aloud,
The fever crimson in his cheek, his mouth
Dry with the blast of death, and this dear brow
Shadowed with Azrael's overhanging wing!
Yes — Abu Bekr said — he gazed around,
And spake: "Men of Medina, where I lived
Coming and going, testifying God,
I shall die soon! I pray ye, answer me:
Is there among ye here one I have wronged?
I have borne rule, judging in Allah's name
That am a man, and sinful. Have I judged
Unrighteously, or wrathfully, or pressed
Too hard in the amend? Let who saith 'Yea'
Make his 'Yea' good before the people here,
And I will bare my back that he may smite.
I have borne testimony for the Truth,
Not sparing sinners. Speak, if there be one
Wronged by mine own misdoing. Let him shame
His Prophet now, telling the ill I wrought
Before the assembly. I have gathered dues:
Declare if I defrauded any here
Buying or selling."
And no answer came,
Except the noise of sobs and weeping men
Because our Lord spake thus.
But one arose,—
A hamal,— with his cord across his back,
And porter's knot (Zeinab! thou knowest him:
'T is Hassan, from the last shop in the lane
Behind the mosque), who cried: "Abdullah's son!
Three silver pieces owest thou to me
For wood I bore thee after Ramadhan."
And softly said our Lord: "Good friend! much thanks
Because thou didst demand thy money now,
And not before the judgment-seat of God.
Ill is it if men thither carry debts."
Therewith he paid that debt, kissing the hand

[1] Prostration.

Wherein the dirhams dropped; and so came home
To lay his head upon my lap — my lap!
But, Zeinab, look! Maimuna, look! Our Lord
Stirreth anew! What saith he? Let me come!
Ayesha's ear shall know.

(*Kneeling at the bedside.*)

'T is Ayesha
Hearkens, dear Master!

MUHAMMAD — Give me drink, my girl!
Hath yet Osâma marched? Be those his drums?
I die — at last I die! Breathe on my eyes
And chafe my hands. Well wot I that I die.
Listen! this for thine ear — for thee alone:

(*He speaks low to* AYESHA.)

Three days agone, Allah's high messenger
Came to me,— Gabriel,— and he asked of me:
"Servant of God! how is it with thee here?"
"Trouble is with me, and sore agony,"
Replied I. Then he spake, "A little while
Have patience"; and departed. Once again
With selfsame speech he came, inquired, and I
With the same words made answer. And again,
Even now, whilst ye did watch, th' archangel stood
Here, in thy room,— another shining one
Behind him,— and he said: "Servant of God!
This is the lord of death, great Azrael.
He hath not sought before from any man
Leave to come in, and never afterward
Shall seek from any; but to-day he stands
Waiting thy pleasure. Suffer that he come."
Then spake I, "Enter, Allah's messenger!"
And Azrael said: "Muhammad, I am sent
To take thy soul, if so thou wilt; or else,
If so thou wilt, to leave thee whole again.
I that command, am at command of thee."
Whereon, a little pondering, I was 'ware
Of Gabriel whispering, "Verily, our Lord
Desireth thee." And thereupon I spake:
"Do thou the will of Allah, Azrael!"

ZEINAB — What saith he, Ayesha?

AYESHA — Be still, be still! —
O Prophet of the Lord! Ah, Master, stay!

MUHAMMAD — Nay! take thy lips away — they cannot help.
Read, if thou canst, my Sura writ for death.
Kiss me no more, I say,— Azrael's mouth
Is on my lips. O Allah, pardon me!
Join me with the companionship on high!
Hist! I see Paradise! O Gabriel, give
Thy hand a little more. I testify
There is no God but God!

(*He dies.*)

AYESHA — Now, women, cry!
Gone! our resource, our glory! *Wel-wel-eh!*
Our Lord is dead and gone! Ah, *wel-wel-eh!*

Edwin Arnold.

THE DEATH OF EMIN PASHA.

BY THE UNITED STATES AGENT IN THE CONGO FREE STATE.

WHEN Emin Pasha, after his return to the coast with Stanley, again left Zanzibar, he headed for the Victoria Nyanza, with the intention of going back to the Equatorial Provinces; but as he turned to the Unyoro country, which lies to the west of the Victoria, and near the source of the Aruwimi, he had evidently changed his mind on arriving at the Victoria Lake. At that point his force included some forty soldiers and a caravan of porters, probably numbering 150 people. It is supposed that this was an expedition under the authority of the German Imperial government, and that it had more than a scientific motive.

Upon arriving in the Unyoro, he came upon an Arab camp under the command of Said ben Abedi, whose father was old Tanganyika, formerly an important chief on the lake of that name. Emin Pasha expressed his intention of making his way through the Uregga country to Kibonge, on the right bank of the Congo, seventy-five or eighty miles south of Stanley Falls. Said told him that if he would wait a few weeks, he would accompany him to Kibonge. This was about the month of July, 1892. The distance from Unyoro to Kibonge was said to be three months' journey through a continuation of the same forest which gave Stanley so much trouble in his search for Emin. Shortly afterward Emin continued his march, accompanied by Said, who was taking slaves and ivory to the Congo.

From Emin's journals it was learned that in following the course of the Aruwimi for a few days after starting with Said, he lost, through the capsizing of a boat in the rapids of that river, the greater part of his natural-history specimens, collected on his way from the east coast. On turning from the river toward Kibonge, his course lay southwest through a dense forest difficult to traverse; there was a scarcity of food, and the natives were inclined to attack the camps every night, especially the Pygmy race. Emin and Said lost many men in this forest. Emin's journals indicate that he kept his health in a remarkable degree, and he ascribed his freedom from fevers to the fact that he had an enlarged spleen.

On October 5, 1892, they arrived at the small village of Kinena, which lies 150 miles to the northeast of Kibonge. Here Said suggested that Emin should wait and allow his men some rest, while he would proceed to Kibonge, and inform the chief of that name that the white man was coming. Emin assented, and two days afterward Said left, promising to send fresh porters to Emin. Then Emin installed himself in the house of the chief, Kinena, knowing that he would have to wait at least twenty days before an answer could come from Said. He busied himself, meanwhile, in arranging the collection which he had made in a country never before gone over by a naturalist; and judging from his journals, it must have been a very valuable one, as he claims to have found many new specimens of animal life — insects, birds, etc.

In his journal of October 26 he wrote in German, *Mohara will krieg* ("Mohara will fight"); and this is the only indication which we have been able to find in his note-books that he knew anything of the Arab war then about to break forth. The next day's entry was short, merely stating that the weather was cloudy and that it threatened rain. This is the last entry in the journals, and it is supposed that he was killed on the following morning, October 28, 1892.

In order to explain the motive of the murder, we must consider events of the previous year which led up to the war with the Arabs.

The Congo Free State, in the beginning of 1891, fitted out an expedition under the command of Captain Van Kerckhoven, who had orders to proceed to the Nile by way of the Oulle and Bomokandi rivers. The object of this expedition was not clearly understood, and excited much comment in Europe. It met on those two rivers many Arab camps which belonged to the followers of Tippoo Tib and Munie-Mohara. In every case these camps were attacked, the Arabs killed, the slaves liberated, and the ivory seized as contraband of war. This expedition up to the present time is still working toward the Nile, and I have no doubt that the country which has been taken will be retained by the Congo Free State. The killing of so many Arabs by the expedition undoubtedly engendered a hatred in the minds of the Arab chiefs at their headquarters, Nyangwe and Kassongo (three or four hundred

miles south of Kibonge), toward all the whites in Central Africa; and this undoubtedly was the reason why the expedition under Hodister was massacred in May, 1892. This expedition was sent from Brussels under the name of the Syndicat du Katanga. They had orders to establish trading-houses on both banks of the Congo south of Stanley Falls, and on the Lomami River, which runs parallel to the Congo. All the arrangements for the establishment of these factories had been made with Tippoo Tib and Munie-Mohara; and Hodister thought he had only to go to the different points and establish himself. But on the road from the Lomami to a small town called Riba-Riba, situated on the left bank of the Congo River half-way from Kibonge to Kassongo, he, with six white men, was murdered by order of Munie-Mohara. The reason given by the latter for having killed them was revenge for the many Arabs killed by Van Kerckhoven in the Oulle. Emin's death five months later, at the instigation of Kibonge, was undoubtedly prompted by the same feeling of hatred toward the whites.

Five months after Emin's death (March, 1893), while I was at Stanley Falls preparing to enter the Lomami, it was rumored among the native chiefs that a white man, whom they called Ameen, and who had come from the East, had been murdered to the east of Kibonge's place; but all these rumors were very vague, and we could get no definite information from any one, the Arabs saying it was not true — that the only white men who had been killed were of Hodister's party.

Since the month of July, 1892, a large expedition under Baron Dhanis had been fighting its way from the Sankuru, an affluent of a south branch of the Congo, eastward to the headquarters of the Arabs at Kassongo, a town of 40,000 inhabitants, governed by Sefu, the eldest son of Tippoo Tib, and his representative in Central Africa. After a two months' siege the towns of Kassongo and Nyangwe (Munie-Mohara's town) surrendered; and the soldiers, in ransacking the houses, found in one of them articles belonging to Emin. This caused great surprise to Baron Dhanis, as he had no idea that Emin had even started for Stanley Falls. On questioning Arabs taken prisoners in this fight, no doubt remained of Emin's death; so word was sent to Europe without fear of contradiction.

The Arab war was finished on January 14, 1894; and in the following April, while I was in Kassongo, my sergeant, Omari, a Zanzibari who had formerly been with Stanley's Emin Pasha Relief Expedition as first sergeant, informed me that he had heard in the town that morning that a caravan would arrive the next day, and in this caravan there were two men who had killed Emin Pasha. Steps were immediately taken for their arrest, and the next morning, when the caravan appeared on the hill near Kassongo, soldiers were sent, and the two men, Ismailia and Mamba (Arab slaves), were arrested, and placed in the guard-house. I was immediately sent for, to take their confessions.

The guard-house was in the thatched, sun-dried brick building which formed our headquarters at Kassongo, and was large, having at least fifteen rooms, with a court in the middle not unlike the patio of a Spanish house. This court was entirely surrounded by large fluted pillars, and the architectural effect was fine. The windows gave one the idea that it was a Moorish house. The doors were made of mahogany, as were also the ceilings. On the posts and lintels of the doorways were inscriptions from the Koran carved out of the solid wood. The doors were very heavy, and studded with large iron nails, and looked not unlike some of the old cathedral doors of Europe. On arriving at Kassongo, Dhanis had taken this large house for his headquarters. It was the property of an Arab named Mousson-ghela, who was the architect of all the work done in Kassongo and Nyangwe. Near by were the ruins of the house of Tippoo Tib, occupied during the last few years by his son Sefu. This had been an even larger house,— probably 120 feet square, and of two stories, — and of finer workmanship. This house also had a large court in the interior, upon which faced the rooms of the seraglio. Other rooms were used as storehouses for cloth, etc., and others for the deposit of ivory that was awaiting transport. When Dhanis entered the town with his soldiers and probably 20,000 auxiliaries in the shape of natives from the country west of the Congo, these natives immediately began to burn and pillage, and Tippoo Tib's house was destroyed with many others. It was not possible to stop these depredations, although many of the natives were tried and shot for arson and murder. In Nyangwe, about thirty-five miles northwest of Kassongo, on the right bank of the Congo, at the time of the capture there were at least 3000 houses and a population of between 40,000 and 45,000 souls. The Arabs gave notice to Dhanis that they would surrender their arms. In a few hours the town was occupied by a mass of 15,000 or 20,000 men. For every arm turned over to Dhanis it is supposed that ten guns were hidden in the different houses. One or two of the Zanzibari informed the commandant that it looked as if the Arabs meant to attack him at night; but Dhanis did not believe it possible, as he thought all the arms had been turned in. But an attack was begun at seven o'clock in the evening, and fortunately too early, as the soldiers were on



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MR. MOHUN AND HIS COLOR-BEARERS.

FLAG OF THE CONGO FREE STATE. OMARI, SERGEANT AND INTERPRETER.

the lookout for them. A free fight in the streets resulted, and in the space of four hours it was estimated that 3000 were killed and the rest put to flight; but during this time most of the houses were set on fire and burned to the ground. In this way Nyangwe was destroyed, and to-day the only house left is occupied by the officer commanding the State post of 125 soldiers which has been left there as a guard. Kassongo, which was only partly destroyed at the time of the capture, was three hours' march east of the Congo; it was situated on four hills, and commanded a view of the whole country for a circumference of about twenty-five miles. This evidently was the reason why Tippoo Tib selected it as the site for his capital; but owing to the scarcity of water, there being only three springs and two small streams, Dhanis decided from a sanitary point of view to remove the State camp to the river-bank, in order to allow the soldiers to have plenty of water for washing purposes. The country is very fertile, but nearly treeless; and one of the great difficulties we experienced was to procure fire-wood. In order to complete the new houses erected beside the river, it was necessary to bring the material seven or eight days' march.

On being summoned to take the confessions of the prisoners, I went immediately to the guard-house, which was a square room having iron bars to the windows and a heavy lock on the door. I took with me my sergeant and interpreter, Omari bo Hamise, who, as I have said, had been Stanley's chief sergeant on the expedition to Wadelai to relieve Emin Pasha, and consequently took a deep interest in extracting a confession from the wretches who had murdered a man for whom he had suffered so much.

When we entered the guard-room we found the two men, in chains, lying on the floor. Ismailia was dressed in an Arab white shirt reaching to the ground, and was about thirty-two years of age. His companion, Mamba, was nearly of the same age. These two men had been slaves of Said ben Abedi for many years, Ismailia having held the position of chief of many expeditions which had been sent out to capture slaves. During Emin's march through the forest, Ismailia had been given charge of Emin's porters by Said ben Abedi; and the two men had accompanied Said ben Abedi to Kibonge, when he left Emin to get permission to pass through to Stanley Falls.

As I entered the room they rose and said:

"Good morning, master."

I replied, asking them why they were in chains and under guard. They said that they did not know; that they had done nothing. I told them to be seated on their mats, sent Omari for my chair, and lighted my pipe. After a few moments I began to question them through Omari.

"Did you not accompany Emin Pasha from the Unyoro to Kinena?" I asked.

"Yes, we did."

"Was he not killed at Kinena by order of Kibonge and by the people of Kibonge? What were the names of these persons who killed Emin?"

"That we do not know."

"Did you not see Emin Pasha killed?"

"We did not."

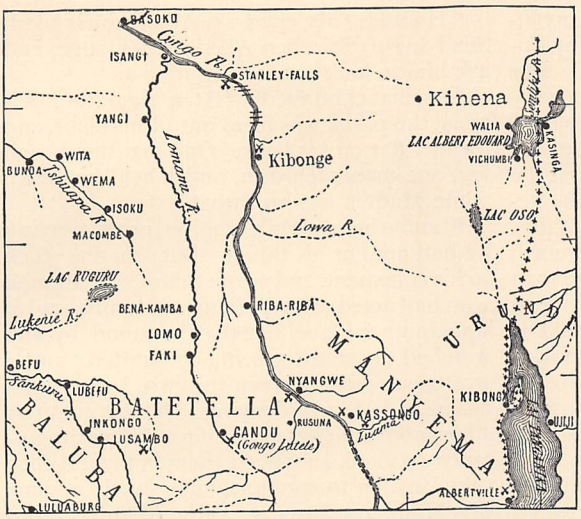
I said, "You lie! We have two men here at Kassongo who say that you and Mamba were two of the murderers."

They swore it was not so. I then called the guard, and had Mamba placed in a separate room, and sent Omari to talk to him. He was so far away that the conversation could not be heard by Ismailia. I followed Omari, and told him to come to me in half an hour and say that Mamba had confessed that he and Ismailia had had a hand in the killing. I then returned to Ismailia, and questioned him again, but with no result, as he denied all knowledge of the tragedy. I then said, "Of course, if you are not guilty, in a few days you will be released."

In a short time Omari reappeared, and spoke to me in Kisuahili, which was perfectly understood by Ismailia, stating that Mamba had made a full confession that he and Ismailia had killed Emin Pasha. The change in the appearance and manner of Ismailia was startling. He jumped to his feet, then fell on his knees, and asked for mercy, declaring that it was true they had killed Emin Pasha, but that as he was only a slave and had received orders from a big chief, under pain of death if the orders were not carried out, the only thing left for him to do was to comply. He then said:

"If you had received orders from your chief to kill some one, would you not do it?"

I said that under certain circumstances I should obey such an order, but that there was no reason why Emin should have been killed, as he had never done the Arabs any harm. As he was also a Mohammedan, it struck me as strange that they should want to destroy him. He said he knew nothing about that. He had received his orders, and had obeyed them; and if he was to be killed for it—why, he would have to be killed. He could not help himself, for he was now in the power of the white man. He had voluntarily surrendered himself, thinking that the affair had blown over; and he thought that his life ought to be spared. I answered that his fate was a matter over which I had no authority, and that it rested with Fimbo-Mingi (the native name of Dhanis). He then asked



MAP OF THE REGION OF THE OPERATIONS OF COMMANDANT DHANIS. FROM "LE CONGO ILLUSTRÉ."

Kinena, where Emin Pasha was killed, has been added to the original map, its site being approximately fixed.

me when he was going to be executed, and I told him that I did not know whether he was going to be executed at all; but that he would certainly be sent down the river to Kibonge's place, where Commandant Dhanis had established his headquarters.

I then told Omari to fetch in Mamba, and we would hear what he had to say.

Mamba was very much surprised when, on entering, he heard Ismailia beginning to relate the history of Emin's murder. He asked Ismailia what he meant by lying. Ismailia was rather nonplussed at this, as he believed that Mamba had already betrayed him; and when he realized that he had been drawn out by a ruse, he was indignant.

They were both seated opposite to me on their mats, with Omari between us; and darkness having come on, I built a fire in one corner of the room, the flames lighting up their black faces, in which gleamed the whites of their eyes.

Ismailia began by stating that he had been in the service of Emin Pasha, having been loaned to him by Said to take charge of his caravan on the march from the Unyoro. I asked him if he had been well treated on the road, and if he had any cause of complaint to make against Emin Pasha. He answered that he had none; that he had always been treated with the greatest kindness, and that the pasha had frequently given him pieces of cloth for himself and for his three women; that he liked the pasha very much, and had no feeling of hatred against him. Mamba broke in, saying that he also liked the pasha, and that he was very sorry he had died. Continuing, Ismailia said:

"I went with Said ben Abedi and Mamba to Chief Kibonge, and after having been there two days, Mamba was sent with a letter to Emin, saying he could come through to Kibonge. I was told that I was to remain with Said; but during the night Kibonge sent for me, and, giving me a letter, told me to go and place it in the hands of Kinena, and to travel as rapidly as possible, so that the pasha would not be able to start before I arrived. I did not know the contents of this letter; but after twelve days' hard journey alone through the forest, I arrived at Kinena's in the morning, ten minutes after the arrival of Mamba with the letter to Emin. The chief read the letter, and told me that it was an order from Kibonge to kill Emin, and that I was to give any assistance I could in carrying out these instructions. A few minutes after I arrived, I met Mamba, and he said, 'Well, we are all ready to start to-morrow morning for Kibonge, and we are getting our food ready to leave. I suppose you will go back with us; but you must be very tired after your long walk through the woods.' I said, 'Yes, I am going back to Kibonge's to-morrow morning; but the white man is not going.' 'Why?' said Mamba. 'Because orders have been received to kill him, and you and I are to help.'"

Mamba then turned to me and said: "I did not want to help to kill the pasha; but I knew that Kibonge was a much bigger chief than my master Said, and that if I did not obey he would probably kill me; so I told Ismailia that I would do as I was ordered."

Ismailia, continuing, said: "I then went back to Kinena's, and on the veranda of the chief's house Emin Pasha was seated, surrounded by a few of his soldiers. He was writing at his table, and many birds and bugs were scattered around. These he had caught coming from the Aruwimi. The first letter, which Mamba had brought, was in front of him; and he was laughing, and seemed in cheerful spirits at the thought of leaving next morning for Kibonge. Kinena came up with a few men who were carrying guns. Kinena had in his hand the letter which I had given him. He stopped near the pasha, and began reading to himself. When he had finished he said: 'Pasha, as you are going to leave to-morrow morning for a twelve days' march, don't you think you had better send your men into the plantations, and get bananas, manioc, and peanuts for the long march which you have before you? Tell your men to get all they wish; and I hope that you won't think of paying me for them, as it is my

present to you, and is in return for the many little things which you have given me and my women since you have been my guest.' The pasha looked up, and thanked Kinena very much. He then told one of his orderlies to have the bugler call the men, which was done.

"When they arrived, Kinena said: 'Tell the men to leave their arms on the side of the veranda, because if they go into the plantations carrying guns, the women working there will become frightened, and run away.' Thereupon Emin's men, numbering thirty or forty, placed their guns on the veranda, and departed. The plantations were an hour's walk from the house. During the time it took the men to go to the plantations Kinena talked to Emin, expressing his regret at his departure. Mamba and I were standing next to the pasha, and at a sign from the chief we seized him by the arms as he was sitting in his chair. He turned, and asked what we meant. Kinena looked at him, and said, 'Pasha, you have got to die!' Emin turned, and exclaimed rather angrily: 'What do you mean? Is this a joke? What do you mean by seizing me in this manner? What are you talking about my dying for? Who are you that you can give orders for a man to die?' Kinena replied: 'I do not give the orders. I receive them from Kibonge, who is my chief; and when Kibonge gives an order to me I obey it.'

"Three of Kinena's men came and assisted us in holding Emin, who was struggling to free himself and to get at his revolver lying on the table; but his efforts were fruitless, and we forced him back into his chair. Then Emin told Kinena that it was all a mistake, as he had just received a letter from Kibonge that morning saying that he should have safe-conduct to his village, and that the letter was on his table in front of him. Kinena replied, 'Pasha, you read Arabic, don't you?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then read this,' holding the second letter close to Emin's eyes, as the pasha was nearly blind.

"Emin read the letter, and saw that it was true. Drawing a long breath, he turned and said: 'Well, you may kill me, but don't think that I am the only white man in this country. There are many others who will be willing to avenge my death; and let me tell you that in less than two years from now there won't be an Arab left in the entire country now held by your people.'"

I asked Ismailia if Emin showed any signs of fear, and he said that he showed none; but when he spoke of having care taken of his daughter, two years of age, he trembled slightly.

"What did he say about his child, Ismailia?" I asked.

"He said: 'My child is not bad; she is good. Send her to Said ben Abedi at Kibonge, and ask him to look out for her.'"

Ismailia continued: "At a sign from Kinena, the pasha was lifted out of his chair, and thrown flat on his back. One man held each leg, one man each arm, and I held his head, while Mamba cut his throat."

Mamba here put in a vigorous protest, saying he had not cut his throat. But Ismailia stuck to his statement, and swore that it was Mamba who had acted as executioner. Mamba said it was another slave, but that he stood by and watched the murder being committed; and a wrangle ensued between the two, Ismailia accusing and Mamba denying. I let this continue a few moments; but as no information of importance resulted, I stopped them both, and then told Ismailia to continue, for I should assume that Mamba had used the knife. Mamba looked rather discouraged at this declaration, but said nothing; and I firmly believe that it was he who beheaded Emin.

Ismailia then said: "Emin made no effort at resistance. His head was drawn back until the skin across his throat was tight, and with one movement of the knife Mamba cut the head half off. The blood spurted over us, and the pasha was dead. We held to him for a few moments; then we arose, and left the body where it was. Afterward Mamba severed the head from the body, and Kinena had it packed in a small box and sent on to Kibonge, to show that his orders had been obeyed.

Mamba again denied having had anything to do with the killing, saying that he had brought the good letter to Emin Pasha, and that he had simply stood by and looked at the execution. He said, "It was not I, but one of Kinena's slaves, who killed Emin."

"What was his name?" I asked.

"I don't know."

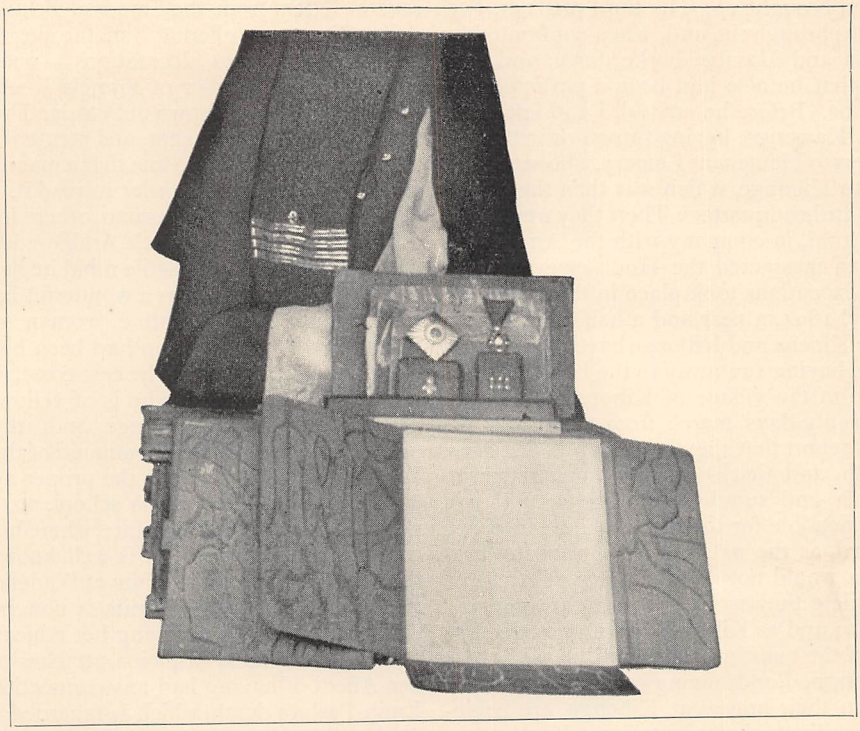
"Where is he now?"

"I have never seen him since that day."

I said, "Mamba, if you committed the deed, the best thing is for you to confess. I think it is very probable that both of you will be executed, and it will be just as well if you confess."

Mamba made no reply. I then asked Ismailia what had become of Emin's head after its arrival at Kibonge, and he answered that he believed it had been sent to Munie-Mohara at Nyangwe.

The reason, it appears to me, for Kibonge's having sent the head to Nyangwe was that he desired to show Munie-Mohara, who had almost as much influence as Tippoo Tib, that he (Kibonge) was as big a chief in his own country, and could kill a white man as well as Munie-Mohara, who had ordered the destruction of Hodister's expedition.



EFFECTS OF EMIN PASHA, FOUND AT KASSONGO.
One end of the sheet-iron trunk may be seen behind the open writing-portfolio lined with watered silk. On the trunk are shown the diaries and two decorations.

"Ismailia," I asked, "what became of Emin's body?"

"Oh, it was thrown into the bush."

"With the clothes on?"

"They were stolen by the natives, I suppose. His trunks and boxes were sent to Kibonge; his cloth was distributed among Kinena's people. The soldiers who were in the plantation were made prisoners, and all of them are slaves now, and are with Kibonge, who at the present time is fifteen days' march southeast of Kinena's village."

It being late, I told Ismailia I would return in the morning and continue the conversation with him. He said, "Master, I am very hungry; I have had nothing to eat all day, and nothing to drink. Can you not have food sent to me?" I ordered Omari to see that proper care was taken of the prisoners.

The next morning I returned, and found the two men in a much better humor than on the day before. They thanked me for having sent them food, and Ismailia said that anything more I should like to know he would be very glad to tell me. Their manner indicated the belief that if they told everything frankly, there would be some chance of their receiving mercy. I asked them many questions in regard to their journey from Unyoro to Kinena, and they told me many little incidents throwing light on Emin's peculiarities. They said that he was often lost in the bush for two days at a time. He would suddenly leave the caravan to chase a bird or butterfly, and, failing to return, they would have to send search-parties to look him up and bring him back. In this way they lost many days' march.

I asked if Emin had many specimens before the accident in the rapids of the Aruwimi on their way down to Nepoko, and Ismailia replied, "Boxes of them." I asked what they were principally, and he said "Small birds, butterflies, beetles, and a great many smaller insects." Emin could hardly see, yet always carried a small bird-gun with him, and seemed very successful in shooting, as he often returned loaded down with specimens. When Commandant Dhanis found the boxes at Kassongo, only two or three specimens remained, and these have been forwarded with the rest of Emin's belongings to the German government.

The next morning we left for Nyangwe, taking Ismailia and Mamba down under a guard of twenty-five men. On the way down Ismailia informed me that another of the murderers of Emin was at the rapids just below Nyangwe, in command of a post belonging to the Congo Free State. On arriving at Nyangwe, I informed the chief of the post that this man was there, and he immediately sent down and

had him brought up. The third prisoner, Ferrani, was brought in, and, when confronted by Ismailia and Mamba, broke down, and confessed that he also had been a participant in the crime. Before he arrived, I had left to return to Kassongo, having turned over the two prisoners to Lieutenant Lemery, who sent them down to Kibonge, which was then the Congo Free State headquarters. There they were hung, after a trial, in company with the Arab chiefs who had massacred the Hodister expedition. These executions took place in the latter part of May, 1894, a year and a half after Emin's death. Kinena and Kibonge have not yet been caught, having run away to the bush after the capture of the village of Kibonge. They are now twenty days' march from there, and the natives report that they have no powder, caps, or cloth, and that soon they must return to the river and surrender themselves. It will not be possible for them to make their escape eastward, as the natives on the road to Tanganyika would not allow a party of Arabs to pass unless they were able to fight their way through; and as Kibonge has no powder, this is out of the question. Nearly all of his people have returned, and, having reëstablished themselves in their houses at Kibonge, are beginning to cultivate their plantations. It is thought that Kibonge has not more than 300 people with him.

Among the effects of Emin Pasha were found the following articles: two sheet-iron traveling-trunks which contain some of his journals, his list of specimens, some thermometers, a parallel ruler, a uniform coat, a large writing-portfolio, several letters from Mackay of Uganda, several letters from the Imperial British East Africa Company offering him the position of governor, and two decorations — one of a chevalier of the Order of Francis Joseph, the other of the Royal Crown of Prussia. The journals were beautifully kept, and written in ink. The handwriting was so fine that a magnifying-glass had to be used in order to read it. Some of the entries were in German, others in English, others in Italian, French, Arabic, and Turkish, showing what a versatile mind he had, and proving his reputation as a wonderful linguist.

A copper-colored native woman of the Equatorial Provinces, who had been his companion ever since he left the east coast, and his two-year-old daughter, who is of yellow complexion, are now at Kibonge, and are being cared for by the officer in command of the post. When the child arrives at the proper age she will be placed in a mission school, at the expense of the Congo Free State, where her education will be assured. It is well known that the woman who was with him at Wadelai died, and that her daughter Ferida is now in Germany, where she is receiving her education.

Not the slightest suspicion attaches to Said ben Abedi of having had any connection with Emin Pasha's death, which is regarded by the Arabs with whom I have talked as a stupid error on the part of Kibonge, who committed the crime simply to place himself on the same level as Munie-Mohara, who had killed Hodister. I do not believe, either, that Tippoo Tib had any hand in the crime, which must have been as great a surprise to him and to his son Sefu and his nephew Rachid, who was the governor of Stanley Falls, as it was to us.

R. Dorsey Mohun.

ACCIDENTS.

A VISION seen by Plato the divine:
Two shuddering souls come forward, waiting doom
From Rhadamanthus in the nether gloom.
One is a slave — hunger has made him pine;
One is a king — his arms and jewels shine,
Making strange splendor in the dismal room.
"Hence!" cries the judge, "and strip them! Let them come
With nought to show if they be coarse or fine."
Of garb and body they are swift bereft:
Such is hell's law — nothing but soul is left.
The slave, in virtue glorious, is held fit
For those blest isles of peace where just kings go.
The king, by vice deformed, is sent below
To herd with base slaves in the wailing pit.

John Hay.

HE WOULD A-WOOING GO.



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"THE PROCESSION OF TWO."

TENTY FAREBROTHER never knew how near she came to having what she would have called an "offer" on the evening following that of the sewing-circle supper. To her mind, as to that of the average New England country-woman, "offer," taken by itself, was a strictly specific term meaning an offer of marriage.

Tenty had never had an offer, had never looked for one, and, incredible as it may seem, had never wished for one. She had been altogether too busy — first, in looking after a somewhat delicate mother and hard-working father, and, secondly, in caring for a younger brother and sister — to consider herself matrimonially, and now at sixty was calmly content with her state of single blessedness.

Not so Tooty, whose baptismal name was Ruth. Tooty, from the time she put on stays, and began to touch her cheeks with rouge, had never ceased to hope. Four-and-thirty years had elapsed since then, but her waist was still slim, her cheeks, though faded, daily renewed their bloom, and her heart fluttered as of old at the approach of a mateless member of the other sex.

The two lived in a low-browed, wide-spreading old house at the end of a lane in the hamlet of Mantib, Massachusetts.

Tenty was a cushiony little woman,— what Mantibians called "stubbed," — whose almost imperceptible waist had remained guiltless of stays except on the rare occasions when she had been persuaded to put them on at Tooty's solici-



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

AT THE SEWING-CIRCLE.

tations; for Tooty regarded a natural waist with horror as something highly indelicate, and Tenty's figure was certainly naturalistic in the extreme.

Tooty herself wore stays of the stiffest — tightly laced, and buttressed in front by an uncompromising busk. The pressure of this broad busk so interfered with the action of her lungs that she was under the necessity, when in the bosom of her family, with no alien present, to go with stays unlaced and dress partly unhooked.

These sisters lived in that remote past when the gowns of womenkind fastened behind with hooks and eyes — an operation not only difficult, but almost impossible, to be achieved by the wearer except at the risk of dislocation. Necessarily, therefore, the fashion cultivated dependence upon others — a dependence not limited to the female sex, as husbands became adepts at the hooking-up of their wives' gowns.

Upon Tenty, as the elder, had naturally devolved the fastening of Tooty's gowns; whenever, therefore, a step upon the gravel announced the advent of a visitor, the latter always backed up to the former to be hooked up. If the visitor entered unceremoniously, without knocking, he was likely to come in for the last of the operation.

Another point in which the sisters differed widely was in the arrangement of their hair. Tenty wore her thin wisp twisted into the semblance of a Grecian knot, like to hers of Milo; while Tooty's coiffure was more elaborate, built up in rows of curls, like a barrister's wig, and just at the hair's edge an inch-wide velvet ribbon was bound tightly across the forehead.

Up to within six months of the date of this story their family had consisted of three, the third being their only brother Asa.

Asa Farebrother was possessed of neither faculty nor energy; but he was a man, and, as such, received the homage due from the female portion of his family. Whatever his relations to the community, he was of untold value to them. His mere presence was a safeguard; they felt a degree of security in the simple fact that he was on the premises. When "wild winter's withering wind" howled through the bare branches of the sycamores, and the rats fought and squealed behind the wainscot with more than their usual ferocity, they, Tooty especially, aroused from disturbed slumbers, reflected with satisfaction that Asa lay in the east bedroom opening off the kitchen. To be sure, he was always sound asleep, sleeping with a persistency and vigor that would have done credit to the noted seven. But he was there, and a man, which double reflection served to quell every rising fear.

But there suddenly came an end to this state of happy security. Asa was found one morning sleeping his last sleep, having died, said his uncharitable neighbors, because he was too lazy to draw another breath — "never did work enough to pay for his galluses." And henceforth the nights were full of alarms for the bereaved sisters.

It is true that every precaution was taken to guard against the entrance of any stray traveler — the local name for all wandering vagabonds before our civil war let loose the modern "tramp." Before night fairly set in, every window was inspected to see that the nail which secured the sash was in place. The doors were carefully fastened — a bolt at the bottom, a hook at the top, and a box-lock half-way between the two. The front door had not been opened since the delicate mother was carried out, many years before, to her final sleep in the blackberry wilderness known as the graveyard. Nevertheless, its security was nightly tested.

A further precaution was the balancing of an inverted chair against each door in such a way that it would come down with a crash on the slightest provocation. The door of their bedroom was similarly guarded, with the addition of a shovel and tongs laid carefully across the chair. Three times had this latter complicated arrangement come down in the dead hours of the night, frightening the two half out of their wits, and Tenty's common sense getting the ascendancy *pro tem.*, she had vowed she would n't stand it any longer, to be so broke of her rest, and the shovel and tongs were remanded to their hooks on each side of the fireplace.

After this nightly inspection, the two withdrew to the keeping-room, from which, as a general thing, they did not stir till bedtime. Once Tooty ventured into the kitchen in the twilight. As she was fearfully advancing across the creaking boards, the flat-iron she had come to fetch in her hand, she saw something move in an obscure and dusky corner. Without an instant's hesitation she hurled the flat-iron at the moving object; a crash instantaneously followed, accompanied by scratching and spitting on the part of Thomas the cat, who had at that precise moment inserted his head into the cream-pot set for the morrow's churning. Without stopping to repair the waste, Tooty fled to the keeping-room, and for once in his life Thomas had his fill of cream.

Asa had died in the spring. Fortunately, the summer nights are short, and by autumn the sisters had recovered in a measure from their first sense of desolation and insecurity; though the long evenings, as November set in cold and gray, proved a sore trial, especially to Tooty's weak nerves. It seemed to her that never had the rats been so quarrelsome, or the north winds so boisterous; and the latter had a way of howling down the chimneys and hooting through an aperture in the rain-spout, hitherto unprecedented.

The neighbors refrained from calling of an

evening, knowing that the pleasure of their society would not compensate for the shock arising from a knock at the door after dark, or for the necessity of opening it after it was once bolted for the night.

It was a sight worth seeing, the procession of two, as it formed at half-past eight each evening, and proceeded through the entry and up the stairs to their bedroom above the keeping-room. Tooty, carrying the candle, walked in front, with a sense of protection in the rear from Tenty's broad and ample figure, but glancing fearfully ahead, and devoutly wishing that, for the time, Tenty might be converted into two, between which or whom she might safely sandwich herself. The procession not infrequently broke line, startled by an avalanche of plaster in the wall caused by the raiding rats, or by the rasping of a sycamore branch on the roof, and scurried with much loss of dignity over the remaining distance and into the bedroom, shutting the door with a slam that awoke all the sleeping echoes of the old house.

A large dinner-knife was at once slipped in above the latch, the chair inverted, and then came the inspection of the space under the great four-poster. This was shut off from general observation by a valance, under which Tenty prodded vigorously with the pole used on Mondays to prop up the clothes-line. Having at last convinced themselves that no one was there, they ventured to lift the valance, and peep.

A similar inspection was made of the deep closet, into which the pole was thrust through an aperture just wide enough to admit it, Tooty holding the door, and ready to assist in closing and buttoning it should Tenty's prodding elicit any demonstration from a concealed assassin. The pole wrought confusion among the multitudinous bandboxes, and it took a good half-hour each morning for Tenty, who was the soul of order, to restore them to place.

After all, it was with a feeling that somebody or something would catch at their ankles that, the candle being blown out, they at last got into bed. Tooty had an advantage over Tenty in her slimness, and consequent lightness, and had skipped in, and drawn the bedclothes over her head before Tenty had so much as put a foot on the bed's edge.

"Dear, dear!" the latter invariably sighed, when, after efforts that left her quite breathless, she at last sank into the embrace of the live-geese feathers — "dear, dear! when Asa was alive we did n't have to go through all this. What a comfort a man is, to be sure! I never realized it so till sence he 's be'n took."

"Oh, dear, yes," responded a voice from under the bedclothes; "if one of us had only got married, we should n't 'a' be'n in this unprotected situation."

"Married! Goodgracious!" ejaculated Tenty. "Let me tell you, Tooty, it 's a different thing, havin' a man that 's born into a fam'ly, and takin' one in for better or wuss, gen'rally wuss. No; whatever we 're called upon to go through, we 've cause to be thankful we ain't married. There! There go my feet clean out o' bed! I do wish, Tooty, you 'd tuck in the bedclothes at the foot when you make it up. Married! Well, what ever put that into your head, child?" For Tenty was apt to regard Tooty as young and foolish, though well on the shady side of fifty.

"Nothin' particular," replied Tooty, faintly, not liking to confess to the unsuspicious Tenty how much her mind did dwell on that subject. "Only I can't help wishin' there was a man in the house. The rats are dreadful. Just hear 'em now!" And there was a scurrying of feet, a rattling of plaster, and a sound of many voices, as though all the armies of the Pharaohs were giving battle behind the old oak wainscot.

"Oh, pshaw!" replied Tenty, briskly. "Rats never hurt anybody. And I do believe we act like two old fools, and that 's the truth! There ain't a soul in Mantib would think o' doing us the leastest harm. I 've as good a mind as ever I had to eat to get up and take down that chair, and take out that case-knife, and trust to Providence — there!"

But Tooty, as Tenty made a move to carry out her determination, not having an equal faith in Providence, seized upon her so violently and entreated her so movingly that Tenty desisted.

"Well, well, I won't to-night, then," she said; "but I ain't a-going to be such a fool no more."

Such, with variations, was the general tenor of their nightly conversations. The particular night upon which they touched upon the advantages of matrimony was the third preceding that of the sewing-circle supper.

The sisters had gone through the usual period of mourning as observed in hamlets of the size and fashion of Mantib. While receiving informal back-door calls, and returning them in kind, they had scrupulously refrained from the festivities of tea — not the mild decoction known in this A. D. 1895 as afternoon tea, but the old-fashioned country tea, a substantial meal, preceded and accompanied by a toothsome dish of gossip, not scandal; the female branch, in fact, of the local parliament, the male session of which was held nightly at "the store."

Having thus paid their debt to etiquette, the two felt that a little relaxation might be permitted them. Tenty broached the subject early in November.

"Tooty," she said, "s'posin' we have the sewing-circle next time. I think we might ventur' without the speech o' people. They can't say we ain't shown proper respect to Asa's mem'ry.

'T ain't likely we shall ever forgit him, and a little cheerful s'ciety would do us both good."

Tooty assented.

"It 's just about a year sence we had it before. Poor Asa was here then. Well, well, what changes a year does bring forth!" And Tenty sighed, and gave a moment to retrospection. Then she resumed more cheerfully:

"And I tell you what, Tooty, I won't cook the supper till they all git here. I 'll heat up the brick oven, and cook it all t' once, and then I shall know just how much victuals to cook. And Mis' Pratt's Jenny she 'll help; she 's a faculted creatur'. Last time, you remember, there come a snow-storm, and everything was blocked up, and nobody got here but Mis' Pratt and Mahaly, and they waded through up to their knees; and lots o' victuals sp'iled, though poor Asa did his best to save 'em. He was a marster hand for his victuals, Asa was; and he brought on one o' them bilerous attacks he was so subject to, you rec'lect, Tooty.

"But this time I 'll get everything ready as near 's I can. I 'll bile some corned beef — that 'll keep, and we can make hash out o' what 's left. I never do get tired o' hash, specially now my teeth are givin' out. And there 's plenty of mince put together for mince-pies, and I can stir up the creamy tarter biscuit after they git here, and pound-cake, and you can fry the symbols, Tooty, and Mis' Pratt's Jenny she 'll make some o' that new-fangled victuals they had at Jerushy's weddin' — blue mange they called it. Most folks like new victuals, and, for my part, if there 's anything goes ag'in' my stomach it 's old victuals. And there 's that crab-apple jell' and quince preserve we never can eat up now poor Asa 's gone." Thus Tenty ran on, on hospitable thoughts intent. "If it 's pleasant, we can cob on everybody's comin'. They know they 'll git good victuals, and they have n't be'n here sence Asa died, and there 'll be sights to talk about."

"Yes; they 'll be glad to hear all about it," responded Tooty, with a keen sense of the additional importance accruing to them through Asa's sudden demise. Not that every detail of it had not been thoroughly canvassed from one end of Mantib to the other, even to his "burying," the cost of his coffin, the fashion of his shroud, and the fact that Tooty, even on that sad occasion, did not fail of her usual bloom. But Tenty's sympathetic soul well divined that to the tragedy-loving Mantibians its repetition on the very scene of the tragedy, and in the presence of the bereaved sisters, would be as alluring as the sorrows of *Ophelia*, or the wailings of *Constance*, to the inveterate theater-goer. There is a wonderful similarity in human nature, whatever its environment, and he who cannot satisfy his histrionic taste in one way will do so in another.

Among those sure to be present at the sewing-circle was that Mahaly who had waded through such difficulties to attend the previous one. Mahaly lived with Joel Larkin, her brother-in-law by his second marriage. It was currently believed in Mantib that Mahaly had designs upon Joel; it was said so openly, even as early as the funeral of the second Mrs. Larkin. But if so, they had come to nothing, as was shown by his third marriage with the Widow Lapham. She, however, having died at about the same time as Asa Farebrother, speculation was again rife as to his probable fourth marriage, and whether Mahaly would "fetch it" this time. It was understood that bets had been made at the store, to the amount of "a cent," that she would; but no one had ventured to take up the stakes in Joel's behalf, the general feeling of the parliament as voiced by its spokesman, Billy Hollis, being that a man who had made a fool of himself three times "by jingo!" was not unlikely to repeat the process.

His first marriage had been with a woman who had left on his hands a penniless maiden aunt; Mahaly remained in his house as a trophy of his second; and the Widow Lapham had bequeathed to his care a querulous mother-in-law. Such was the silt deposited at his hearth-stone by three successive matrimonial waves, and, as may readily be imagined, his household was anything but harmonious, and far from the place of rest a man's home should be when he is tuckered out with his day's work, as Billy remarked.

Was this state of things to continue to the end of his life? was the query naturally forced upon him. He was, even at the time of the beginning of this story, blindly struggling in the net spread for him by the wily and determined Mahaly, and was casting about for some way of escape, when the lonely and unprotected situation of the Farebrother sisters was suddenly and, as he felt, providentially, presented to his mind. Here was a way open, and by no means a strait way. It broadened out into green and pleasant pasturage: a comfortable and well-furnished house, a goodly sum in the savings-bank — this was when the Massachusetts law gave the bride's fortune to the groom the instant it pronounced them husband and wife; a nurse for his old age, especially if he fixed upon Tenty, upon whom, on the whole, his choice fell; and a devotion unparalleled in his former experiences, if he were to judge from the attentions lavished on the lately deceased and, as he felt, inappreciative, Asa.

That he should be welcome, he never for a moment doubted. He had heard of the nightly terrors of the two sisters; he was sure that a protector would be received with open arms. He had only to speak.

But what of his own household of equally unprotected women? Were they to be aban-

doned to similar terrors? Concerning them, however, he did not trouble himself otherwise than to reflect with an inward chuckle upon the probable state of Mahaly's temper when his marriage and departure should be announced.

He determined to attend the sewing-circle. He felt that this was a bold stroke, and might arouse suspicion in Mahaly's mind. For he had never been to a sewing-circle; his extreme deafness — he was as deaf as a post — had cut him off from social festivities. But Mahaly, although, to use her own phrase, "struck all of a heap" when he offered to accompany her, had no suspicion of his motive. She yielded to the flattering suggestion that he had done so in order to enjoy the pleasure of her society; and she put on her best things, and adjusted her ancient cameo brooch, with the feeling that she was as good as engaged.

This exhilarating feeling did not leave her until she saw Joel casting what she mentally phrased "sheep's eyes." He had been sitting beside Tooty, eating mince-pie, and she had been doing her best to entertain him under the difficulties presented by his deafness. He was fast yielding to her fascinations when it suddenly occurred to him to put the question:

"Did you make them mince-pies?"

"No," replied Tooty, with her mouth at his ear, and unaware of the decision hanging upon her words. "Tenty made 'em; she 's the cook," and Joel's mind was made up. A woman who could make such pies as that he had just been eating was the woman for him,—Tooty's airs and graces were nowhere in comparison,—and he cast a tender glance upon Tenty, who was pressing a fourth slice of corned beef upon a late-comer.

This was the glance intercepted by Mahaly, and her heart, or, more correctly speaking, her expectations, sank. She knew what that glance meant; she had seen similar ones cast upon the second Mrs. Larkin when she was Sarah Clark, and she (Mahaly) used to open the door for Joel of a Sunday night, Sarah keeping bashfully in the background. Even then Mahaly had views upon Joel, which were frustrated by the superior charms of her sister.

But why pour out vials of scorn and contumely upon the hapless Mahaly? Was not she fulfilling her destiny, seeking that goal she had been taught was the foreordained and end of every woman who fulfilled the purposes of her creation? For my own part, as I contemplate her hitherto futile efforts, I am filled with compassion.

The sewing-circle and its supper were a success. The new victuals, fresh from the great brick oven, disappeared as by magic. Everybody was there, even to Mrs. Harris, whose time had of late been much taken up in trying a new remedy for her husband's "lowness," an ailment which in later scientific times would doubtless have received a more specific name.

"I should n't wonder a mite, Tenty," she said, "if it had 'a' done Asa good. It 's so simple. Just have a hole dug in a good sandy spot, just big enough for him to sit down in with his head above ground; then fill in with dry sand up to his chin; leave him there one hour; it 's amazing how spry it 's made Ad'niram. The healing qualities of earth are wonderful," she explained, while the circle listened deferentially, for Mis' Harris was an ex-schoolma'am and possessed of information.

"But you must mind and have the hens shut up," she continued; "for one day when I 'd left Ad'niram, the old rooster found him, and begun to call the hens, and scratch, and Ad'niram could n't do a thing; his arms were pinned down in the sand, and they begun to peck his bald spot, and when he opened his mouth to holler, they scratched it full of sand. And if it had n't been time to take him out, I don't know what would 'a' happened; I come just in the nick o' time." A sympathetic murmur, slightly tinctured with amusement, went around the room at the conclusion of Mrs. Harris's remarks.

"Eh, what is it?" asked Joel.

"A new remedy for lowness, I 'm a-telling Tenty," shouted Mrs. Harris in reply.

Joel nodded approvingly. He was subject to "lowness." He was glad to learn that Tenty was receiving information in regard to its treatment. The wisdom of his choice received further confirmation.

EIGHT o'clock the next evening saw Joel on his way to the Farebrother sisters. Under pretense of giving the cattle their nightcap of English hay, he had eluded Mahaly's vigilance. He left his lantern in the barn-shed, its light temporarily quenched under an empty barrel, being altogether too wise to take it, and thereby betray his errand to any stray reveler from the store who might be abroad. The night was dark, and his footing insecure; but by exercising care, he at last reached the door of the house, having fallen but once. He knocked somewhat louder than he would have done had his hearing been good. His intention was to give the softest of taps, as behooved a gentle suitor.

At that moment the two sisters were sitting by the fire, their petticoats slightly elevated above their ankles, toasting their feet on the fender preparatory to their migration to the bedroom above. Tooty's gown was unhooked, and a large section of stay-lacing was hanging out. Her hair was already in its curl-papers, and bore a stronger resemblance to a barrister's wig than by daylight. They were in the

most placid of moods, talking over the sewing-circle, and thinking of no danger.

"I wonder," said Tooty, bridling and simpering—"I wonder what brought Joel Larkin to the sewing-circle. He never goes. Everybody was whisperin' about it. And Mahaly said she did n't see anything surprisin' in it. 'T was quite natural, she said, that he should come with his diseased wife's sister. Just as if he had n't had three diseased wives! But Mahaly does grow dretful spiteful. She 's sixty, if she 's a day." And Tooty, whose bloom, as we all know, was perennial, felt that in giving Mahaly's exact age she had said the most cutting thing possible.

"Well, well," rejoined Tenty, with great good humor, "we all know Mahaly was disapp'inted when Joel took Sarah, and then ag'in when he and the Widder Lapham got married. But for my part, if she wants Joel, I hope she 'll git him, poor creatur'! It 't ain't every single woman that 's so well off as you and I be, Tooty, with a good home and a contented mind. We 've nothin' to complain of in our lot." And Tenty gazed into the smoldering embers with a look of expansive benevolence that would have reminded an admirer of the illustrious Pickwick of that gentleman, to whom she bore a marked resemblance in the milder aspects of character.

But Tooty was not inclined to generalization; she preferred details. "But, Tenty," she remonstrated, "I don't believe Joel 's any notion o' Mahaly. A man at his time o' life is likely to take a younger woman. Now, I should n't—wonder—one—mite," she proceeded, stammering, "if—if—I—*O—oo—ooh!*" and she grasped Tenty's knees convulsively. For at that moment a double knock, loud and portentous, rang through the silent house.

The two sisters stared at each other, breathless with affright. Neither spoke nor stirred until a second knock came, still louder, administered with the knob of his umbrella-handle by Joel, who, after waiting for what he considered a proper time, had concluded that his first rap was unheard.

Then Tenty sprang to her feet, and blew out the candle. "They 'll think we 've gone to bed," she whispered, "and mebbe they 'll go away. And they can't see if they do peek in. Them curtains hang off so they can peek right in if they 've a mind to, and see everything."

"Oh, what shall we do!" moaned Tooty. "We shall both be murdered. I shall faint."

"I 'm goin' to git father's gun," said Tenty, bravely, partly recovering from her fright. The said gun hung on hooks in the kitchen; it had not been loaded for years, and was incrusted with rust. A broomstick would have fired quite as effectual a shot. But Tenty had a vague feeling, much like that she had cherished concerning Asa, that in itself the gun was a safeguard.

She stepped quickly along the passage leading to the kitchen, while Tooty herself, after vainly endeavoring to detain her, had a sudden accession of courage, and hurried up-stairs to carry out an idea which she afterward said seemed inspired at that very moment by Providence, and which she proceeded to do by opening their bedroom window, and shouting "Fire!" with the utmost power of her by no means weak lungs.

In the mean time, while on the way from the keeping-room to the kitchen, Tenty had changed her plan of campaign, as a good general often will even in the face and under the fire of the enemy. Whether it was exceptional strategic ability which suggested her move, or whether it was that subtle thing called heredity, who shall say? Was it an impulse transmitted from some remote ancestress in the Lincolnshire fens, who, when called upon ages before to defend the stronghold in the absence of her lord, had poured hot pitch down upon the heads of the assailants through the openings in the machicolated towers? However that may be, the facts are these:

There by the kitchen sink was the tank of spring-water brought through pipes from a neighboring hillside; hard by stood the empty buckets. The impulse, whatever it was, seized upon the two, combined them, and, almost before she knew it, Tenty was flying—if that term may be applied to feet incased in number sevens—up the stairs, a bucket of water in each hand, to the window which opened above the door where Joel stood.

He had seen the light go out in the keeping-room; he had naturally concluded that some one was on the way with it to open the door. Owing to his deafness, he heard neither Tooty's cries nor the uplifting of the window above his head. He was just on the point of again applying his umbrella-knob to the door when his hand was stayed, and his breath almost knocked out of him, by the downpour of Tenty's first bucketful. It fell in one huge drop, so to speak, crushing his ancient and napless silk hat over his eyes.

It looked like rain, Mahaly had remarked early in the evening, and he had taken the precaution to bring his umbrella. But he had anticipated nothing like this. The heaviest shower he could recall was but the dew of a summer's night in comparison. It seemed more like one of those cloud-bursts he had heard sometimes took place in that remote region of the country known as Illinois. He was thoroughly and instantaneously drenched; the water trickled down his back in a chilly stream, nay, in a dozen chilly streams. Why did not somebody open the door? He was on the point

of raising his umbrella for protection against a possible repetition of the cloud-burst, when Tenty emptied her second bucketful.

Tooty had meanwhile changed her cry of "Fire!" to that of "Murder!" as more likely to alarm quickly the surrounding country. And as Joel slowly regained breath and consciousness, he saw, enlarged by the mist that hung from his eyebrows, the lights of the lanterns of the local parliament rapidly advancing, like so many gigantic firebugs, up the lane.

The assembly had heard a faint cry of fire, or rather Billy Hollis had heard it as he opened the store door to go home. "A fire, boys, by the living jingo!" he exclaimed, and everybody rushed out, to find only impenetrable darkness. They listened.

"It 's up to the Farebrother girls," added Billy, after a moment. "It 's Tooty. Lord, hear the critter screech! It 's my opinion she 's ketched sight of the cat's eyes in the dark, and thinks the world 's afire. Tenty 's got all the gumption there 's left in that house."

Here the cry of "Fire!" gave place to that of "Murder!" and without further parley each man caught up his lantern, and began to run. Joel, watching the lights as they turned into the dooryard, saw that they were accompanied by innumerable legs, and prudently beat a retreat around the corner of the house and behind the rain-hogshead.

Tenty hastened to unfasten the door to the rescuing party. "What 's afire? Who 's killed?" they demanded with one voice. Tooty had arrived on the scene, and the two explained how they had been peacefully seated by the fire; the fearful knock, followed closely by another; Tooty's courageous act — in fact, the whole story as it has been told.

At its close the men looked inquiringly and doubtfully at one another. It would be of no use, they said, to search the house, as the attack had been made from the outside. They examined the gravel about the door. They turned the corner, and looked behind the hogshead. But Joel was already on his way home by a short cut, stumbling over the stubble in an intervening corn-field. They carefully searched the wood-house, and inspected the barn door, the padlocks of which they found securely locked.

"There 's nothing nor nobody — that 's evident," remarked Billy Hollis. "The old girls got scared at their own shadders; just like the women folks. St. Paul never was righter than when he called 'em 'the weaker vessel.'"

"But they must 'ave heard something; they could n't 'ave imagined them knocks. Some rascally boys most likely, my Jim among 'em. He 's equal to it," said Silas Poole.

"Whoever 't was, he 's got a good duckin'. Tenty 's a good one," put in a third speaker.

"P'r'aps 't was Asa's ghost," suggested a fourth; and they all snickered, these hard-headed, strong-nerved countrymen, who took, as they themselves would have said, small stock in ghosts, and had quite as lief pass by the graveyard at midnight as at noonday.

"Asa, good lord!" ejaculated Billy. "He 's too 'tarnal lazy to git up and walk. It 's my opinion he 'll fail of the general resurrection. There 'll have to be one specially for him a couple o' days after."

It was Silas's suggestion that the knocks were probably the work of mischievous boys, his son among them, that was offered to the sisters to allay any fears they might feel at being left.

"And if I find 't is, I 'll give Jim such a hidin' as he has n't had for many a day. He 's be'n sp'ilin' for it for some time," said Silas.

"Yes; you may depend upon it, Tenty, that Silas is right," added Billy. "Burglars don't come thunderin' at doors before folks are abed." And so they departed. And it was not until they were gone that Tooty made the harrowing discovery of a fact that in her alarm and agitation she had forgotten — that her gown was unhooked all down the back, and a generous section of stay-lacing was hanging out.

Joel awoke the next morning stiff with cold and cramp. He could not rise; he could scarcely even move. When it was seen that he did not appear, Mahaly invaded his bedroom, as it was proper in her capacity of housekeeper to do. On the floor lay a heap of wet clothes. Mahaly had already heard of the events of the previous evening. Mrs. Billy Hollis came in before breakfast to tell her. Mahaly was fully competent to put two and two together. She understood, as plainly as though she had been on the spot, the catastrophe that had brought to so untimely an end Joel's wooing of Tenty.

Mahaly was not vindictive; she harbored no ill will against Tenty. So long as Joel had failed, she did not regret that he had made the attempt. She saw in that failure the hand of manifest destiny. He had had his innings; now was her turn; and with renewed courage she went to her task.

She nursed Joel assiduously. No one but herself was permitted to make or administer his catnip tea and gruel. When not busy in necessary household work, she was by his bedside night and day.

"I never would have believed it if I had n't seen it, that 't was in Mahaly Clark to git through the work she does," remarked Mrs. Billy Hollis to her husband. "She 's a perfect miracle."

"It 's easy 'nough accounted for," growled Billy. "She 's always be'n determined to git Joel, and she 'll fetch it this time."

Frank Pope Humphrey.

LINCOLN, CHASE, AND GRANT.

BY NOAH BROOKS,

Author of "Abraham Lincoln: A Biography for Young People," "American Statesmen," etc.

STORMY DAYS AMONG THE LAWMAKERS — LINCOLN AND CHASE, AND THEIR POLITICAL FRIENDS — THE RESIGNATION OF CHASE — ENTER LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT.

STORMY DAYS AMONG THE LAWMAKERS.

THE bill to enlist negroes in the army was opposed with tremendous energy by Peace Democrats, who affected to look on the proposition as an attempt to excite a servile war. This was the view of the case, it will be remembered, that was taken by the Confederate authorities; and Representative Wickliffe, of Kentucky, made himself ridiculous by offering a resolution inquiring as to the truthfulness of the report that fugitive slaves were being mustered into the service of the United States, contrary to law. Wickliffe was speedily silenced when, in due course of time, there came back from the army, through the War Department, the explanation that "colored Americans had been enlisted in the military service in the absence of their fugitive masters, who had fled southward." This ludicrous finale for a time quelled even the querulous and perpetually complaining gentleman from Kentucky. Later on, when it was found that colored substitutes would be accepted in place of drafted white men, there was a great rush on the part of the authorities of several of the Free States to fill up their quotas by enlisting negroes from the Border States and the District of Columbia. The War Department stopped this by compelling all enlisting agents to give bonds that men taken outside of their own State lines should not be used as recruits in the army. The United States Government, so Stanton said, wanted to employ these colored men in its own work, and would not tolerate interference from any of the States. Upon this, Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, proposed to amend the conscription law by allowing the agents of loyal States to go into all of the seceded States where Union lines had been reëstablished, and to enlist men, black or white, for their own State organizations. This was intended to facilitate the enlistment of black soldiers in the South; but the proposition came to Stanton's ears, and he and Wilson had a hot discussion, in the course of which the Secretary told the senator that no agents of Free States had any right in Southern States raking up able-bodied colored men who would be put in the poorly officered State regiments, instead of being placed in the more thorough and vigorous organizations of colored troops then being undertaken by the Government of the United States. Becoming somewhat excited by this discussion, Secretary Stanton told Senator Wilson that if the Wilson amendment became a law, the War Office would be seeking a secretary on the very next day after. It is needless to add that Wilson's amendment was heard of no more.

The value of negro substitutes for drafted white men was quaintly hit off by "Petroleum V. Nasby," in one of his inimitable papers written from "Confedrit Crossroads." In a previous paper the parson had poured out the vials of his wrath upon the wicked project to use colored men as soldiers in the war; but when he discovered that colored substitutes could be made available to save the precious lives of the unwilling residents of the Border States, he sounded an impassioned cry to "rally" all the colored people that were drifting about the region of his Crossroads. This letter attracted the attention of President Lincoln, who never missed an opportunity to read Nasby's then famous papers. The President, by frequent reading, was able to repeat this particular "rally" from memory, and for a long time he humorously illustrated the inconsistency of the Copperhead position on the question of negro enlistments by reciting the letter with great effect, invariably ending his recitation with a hearty laugh.

In the winter of 1862 the dismemberment of Virginia by the admission of the western counties of the Old Dominion as the new State of West Virginia was the subject of a long and interesting debate. The congressional elections of the previous November had resulted somewhat unfavorably for the administration. Lincoln's emancipation policy, the removal of McClellan, and other important events, as it was alleged, had so aroused the popular indignation that the Republican majority in the next succeeding House of Representatives was somewhat diminished. This gave pause to

some of the more timorous Unionists, who hesitated at taking a step so radical as that proposed in the division of Virginia. Among those who voted against the passage of the West Virginia bill were such Republicans as Roscoe Conkling, of New York; John B. Alley, of Massachusetts; James M. Ashley, of Ohio; and Martin F. Conway, of Kansas. This last-named gentleman, however, was an erratic and radical politician whose objection to the bill was that it provided for gradual, and not immediate, emancipation of the slaves in the proposed new State. Conway subsequently secured notoriety by his preposterous scheme to divide the Northern States into new confederacies. Later on he made an insane speech in the House, in which he attacked the Lincoln administration for its "pro-slavery character," asserting that Lincoln was trying "to build up a pro-slavery party, and had filled the departments and the army with pro-slavery sympathizers with the rebellion." Conway was a small, red-topped, pale-faced man, with an excitable temperament and vehement manners. Once, while he was in the midst of an incendiary harangue, the limit of his time expired, and when he asked permission to go on, he was stopped by Owen Lovejoy with an objection; whereupon Conway, darting his finger at the burly radical from Illinois, screamed, "And you too, Brutus!" This was not the only exciting episode in which Conway was a conspicuous figure. It was charitably believed that his reason had been unsettled by his intense attention to the political issues that were then so prominent.

One of the most notable incidents in Congress in the winter of 1862–63 was the remarkable speech of Vallandigham in which he defined his position and made his reëlection to Congress an impossibility so long as a respectable majority of his own party had any influence at the polls. It was an important occasion, and the rumor that he would at that time define his position brought a great concourse to the House; and when he began to speak the members from the opposite side of the chamber clustered around the nearest adjoining seats, and listened with intentness to what he had to say. It was a singular spectacle, this rapt attention by relentless patriots to the studied but vehement address of a man who was soon to be sent across the rebel lines by a Union officer as a traitor to his country. But the eagerness of the Republican listeners to hear Vallandigham's speech was inspired rather by the hope that he would say something that would damage the cause of the Peace Democrats than by their admiration for his oratory. In brief, his was an argument in favor of the right of the revolution. He said that George Washington was a rebel, and that we were all descended from rebels. He referred very frequently to some form of compromise; and the ghost of "peaceful compromise" was continually hovering in the background while he spoke. He ventured somewhat into the domain of prophecy when he said, "History will record the utter, disastrous, and most bloody failure of the experiment of an attempt to coerce the Southern States." He also said that if the war was prolonged, and the South should establish its independence, "the great Northwest would go with the South, and would not be a mere appanage to the Atlantic States, without a seaboard."

One of the most vigorous and pungent speeches of that session was made in reply to Vallandigham by John A. Bingham, of Ohio. Judge Bingham was one of those curiously constituted men who never excel in a formal speech, and who require provocation, contradiction, and interruption to arouse them to real eloquence. The more frequently he was interfered with and baited in the discussion, the more vigorous was his logic, and the more brilliant and forcible his rhetoric. On this occasion he was a remarkable figure. He was a small, nervous man, with a pale, thin face and long, tawny, fine hair, an excitable manner, and lambent, light blue eyes. Again and again he "brought down the House" with his apt rejoinders to Vallandigham, who lost ground whenever he ventured to interrupt Bingham. Another of the speakers who undertook to reply to Vallandigham was Representative Wright, of Indiana, a War Democrat, an elderly white-haired man, whose commanding figure rose high above the mob of Congressmen clustered around on the desks and chairs nearest to the debaters. Mr. Wright had lost a son in the battle of Fredericksburg, and two more of his sons were then in the fore-front of battle. Eloquently referring to the complaint of the Peace Democrats that the war required sacrifice of life and treasure, he said it was better that we should offer three hundred thousand more of the best men of the nation, and so end the rebellion, than bequeath its horrors to a generation to come, and let it meet the terrors we had not the courage to grapple with and conquer. There were moist eyes in the throng of hearers round this noble Roman father as he quoted the lines:

> I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood secure
> And flourished in a civil war.

It would be needless here to refer to Vallandigham's subsequent career. We may recall his incendiary speeches in Ohio later in that year, his arrest by General Burnside, his deportation beyond the rebel lines, and the flames of discord that flared up in the North when

these events took place. Although President Lincoln was greatly surprised and dismayed by Burnside's treatment of Vallandigham, he wrote several documents pertinent thereto which have passed into history as political classics. With a single stroke of his pen he revealed the kernel of the contention when he asked, "Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of the wily agitator who induces him to desert?"

When Vallandigham, passing through the Confederacy, had, by a detour seaward, finally returned to the United States by way of Canada, I had occasion to mention his name to Lincoln, remarking that he had been speaking in Ohio. "What!" exclaimed the President, looking at me quizzically. "Has Vallandigham got back?" Somewhat puzzled, I explained that everybody knew that. "Dear me!" said Lincoln, with preternatural solemnity. "I supposed he was in a foreign land. Anyhow, I hope I do not know that he is in the United States; and I shall not, unless he says or does something to draw attention to him." Presently he went to his table, and, drawing out some loose sheets of paper, said that he had there the rough notes of an interview which he had lately had with Fernando Wood. This was in August, 1864. It appeared that Wood had said to the President: "We Peace Democrats are the only Democrats; all others are bastards and impostors; there is no such thing as a War Democrat, for that is a contradiction in terms. We don't expect to elect our candidate for President this fall: the people of the North are not yet ready for peace. But peace must come sooner or later; and when it does, the Democratic party will be the party which will act and assimilate with the dominant party in the South, and so we shall again have our rightful ascendancy. Now, Mr. President, you cannot find fault with that; it is not going to hurt you any."

Lincoln then said that he had told Wood that he was disposed to be generous; and he asked if Vallandigham's alleged return was any part of this program. Wood replied that it was not, and added: "You may not believe me, but I assure you that I never knew or expected that he would return, though I acknowledge that I have had a letter from him since he got back. He has had already more notoriety than he deserves, and I warn you that the true policy is that he be severely let alone. To this the President replied, according to his own account: "I don't believe that Vallandigham has returned; I never can believe it until he forces himself offensively upon the public attention and upon my attention. Then we shall have to deal with him. So long as he behaves himself decently, he is as effectually in disguise as the man who went to a masquerade party with a clean face."

As we saw afterward, Vallandigham did remain "in disguise" until he was defeated that year by John Brough for the governorship of Ohio by the phenomenal majority of 101,000 votes. Thereafter his disappearance was final.

LINCOLN AND CHASE, AND THEIR POLITICAL FRIENDS.

SECRETARY CHASE was inordinately jealous of any apparent invasion of the appointing power of his office. His warmly supported theory was that each head of an executive department should exercise exclusive control of all the appointments and removals in his branch of the public service. This, of course, would leave the President absolutely shorn of all power in the matter of making appointments, whether important or unimportant. If the Secretary of the Treasury were to be supreme in the choice of an officer to fill the most considerable place in his department, then the Secretary of State should also be the sole authority in respect of selecting foreign ministers to represent our government abroad. Secretary Chase not only held to this view, at least so far as his own department was concerned, but he also resented the interference of congressmen, and more than once brushed aside President, senators, and representatives in his determination to make important appointments without their consent or approval.

A curious illustration of this usage of the Secretary came to my knowledge in March, 1863. There had been a thorough overhauling of the chief federal offices in San Francisco, conducted by a special agent of the Treasury Department—Thomas Brown—who was a confidential friend of Secretary Chase. On his report, it was determined in the interior councils of the Treasury Department to make "a clean sweep." Secretary Chase intimated this determination to the three California congressmen—A. A. Sargent (afterward United States senator, and subsequently minister to Germany), F. F. Low (afterward minister to China), and T. G. Phelps. These gentlemen, having been informed by the Secretary that he intended to make many changes, were invited one evening to his private office in the Treasury building, where they were entertained with a brief summary of Brown's report, after which Secretary Chase blandly informed the expectant congressmen that he had resolved to remove all of the leading officials and to supply their places with new men. He then read a list of the appointments as he

had made them out, and waited with calm dignity to hear if the congressmen had anything to say. But as he had already announced his irrevocable decision in the matter, there was evidently nothing for them to say; and, having expressed themselves as resigned to the Secretary's will, they departed. It was reported that the three astonished Congressmen uttered some strong language as they passed out of the Treasury building. A few days afterward, the California congressmen paid their respects to the President, and departed for New York on their way to San Francisco. There Mr. Phelps at once took a steamer homeward by way of Panama, and Messrs. Sargent and Low lingered for a day or two in the city.

While they were in New York, I was astonished one night by receiving from President Lincoln an urgent summons to come immediately to the White House. Upon arriving there, Mr. Lincoln said that he had just learned that a number of removals and appointments in San Francisco had been determined upon by Secretary Chase without consulting him or the California congressmen; and that the three congressmen had departed from Washington very angry and discomfited. With some asperity of manner, he wanted to know if this was true. I told him that it was true, and I recited the facts as they had come to my knowledge from Messrs. Sargent, Low, and Phelps. The President then angrily asked why I had not told him this before. I replied that it was not my affair; that as long as the congressmen had seen fit to conceal their feelings of disappointment from the President when they bade him good-by, it certainly was not my business to "tell tales out of school." The President expressed his astonishment that he had been kept in the dark about so grave a matter as the emptying and filling of the most important federal offices on the Pacific coast. Then he anxiously asked if there was any way by which the California congressmen could be reached and brought back; and when told that two of them were still in New York, he produced a telegraph blank and insisted that I should at once write a despatch to Messrs. Sargent and Low, and request them to return to Washington and see the President. With that careful attention to the smallest details which always characterized Lincoln, he enjoined upon me that I should send the despatch and collect the charge therefor from him the next time I came to the White House. The despatch was sent, the two congressmen were recalled, and the slate which Secretary Chase had so carefully prepared was eventually broken. Subsequently Mr. Lincoln informed me that Mr. Chase was "exceedingly hurt" by the President's interference with his plans. A curious outcome of all this business was that Secretary Chase, having been disappointed in his scheme for filling the office of collector of the port of San Francisco, insisted that one of the two congressmen then in Washington should be appointed in place of the person whom he (Chase) had previously selected for the post. The President suggested that all three congressmen should get together in San Francisco, agree upon the list of appointments, and send it to him for ratification and approval. This, however, seemed impracticable; and when Messrs. Sargent and Low finally sailed for California, Mr. Low carried with him his commission as collector of the port.

Victor Smith, formerly a resident of Ohio, and a personal friend of Secretary Chase, was one of the disturbing elements that made the great Secretary's last days in the Treasury Department turbulent and unhappy. Victor Smith had been appointed by the Secretary to the place of collector of customs at Port Townsend, Washington Territory. Smith was a restless visionary, and in these later days would have been called a crank. J. W. Schuckers, who was private secretary to Mr. Chase, and also his biographer, has spoken of Smith as "a man not very likely to become popular on the Pacific coast — or anywhere else. He believed in spirit-rappings, and was an avowed abolitionist; he whined a great deal about 'progress,' was somewhat arrogant in manner and intolerant in speech, and speedily made himself thoroughly unpopular in his office." While he was collector at Port Townsend, Smith succeeded in inducing the government to move the custom-house from that point to another on Puget Sound, where he had some speculative interests. It was a foolish and harebrained scheme, and created a bitter feeling among business men. His new place was named Port Angelos. There the collector maintained himself for a time in a semi-barbaric proprietorship. It is related of him that he once invited the officers of the revenue cutter *Shubrick* to dine at his house; and the officers, considering that the collector of the port was a high functionary, arrayed themselves in full dress, with swords, gold lace, and other gorgeous insignia of their station, and went ashore in state to wait upon Collector Smith at his mansion, which was then in an unfinished condition. In due course of time the collector, assisted by his wife, brought out two carpenter's saw-horses, on which was placed a board covered with wrapping-paper. The repast, which was as simple as any ever partaken of by the hermits of olden time, was then set forth; and Smith, taking from his pockets three big apples, gave one to each of the three officers,

with a small forked stick, remarking: "You 'll have to roast your own apples."

This eccentric functionary once informed me that he had "so intertwined himself in the fibers of the government that his removal from office was an impossibility." Nevertheless, the outcry against Smith was so great that the President told Secretary Chase that the man must go. Every federal officer, and nearly every prominent citizen in the Puget Sound collection district, had written letters or signed memorials protesting against the continuance of Smith in his office, and had demanded his removal and the return of the custom-house to the point from which it had been so needlessly carried away. The Secretary of the Treasury was obdurate; but finally, in May, 1863, the harassed President "took the bull by the horns," and resolved upon Smith's removal. The stream of expostulations, protests, and remonstrances that poured in upon him from the distracted region over which Victor Smith reigned had become intolerable; but, kind and considerate to the last, the President wrote to the Secretary (as we learn from the Nicolay-Hay history of Lincoln) to this effect:

> My mind is made up to remove Victor Smith as collector of the customs at the Puget Sound district. Yet in doing this I do not decide that the charges against him are true; I only decide that the degree of dissatisfaction with him there is too great for him to be retained. But I believe he is your personal acquaintance and friend, and if you desire it I will try to find some other place for him.

When the Secretary received this note, he made out a commission for Victor Smith's successor, wrote his own resignation as Secretary of the Treasury, and sent both to the President. This was only one of several instances in which Chase manifested his disposition to retire from the public service in case his will was thwarted in any particular; but once more the President succeeded in placating the ruffled Secretary, who still remained at the head of the Treasury Department, notwithstanding the removal of the petty officer from his distant post on Puget Sound.

There is an interesting sequel to this story. One of the most conspicuous opponents of Victor Smith was Dr. A. G. Henry, surveyor-general of Washington Territory, an old friend of the President, whose name has been mentioned in a previous chapter of these reminiscences. He was the bearer of a load of remonstrances that were finally influential in determining the removal of Victor Smith. Dr. Henry and Smith had long been on terms of enmity, and always declined to recognize each other when they passed by. On my return to California after Lincoln's death, in 1865, Dr. Henry was a fellow-passenger on the steamer from New York to Aspinwall. Victor Smith had been in Washington on some one of his many busy errands, and had departed for home on the steamer *Golden Rule*, of the Nicaragua line, and in her had been wrecked on Roncador Reef, since made famous by the catastrophe that deprived us of the historic *Kearsarge*. We found the shipwrecked passengers at Panama waiting for transportation to San Francisco, and most of them embarked with us, Smith among the number. This addition to our passenger-list crowded the ship, and the newer arrivals were distributed among those who had been allotted cabins to themselves. Soon after we left our moorings in Panama Bay, Dr. Henry came to me, in great agitation of mind, with the information that in the new allotment Victor Smith had been given a berth in his (Henry's) room. "I would n't dare to sleep in the same room with that viper," said the doctor, excitedly. "He might get up and kill me in the night. You know the purser; I wish you would go to him and see if you cannot have Smith put in some other man's room. I don't care who else is put into my room; but Smith I will not have." Smiling at the good doctor's vehemence, I started for the purser's office, but was intercepted by Victor Smith, who said: "They have put me in the same state-room with that old devil, Dr. Henry. You know the purser; I wish you would use your influence with him and have me put in some other room. I would n't dare to sleep in the same room with that man." The necessary change was made, and Dr. Henry and Victor Smith were not obliged to recognize each other's existence on that ship at least.

But when they reached San Francisco later in the month (July, 1865), they both, with great reluctance, took passage on the steamer *Brother Jonathan*, bound for Portland, Oregon. There was no alternative except the slow transit by stage from Sacramento northward. The *Brother Jonathan* struck on a reef on this her last ill-fated voyage, and nearly all on board perished, among the lost being General George Wright, who, having survived the perils of war, was then on his way to take command of the Department of the Columbia. The waves also engulfed Dr. Henry and Victor Smith. In the supreme moment, when certain death yawned before these two determined enemies, did they clasp hands and forgive the past? No man knows.

The tragical episode that marked the close of the career of Dr. Henry, Lincoln's good friend, may best be concluded here with a letter from Mrs. Lincoln in which touching reference is made to him and to her husband. I may as well explain that the "claims" referred to in

Mrs. Lincoln's letter were certain shares of "wild-cat" stock, sent to her in her days of prosperity, and which the poor lady thought might be sold for a small sum. This is her letter:

CHICAGO, May 11, 1866.

NOAH BROOKS, ESQ., SAN FRANCISCO.

MY DEAR SIR: A few days since I received a very sad letter from Mrs. Henry, in which she vividly portrays her great desolation and dependence upon others for every earthly comfort. I am induced to enclose you the Nevada claims and also a petroleum claim, hoping that you may be able to secure a purchaser for them, in which case I will most cheerfully give Mrs. Henry some of the proceeds. I am aware that I am taxing your kindness very greatly, yet the remembrance of your great esteem for my beloved husband and Dr. Henry would excuse the intrusion upon you. I wish you were not so far removed from us—*true* friends, in these overwhelming days of affliction, I find to be very rare. I find myself clinging more tenderly to the memory of those who, if *not* so remote, would be more friendly.

I hope you will be able to visit Mrs. Henry the coming summer. I sometimes, in my wildness and grief, am tempted to believe that it is some *terrible, terrible* dream, and that my idolized husband will return to me. Poor Dr. Henry! he who wept so truly and freely with us in our great misfortune, how soon he was called to join the beloved one who had so recently "gone before"! In my own great sorrow, how often I have prayed for death to end my great misery!

My sons are well, and a great comfort to me. . . . Robert and Taddie remember you very kindly. I hope you will write to us more frequently. I am well aware of the deep sympathy you feel for us, and the great affection and confidence my husband cherished for you draws you very near to us. With apologies for troubling you as I am now doing, I remain always sincerely your friend, MARY LINCOLN.

THE RESIGNATION OF CHASE.

LINCOLN was greatly exasperated by the Victor Smith incident; and when he had finally disposed of the matter, as he thought, he was much depressed by frequent repetitions of similar complications. From him and from one of the senators who waited upon him after Chase's resignation I learned the facts of the last trial of the patience of the long-suffering Lincoln. The crisis which made it impossible for Mr. Chase to stay any longer in the Treasury Department was brought on, as everybody knows, by his determination to have his own way in making several important appointments in the city of New York. But, as we have seen, the trouble began long before, when Secretary Chase grew more and more determined to resent interference with any of the appointments in the Treasury Department. Whether his ambition to be President of the United States had anything to do with this hardening of his will in the matter of executive patronage, it is impossible to say; but from the time that his name was brought prominently before the public by Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, and others, until his final exit from the Treasury Department, Mr. Chase was continually in hot water. His resignation handed in when Victor Smith's removal was determined upon by the President, was made in May, 1863. His final resignation was tendered in June, 1864. It would appear that Mr. Chase believed that his great position in the United States Government was absolutely necessary to the welfare of the republic, and that he could not be permitted to leave it without inviting disaster; and his frequent threats of resignation were intended, apparently, to coerce the President into letting him have his own way in all matters of detail.

When the nomination of David Tod, of Ohio, went to the Senate in place of Salmon P. Chase, resigned, the senators were struck dumb with amazement. In executive session the whole matter was at once referred to the Finance Committee, and in a few minutes Senators Fessenden, Conness, Sherman, Cowan, and Van Winkle were on their way to the White House. They had two questions to ask. One was, Why has Chase resigned, and is the act final? And the other was, Why has the name of David Tod been sent to the Senate? The President received the senators with great affability, and there was a general and free discussion of the situation, Senator Fessenden, chairman of the Finance Committee, being the mouthpiece of the visiting statesmen. The President immediately disposed of the Tod branch of the complication by reading a telegram from Governor Tod declining the nomination. Then he gave the senators a full history of the original formation of the cabinet in 1861, explaining why each man had been chosen, and expressing his great confidence in Secretary Chase's abilities and integrity. Then he followed with a detailed statement of the relations that had existed between himself and the Secretary of the Treasury since the latter had taken office. He told the senators all the incidents concerning the many times that Chase had offered his resignation, and he referred to the ill temper which the Secretary had betrayed on those occasions. Then he took from a pigeonhole all the correspondence between himself and the Secretary, showing numerous instances of the testiness of the Secretary and the much-enduring patience of the President during a period stretching over nearly all the years of the administration down to that day.

Lincoln said that of course Mr. Chase had

a full right to indulge in his ambition to be President, and there was no question as to his claim upon the gratitude of the American people; but indiscreet friends of the Secretary had succeeded in exciting a feeling disagreeable in itself, and embarrassing to the President and to the Secretary. This had gone on, he said, until they disliked to meet each other; and to him (Lincoln) the relation had become unendurable, and he had accepted the resignation of Mr. Chase as a finality. He told the committee that he would not continue to be President with Mr. Chase in the cabinet; that if the Senate should insist upon it, they could have his resignation, and take Mr. Hamlin for President. Of one of the appointments which Secretary Chase had insisted upon President Lincoln spoke with considerable feeling. This appointment, which Chase had adhered to tenaciously, and which Lincoln said was discreditable to the Secretary, was one which the President insisted never would be made with his consent. He told the senators that at a party where Mr. Chase's chosen appointee was present, this person was intoxicated, and kicked his hat in the air in the presence of ladies and gentlemen. Lincoln said he had told Chase that he would take any other nomination which he (Chase) would send him, but this man he could not and would not accept. Chase, notwithstanding Lincoln's statement concerning the man's habits and character, persisted in urging the nomination upon the President. This, Lincoln said, was "the last straw." As we know, Tod's declination of the nomination left the President free to send another name to the Senate, and the Finance Committee of that body was then for the first time enlightened as to the unfortunate relations which had so long existed between the Secretary of the Treasury and the President.

The way was now clear, and the next surprise to which the public was treated was the nomination and immediate confirmation of Senator William Pitt Fessenden as Secretary of the Treasury. It was a picturesque feature of this latter part of the business that Senator Fessenden was in the President's office conferring with him on the situation of affairs while his own nomination as successor to Chase was on its way to the Senate; and when Fessenden learned from the President that that nomination had actually been made, he went in hot haste to the Capitol, only to find that the appointment had been confirmed before he could enter his protest against it.

That evening I was at the White House, and Mr. Lincoln sent for me to come into the library, where I found him lying upon his back on a sofa, with his hands clasped over his chest, and looking weary beyond description. But he was in a comfortable frame of mind; and, after going over the incidents of this exciting episode, he said cheerfully, "When I finally struck the name of Fessenden as Governor Chase's successor, I felt as if the Lord had n't forsaken me yet."

It is well known that the friends of Secretary Chase, and probably some of Lincoln's, insisted upon fomenting strife between these two illustrious men long after the Secretary had retired to private life, and Lincoln's second nomination and election had eliminated the presidential question, for a time at least, from all other relations which affected the two men. This mischievous influence was at work when, on the death of Roger B. Taney, the great office of chief justice of the United States became vacant, and Chase's name was immediately brought forward by his friends and admirers, who hoped to see him succeed to that post. Senator Sumner and other radical Republicans at once deluged Lincoln with letters and telegrams beseeching him to nominate Chase as chief justice. On the other hand, Lincoln was overwhelmed with protests from his own political and personal friends, who reminded him that Chase had not "behaved well" while Secretary of the Treasury, and had embarrassed the President with his inordinate ambition.

While the matter was pending, I had occasion to call on the President, and the rumors of Chase's appointment naturally came up for discussion. Mr. Lincoln had been, for him, very gay and cheery; but as soon as Chase and the chief-justiceship were mentioned, his visage lengthened, and with great seriousness he pointed to a pile of telegrams and letters on his table, and said: "I have been all day, and yesterday and the day before, besieged by messages from my friends all over the country, as if there were a determination to put up the bars between Governor Chase and myself." Then, after a pause, he added: "But I shall nominate him for chief justice, nevertheless." It was therefore with amusement that I learned from one of Chase's most ardent friends, about an hour later, that "Lincoln was not great enough to nominate Secretary Chase as chief justice"; and with inward satisfaction I bore in silence much contumely and reproach from Chase's fast friends from that time until the country was delighted by the intelligence that Chase's nomination had been sent to the Senate on December 6, 1864, in a message written by the President's own hand.

The political complications which immediately preceded the presidential nominations of 1864 were extremely distressing to Lincoln. Washington was in a ferment, and to some degree, although not to the extent that Wash-

ington politicians believed, the country was responsive to the excitement which prevailed at the national capital. It had become evident that Lincoln's nomination was impending, although the friends of Mr. Chase insisted that his renomination was unlikely, and that his reelection was an absolute impossibility. At this later day, when the political events of 1864 lie behind us like landmarks in a road over which we have securely traveled, it is difficult to understand how any man of even moderate sagacity could have supposed, as not a few did, that Lincoln stood very little chance of renomination and none at all of reëlection. It is difficult also to comprehend, even now, the motives that induced so many honest and earnest Republicans at the seat of government to be at great pains, as they were, to defeat what seemed to be the popular will respecting Lincoln. It was urged by the friends of Mr. Chase that no man should be elected to a second term of the presidency; and it was well known that Mr. Chase himself made no secret of his strong belief in the saving grace of the one-term principle. Many people were dissatisfied with the alleged slowness of the Lincoln administration as regarded both political and military operations. On the other hand, many ardent Union men, in zealous advocacy of what they conceived to be the conservative policy of the administration, went quite as far on the other tack as the radicals did in the direction of a more vigorous and aggressive policy on the part of the President and his cabinet. The eddying currents of political opinion surged about the Capitol while Congress was in session; and in both branches of Congress the rival factions skirmished with each other, their real purpose being thinly veiled by a pretense of earnest devotion to the public business.

The Missouri imbroglio was a source of perpetual annoyance to the great body of public men who had no special interest in the unreasonable quarrel that raged in that State. Beginning with the brief and brilliant reign of General Frémont, and extending almost to the close of the war, the Unionist party in Missouri was divided into two hostile camps, radical and conservative. These never became friends and allies as long as the war endured, and political matters were consequently hopelessly mixed in Missouri. The quarrel was at its height during General Schofield's administration of military rule in the State, before the civil authority reasserted itself. Finally, when B. Gratz Brown and John B. Henderson came to the United States Senate as representatives respectively of the radical and the conservative wings of the Union party, there was for a while something like an armed truce. The Blair family, however, with a proclivity to mischief-making that was amazing, succeeded in fomenting the Missouri quarrel whenever it showed any indications of simmering down. Frank P. Blair, Jr., took his seat in the House of Representatives with the avowed determination of showing up, as he expressed it, the corruption which existed in the administration of the Treasury Department in Missouri. He represented the so-called conservative wing of his party, and he demanded the appointment of a committee to inquire into and report upon the alleged infraction by treasury agents of the act of congress regulating commercial intercourse with the States declared to be in insurrection. As a counterblast to this, some of the Missouri radicals brought charges against Blair in which it was alleged that he, as a commanding general in the Fifteenth Army Corps near Vicksburg in the summer of 1863, with his officers had been engaged in a large speculation, in the course of which brandy, whisky, beer, wines, cigars, tobacco, and canned fruits had been bought in St. Louis, and smuggled through the military lines for the use of rebel officers on the other side of the military boundaries. The result of this charge against Blair was harmless. It was proved that a small order given by General Blair and his staff, the total cost of which would not have exceeded one hundred and fifty or one hundred and seventy-five dollars, had been fraudulently expanded by the agent to whom it was intrusted, so that it called for a variety of goods amounting to about nine thousand dollars in value. This disgraceful episode was only one of many which marked the long and stormy discussions dragged into the House day after day by the quarrelsome Missouri members; at the same time, Montgomery Blair in Maryland was pursuing Henry Winter Davis, a radical Republican, with the same relentlessness with which his brother Frank kept on the track of the Missouri radicals.

General Schofield, who had been military governor of Missouri during its reconstruction period, was nominated by the President for promotion to the rank of major-general in the volunteer army. As this happened during the height of the Missouri excitement, Gratz Brown in the Senate, and his radical colleagues in the House, fell foul of the nomination with rage and determination. Meanwhile, however, the War Department had attempted to quiet the disturbance by providing for Schofield at another point, and putting Rosecrans in his place. Although the changing of Schofield removed the immediate cause of the bitterness of the radical Missourians, opposition to his confirmation was still kept up, and Washington politics for weeks apparently consisted of nothing but the rumors and reports which circulated about

General Schofield's nomination and his confirmation by the Senate.

The Blair family also came to the front conspicuously in the fall of 1863, in a speech made at Rockville, Maryland, in October, by Montgomery Blair, then Postmaster-General. The speech, which was an elaborate defense of the alleged conservative policy of the President, was also a bitter arraignment of prominent members of the cabinet, senators, and representatives. The speech was subsequently issued in pamphlet form, and created considerable stir in Washington, and among the President's real friends in Maryland. The title-page of the pamphlet edition of this speech gave the speaker considerable fictitious importance as "a member of Lincoln's cabinet," and was ingeniously worded so as to endue the speech with an appearance of having been sanctioned by the President in order to set himself right before the people as against the wicked aspersions of the more radical men in his party. Of course Lincoln eventually heard of this extraordinary oration, and a friend, calling on him one day, found him reading a little slip cut from a newspaper, from which he was endeavoring to get some idea of the then famous Rockville speech. The visitor offered to send the President a copy of the pamphlet as published by Blair; and, at his request, I took it to the President, who was greatly amused, as well as astonished, by the ingeniously worded title-page of that queer document.

Later on in that month, just after the Pennsylvania State elections, William D. Kelley and Colonel John W. Forney called on the President with their congratulations, and Forney very plainly said to the President (Blair being then present) that his conservative friend, Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, desired the President to know that if the Rockville speech of Postmaster-General Blair had been made thirty days earlier, it would have lost the Union ticket in Pennsylvania twenty thousand votes. To Blair Forney also expressed his astonishment that he, a cabinet minister, should have had the hardihood to utter such sentiments in public just on the eve of important elections in other States. Blair responded that whatever Forney might think of the matter, he had only spoken his honest sentiments at Rockville. "Then," said the angry Forney, turning upon Blair, "why don't you leave the cabinet, and not load down with your individual and peculiar sentiments the administration to which you belong?" The President sat by, a silent spectator of this singular and unexpected scene.

Colonel Forney gave me an account of this affair, and probably other newspaper correspondents had it from the same source. Among these, Whitelaw Reid published an account of the interview which was widely copied and commented upon. Thereupon the Washington correspondent of the "New York Herald," on the authority of Postmaster-General Blair, denied that Colonel Forney had ever used to him, in the presence of Mr. Lincoln, the language attributed to him in the reports of that interview. I went to the President with the story as it was printed; and, having looked through the clipping, he said that he "guessed it was about correct." The incident is told here as a good example of the difficulty that Lincoln had with his own friends, and of the bitterness that divided some of them from each other. Nobody ever doubted Blair's devotion and loyalty to Lincoln; and certainly Forney never for a moment considered any man fit to take Lincoln's place, and heartily and enthusiastically supported his renomination. Yet these two men, Forney and Blair, could not meet on amicable terms.

In February, 1864, the long-vexed political complication came to a head in the appearance of the famous "secret circular" in which Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, frankly proposed the nomination of Mr. Chase for the presidency. The circular was marked "strictly private," and it gave to Pomeroy, whose initials were S. C., the nickname of "Secret Circular Pomeroy." At this late day it is hardly worth while to recall anything in that document but its main propositions. These were that the renomination of Lincoln was not only undesirable but impossible; that the honor of the nation and the cause of liberty and union would suffer in consequence of his reëlection; that the "one-term principle" was essential to the safety of republican institutions; that Salmon P. Chase had more of the qualities needed in a President at that critical time than any other man; and that the discussion of Chase's availability had surprised his warmest admirers by the development of his strength. It is one of the curiosities of the time that this queer document, which was in the hands of nearly every newspaper man and politician in Washington, did not find its way into the public prints until several days after its private circulation began. Finally, on Washington's Birthday, its appearance in the "National Intelligencer" greatly excited the quidnuncs, although nearly everybody was already familiar with its contents. It was not until March 10, however, that Pomeroy took public notice of the commotion which his fulmination had aroused. He was evidently pleased with his sudden notoriety. But by that time it had become clearly manifest that Mr. Chase could not possibly be nominated. The Unionists of his own State had

declared in favor of Lincoln; and on the day after that declaration was made Pomeroy rose in his place in the Senate and attempted to justify his foolish circular; a letter was printed then from Mr. Chase withdrawing his name from the political canvass. Pomeroy, who was an unctuous and sleek man with a rosy countenance and a suave manner, told the senators that he was the author of the now famous circular, but that some person whom he did not name had appended to it the indorsement "strictly private" in order, as he said, to give it a wider circulation. He exulted in the fact that he was chairman of a respectable association, with widely ramifying branches all over the country, whose object was to secure the election of "an efficient and radical candidate for the presidency in opposition to the time-serving policy of the day." He said that Mr. Chase "had been drafted into the service" of that organization; and that while he (Pomeroy) should not be considered as making war upon the present administration, he must insist that no executive could long sustain itself unless it had strong party affiliations to uphold it in Congress and in the country.

It was inevitable that the Missouri quarrel should be dragged into the discussion. Senator Wilkinson, of Minnesota, who replied to Pomeroy, taunted him with gross inconsistency in putting himself forward as a champion of radicalism, while, at the same time, he was exerting himself in the Senate to secure the confirmation of General Schofield, whose supporters were the conservatives of the party. The incident naturally attracted interested attention in both houses of Congress; and while Wilkinson, who was by no means a keen debater, was tantalizing Pomeroy, members came flocking over from the other end of the Capitol, crowding the senate-chamber to hear with amusement the parent of the now famous circular defend his action while he avowed its paternity. It was a desperate attempt to make the best of a failing cause. But it was of no use. The tide of public opinion had set too strongly in the direction of Lincoln for any such feeble efforts as those of Pomeroy, Edmunds, Winchell, and their comrades to withstand the current any longer. That was a time of dramatic political sensations. The coincident appearance of Chase's letter, taking his name out of the list of possible presidential candidates, and Senator Pomeroy's lame endeavor to give weight and reasonableness to the secret circular, were among the excitements of the day; but, although Mr. Chase's withdrawal, and the ignominious collapse of the scheme in whose interest the circular had been prepared, deprived the radical disorganizers of even the semblance of a leader and a head, it was not until the Union Republican Convention of 1864 had renominated Lincoln that the restless and factious opposition to his being called to a second term was finally silenced. It is possible that this brief recital of the political events that preceded Lincoln's second election may suggest to politicians of this later day the ineffectiveness of merely factious tactics and schemes.

ENTER LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT.

IT is interesting to call to mind some of the forces which made Grant the general-in-chief of the armies of the United States, and some of the incidents that attended the consummation of that historic work. It was by no means a grateful task for the congressmen of that time to lend a hand in creating the grade of lieutenant-general in the army, although there was no question as to the man on whom that distinction should be conferred. I question very much if the bill to revive the grade of lieutenant-general would have gone through Congress then if it had not been for the very general dissatisfaction with General Halleck, who was acting as general-in-chief with headquarters at Washington. This dissatisfaction was constantly increasing, and, although the country at large did not seem to be very keenly alive to Halleck's inadequacy to the situation, Washington, and especially the chambers of Congress, resounded with complaints of his sluggishness, his unwillingness to take responsibilities, and his supposed incapacity to grasp the whole military situation. I doubt if the most outspoken and malignant Copperhead in Congress was so disliked, so railed against, and so reviled by the more radical members as this unfortunate general-in-chief. The belief that some new man, no matter who he might be, could vigorously prosecute the war and bring a speedy peace if he were in Halleck's place, made possible the passage of the bill reviving the rank of lieutenant-general of the army. Oddly enough, men who complained that the President clung tenaciously to General Halleck as his military adviser, never doubted for a moment that Mr. Lincoln was more than willing that the rank should be revived with the distinct understanding that Grant should be the wearer of the title, and by virtue thereof become at once the generalissimo of all the military forces of the United States.

That the President did cling to Halleck, in spite of the very general popular disfavor with which the general was regarded, is well known. When I ventured, one day, to say to the President that Halleck was disliked because many people supposed that he was too timid and hesitating in his military conduct, Mr. Lin-

coln's face at once wore a sober, almost severe, expression as he said that he was Halleck's friend because nobody else was. Other men had received from the President a somewhat similar impression; and, whatever may have been thought of the very remote possibility that any other man than General Grant would be called to the head of the armies, congressmen who were clamorous for a more vigorous prosecution of the war were eagerly turning to the "lieutenant-general bill," as it was called, as the readiest way to be rid of General Halleck's alleged slowness.

This fact was brought out in the debate in the House when the measure was under consideration. With that free-and-easy frankness which so distinguished the House from the Senate as it was then constituted, the representatives did not hesitate to fling about a great many personalities while they discussed the expediency of reviving the grade of lieutenant-general. When the bill came up for its final passage on February 1, 1864, E. B. Washburne, who had the measure in charge, distinguished himself by the energy and impatience with which he fairly bulldozed the House into its immediate consideration. He ramped and roared, expostulated and threatened, until he wrought himself into a condition of quivering excitement. Washburne had been from the very first an enthusiastic believer in Grant's great military genius, and this was not only his supreme effort to place on high the object of his love and idolatry, but, as he believed, to save the republic from years of wasteful war. It is entertaining now to recall the attitude of some of the conspicuous congressmen who opposed or supported the bill. Grant, it should be remembered, was at that time by no means the popular favorite that he very soon after became, although his wonderful series of successes in the Southwest had even then made him the cynosure of all eyes.

Garfield, of Ohio, who had fought under Grant, and was now a member of the House Military Committee, opposed the bill on the ground that the rank was not needed, and that the President and the War Department already had the power to detail any major-general to perform the functions with which a lieutenant-general would be intrusted. He said that if the proposed rank was to be conferred as a reward of merit, it would be better to wait until the war was over, and not seize upon immature reputations as worthy of so great a reward. He said that if this rank had been created two years before, probably one of the several generals now shelved or retired would have been honored with it, and the country be thereby now mortified. Garfield was one of the first who frankly said in debate that General Grant would probably be nominated lieutenant-general if the bill became law; and he added that the country could not spare Grant from the great work he was doing in the West to transform him into "a bureau officer in Washington." But, in view of the political influences that would be at work, he (Garfield) was not so sure that Grant would be the man, after all.

Another member of the Military Committee — General Farnsworth of Illinois — favored the bill because General Grant was "no carpet-knight," but would command the armies in person, "not in a richly furnished Brussels-carpeted chamber in Washington," after the manner of *some* commanders-in-chief. This hit at Halleck was greatly enjoyed by the galleries, and a general laugh rippled over the surface of the House. General Robert C. Schenck, who was chairman of the House Military Committee, supported the bill not because he believed General Grant was the man to fill it, but because he believed in the principle that a military man should be at the head of the army and direct all operations in the field.

Washburne fretted and fumed as sundry members rose with amendments of various kinds; and there was every indication — the previous question not having been seconded — that the whole subject must go over for another day. "Thad" Stevens made a little speech in which he said, as Garfield had, that he did not see the use of the proposed measure, because the President already had power to appoint a general-in-chief. He also objected to the bill because it restricted the President to the choice of a lieutenant-general from a small number of major-generals. "Why not allow military men of less note to have equal footing in the proposed race for the great prize? And why not even choose from citizens, some of whom were worth more than many major-generals, as military men? Saints are not canonized until after death," he said, "and the greatest of reputations is not secure until the possessor has rested from his labors." Stevens said he had been amused to hear some of the members speak as though it was certain that General Grant would be the honored recipient of the prize; but he was not so certain of that. Judging from the tenacity with which the President held on to Halleck, he thought the present general-in-chief might be the lucky man.

When Washburne attempted to close the debate, he said he believed the war would not be ended until Grant was placed in supreme command. In reply to murmurs from the members he shouted: "I can't wait! I want this now. Grant must fight out this war, and he will never leave the field!" Washburne's patience was fairly broken down when Whaley of West Virginia wanted to know if the con-

ferring of this rank upon Grant would make that general ineligible for the presidency. Washburne bounced up, white with rage, and charged that the House was afraid to call for the previous question, as members would have to go upon the record in this matter; and he darkly hinted of another record to be made up thereafter which they could not dodge. To Boutwell of Massachusetts, who offered some opposition to the bill, Washburne retorted that New England was showing her sectional feeling in the matter because Grant was a Western man. Amid great heat and considerable excitement, the bill was finally passed by a vote of eighty-six to forty-one. Among the Republicans who voted against the bill were Ashley of Ohio, Boutwell of Massachusetts, Broomall of Pennsylvania, Henry Winter Davis, Garfield, G. W. Julian of Indiana, William D. Kelley of Pennsylvania, Thaddeus Stevens, and William B. Washburn of Massachusetts. The bill passed the Senate without much debate on February 26, and three days later it was approved by the President.

If there was any doubt as to the popularity of Grant in Washington (and he was disposed to regard that city as a place of snares), the arrival of the newly created lieutenant-general effectually dissipated it. He had been called to the capital, and had arrived there late in the afternoon of March 8, 1864. He quietly went to Willard's Hotel to get his dinner. At that time he was a rather slightly built man, with stooping shoulders, mild blue eyes, and light-brown hair, with a reddish tinge in his bristling mustache. He had a shy but manly bearing, wore a shabby-looking military suit of clothes, and seemed distressed when he was recognized by the mob of diners. He had been discovered there taking his dinner just like ordinary mortals; and it was noised about that the hero of Belmont, Donelson, and Vicksburg was in the room. A slight commotion presently spread from table to table; people got up and craned their necks in an anxious endeavor to see "the coming man." Then some enthusiastic admirer, mounting a chair, called for "three cheers for Lieutenant-General Grant." They were given with a will, amid a pounding on the tables which made everything dance. For a few minutes there was a scene of wild confusion, in the midst of which General Grant, looking very much astonished and perhaps annoyed, rose to his feet, awkwardly rubbed his mustache with his napkin, bowed, and resumed his seat and attempted to finish his dinner. The good sense of the cheering patriots prevailed, and the general was allowed to eat in peace. But as soon as he had finished his repast and was on his way out of the dining-room, he was taken in hand by Ex-Governor Morehead, of Pennsylvania, who acted as master of ceremonies and introduced to the general the mob of admirers who now swooped down upon him. This was his first levee.

That evening, as it chanced, was the occasion of the usual weekly reception at the White House, and thither General Grant went by special invitation. Thither too went throngs of people when it was known that he would be on view with the President. So great was the crowd, and so wild the rush to get near the general, that he was obliged at last to mount a sofa where he could be seen, and where he was secure, at least for a time, from the madness of the multitude. Women were caught up and whirled in the torrent which swept through the great East Room. Ladies suffered dire disaster in the crush and confusion; their laces were torn and crinolines mashed; and people got upon sofas, chairs, and tables to be out of harm's way or to get a better view of the spectacle. It was the only real mob I ever saw in the White House. It was an indescribable scene of curiosity, joy, and pleasure. For once at least the President of the United States was not the chief figure in the picture. The little, scared-looking man who stood on a crimson-covered sofa was the idol of the hour. He remained on view for a short time; then he was quietly smuggled out by friendly hands, and next day he departed from the city, which he then appeared to dread so much, to begin the last and mightiest chapter in his military career.

It is probable that Grant's early dislike and suspicion of Washington and its alleged pernicious political influences were partly due to Sherman's positive belief that the national capital was a hotbed of intrigue and chicane. I learned as much from the general's own lips long after the war, and after his two terms of the presidency had given him other views of the city and its influence in public affairs. Sherman repeatedly warned Grant against what he considered its baleful moral miasma. During the summer next succeeding his appointment as lieutenant-general, Grant did not come often to Washington, although his headquarters were for most of the time within a day's journey of the capital. Later in that year, armed with a letter of introduction from the President, I met him at City Point, while I was on a visit to the Army of the Potomac.

At that time his headquarters were at City Point. On one side of his wall-tent stood the great commander's narrow bedstead; and a rude pine table covered with maps and papers, two or three camp-chairs, a military chest, and a box or two made up the furniture of the headquarters of Grant. The cares of the day were over when we paid our visit, and the

general began an easy, offhand talk about politics and the then late elections, which he considered as being of immense importance because, as he said, the political legislation of Congress was now so closely allied to the prosecution of the war that every officer watched its course with the deepest anxiety. He spoke pleasantly of McClellan, was sorry for his personal mortification and defeat for the Presidency, and said that he hoped that McClellan would see his way clear to accept the handsome salary that it was reported had been offered him by the Illinois Central Railroad Company. Grant was evidently very well informed as to the antecedents and political record of nearly all of the congressmen, especially those from the West; and he spoke with evident pride of his own congressional district (Washburne's) in Illinois, which had lately given nine thousand majority for the Union ticket. Offering us cigars, he alluded jocularly to his national notoriety for smoking, and said that this had made him somewhat uncomfortable, as he did not want to be regarded as greatly addicted to any one personal habit, and that he had lately limited himself to four cigars a day. One of our party, who did not perhaps know that information as to the numerical force of an army was regarded as "contraband of war," innocently asked General Grant how many men he had in the Army of the Potomac, to which the general frankly responded, "Oh, a great many," an observation which closed inquiry in that direction.

Grant's famous expression, "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," was first made public in a little speech extorted from the President a few days after the final battle of the Wilderness. The general, in a letter to General Halleck dated May 11, 1864, had used the now historic phrase; and in the evening of the day on which that letter was received Washington had broken loose with a tremendous demonstration of joy over the recent victories achieved by the Army of the Potomac. There was something like delirium in the air. Everybody seemed to think that the war was coming to an end right away. Congress was in nominal session only, an adjournment being taken every three days, and the city was still filled with congressmen anxious to "be in at the death," as they fondly thought they soon would be.

About nine o'clock on the evening referred to a great crowd of cheering citizens surged around the White House, and the President came to the main door of the mansion, and stood bareheaded on the platform of the portico. He congratulated the people on the brighter prospects of the cause of the Union, and gave them the pith of General Grant's latest letter to Halleck. For a time it appeared as if most people thought that Grant would close the war and enter Richmond before the autumn leaves began to fall. Yet it was a full month after that day — on June 14 — that the President, regretfully viewing the unreasonable elation of friends of the Union, said to me: "I wish, when you write or speak to people, you would do all you can to correct the impression that the war in Virginia will end right off and victoriously. To me the most trying thing of all this war is that the people are too sanguine; they expect too much at once. I declare to you, sir, that we are to-day farther ahead than I thought, one year and a half ago, that we should be; and yet there are plenty of people who believe that the war is about to be substantially closed. As God is my judge, I shall be satisfied if we are over with the fight in Virginia within a year. I hope we shall be 'happily disappointed,' as the saying is; but I am afraid not — I am afraid not."

The solemn manner of the President, and the weightiness of his utterance, so impressed me that I drew toward me a sheet of paper and wrote down his words then and there. Then I read to him what I had written, in order that I might be sure that he was correctly reported. He suggested a verbal change, and I carried the paper away with me. At that time the art of interviewing had not been invented.

Noah Brooks.

IN THE GRAY CABINS OF NEW ENGLAND.

AN Englishman who recently visited this country wrote from Boston to a friend:

As I have so little time in America, I have decided to spend it all in New England. It is the American race that I wish to study, not their scenery nor towns. I have always heard that in New England was the brain of the country, and that the Puritan blood first gave the distinctive character to your people. My friends in Boston assure me that the influence of this section is still dominant throughout the States, and that the leaders of the nation in politics, in literature, and in religious inquiry come now, as they did at first, out of the little gray cabins on these bleak farms of New England. From the stories that they tell me of these Yankee cotters, their poverty, their thrift, and their hungry greed for knowledge, I can readily understand that they still supply much of the intellectual force for the complex mass which makes up the American people. I am going among them. I wish to study the power which moves the machine.

I do not know what was the result of his studies. The opinion of any foreigner about us really matters very little. But it matters a great deal if we are mistaken in our own opinion of ourselves or of the work which we are doing for our country.

When his friends in Boston talked to this stranger of the intellectual energy at work in the gray cabins of New England, they only repeated an old orthodox formula, which was true a hundred or even fifty years ago. They have repeated it so often that it never occurs to them to ask whether it is true now.

Is it?

Nobody who is not made imbecile by prejudice denies the influence of the intellectual life of Boston, and of two or three other cities in New England, upon the thought of the whole country. It is genuine life — that; the generation, birth, and growth of ideas. It is not merely the chafing of old, hackneyed opinions against one another, such as we sometimes find in the literary clubs of newer towns where the creeds and sayings of dead times and dead men, from Aristotle to Browning, are taken out and picked over and over and compared, as a housewife assorts the scraps from her rag-bag.

It is the fashion now to gibe at Boston and Boston culture. But if the meanest giber brings a bit of good work into the world, in book or score or picture, he knows that it is from Boston its first recognition will come, and that promptly and heartily. He will find no grudging jealousy there of his little success, no damning him with faint praise. The past master is not afraid to hold out his hand to the apprentice.

It is because I know so well the liberal, large justice of that class in New England who welcome intelligently the best work and best workers throughout the country that I venture to point out to them certain poor work and unable workers at home. They view the world at long range clearly enough: they take a keen interest in the conditions of life in the Ukraine, and the changes of belief in every Somaj in India; but they appear to be blind to conditions and beliefs in Vermont and Cape Cod. They think, apparently, that the old-time Yankee of Lowell and the Puritan of Hawthorne are still living in their farms and villages, producing brain force for the whole country. They neglect to look into the effect which a century of insufficient food, narrow interests, hard economy, and superfluous education has produced in them.

Perhaps a few scattered facts, if I try to set them down, will show what this effect is more clearly than any labored explanation.

About ten years ago I went for the first time to spend the summer in one of these lonely farming districts. I expected to find the same intellectual aspirations among these people that I had found in the class whom Doctor Holmes calls the Brahmins of New England. I looked at the unpainted little houses with gratitude and respect. Here, no doubt, the Emersons, the Websters, and the Hawthornes of the next generation were now being trained.

The village lay upon a solitary stretch of the Massachusetts coast. It had a picturesque and noble environment. Nature had made a fitting habitat for a high-minded and generous race. Silent, unbroken forests stretched down almost to the sea with countless limpid little pools shining in their recesses. Along the beach huge brown headlands, shaggy with seaweed, rose out of the surf; while the dog-seals crowded up on them to bark defiance at passing vessels — just as their grandfathers, perhaps, had barked at the *Mayflower* when she passed into harbor. For this was the very water up which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed; Plymouth Rock was in sight yonder. In these old farm-houses some of their descendants still dwelt. Here, one felt, if anywhere, was to be found the soul of New England. Nature and blood and circumstance

surely had combined to make the inhabitants of these neat, bare houses the flower of their race in its highest development.

But these inhabitants were, in fact, a few stooped, dull-eyed old men and lean old women. The young men and their wives had gone to Idaho or Kansas. The old people were employed in saving pennies. To that end they starved their cattle and themselves with patience and system. Most of them had been educated; but their only mental food now was the most sensational fiction in a circulating library in Plymouth. They knew, at least, that excitement was the nutriment lacking in their lives. They took no interest in any vital question, not even in the dogmatic theology dear to the hearts of their forefathers, though a few of them looked hazily into spiritualism. Some of them made a fetish of their homes: to pay for the little house, to scrub it, to keep it unaltered in its bare ugliness, took the place of worship in their lives.

One house, bigger, barer, and uglier than the others was the voluntary prison of an old woman who for five years had not allowed a human being to cross the threshold. Nobody thought her conduct odd or remarkable. I saw her once at the gate, and she poured out a flood of meaningless babble in delight at the possession of a listener. Her words were inarticulate, just as sour beer runs, choking itself, escaping from an uncorked cask.

"I 've seen you passin' before. There 's nobody ever passes but Len Moles goin' to his lobster-pots twicet a week. I locked my doors six year ago come July. The folks tramped on my kitchen floor, and I can't scrub it but once a day. The year afore that I spent at my merried da'ater's on the Cape. She did n't charge nothin' for my keep. To be sure, I chored round an' knitted, reg'lar. But I took it kind in 'Liza, not chargin' nothin'. No board all winter!"

"Do children here usually charge their mothers for board?" I asked.

"No," with a scared look; "they send them to the house."

"You must be lonely."

"Me? No. I 've got my cleanin' to do. An' Len Moles goes by reg'lar."

In the old days solitude, fasting, and praying for five years no doubt brought many a hermit very near to God or the devil; but a solitude of five years of scrubbing and watching for Len Moles?

Another village which I know well was once the thriving seat of a great industry. It was abandoned by the capitalists about fifteen years ago. The gray cabins are double, and inside you find now and then a gay carpet or a plush chair bought when the young people lived here and had high wages. They have gone to the West now, and the old men and women creep silently about with wistful, hungry faces.

Other villages which I could name offer to the eye of the casual visitor an air of cheerful prosperity. He is charmed with their chilly neatness. The grass plats are trimmed as with scissors; the glass in the windows glitters before the white curtains. Inside are the same subdued old men and ashy-faced women. Long ago the sons of the old men who should have married these women went South or West to some new community where food was cheap and the habit of thought broad and kindly. There their shrewdness, thrift, and respect for education usually helped them to success. But it is with the feeble remnant which they left behind that we have to do.

You find this remnant everywhere; in fishing villages from Maine to Rhode Island, in abandoned farms begging for buyers throughout Connecticut, Vermont, and New Hampshire. These people have not enough food for their bodies, or occupation for their minds. The niggardly economy forced upon their forefathers by the barren soil is not bewailed by them as a belittling necessity, but is honored as the chief of virtues. More food goes to the nutriment of a big, energetic Ohioan or Pennsylvanian in a day than would keep his listless, lean brother in these worn-out villages alive for weeks. If the first man is hearty and liberal the credit is partly due to his abounding beef and cider, and the lack of them helps to make the latter both avaricious and morbid. Neither has plain living lifted him into high thinking. He is stingy of love, of friendship, of emotion. Kindly words, enthusiasm, caresses, and laughter, are so much waste in his eyes. Divorces become more numerous with each year. He has given up the lofty Puritan faith, and has kept the objectionable Puritan temperament. He goes about his milking or planting as absorbed and reticent as a Hebrew prophet to whom God told the secrets of coming ages. But he has no secret: he has nothing else to think of but the milk-cans or potatoes. The most hopeless feature in his case is his absolute complacency. He believes his own to be the highest type of man. He is not even alive enough to see how paltry and torpid his life is. I do not deny that beneath this hard, bare exterior his soul is often true and generous and even tender; but it is certain that he has worn the iron armor of self-control bequeathed to him by his ancestors so long that his soul would feel indecently naked without it.

In the cities of New England, and in villages where there are prosperous industries, the condition of the people is in marked contrast to that which I have pictured here. So great is

this contrast that the live New Englander does not see how fast the life is being sapped out of his unlucky brother. When he goes out to the lonely farms or coast places, his esthetic sense is pleased by the somber atmosphere, the gray cabins and gray rocks cropping out of the mat of grass and wild roses. The grim old men and delicate, sad-eyed women are fitting figures for the melancholy background. He does not see that the eventless drama of their lives is not a picture, but the symptom of the decadence of a race.

A significant fact that ought to startle him is that nine tenths of the children and working people whom he meets, even in these outlying districts, answer him with an Irish brogue or a Canadian patois.

Another is that the New England farmer, once the most vehement of sectarians, seldom cares enough for religion now to enter a church. The big meeting-houses are filled, if filled at all, by women. Spiritualism has many disciples; so has the faith-cure; so has Theosophy. Religion, in the descendant of the Puritan, seems to have died down into a feeble flicker of curiosity concerning the unknown world. Really the whipping of Quakers and the hanging of witches argued a better spiritual condition than this apathy. When Cotton Mather declared that "the smell of the roasting flesh of the savages was a sweet savor in the nostrils of the Almighty," he had at least a live faith in — something.

But the class which calls now most urgently for consideration and help is the large surplus of unattached women, widows, and spinsters, in all of these communities. They are educated, almost without exception; they have sensitive instincts, strong affections, and the capacity to do high work in the world. But from the sheer force of a single circumstance,— the majority of their sex in certain States,— they have neither husbands nor children, and there is no occupation for them but household drudgery. Nervous prostration is an almost universal ailment among them, following, as it always does, long self-repression.

I know women of high culture and large wealth who spend the year flying from mountain to coast, from the Isle of Shoals to Florida, in the hope of gaining a night's solid sleep. They will look at you with wide, tragic eyes, and coolly inform you that "as they are descended from a long line of brain-workers — scholars — they can hope for nothing better than cerebral disease. The brain in their race has worn out the body." When it chances that these victims of atavism marry, they inevitably soon grow stout, energetic, and common-sensed: they joke, dote on their children, and skirmish with their servants like ordinary happy women. One hears no more of hereditary madness. A baby is a cure, as old-fashioned as the days of Eve, for a woman's morbid ambitions.

In the prosperous towns of New England this class of women find an outlet for their strength, if not in marriage, in active work, charitable or literary or social. With their culture, their broad outlook, the aplomb given by secure footing of birth and position, and perceptions usually delicate and *fines*, they are probably the highest type of the American gentlewoman. Friction with the world has kept them healthy in thought. I wish they would consider their sisters in the lonely country places, who for want of work and that friction are overtaken by neurosis, or driven to spiritualism, to Buddhism, or to opium.

One such woman was used to attack a new science or language every year, and, failing, from her lack of teacher or companion, would pile the text-books in heaps until walls of dusty volumes shut in every room of the house. She fell at last into a state of semi-idiocy, and wandered like a ghost around the village, jabbering scraps of foreign tongues which she did not understand.

It is a hereditary habit in certain families for the women who have a grief to shut themselves into a single room, and remain there for ten, twenty, thirty years. Nor are the morbid fancies of these women always gloomy and sad. They live sometimes in an enchanted land of their own.

One whom I know, a woman of sensuous temperament and motherly instincts, refused to marry a man whom she loved because he had gone to live in another town, and she would be forced to leave the old house and half acre which were the center of the world to her. The courtship went on for forty years, but she was true to the house!

Another drove her lover away on the day of the wedding because she could not bring herself to change the name of Wonson for any other. He was rich and she was poor; he remained faithful and ready as long as she lived. She died at seventy, a maiden Wonson still. Could pride of blood go further?

The intellectual training of these women only makes their cramped existence more intolerable. The New Englander is losing the shop and the church out of his life, but he keeps a hard grip on the school. In almost every village there are academies and libraries free to all comers. Education he believes to be the royal road to civilization. But to what does it lead in these villages — in fact, not in theory?

Ball, let us say, is a fisherman; his wife cooks, scrubs, washes, every day in the year. His daughter goes through an academic course, and

learns more or less thoroughly the rudiments of astronomy, philosophy, art, mathematics, chemistry, etc. Nobody, meanwhile, teaches her good manners, or brings her into relations with the outside world. She is unfitted to be a cook or chambermaid, or the wife of any of the Irish or Canadian laborers who come in her way. There is no possible chance for her to be anything else. She remains, *plantée la*, idle, discontented, and useless. When will we learn in this country that the education which a human being can use for his own or his neighbor's benefit is a blessing; but the education which he cannot use is a burden and a curse!

But why do I try to show the emptiness and paralysis of the life of these people? Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, and Mrs. Slosson were born among them, and have written the petty tragedy of their lives with a power which has held the whole country attentive, as a breathless spectator of a play. I am afraid that the very power with which the tragedy has been set forth has made the spectator forget to ask why these lives should be either petty or tragic. These genre artists show us the tender, heroic spirit in a famishing woman which makes her boil her last egg for a neighbor nearer starvation than herself. But if the heroic spirit be there, why should it not have a nobler outlet than the boiling of an egg? With the whole big, seething world around us full of God's highest work to do, one grows a little impatient of human souls who make a life-drama out of their hair pictures or muddied kitchen floors.

Heaven forbid that I should have a word of impatience for these thousands of morbid lonely women whom God sent into the world to be busy and happy. "But yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!" Think of the process by which the possible mother in a young girl is starved into one of these dumb human machines! The slow torture of the water-drop is less lingering and sore.

What can be done for them?

One of these single women, after living alone in her little hut on Cape Cod until old age, a reticent, miserly creature, became at sixty suddenly and violently insane. Her physician, wiser than his kind, prescribed no medicine, but procured a huge doll and the clothes of a baby, and gave them to her. She was at once quieted. She treated the doll as if it were alive, fed it, slept with it in her arms, worried over its diseases, ran to the neighbors to tell of its sayings and pretty ways. It was her child; God had given it to her at last. While she lived it kept her occupied and happy.

But we cannot play this kindly trick upon all of these undedicate nuns.

What is to be done for them?

First, it seems to me, recognize the fact that they need help: that these villages offer not only *matériel* for the artist or author, but a problem of wasted human life and force. The cities of New England are full of noble men and women who use their influence and money for the freedman, the Indians, the lepers in India, and Nihilists in Siberian mines. Can they do nothing to free these starved, coffined lives at home?

It is not sympathy, but practical help that is needed by these women. First, they should have remunerative work. Establish industries among them. Give them a chance to earn money (and better still, to spend it) as bee-farmers, florists, saleswomen, shop-keepers, trained nurses, librarians, etc., or in any of the lighter handicrafts. Even in the larger towns all kinds of work are now almost monopolized by women from New Brunswick or Ireland. If work cannot be found for them at home, help them to emigrate to the Middle States, or to the West. Let them follow their brothers. They have enough of energy. They are like a steam-engine before the fire is kindled.

A few years ago the Amazons in Barnum's Great Consolidated Show, the riders of his fiery steeds, the Roman Queens who raced in his gilded chariots driving six horses abreast, were all the daughters of New England farmers. They came to him in a body, seeking employment — self-respecting, decent, virtuous girls; and they went back home as they came. These women can be trusted to play any part well if they have the chance.

There is a part ready for them to play. From every town and camp and ranch in the west comes the demand for house-servants, nurses, teachers, and — wives. I heard last spring of a clergyman who collected thirty respectable, modest New England girls, and sent them to a missionary in Montana, who at once found work for them. In six months every one of them was married — making, let us hope, a happy home and a happy life for some honest fellow. The good gospeller, I suspect, saved more souls by his little plan than by many sermons.

Why should not others try the plan?

Why should not the philanthropic women in New England, who form associations to help the Czar take care of his lepers, and the South to settle her negro problem, organize to find employment for these, their neighbors, out in the busy, living world?

And after that? Nothing need be done for them after that. Through wholesome work and intercourse with healthy-minded people they will soon find again what they have now entirely lost — their proper relations to their brotherman and to God.

Rebecca Harding Davis.

THE BOY.

By the author of "A Christmas Guest."

HERE 'S the doctor, now! Hello, doc, come right in!

Here 's yo' patient, settin' up on the po'ch, big ez life; but when we sent for you this mornin' it seemed thess hit an' miss whether he 'd come thoo or not.

Jest the same sort o' spells he 's had all along, doctor,— seems you can't never see 'im in one,— all brought on by us a-crossin' 'im. His gran'ma insisted on hidin' the clock when he wanted it; but I reckon she 'll hardly resk it ag'in, she 's that skeert. He 's been settin' on the flo' there thess the way you see 'im now, with that clock in his lap, all mornin'.

Of co'se it thess took 'im about ten minutes to bu'st all the little things his gran'ma give him to play with, 'n' then he nachelly called for the clock; 'n' when she was n't forthcomin' *immejate*, why, he thess stiffened out in a spell.

Of co'se we put the timepiece into his hands quick ez we could onclinch 'em, an' sent for you. But quick ez he see the clock, he come thoo. But you was already gone for, then.

His gran'ma she got consider'ble fretted because he 's broke off the long han' o' the clock; but I don't see much out o' the way about that. Ef a person thess remembers thet the long han' is the short han'— why, 't ain't no trouble.

An' she does make 'im *so* contented an' happy! Thess look at his face, now! What is the face-vally of a clock, I like to know, compared to that?

But of co'se the ol' lady she 's gettin' on in years, an' then she 's my wife's mother, which makes her my *di*rec' mother-in-law; an' so I 'm slow to conterdic' anything she says, an' I guess her idees o' regulatin' childern — not to say clocks — is sort o' diff'rent to wife's an' mine. She goes in for reg'lar dis*cip*line, same ez she got an' survived in her day; an' of co'se ez sonny come to her ez gran'son the same day he was born to us ez plain son, we never like to lift our voices ag'in' anything she says.

She loves him thess ez well ez we do, only on a diff'rent plan. She give him the only spankin' he 's ever had — an' the only silver cup.

Even wife an' me we had diff'rent idees on the subjec' o' sonny's raisin'; but somehow, in all our ca'culations, we never seemed to realize thet *he 'd* have idees.

Why, that two-year-old boy settin' there regulatin' that clock war n't no mo' 'n to say a pink spot on the piller 'fo' he commenced to set fo'th his idees, an' he ain't never backed down on no principle thet he set fo'th, to this day.

For example, wife an' me, why, we argued back an' fo'th consider'ble on the subjec' of his meal-hours, ez you might say, she contendin' for promiskyus refreshment an' me for schedule time.

This, of co'se, was thess *proj*eckin' 'fo' the new boa'der ac-chilly arrived. He not bein' here yet, we did n't have much to do *but* speculate about him.

Lookin' back'ards now, it seems to me we could n't 'a' had nothin' to do, day or night, 'fo' he come.

But, ez I was sayin', she was for meals at all hours, an' I was for the twenty-minutes-for-refreshment plan, an' we discussed it consider'ble, me always knowin', but never lettin' on, thet of co'se she, havin' what you might call a molopoly on the restaurant, could easy have things her own way, ef she 'd choose.

But, sir, from the time he looked over that bill o' fare an' put his finger on what he 'd have, *an' when*, that boy ain't never failed to call for it, an' get it, day 'r night.

But, talkin' 'bout the clock, it did seem funny for him to keep her goin' 'thout no key.

But somehow he 'd work it thet that alarm 'd go off in the dead hours o' night, key or no key; an' her an' me we 'd jump out o' bed like ez ef we was shot, an' do you b'lieve thet that baby, not able to talk, an' havin' on'y half 'is teeth, he ain't never failed to wake up an' roa' out a-laughin' ever' time that clock 'd go off in the night! Why, sir, it 's worked on me so, sometimes, thet I 've broke out in a col' sweat, an' set up the balance o' the night — an' I ain't to say high-strung, neither.

No, sir, we ain't never named 'im yet. Somehow, we don't seem to be able to confine ourselves to no three or four names for 'im, so we thess decided to let it run along so — he thess goin' by the name o' "sonny" tell sech a time ez he sees fit to name 'isself.

Of co'se I sort o' ca'culate on him takin' the "Junior," an' lettin' me tack a capital "S" an' a little "r" to my name 'fo' I die; which would of co'se call attention to him *di*rec' eve'y time I 'd sign my signature.

Deuteronomy Jones ain't to say a purty name, maybe; but it 's scriptural — so far ez my parents could make it. Of co'se the Jones —

well, they could n't help that no mo' 'n I can help it, or sonny, *or his junior*, thet, of co'se, may never be called on to appear in the flesh, sonny not bein' quite thoo with his stomach-teeth yet, an' bein' subject to croup, both of which has snapped off many a fam'ly tree 'fore to-day. But I reckon the Joneses ain't suffered much that a-way. I doubt ef any of 'em has ever left 'thout passin' the name on — not knowin' positive, but thess *jedgin'*. None o' mine ain't, *I know*, leastwise none o' my *di*-rec' ancestors — they could n't have, an' me here, an' sonny.

Don't jump, doctor! That 's the supper-bell. 'T is purty loud, but that 's on account o' my mother-in-law. She 's stone-deef — can't hear thunder; but I told wife that I thought we owed it to her to do the best we could to reach her, an' I had that bell made a-purpose.

Now, some men they 'd slight a mother-in-law like that, an' maybe ring a dummy at her; but that 's thess where I differ. I don't forget where I get my benefits, an' ef it had n't 'a' been for her, the family circle o' Deuteronomy Jones would be quite diff'rent to what it is. She 's handed down some of sonny's best traits to him, too.

Of co'se she did n't give him his hearin', less 'n she give 'im all she had — which, of co'se, I 'm thess a-jokin', which is a sin, an' her stone-deef, and sonny thess come thoo a death-spell!

Me havin' that extry-sized bell made thess out of respects to her· tickled her mightily.

Come along, sonny! He heerd the bell, an' he knows what it means. That 's right — fetch the clock along.

Sonny 's cheer is toler'ble low, an' he 's took a notion to set on the clock meal-times. I thess lay 'er face down'ards in his cheer, 'n' I don't know ez it hurts her any; 'n' then it saves the dictionary, too.

She did strike that a-way one day, and sonny was so tickled he purty near choked on a batter-cake, he laughed so. He has broke sev'ral casters tryin' to jostle her into doin' it again, but somehow she won't. Seem like a clock kin be about ez contrary ez anything else, once 't git her back up.

He got so worked up over her not strikin' that a-way one day thet he stiffened out in a spell then an' there.

You say they ain't ap' to be fatal, doctor — them spells?

Well — but you ain't never saw him in one yet. They 're reg'lar death-spells, doctor.

Tell you the truth, they was the 'casion of us j'inin' the church, them spells was.

Says I to wife — standin' beside him one day, an' he black in the face — says I, "Wife," says I, "I reckon you an' me better try to live mo' righteously 'n' what we 've been doin', or he 'll be took from us." An', sir, the very nex' communion we both up an' perfessed. An' I started sayin' grace at table, an' lef' off the on'y cuss-word I ever did use, which was "durn." An' maybe I ought n't to say it, but I miss that word yet. I did n't often call on it, but I always knowed 't was there when needed, and it backed me up, somehow — thess the way knowin' I had a frock-coat in the press has helped me wear out ol' clothes. I ain't never had on that frock-coat sence I was married in it seventeen year ago; but, sir, ever sence I 've knew the moths had chawed it up, th' ain't been a day but I 've felt shabby.

Sir? Yas, sir; we 've waited a long time. It 's seventeen year, come this spring, sence we married. Our first child could easy 'a' been sixteen year ol', 'stid o' two, ef sonny 'd come on time, but he ain't never been known to hurry hisself. But it does look like, with seventeen year for reflection, an' nothin' to do but study up other folks's mistakes with their childern, we ought to be able to raise him right. Wife an' me we fully agree upon one p'int, 'n' that is, thet mo' childern 'r' sp'iled thoo bein' crossed an' hindered 'n any other way. Why, sir, them we 've see' grow up roun' this country hev been fed on daily rations of "don'ts!" an' "stops!" an' "quits!"—an' most of 'em brought up by hand at that!

An' so, ez I say, we don't never cross sonny, useless. Of co'se when he 's been sick we have helt his little nose an' insisted on things; but I reckon we 've made it up to him afterwards, so 's he would n't take it amiss.

Oh, yas, sir; he called me "daddy" hisself, 'n' I never learned it to 'im, neither. I *was* layin' out to learn 'im to say "papa" to me, in time; but I 'lowed I 'd hol' back tell he called *her* name first. Seemed like that was her right, somehow, after all thet had passed 'twixt him an' her; an' in all her baby-talk to him I took notice she 'd bring the "mama" in constant.

So of co'se I laid low, hopin' some day he 'd ketch it — an' he did. He was n't no mo' 'n 'bout three months ol' when he said it; 'n' then, 'fo' I could ketch my breath, hardly, an' put in my claim, what does he do but square aroun', an', lookin' at me *di*rec', say "dada!" thess like that.

There 's the secon' bell, doctor. 'Sh! *Don't* ring no mo', Dicey! We 're a-comin'!

At the first bell the roller-towel an' basin gen'ally holds a reception; but to-day bein' Sunday —

What? Can't stay? But you *must*. Quick ez sonny come thoo this mornin', wife took to the kitchen, 'cause, she says, says she, "Likely ez not the doctor 'll miss his dinner on the road, 'n' I 'll turn in with Dicey and see thet he makes it up on supper."

"Eat an' run?" Why not, I like to know? Come on out. Wife 's at the roller-towel now, an' she 'll be here in a minute.

Come on, sonny. Let "dada" tote the clock for you. No? Wants to tote 'er hisself? Well, he shall, too.

But befo' we go out, doc, say that over ag'in, please.

Yas, I understan'. Quick ez he 's took with a spell, you say, th'ow col' water in his face, an' "never min' ef he cries"?

I 'll try it, doctor; but, 'twix' me an' you, I doubt ef anybody on the lot 'll have the courage to douse 'im. Maybe we might call in somebody passin', an' git them to do it. But for the rest,—the bath an' the mustard,—of co'se it shall be did correct. You see, the trouble hez always been thet befo' we could git any physic measured out, he come thoo.

Many 's the time that horse hez been saddled to sen' for you befo' to-day. He thess happened to get out o' sight to-day when sonny seemed to feel the clock in his hands, an' he come thoo 'thout us givin' him anything *but* the clock—an' it external.

Walk out, doctor.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

A PLAN TO SAVE THE FORESTS.

FOREST PRESERVATION BY MILITARY CONTROL.

THE following communications were written in response to a request from THE CENTURY for opinions as to the general need of a thorough, scientific, and permanent system of forest management in this country, and specifically as to the plan suggested by Professor Charles S. Sargent of Harvard University, which comprises the following features:

1. Forestry instruction at West Point: the establishment of a chair of forestry at the United States Military Academy, to be supplemented by practical study in the woods and by personal inspection of foreign systems of forestry.

2. An experimental forest reservation: the purchase on the Highlands near West Point, or elsewhere, of a small territory for the use of the proposed new branch of instruction.

3. Control by educated officers: the assignment of the best educated of these officers to the supervision of the forest reservations.

4. The enlistment of a forest guard: a body of local foresters, to be specially enlisted for the purpose of carrying out the principles of forestry thus taught. EDITOR.

IN considering the plan submitted, it must be kept in mind that it is applicable only to the public lands of the Federal Government. In this sense alone can the plan proposed be regarded as national, for by far the larger and more valuable part of our forest area is in the hands of private owners, being proximate to the more densely populated sections of the country, and affecting immediately the climatic conditions and waterflow of large communities. The forest area owned by the Federal Government is principally situated along the slopes of the great mountain ranges of the Continental Divide, the Rockies, the Sierra, and the Coast Range, and its importance lies in preserving conditions that will make future development possible throughout a vast region largely dependent upon irrigation.

Just how much forest the United States owns is not known. It is variously estimated at from fifty to seventy millions of acres: certainly enough to justify careful conservation, considerable expenditures, and intelligent efforts to solve the problem of how best to manage it. Various plans have been proposed, but we have here only to deal with the suggestions of Harvard's eminent dendrologist, Professor Sargent. The first three propositions may be regarded as one branch of his plan, while the fourth distinctly embodies another. In general, the proposition to extend a knowledge of forestry anywhere meets with my heartiest approval; but when we reflect that the sole purpose of West Point is to train military men for the nation's defense, and that only those subjects are taught there that tend directly to that purpose, it raises a serious question as to the advisability and practicability of putting upon our embryo officers the burden of a study foreign to their profession.

The present curriculum at West Point leaves no spare moments for the cadets; and certainly, to enable them to acquire any knowledge of forestry that would be of any real value, it would be necessary to extend the present course of instruction for one or two years. In France and in Germany to become an educated forester requires several years' study at schools devoted solely to forestry, combined with practical instruction in the woods.

As to the instruction to be given by means of an experimental forest reservation in the vicinity of West Point, it appears to me that while a knowledge of the botany of trees and various matters appertaining to tree life might thus be obtained, yet no knowledge obtainable as to tree growth in the Hudson River valley would be applicable to the conditions pertaining to the arid regions west of the 100th meridian, where the for-

ests which these officers would be called upon to administer are situated. The forest schools should be located in the vicinity of the forests to be managed. No one in this country yet knows how best to further forest growth in our arid regions. The knowledge is not extant, and will be acquired only after many years of study, observation, and experiment in each section to be administered. Our army officers are too migratory to permit this.

The army can be made very useful, however, as police for the protection of the public forests from fires and depredators, especially during the four months when forest fires are likely to prevail; and such duty accords well with the military organization. It is now the practice of the department commanders to order summer marches throughout the West for the purpose of giving officers and men practical experience; and it could well be changed by making details of commands for the protection of given forest areas, where the troops should be camped for four months to patrol the region assigned. Such work is now being most satisfactorily done at the Yellowstone National Park, and at other national parks, where forest fires are promptly checked, and timber depredations are unknown. Moreover, I am informed by the officers in charge of the troops so detailed that the service is in every way interesting and agreeable to officers and men, strengthening their initiative and discipline, and familiarizing them with the details of a country over which they may some day be called upon to campaign.

In this way the army could aid the corps of civilians in charge of the forests, who should be thoroughly trained foresters; but of this there is no great present need. At this time what is wanted is a common-sense management of this public property, with an organization that can be gradually developed into such forest management as may properly be called forestry.

The most urgent and fundamental need in our forestry movement is to obtain legislative recognition of the fact that the United States owns lands which are valuable only for the tree growth upon them, and accordingly that such growth alone should be disposed of, while the title to the soil should forever remain in the Government for the purpose of insuring such a continuance of that growth as will provide timber for future generations, and maintain favorable climatic and irrigation conditions. Next to this is the creation of a body of forest guards such as is proposed by Professor Sargent. But I do not think that these men should be enlisted. They should include practical woodsmen and young men who had taken a general course in forestry, such as should and might be taught in all of the agricultural colleges of the country. These young men might be admitted to the service after an examination as to their qualifications, and then enter upon their life career, studying practical conditions in their districts, and being promoted as time goes on and their knowledge widens, until at last we should have a real system of national forestry. In no other way can it be attained. For it must be remembered that the life and growth of a forest extend not over one generation, but over many. It is only because this is so that the Government should be the conservator of the forests. The selfish interests of an individual or even of a family lead to the destruction of forests for the sake of immediate gain, to the injury of the public, while the state can consider only the good of all.

This permanent body of men, growing into a knowledge of the public forests, aided from time to time by the army, should in my opinion be the agency created for the management of the public forests, as being more thoroughly and properly taught, having this alone as their profession and career, stationed where their life-work is to be, and subject to no orders or emergencies that would compel their removal from place to place.

Edw. A. Bowers.

WASHINGTON, D. C. [*U. S. Assistant Commissioner of Public Lands.*]

YOU ask my opinion as to "the need of a thorough, scientific, and permanent system of forest management," with a view to accomplishing the preservation of American forests.

Since I suppose that you desire and expect me to answer on the affirmative side, allow me to change the wording of your query so as to make it coincide with my conceptions of the more immediate need — namely, the need of *a common-sense treatment and more careful exploitation of our natural forests*. This appears to me the first need, the first practicable and necessary step, before we can expect anything "thorough, scientific, and permanent," gradually developing as supplies decrease and demands increase.

Common sense in keeping the fires out, common sense in keeping the cattle out of young growths, common sense in using the ax, culling the virgin forest not too severely of the good kinds of timber, and keeping down the undesirable, so that the composition of the forest may not be deteriorated beyond repair for the future — that is what we want first!

We must not forget that a large part of our country is still in the pioneering stage, that economic reforms are accomplished only through gradual development in successive stages, and that the stage we must pass through before "thorough, permanent, and scientific" systems of management can prevail is that in which more careful husbanding of the virgin supplies is practised, and the lessons are learned which lead to that superior application of knowledge and skill. We are only just learning these lessons in agriculture, and we have only begun to consider the necessity of learning them with reference to the use of our forests.

As for the plan suggested with reference to action by the Government, I have only one objection to offer, but it is a fundamental one.

The employment of the army or of army officers in functions for which they were not intended is to my mind wrong in principle. I will grant that such an employment, mainly as guardians of the forest reservations doing police duty, might be expedient for a time to bridge over a period of preparation until a civilian organization can be established; and as such a temporary expedient I have myself, in my reports and elsewhere, advocated the employment of the army. But I should certainly not advocate such an employment of the army as a permanent system. The reference of this matter to the army is a reflection upon the capacity of the civil government,— perhaps not without reason,— and an admission that the present government system is a failure, and the military, strict, and permanent system after all the only reliable one even for civilian functions.

A few lectures on the principles of forestry and forest protection to the officers who might command the forest patrols would certainly not be amiss. As to how the education of foresters for the Government's service or for any forestry service in this country should proceed, I have my own views.

I may only add that even if the Government should reserve all its remaining timber-lands and place them under some kind of rational control,— and we are striving and hoping to have such a policy carried out because it lies within possibility of immediate accomplishment, — yet the question of forest preservation would thereby not be solved or brought so very much nearer solution, whatever beneficial effects upon the final solution it might bring; for the Government owns in all hardly ten per cent. of the forest area, and that situated in the far West, away from the 60,000,000 of people who constitute the bulk of our population, and who must solve their local forestry problems, be it through state aid guided by wise conception of the providential functions of the Government, or through private interests driven by necessity.

B. E. Fernow.

WASHINGTON, D. C. [*Chief of Division of Forestry, Department of Agriculture.*]

DEBATES about forestry would be carried on less at cross-purposes if the word forestry were less misused. It is correctly applied to the business of producing the raw material which is to be manufactured into the merchandise that we call lumber. Using the word in this sense, I have had to do with the planting of more than a million forest trees for other purposes than that of forestry. Again using the word in this sense, it is to be said that there are no mature works of forestry in the United States. There are numbers in Europe that are centuries old. Visiting several of these, I have come to realize in some degree my ignorance of forestry. It happens, also, that some American works of forestry have been begun at my suggestion, and that, pending the employment of foresters, I have ventured to direct a little initiatory work upon them. To such inconsiderable weight as, on this account, may be given my opinion, something is to be added in the present discussion because I was once officially asked to examine the Government property at West Point. I found that a part of it was of rugged topography, and not well adapted to be built upon. It appeared to me, and I so reported, that an object-lesson in forestry might here be provided, by little more than casual observation of which, during the four years of their academic course, cadets might be better fitted than they can be under present arrangements to coöperate with such a corps of trained foresters as economy in the management of its public lands must soon compel our Government to employ.

I am still inclined to think that in a satisfactory system of management of our forests, men will be needed who shall have given to a study of forestry more time than our military cadets can spare for the purpose without neglect of studies in which proficiency must be required of them. A military officer ought not to be a Jack-of-all-trades.

Frederick Law Olmsted.

BILTMORE FOREST, N. C., November 1, 1894.

I AM not sure that I fully understand Professor Sargent's plan. If he intends that the future foresters of the United States are to be selected from the best men of a class which has entered the National Academy at West Point with a distinctly military career in view, I think they would hardly take kindly to a plan which promises a slow, limited promotion, and is distinctly civilian in character. Certainly the thoroughness of the course and the high loyalty developed by the West Point curriculum would insure competency and honesty; but would any real interest in the work follow? The addition of a chair of forestry in West Point, under any circumstances, would undoubtedly render young officers better guardians of our national forests; but would it be sufficient? I should prefer to see a distinct forestry school at West Point, with the same high standard of mental, moral, and physical culture that the Military Academy has. I think the plan of enlisting men as a forest guard wise.

As for our State forests, their best management will depend upon the conditions of the commonwealth. For example, New York has her natural timber areas well isolated, as in the Adirondack and Catskill regions. These might, with certain limitations growing out of vested rights, become the absolute property of the commonwealth, to be managed by State officers for the good of the general public.

Such a plan would in my judgment be neither possible nor wise in Pennsylvania, because her natural timber areas are scattered over a large part of the State, and involve extensive railway systems, mining interests, farming lands, and often towns of considerable size. Under such a condition of affairs I should look for the largest good from a system which would induce the landowner to become a cultivator of trees.

Two ways of doing this occur to me. First, to give timber-land a value by reducing taxes upon it to a minimum rate. An objection to this would be that it would confer the greatest benefit upon large landed proprietors, who, in many instances, are not dwellers in the region. This objection lacks weight when fully examined. Another and perhaps a better way of inducing the landowner to become a tree-planter, is by offering a direct bounty on every acre of trees planted and maintained in accordance with specified conditions. This, at first sight, might seem like an enormous load for the taxpayer to carry; for he ultimately is the source of the revenue from which the bounty would be paid. But this objection vanishes when it is remembered that lumbering industries worth probably $20,000,000 annually to the workers of this State are about to become extinct, but which could have been maintained had a system of bounties been offered in the past, and which might be revived by bounties aggregating much less than the commercial benefits accruing in a few years.

It is fair to assume that under forest care and protection Pennsylvania in fifty years should have standing white pine worth, at present prices, one and a half billion dollars. This timber should be produced on ground capable of producing no other crop advantageously. Its growth would leave the soil in a fertile condition. Failure to produce this, or a similar crop of some other timber, would mean large impoverished areas which would not only produce nothing, but would be a menace to the rest of the commonwealth in periods of

large, sudden rainfall. The one recognized obstacle to realization of this possible crop is the repeated forest fires. They might be estimated as sweeping out, potentially, thirty million dollars from the limits of the State annually. Under such a showing it would appear that wise, conservative statesmanship demands liberal appropriation to maintain an effective fire police, whose duty it shall be to ferret out incendiaries and to organize and direct a working force in suppressing fires.

No system of forestry should be considered unless it provides for the utilization of timber as fast as it is matured.

J. T. Rothrock.

[*President of Pennsylvania State Forest Commission.*]

WEST CHESTER, PA., October 17, 1894.

I BELIEVE that the preservation and management of American forests should have urgent and immediate attention. This work is the most difficult field of agriculture — if forestry be agriculture; for the study of the growth of trees from germination to old age so far exceeds the limits of human life that man learns the lessons of tree growth rather by tradition and inference,— the study of similar kinds of trees of various ages indicating what the continuous life of one tree might be.

Thus the scientific study of forestry carries with it a requirement as to the length of time for the study, with abstract investigations, which the practical agriculturist or farmer cannot afford to give, even had he length of life sufficient to enable him to study recurring cycles of tree growth as crops raised from the earth. Yet the value of the forest is so great, and the nature of tree growth appears to be so generally understood among observant, educated farmers and foresters, that one cannot but be impressed by the views of such students and experts: these assure us that more knowledge and more skill in forestry will produce results of a most valuable and important, if not surprising, character.

The United States army officers are men whose training, duties, independence of commercial and freedom from political intrigue, together, have kept them from much of the debasement which has invaded modern life. It is rare indeed that an army officer is found who has accepted commissions for his influence, or sold public property, or gone into conspiracy with public plunderers. The discipline of the army also makes it possible to accomplish great results with small means by concentration of energy. For this reason I favor a supervisory control of United States works, in the interior of our country, by the educated officers of West Point with civilian assistants. I do not favor any interference with State work: that is unconstitutional. The United States cannot, and should not, acquire any lands in any State except under special grant of the State legislature for each piece of land desired.

At West Point, however, the United States government possesses a considerable area of rough mountainous land suitable for forestry experiments. I believe it would be wise to make forestry one of the studies at the Military Academy, and that all the United States forest reservations and parks should be placed under the control or direction of army officers.

I would extend this even further; for I believe that our National Guard should have some of the great benefits of discipline which will come from such a forest management. Permit me, therefore, to renew here what I have hitherto urged, that upon lands adjacent to West Point — upon the east bank of the Hudson at Garrison's — an adjunct or secondary academy be established by the Government for a short course of instruction for officers of the National Guard. Particularly in artillery and engineering practice, such an academy, under control of retired army officers, skilful and experienced men, would be a most useful institution.

Here also the best methods of forestry could be taught and learned. There could be no healthier or kindlier work for the retired army officer, who has probably traversed, examined, and lived amid most of the great forests of our country, or on the treeless plains where forests are needed. I sincerely trust that this adjunct to the West Point Military Academy will be speedily created.

Verplanck Colvin.

ALBANY. [*Superintendent Adirondack Survey.*]

IT is almost needless to say that this country needs a thoroughly scientific and permanent system of forest management in the interests of the people of to-day, and, above all, in the interests of their children and grandchildren. There is need of this in the East, but the need is greatest in the Rocky Mountain regions, and it is precisely in these regions that the destruction of the forest is most reckless. Many of the people in these imperiled regions are not permanent inhabitants at all; they are mere nomads, with no intention of remaining for any great length of time in the locality where they happen to be for the moment, and with still less idea of seeing their children grow up there. They, of course, care nothing whatever for the future of the country; they destroy the trees and render the land barren, often from sheer brutal carelessness, often for a pecuniary reward which is absolutely trivial in comparison with the damage done; yet their selfish clamor is allowed to stand in the way of a great measure intended to benefit the whole community.

The damage from deforestation is often very severely felt in lands remote from the deforested region. Because of this fact alone the whole matter should be in the hands of the National Government. Professor Sargent's scheme seems to me in its general outlines to be good, and West Point would seem to be the proper place in which to establish the chair of instruction of which he speaks. Without more information I cannot express an opinion as to whether it would be well to try to instruct all the officers in forestry, or merely to have a special corps trained in forestry in addition to other subjects, with the idea of producing a specialized permanent body of foresters. The duties of the ordinary West Point graduate ought always to be mainly military. The specially educated men who intend to enter the profession of forestry would be intrusted with the supervision of the forest reservations. Of course a body of local foresters would have to be enlisted to work under these officers. There should be more than one forest reservation. In the East this might have to be purchased, but in the West there is no such need: Yellowstone National Park, for instance, and the other timber-land reserves, stand ready to hand.

The question of forest preservation is one of utmost moment to the American people, and no effort

should be spared to awaken them to a sense of its importance; for at present they are steeped in a profound ignorance of the matter, and of how it affects the interests of themselves and their children.

WASHINGTON, D. C. *Theodore Roosevelt.*

PROFESSOR SARGENT'S otherwise excellent plan appears to me susceptible of enlargement. It involves waiting for the establishment of a forest school and the giving of its course of instruction at least once before the management of the national forests can be undertaken, and it does not provide for the best grade of trained skill. The first of these points gains its importance from the fact that the management of the national forests is the most pressing need and duty of forestry in the United States. The second is more fundamental in character. A course in forestry which is merely an adjunct to a military education must fail to produce the highest efficiency as foresters in the officers who take it. Adequate training in so large a subject can be reached only by prolonged and undivided attention. This fact has been most clearly recognized in the most efficient government forest services. In Prussia the course preliminary to a state position requires six years; in France, five, of which three are preliminary; and in England the candidates for the Indian forest service, who until recently spent two years at the forest school after passing a competitive entrance examination, now spend three. The addition to the proposed plan of a board of professionally trained foresters, acting under the War Department, would, I believe, meet both these difficulties. The forest service would then include three branches, as from the nature of the work it must:

First. The protective staff, consisting of forest guards, and including private soldiers and non-commissioned officers, to whom lessons in forestry might be given at the post schools.

Second. The executive staff, composed of officers to whose course at West Point some instruction in forestry had been added, perhaps in the form of an additional term. They would have direct charge of the reservations, and would be responsible to headquarters for the guards under their orders, and for carrying out the working plans issued by the War Department for each subdivision of the forest.

Third. The administrative staff, a body of trained foresters acting under the Secretary of War, who would determine the general policy of the forest service, prepare the working plans for each executive charge, and inspect and report to headquarters. They would come into effective touch with the executive staff only through the medium of the War Department.

Such a system could be put in operation by Congress at any time. While the army was doing protective work, the first duty of a forest service, a commission of scientifically trained men would study the reservations on the ground, outline general features of policy, recommend legislation, and do the other preliminary work which must precede the introduction of regular forest management. In the mean time a government school of forestry, established at West Point or elsewhere, would be preparing officers for the executive work soon to be required. A longer course, open to civilians, would provide the more thoroughly trained men demanded by the expanding work of continuous administration.

BILTMORE, N. C. *Gifford Pinchot.*

IT has given me great pleasure to examine Professor Sargent's admirable project for the preservation of our national forest reservations. The suggestion seems to me to be one which is likely to commend itself to Congress and to be approved by the officers of the army. If adopted, I feel sure that it will guard the reservations in an efficient way.

I base my confidence in the result of the proposed system on a good deal of experience with the work done by our army officers — those of the engineering corps and of the line. The training which our officers receive fits them for executive work such as it is proposed to have them do. They are trusted and respected by our people, and are feared by the folk who need to be intimidated.

I doubt, however, the practicability of giving the proposed instruction in forestry at West Point. The task can be more effectively accomplished, after the men leave the academy, in a school specially adapted to the purpose.

One of the reasons why the plan commends itself to me is that it provides for the employment in time of peace of a considerable force which, in case of public need, could be at once turned to the uses of war.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY. *N. S. Shaler.*

I CORDIALLY approve of the plan set forth in outline in your communication. Professor Sargent was out here last summer, and I talked over some of these matters with him; and I am heartily in favor of anything which will prevent the wanton destruction of the grand heritage we had left us as a nation. It seems incredible to a foreigner, or to any one who has traveled abroad or given the matter any consideration, that we should continue our present methods in the face of the experience of other nations in regard to the management of their forests. And I can only repeat that I am cordially in favor of Professor Sargent's plan, believing as I do that it is practically the only one that is feasible under our present system of government.

D. M. Riordan.
[*President Arizona Lumber and Timber Co.*]
FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA, November 12, 1894.

FIRE, the ax, and wholesale vandalism, have long threatened the forests of the country with utter destruction; but now, at this darkest time, the light of a better day begins to dawn. The first settlers on the shores of America, seeking farms and bread, naturally regarded a tree as a kind of larger weed, to be got rid of as best they could; the forests seemed boundless, and there was no thought of possible evils resulting from their destruction. Now railroads, carrying everywhere the rapidly increasing population, have rendered nearly every tree in the country accessible to the ax and to fire, till at last the Government has taken alarm, and seems ready to adopt measures to stay destruction and save what is left. The knowledge is gaining ground in the minds of the people that the forests are at once the most valuable and the most destructible of the nation's

natural wealth, and that they must not be left, as heretofore, at the mercy of every wandering hunter, sheep-herder, or lumberman.

The people are beginning to know that forests affect climate, act as barriers against destructive floods, protect and hold in store fertilizing rain and snow, and form fountains for irrigating streams. Gold and silver are stored in the rocks, and can neither be burned nor trampled out of existence; the wealth of our magnificent soil-beds is also comparatively safe: but our forests — the best on the face of the earth — are still exposed to perils which have inflicted calamities on many other countries. The main forest-belt of the Sierra Nevada, with which I am best acquainted, 400 miles long by 40 miles in width, is planted just where it does the most good, and where its removal would necessarily be followed by the greatest evils. Therefore its preservation can hardly be regarded as less than a physical necessity. Here all the rivers on which the fields in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys depend for irrigating waters draw their sources. Here the snow falls and is stored up, being prevented by the trees from slipping into the cañons in avalanches, from being drifted into heaps by the winds, and from melting with wastefully destructive energy. Every pine-needle and clasping root, as well as fallen trunk and branch, may be regarded as a dam hoarding the precious bounty of the storm-clouds, and dispensing it in blessings to the lowlands, instead of allowing it to pour headlong in short-lived devastating floods. Lumber-mills may be regarded as centers of desolation in the grand forests of the Pacific coast, but the desolation of sheep and sheep-herder has no center — it is universal.

Incredible numbers of sheep are driven into the California forest pastures every summer, and their courses are marked by desolation. Not only the moisture-absorbing grasses are devoured, but the bushes also are stripped bare. Even the young conifers, which are not eaten by sheep when they can find anything else to stay hunger, are greedily devoured in their famishing condition; and to make destruction doubly sure, fires are set during the dry autumn months to clear the ground of fallen trunks and underbrush in order to facilitate the movements of the flocks and to improve the pastures by letting in the sunshine. The entire forest-belt of California, the noblest and most valuable on the face of the earth, is thus annually swept and devastated from one end of the Sierra to the other, the young trees on which the permanence of the forests depends being eaten and trampled and burned. Indians also burn off the underbrush to facilitate hunting; mountaineers and lumbermen sometimes carelessly allow their camp-fires to spread: but the fires of sheep-men form more than ninety per cent. of all. Even in the moist climates of Oregon and Washington the woods have been swept with destructive fires again and again; for, besides the fires set by man, nature sends down fire from heaven every year in the form of lightning, making the care of man all the more necessary. Only on the wet coast of Alaska have I ever seen a forest wholly free from the destructive marks of fire. Surely the tremendous conflagrations last year in Minnesota and Wisconsin, and lately in other States, ought to be enough to spur any government to action.

I believe that the Sargent forestry plan will prove a complete solution of all our forest troubles. Already a good beginning has been made by Presidents Harrison and Cleveland in making extensive forest reserves and parks; but the good work must go on. Let the forests on all the head waters of all the rivers in the country be reserved and put under the charge of the War Department,— the most reliable, permanent, unpolitical, and effective department of our Government,— and then forest affairs will be definitely settled, and all our living trees will clap their hands and wave in joy.

But it is impossible, in the nature of things, to stop at preservation. The forests must be, and will be, not only preserved, but used; and the experience of all civilized countries that have faced and solved the question shows that, over and above all expenses of management under trained officers, the forests, like perennial fountains, may be made to yield a sure harvest of timber, while at the same time all their far-reaching beneficent uses may be maintained unimpaired.

The effectiveness of the War Department in enforcing the laws of Congress has been illustrated in the management of the Yosemite National Park. Three years ago, when the park was organized, the Department of the Pacific was called on for a troop of cavalry to protect it. The sheep having been rigidly excluded, a luxuriant cover has sprung up on the desolate forest floor, fires have been choked before they could do any damage, and hopeful bloom and beauty have taken the place of ashes and dust. On the other hand, on the great reservations to the southward of the Yosemite National Park, the forests, except that they are withdrawn from private ownership, are in as bad a condition as before. Warnings against trespass have been posted in abundance on the trees along the trails leading from the lowlands to the head waters of the streams in the woods, warning everybody not to trespass on the nation's property. But in the absence of enforcing power these have proved of no avail. Hundreds of thousands of sheep have been driven into the upper forest pastures, as before, and the usual destruction has gone on unchecked. One soldier in the woods, armed with authority and a gun, would be more effective in forest preservation than millions of forbidding notices. I believe that the good time of the suffering forests can be hastened through the War Department, as outlined in Professor Sargent's plan, and I heartily indorse it.

MARTINEZ, CALIFORNIA. *John Muir.*

I BELIEVE in a small but permanent body of United States government foresters, organized, instructed, and drilled,— and also in a similar body of State foresters,— just as I believe in the present efficient corps of the internal revenue marine, the Weather Bureau observers, etc.; but I do not like the military feature of Professor Sargent's scheme. I know that our army and navy offer a fine corps of men who aspire to show their usefulness in times of peace, and to maintain a large and powerful organization ready for the needs of war; but the best interests of our country demand that at present the military be kept in the background, and in a minority, and that those officers of the army and navy who wish to be truly useful in other than strictly military lines of work should resign their commissions, and take place among us as civilians. Their splendid education, physique, and morale will always keep them

prominent, while avoiding all suspicion of retaining a military organization in a country that tries to be at peace and to develop the arts of peace. The military education given freely at West Point and Annapolis should be generally followed, as has already been extensively done in the navy, not by a commission, but by retirement to civil life, just as in the case of the graduates from our universities and colleges. This policy works well here and in other countries. It is unnecessary to intrust the management of forests to any military organization, or to increase the scope of the Military Academy so as to cover the civilian arts and industries. The arts of warfare are a special application of the arts of peace, and it is a perversion of the military school to make it a rival of the civilian schools of engineering, chemistry, forestry, etc. The fact that the military engineers understand the building of military bridges, waterworks, fortresses, and barracks, has already led to their employment by Congress in a vast field of competition with civilian engineers; and it is now proposed to add still another line of government employment which can but increase the opportunity of the local politician to use the army as his tool.

The forest guard should have all the authority of civilian police, but nothing more; and as police, should call upon the military authorities for assistance only in case of insurrection. The education that is needed for the officers and soldiers of the forest guard can, and should, be given at the agricultural colleges and experiment stations that this Government has established in every State. The men who attend these schools have a living interest in forests such as has never been manifested by the students and officers of the military schools.

I believe in forestry instruction, but not at West Point. I believe in forest reservations, of which we have a large number already, and all of which can be used for instruction and practice. I believe in a joint Federal and State forest guard, organized under the Secretary of Agriculture, with educated officers and men, and with a strong organization which shall have as little as possible of the military, and as many as possible of the civilian, features that conduce to the efficiency of our police, our post-office, our railroad, and our telegraph systems.

Cleveland Abbe.

[*Professor of Meteorology, U. S. Weather Bureau.*]

WASHINGTON, D. C.

So far about 20,000,000 of acres of the national domain — all west of this longitude — have been "set apart," 3,000,000 as parks, and 17,000,000 as forest reserves. This has been done with general approval, even applause, and with the opposition of only a few local interests. There remains to arouse equal support and enthusiasm in behalf of the *management* of these forests.

This place, at the eastern foot of the Rocky Mountains, my home for twenty-five years, is now partly embraced within one of these reserves, a track of 250,000 acres, including Pike's Peak. Within that period this forest has been repeatedly ravaged by fires, every one preventable; and tie-camps and sawmills have consumed the accessible commercial timber. The result is perceptible in the lessening of the water-supply, in alternations of flood and drought, absence of a local supply of timber, impairment of sylvan beauty, extinction of wild game. But the young and the more inaccessible trees remain, and this tract can be gradually reafforested. Last week one of the most destructive fires known east of the front range of Colorado occurred in Boulder County, burning ranches, mine improvements, and villages, and threatening larger towns. Many square miles of splendid conifers were destroyed, and the forest cover no doubt was blasted. This calamity, originating, as usual, from an abandoned camp-fire, occurred in the heart of the proposed "Boulder Reserve," the establishment of which, after inspection and recommendation, was delayed by fear of successful opposition from the mining people, who now find themselves the heaviest sufferers. From five to ten capable guards in each of these forests would, I am sure, have saved them from every one of these fires, at least to the extent of any calculable injury.

The numerous dreadful forest fires of the past summer and autumn must have opened the minds of men at last to the importance of action, if only to avert such holocausts; and surely the time is now ripe, if ever, for adopting a "system of forest management in the interest of the people and of posterity." In realizing this necessity, and inviting and opening its columns to its discussion, THE CENTURY is heeding and echoing a cry of the broadest patriotism; indeed, more — of civilization.

I approve substantially of Professor Sargent's scheme. I would certainly utilize the national army. We should set our faces like flint against every suggestion to transfer these forests or their care to the States. That way lies danger! They belong to the whole people; and moreover, even their direct influences for good or evil are so wide-spread as to affect vast regions and a score of States. The chief risk to our national forests comes from the laxity of local sentiment, and the supposed self-interest of the local inhabitants, who, although insignificant in number, are, and always have been, powerful for such destruction. Many are but temporary residents, and soon leave for fresh ravages, taking their portable sawmills with them; but for the time being they and the neighbors to whom they afford a market are "the community," and their voice is the loudest one heard.

Professor Sargent's first three suggestions — of forestry instruction at West Point, an experimental forest reservation near by, and the assignment of the best educated of these officers to the control and supervision of the national reserves — are all practical and judicious, and worthy of adoption. One crucial question he does not raise: To whom shall the military officers so educated and put in supervision and control report?

Why not place the whole matter with the War Department, and hold it solely responsible? There would be several advantages besides the consolidation of power and responsibility. There would be less liability to political solicitation, or to changes in personnel or policy with the change of its rulers by the people: the army organization is permanent, and would be a conservative buffer between a new secretary and the pressure of local or other influence. There is no such buffer with the Interior Department. The "forest guards," when enlisted, would be under military instead of civil discipline, and would have no temptation to become partizans to obtain or save their offices. The inestimable force of *esprit de corps*, matured only in permanent soil, would be enlisted in the service of our forests. Finally, the War Department in "piping times of peace" has less

to do than any other, and could more effectively take up this additional duty. It would combine the advantages of ordinary campaigning with the wholesome discipline of regular work, and familiarize our little army with the topography, geography, climate, and other natural characteristics of over half of their native land.

The experience of the writer since 1870 with a Colorado forest tract of 42,000 acres, bought of the Government as offered land for himself and friends, convinces him that the cost of "management" of our forest reserves will be very much less than the popular apprehension has perhaps taken for granted. Fire is the chief enemy. The men needed for defense against that can do everything else necessary. In our case, even at the time of the greatest activity with sawmills and tie-camps (always working on royalty), the force never exceeded three men — one head forester and two assistants. These were a tried sergeant and two men selected from my old cavalry regiment. No seeding or planting was done, but they had abundant time for that also. This pinery was not continuous, and it was equally necessary to protect from fire the intervening tracts; thus the area guarded exceeded 250,000 acres. Numerous fires occurred, almost invariably caused by "campers," who habitually left their fires more or less alive, but our three men proved adequate to prevent any serious consequences. On rare occasions of desperate fires local assistants were called in. These, however, generally proved worthless, one of our own selected and trained men seeming to be worth ten of them.

Largely based on this experience of a quarter of a century, I venture to submit what follows:

First. That with reasonable continuity of employment and responsibility, three selected men in a smooth rolling country, and five to ten where the surface is more rugged, properly stationed and well mounted, can protect, manage, and "cultivate" at least 200,000 acres. The mere moral effect of the constant patrol, of the notices they would put up, of their fencing off roads, and other evidences that somebody valued this property like a family homestead, and intended to plant and harvest it, season in and season out, would alone greatly reduce the outbreak of fires, stop timber stealing, and afford the patrol time for all other work, including reafforesting. If mines of coal or metal, or quarries, should exist, their exploitation, if allowed, should be, like that of the timber, under royalty and careful restrictions. The same force could manage this business also, under the reservation officer hereafter mentioned, who should be assisted by an expert when the mining activity should warrant. *But no independent prospecting should be permitted in these forests, and of course no placer-mining.*

Second. We now come to Professor Sargent's last suggestion — the "enlistment of a body of local foresters" as a forest guard "for the purpose of carrying out the principles of forestry thus taught." But if the whole force required is so small, is it worth while to go outside of the regular army? Cannot the permanence which he seeks be attained without raising any new questions of organization or appointment? I would assign to each area of, say, 250,000 acres or less, a forest "cadre" composed of a sergeant and two privates, which should be as permanent as Professor Sargent's proposed local foresters. For a small, smooth or otherwise easily managed reserve these three would answer. But if the size, ruggedness, or "business" of any forest should require it, additional soldiers, up to ten or more as needed, might be detailed, and in this way they would soon become as good foresters as the permanent men, just as the recruits that filled the vacancies of a regiment during our last war soon became indistinguishable from the old soldiers.

To each reservation of not more than a million acres, as soon as practicable, should be assigned a commissioned officer (one of those educated as Professor Sargent proposes), who would have under him one or more of these sergeant's parties, and be responsible for the welfare of his particular forest; he would in turn report to the commanding officer of his division or department, who should be assisted by a staff-officer assigned for this exclusive duty from among those educated in forestry, and through whom would come all reports on forest matters, including the accounts of revenue and expense. The sense of duty and pride of these generals would then be as alert to defend and give a good account of their forests as now to put down Indian revolts, or to perform any other military duty.

Third. Was there ever such a patrimony waiting to be saved at such an insignificant cost? Perhaps a thousand men would suffice for the twenty million acres of national forestage so far reserved. If the forests still belonging to the nation were as unburned to-day in Colorado and Utah as they were when the writer first established his home here, there is no question but the royalty from timber judiciously cropped would from the beginning cover all the costs of management and culture, even if all the guards, officers and men, had to be specially employed and paid for the purpose. Fir timber from Oregon, and redwood ties from California, are already coming a thousand miles overland to Utah, and the timber half as far again to Colorado. But even as it is, if the national forests are turned over to our army, as proposed, before further serious destruction occurs, I believe the royalties, taken as a whole, will not only cover all additional cost to the military service of forest management, but yield a large profit. I do not mean for a few years of destructive activity, but permanently, as from "a going concern."

Fourth. Meantime it is to be hoped that the President will continue the beneficent policy of creating forest reserves where careful investigation shall show that they are practicable, until we have at least twice as large an area saved from the spoiler.

Thus those grand and beneficent objects of forest preservation and culture, which even more than the question of wood-supply constitute the chief motive for immediate action, may be realized as a "by-product"; and the nation may "eat its cake and have it, too."

William J. Palmer.

GLEN EYRIE, COLORADO, November 22, 1894.

THE Yellowstone Park, with its adjacent timber reserve, has an area larger than the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island combined. Over nearly this entire tract there is an extremely dense growth of a highly resinous conifer. The trees are generally very tall, but too small to be of much use as lumber. On this pla-

teau rise streams flowing in all directions, but ultimately reaching the Gulf of Mexico or the Pacific. The enormous rise in these streams due to spring freshets produces incalculable loss. No better object-lesson in the need of timber preservation can be found than is to be seen here each June. The road from Norris to the Grand Cañon runs nearly east and west. In building this road the trees were cut out to a width of about fifty feet. The spring sun, shining obliquely through the opening thus made in the tree-tops, melts a strip some twenty-five to fifty feet to the north of the road, while the roadway is still blocked with from one to three feet of snow. If all the timber were removed from this immense area, the snow would disappear at least a month earlier than it does, and destruction to roads, bridges, and crops would follow from the freshets, with a corresponding loss from droughts later in the season.

So far as the protection of these forests is concerned, I have only to consider the one question of fires. A fire once established in the top of these trees, with a moderate breeze blowing, no human effort can overcome it until the wind dies down, or some obstacle is reached. A man on horseback can hardly escape before it. If from any cause it should die down, it must still be watched for days, lest some new gust of wind send sparks into the dry pine-needles, and start it up again. These fires generally originate from one of three causes: (1) lightning; (2) the rubbing together, by the wind, of two trees; or (3) fires started by human agency. Of course the last cause is the most frequent. The great success met with in controlling the fires here has resulted from the constant system of patrols kept up upon all the traveled routes. The smallest spark left behind by a camping-party is extinguished before it can gain any headway.

As to Professor Sargent's scheme, the course at the Military Academy could be made to cover all that is desirable by small additions, in the shape of lectures, to the course in chemistry. An experimental forest reservation is most necessary, but I regard West Point as very poorly located for the purpose, the trees there not being suitable either in size or kind. The soldiers of this command serve every purpose of the forest guard recommended by him, and do so most satisfactorily.

George S. Anderson.
[*Captain U. S. A., in charge of Yellowstone National Park.*]

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Need of a National Forest Commission.

THE letters on the forestry question in the present number of THE CENTURY, representing as they do various points of view of men of experience and authority in this field, are worthy the careful attention of American readers. The advantages of the plan suggested by Professor Sargent for protecting the forests on the public reservations, are that it is cheap, and that it can be put into immediate operation. The disadvantages of employing officers of the United States army as forest guardians are evident: it imposes a service upon them outside their regular duties as officers of the army; and the cadets at West Point have not the time, in addition to other necessary studies, to devote a sufficient number of hours to learning the art and practice of forest management to become accomplished forest officers in the German and French meaning of the term. It must be remembered, however, that the present value of forest products in the United States, and the cost of labor here, do not yet justify the elaborate care of our forests which has proved such a good investment in more thickly settled and less wooded countries; and that to establish a forest school, train professors, and form forest officers must be a work of many years, even if it is possible to establish, except in connection with the academy at West Point, a government technical school of this character which, to be successful, must be entirely free from political influences. For this remoter purpose, what is needed is not perhaps a department of forestry in the Military Academy, so much as a system of control, under whatever bureau, that shall be modeled on military organization and authority.

What is needed in this country now is a force to take immediate charge of the forest reservations, to protect them from fire and unlawful trespass, and to execute such laws for their management as may be from time to time prescribed by Congress. The officers of the army are now the only men suitable for this duty. It is not necessary that such forest guardians should be profoundly versed in the science of forestry; they may be expected, however, to perform their duties more intelligently and with greater efficiency if, graduated from West Point, they have received at the academy some such elementary instruction on the subject as might be acquired from a few courses of lectures and occasional excursions into the forest reservation, which might be added advantageously to the equipment of the Military Academy. Such a plan, of course, is only a temporary one; for the time will come when the forests of the United States must be managed with the same care and precision as those of other civilized countries. It seems to fill, however, a transition period, and certainly nothing more practical has been suggested.

The Government needs more information than it now possesses before it can formulate an intelligent national forestry policy; it is doubtless desirable that additional forestry reservations should be made on the public domain, and it is possible that the boundaries of some of those already made should be changed in order to insure their greatest usefulness. Part of the Yosemite National Park might be given up, but Congress should on no account permit the cutting off of the northern and southwestern portions coveted by the lumbermen. The whole question of the proper relations of the reservations to the people living near them is an important one which has not been sufficiently studied; and the various opinions as to the proper

management of the reservations expressed by the men whose views we have printed, show that further studies and discussions are needed before any one can feel sure which plan is the best. No one realizes this want of knowledge so much as those men who have been able to devote the most thought to this question, and who have seen the most of our Western forests.

We join with "Garden and Forest" in urging the appointment by the President of the United States of a commission composed of men of sufficient reputation to make their recommendations heeded, whose business it shall be to study the whole question of forest preservation, and to report fully upon it to Congress. Until such a report has been prepared all forest lands on the public domain should be withdrawn from sale and entry.

An Appeal to Common Sense.

THE last annual report of the Postmaster-General, Mr. Bissell, contains what can best be styled an appeal to the plain common sense—what General Grant called the "horse sense"—of the American people. It is made in behalf of the postal service of the country, but it applies with no less force to all the minor offices. Mr. Bissell says that "to one whose duty it is to study the vast mechanism of the postal system in detail, the fact soon becomes too plain for contradiction, that it is a business and not a political system." He then goes on to show that in spite of the fact that the popular intelligence has long outgrown the notion that one political party has a monopoly of administrative talent, we act upon that notion every time there is a political change in the Presidency by turning out all the postmasters, and putting men of opposite politics in their places, though in doing this we, in many instances, force a change of postmasters upon communities which have just cast a majority vote against any change whatever. A community which has voted for the continuation of a Republican administration at Washington is compelled, for example, to have a Democrat for postmaster for four years because the country as a whole has taken a different view. Four years later, this man, who has barely had time to become familiar with his duties, and thus become a useful public servant, is turned out, and an inexperienced man is put in his place, who must learn the business all over again. As Mr. Bissell says, time spent by the Postmaster-General in selecting a suitable person for the office under such conditions seems to be wasted. No matter how well the appointee conducts the office, he must go out at the end of four years, provided a President whose political creed differs from his comes into power at Washington.

The absurdity of this system is apparent if we apply the principle of it to any private business of like character and magnitude. Imagine for a moment the great express companies of the country changing their employees every four years, simply because they had put at their heads presidents of different political views. Imagine them, also, selecting their heads of departments, local managers, and all employees, not because of their ability and fitness, but because of their political creeds. One express company, for example, would have only Republicans to attend to the distribution of its packages; another would have only Democrats. Apply the same system to a great railway company, and imagine how long its road would be able to continue in operation. The idea is so preposterous that it cannot be entertained for a moment. No express or railway company would act for an instant on the assumption that the capacity and fitness of an employee depended upon his political belief. Yet the postal business of the country, which is of greater magnitude and of no less responsibility than that of any railway or express company, is in large part conducted on this assumption.

Furthermore, the postal service is as far removed from politics in its duties as the service of a railway or express company. As the Hon. Carl Schurz pointed out in his admirable address before the National Civil Service Reform League in April, 1893, a postmaster has to receive and distribute, not Democratic or Republican letters, but simply letters. He is a public servant, and his usefulness depends entirely upon his ability to receive and distribute in the way most satisfactory to the whole community the letters which come to him. If he allows partizan influences to enter at all into this work, he becomes at once an unfit official, and should be removed.

A few months ago the postmaster of New York city, Mr. Dayton, visited foreign cities with a view to studying their postal systems, and on his return he said of the system of Great Britain:

> It is hard for an American to realize how completely the notion of partizanship, offensive or defensive, has been eradicated from the civil service there. The postmaster-general is, of course, a politician, who retires with a change of administration. When he is an important public and party man, like Mr. Morley, he has a seat in the cabinet. But think of it! Out of the 125,000 men in the postal service of Great Britain, not to mention 16,000 women, he is positively the only individual whose tenure of place can be affected by any political change.

That is common sense; that is civilized government. Mr. Dayton said that he had investigated the question of partizan feeling among the postal employees, and could find no trace of it. "It is not," he added, "that they dissemble it; they simply don't feel it—don't know what it is." Neither would our postmasters and their subordinates feel it here if they were in the service under like conditions. It is because their tenure depends upon their political views that they are partizans. There is no complaint of partizanship heard in reference to that portion of the employees in the postal and other branches of the civil service which have been placed under the regulations of the civil service law. This is not to say that such civil servants do not hold political opinions and act upon them at the polls; but there is no "offensiveness" in their partizanship in connection with their public work.

There are in the United States 69,805 post-offices, and of this number 3428 are what are called Presidential. The remaining 66,377 are called fourth class. If all these were to be taken out of politics and put on a simple, every-day business basis,—that is to say, were put under the civil service regulations,—does anybody doubt that a great and lasting benefit would be achieved for the whole country? All that would be done would be to establish in the postal service the business principle that every postmaster should hold his office during good behavior. Politics would have no more to do with him than with an express agent or the manager of a telegraph office. Nothing could get him out of office save a demonstration of unfitness or dishonesty. And if we were to do this with the post-offices, why not with

all other offices in the Federal service — the revenue collectors, Indian agents, and all members of the consular service? Why not put the whole service on a business basis, and at one stroke lift that service to the highest level of efficiency, and take from the most objectionable of our political workers the sustenance which alone leads them to engage in politics?

If such a reform were to be accomplished, our public officials, the President and all members of his cabinet, could devote all their time to the business of the government. If the Postmaster-General were freed from the enormous task of turning 66,000 postmasters out, and putting as many more in, he could devote his time to the improvement of the postal service, and the results would be beneficial to the whole people. So with all other cabinet officers. Rid of the importunities of armies of office-seekers, they could devote all their time and abilities to the real questions of government, which now have to occupy a secondary place during a greater part of every Presidential term.

Under a business system like this, every American would have an opportunity to obtain honorable place in the public service. It is the charge of the spoilsmen that civil service reform, and the permanent tenure it demands, are un-American inventions, which have no place in this free country. As a matter of fact, it is the spoils system that is un-American. That puts a premium on incapacity by giving the preference to an unfit man with a political "pull" behind him, rather than to the man who has simply fitness. The lazy, the shiftless, the incompetent, these are the men who want political influence to help them get a living. The true American, the man who is willing to work and to rest his claim for employment on his ability to do his work as well as any other man, does not want any political aid. He outnumbers ten thousand to one the other kind of American, and the merit system is in his interest especially, as it is in the interest of the whole people.

Currency Reform.

THE subject of currency reform has been commanding steadily increasing attention for a considerable period, and during the last few months has become the leading topic of financial discussion throughout the country. The American Bankers' Association, at their annual convention in Baltimore in October last, gave impetus and direction to the discussion by adopting what has since been known as the "Baltimore Plan of Currency Reform." Under the present national-bank law, banks are required to purchase United States bonds as a basis upon which to issue their circulating notes, and they are allowed to issue such notes to the amount of 90 per cent. of the par value of the bonds. They are also required to deposit and maintain in the United States treasury a 5-per-cent. redemption fund. The notes of all banks are redeemable at the treasury, and are good throughout the United States. The Government redeems the notes of failed banks, and has a prior lien upon their assets, including stockholders' liability, to reimburse itself therefor. Under this law a bank which wishes to go into business must buy United States bonds at a premium which will make $100,000 worth of 4-per-cents — which are the best investment — cost $115,500. The 5-per-cent. redemption fund will add $4500 to this, making the amount which the bank must invest and deposit as a basis of a $90,000 circulation, $120,000, or $120 for every $90. Under this law $30,000 — just one fourth — is locked up out of every $120,000, and cannot be used by the bank for the aid of its customers or the public.

What the Baltimore plan proposes to do is to repeal the provision of the present law requiring the deposit of bonds as the basis of circulation, and to allow banks to issue circulating notes to the amount of 50 per cent. of their paid-up, unimpaired capital, subject to a tax of one half of 1 per cent. per annum upon the average amount of circulation outstanding for the year, and an additional circulation of 25 per cent., subject to an additional tax, in cases of emergency. A guarantee fund, equal to 5 per cent. of the outstanding circulation, is to be accumulated and maintained by a tax of 2 per cent. on the first year's circulation, and one half of 1 per cent. on subsequent circulation until the fund shall have been paid in. The Government is to redeem all notes of failed banks out of this fund, and is to have the same prior lien upon assets as it has under the present law.

It is claimed by the advocates of this plan that it will supply to the currency the element most needed, and which the national-bank law fails to yield — elasticity. In advocating the plan at Baltimore, Mr. Hepburn, a former comptroller of the currency, said:

> A currency, to be elastic, must be issued against credit. Banks must have power thus to create money. In no other way can currency be elastic. In no other way can it meet the wants of commerce. From the very nature of things the Government cannot give such a currency. The banks can, and the banks only can with prudence and safety be allowed to do so. An elastic currency is needed not alone in times of distrust, but in course of ordinary business. The harvesting of the cotton crop calls for an extraordinary amount of money in the cotton-belt. Currency is brought from money centers to supply this need. Currency in that section is expanding. Under the system proposed by the Baltimore bankers the banks in the cotton region could largely supply this local demand, and to such extent save the expense of expressing money from money centers. The cotton crop having been moved, the demand for money lessens, and by the inexorable law of supply and demand the currency contracts, flows back to money centers. The business of modern banking is done with other people's money, the want of one section of the country or of one depositor being supplied from the surplus of another; and this expansion and contraction is going on all the time in different sections of the country.

In regard to the size of the guarantee fund, Mr. Hepburn showed that an annual tax of three hundredths of one per cent. on circulation would have covered all loss from failed banks during the last thirty-one years, had the proposed plan been in force during that period. He claimed that the proposed 5-per-cent. tax fund was therefore sufficient to make the circulation perfectly secure.

The Baltimore plan was adopted, with certain modifications and additions, by Secretary Carlisle and Mr. Eckels, the comptroller of the currency, in their last annual reports to Congress. Mr. Carlisle proposed that in addition to all other security for their circulating notes the banks should deposit legal-tender notes in the treasury to the amount of 30 per cent. of their issues, and these issues should not exceed 75 per cent. of their paid-up, unimpaired capital. Mr. Eckels proposed that the banks be allowed, in the first place, to issue circulating notes to the amount of 50 per cent. of their paid-up, unimpaired capital against their assets, fortified by

a safety or guarantee fund; and, in the second place, to issue 50 per cent. more by depositing an equal amount of legal-tender notes in the United States Treasury, which should be held there until the banks went into liquidation or insolvency, in which case the Government should cancel the legal-tender notes held for the retiring banks, and then redeem the outstanding notes on presentation. The issuing of the first 50 per cent. of circulating notes he would have made conditional upon the bank taking out the second 50 per cent. and depositing the corresponding sum in legal tenders. Both Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Eckels are desirous of combining retirement of the greenbacks with the plan of banking reform, thus paving the way to a thoroughgoing reform and simplification of our currency.

Other plans are being discussed as we go to press, of which we may speak later.

Social Purity.

THERE has been renewed discussion lately of the question of social purity. Suggestions have been made of partial remedies, adapted to local conditions; difficulties and perplexities have arisen, and great differences of opinion have developed on the part of honest and thoughtful men and women, who have sought by different and conflicting means to bring about a state of affairs better than that which now exists.

It seems to us that there is one remedy, of the many proposed, that ought to command universal approval; namely, the maintenance of a nobler moral standard. Is there not wide-spread in the community a certain cynicism on this subject, not merely on the part of social offenders, but on the part of people who themselves are supposed to be leading decent lives?

The deepest cure for this great evil would be a higher tone on the subject throughout the entire structure of society. Very often, indeed, poverty can teach lessons to riches in this regard; though upon those whose opportunities in life have been greatest rests the heaviest responsibility. The cynicism of which we speak would sacrifice the human soul, especially the soul of woman, upon the altar of the body. This cynic view is false — it is degrading; it must pass away, or mankind will remain chained to the brute throughout all time.

OPEN LETTERS.

Young Men, and the Preaching they Want.

AMONG the two thousand or more parishioners of Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, are several hundred young men. To a hundred of these young men, when I was their pastor, I sent a letter asking their judgment as to certain forms of church work. One of the questions proposed related to the sort of preaching which young men like. In answer to my inquiries, young men have written to me with great frankness. I shall make liberal extracts from these letters, reserving my comments till I have completed the quotations.

One young man, a student, commends "sermons drawn from the lives of great and good men, and of the trust to be placed in our heavenly Father, and also in which the great questions of life and death are involved — sermons that make us *think* of what we are, our duty, our responsibility (without leaving out political responsibility, which is another expression for love of our country), gratitude to parents, love to brothers and sisters, and our destiny."

A young lawyer approves of "preaching that comes from the standpoint of those preached to. Most men have in their minds sufficient abstract formulæ of truth. The province of preaching is to show where these touch my case, and to induce me to make up my mind to do, to follow the application, to will. I don't think the impression that having been very wicked will make a reformed man a good preacher is true. It is not the wickedness one used to have, but the power that is usually left a man of carrying truth around to the standpoint of the man he is after. Every man can talk successfully to children if he can for the moment put himself back by imagination just where he was when a child. The man that can only philosophize about life can be only half a preacher, and the man that has never been on his own feet in the rough and tumble among men, and never been obliged to struggle with life in the way the great majority of men struggle, is by that cut off from one strong point of attack. The man that helped me most was continually using as a text some personal experience that had been unbosomed to him during the week. There is always a tendency to think no one can quite understand our particular experience; but when a young man finds from a sermon that the preacher is fighting along his line, he thinks it a great sermon. I am afraid I am not saying anything new or helpful; but young men are held, not by handing them down new truths, but by jumping into the arena, and showing them how, where they actually are, truth touches them. I sometimes think a man ought not to be a preacher until he has won a standing in medicine or law or business, and that such a training would be worth more than his theological course if he had had already an academic course. It certainly would color his preaching for life."

Says a young merchant, "plain, practical, spiritual." In the same mood another young merchant says, "simple preaching and teaching of the gospel of Christ, first and always." Likewise remarks a third: "Many young men of my acquaintance do not go to church, and many who do go are there simply because they find it 'pleasant to pass Sunday morning that way,' but do not believe very much of what they hear from the pulpit. They believe in Christianity as a life as they believe in Buddhism. They believe the pulpit should ever hold up high standards of morality, inculcate the best doctrines of right living; are particular about the ointment, but indifferent as to the jars which contain it. They do not complain if creeds and doctrines are constantly preached, as they are not the church, and the host should have the privilege of preparing the menu. My own idea is of the two classes that compose a congregation,— those who believe and those who do not,— the Church is sure of the first anyway, and creeds and doctrines preached to them accomplish little, while they

antagonize the second class. All agree on the desirability of all moral excellences, and that in truth it is the aim of Christianity to teach men how to live and die right. Here is common ground on which the best classes can stand. And if the Church is to continue to influence and direct the second class of young men,— a very large percentage of the best educated and brightest minds of every community,— instead of making itself a mausoleum, it must address itself to man's every-day needs, more to the world of sense and touch, and less to that from whose bourne no traveler has ever sent reliable advices."

Another remarks, "Plain application of the gospel in regard to right and wrong living, and the results, present and eternal, which follow the acceptance or rejection of Christ as a Saviour."

A young lawyer says, "I look upon Phillips Brooks as in many respects an ideal preacher. Young men want a largeness, a freedom and suggestiveness, in their preaching that may be applicable to all creeds. Most Sunday-school teaching is a farce; it is mere henpecking at the truth, however reverent."

A young manufacturer bears the following testimony: "The gospel, pure and simple. Repent, or ye cannot be saved. I think that people expect such preaching. If some of the sinners do get offended, they will not take offense unless it comes home to them, and touches their consciences, and then they will be urged by an irrepressible impulse to hear more. 'God is love.' I do not mean sensational preaching, but I sometimes feel that pastors often preach all around and over us, instead of into us, and drive the truth home with sledge-hammer blows."

A young man of earnest piety says: "A good practical sermon, plain talk on the present day, anecdotes used as illustrations, which show the advantage of Christian life and the misfortunes and sufferings of riotous living."

A young doctor who is a type of manly piety says: "As to preaching, vigorous, robust, muscular Christianity, based upon the primary principles of faith, and devoid of all the etcetera of creed, that will teach them to live the life that now is, that will teach them to think less concernedly about their own salvation, and more concernedly of the uplifting of other men." Another young doctor remarks: "Very little theology and much Christian morality; full of all manner of illustrations and pictures from every-day life, painted with oratorical coloring and picturesque effect; of course imbued with a Christian spirit."

"Preaching Christ," answers the son of a minister, who is himself very far from being a minister. A merchant says: "The best sermon, and the one I most enjoy in the whole year, is the sermon to children in June: simple, with illustrations to make it pointed. I am not educated enough to understand all sermons."

"Personally," says a young banker, "I am greatly interested and benefited by hearing practical sermons preached from every-day working Christianity." Says a young lawyer: "That which shows the character and manliness of Christ, that which induces individual thought. I would that each church had a Bible class where every man could come with an honest question, and know that it would be discussed honestly; where any religious question would be treated with the same honesty and fairness given to legal questions."

I close these quotations with a long extract from a letter of a distinguished student of social science, who, since his letter was written, has become the editor of one of the leading magazines, and who, a young man himself, has special interest in the work for young men: "The work among young men must, I think, be chiefly the work of individuals for and with individuals. The strange young man must find a friend as well as a sermon at church. A certain degree of acquaintance and recognition will go far toward making the average young man a church-goer. There is no substitute for this personal interest. The Sunday-school and the Church can greatly help each other in this matter of getting and keeping young men. The number of young men who do not go to church is very large. Tact and good sense on the part of Christian business men, who encounter these young fellows on week-days, could make regular attendants of many of them. Why do we not invite more of them, and ask them to our pews? There are scores of men in Plymouth Church who could make church-goers out of non-church-going young men by simply asking them in a friendly way to join them on Sunday at church, and to go home with them for dinner. Of course such courtesies must spring out of genuine interest and friendliness. If they are of this sort, they may change the whole current of a young man's life.

"I do not like sensational preaching, or services arranged obviously to draw. The plain gospel preaching, with sympathetic reference to the practical difficulties and dangers of young men, just as we hear it preached in our church, is what seems to me most useful — better than lectures or essays. Of course it is to be remembered that many young men need intellectual as well as spiritual pabulum; but they need the latter most. They are not chiefly dependent upon the pulpit for the former. I think there ought to be a great field in Sunday-school teaching for the building up of young men."

These letters are written by some of the noblest young men in Minneapolis. Of good intellectual standing, and many having a college training, their moral character is no less worthy than their intellectual. They may serve us, therefore, to represent the demands of the best young manhood on the pulpit. It is to be noticed that the demand is not for entertainment. I am aware that the pulpit is looked upon in many places as a rival of the drama. A friend of mine, an able, thoughtful, and earnest minister, on his summer outing was the guest of a New England hotel. One Sunday he was to preach in the village church. A fellow-guest approached him, and said, "Ah, Mr. L——, I understand that you are to entertain us this morning." Entertainment, when a man should worship God! Entertainment, when a man should be sober and serious, with the remembrance of his sin! Entertainment, when a man is hearing truths as to his present and eternal being! I recognize that some people do demand entertainment, and ask that their minister should be as restful and as interesting as the platform lecturer, and a good deal more. I recognize that ministers are to be found who meet this demand. They have their reward. But I also recognize that the best men and women no more demand that the pulpit should be entertaining than they demand that the gospels or the epistles should be entertaining. Entertainment is good; but the place for entertainment is not the church. Eat-

ing and sleeping are good; but the place for eating and sleeping is not the parlor.

It is also to be observed that the demand of these young men is for what may be called spiritual preaching. In a material age, in a material town, the cry is for sermons to be other than material. "That which shows the beauty of the religion of Jesus"; "The plain application of the gospel in regard to right and wrong"; "The gospel, pure and simple"; "Vigorous, robust, muscular, practical Christianity"; "Preaching Christ"; "That which shows the character and manliness of Christ"—these are the phrases which the young men use to voice their demands. The greatest preacher of our age while he lived, and one of the greatest of any age, was the most spiritual of preachers. With defects as an orator, yet with a mighty love for man and a mighty trust in God, Phillips Brooks led the thinking, worshipful part of the American people to higher things in thought and life. Spiritual preaching, like the ellipse, has two centers, man and God: man in his relation to God, God in his relation to man. Theological preaching has God for its center; moral preaching has man; spiritual preaching, both theological and moral, has both centers, God and man. God blesses the man who thus preaches; God blesses the people who are thus ministered unto.

With this demand for spiritual preaching runs the demand for what is termed the practical, personal sermon. The demand springs from the same source as the desire for spiritual preaching: it is the demand for help — for help in the life of each day, for help to be good and pure, and brave and hopeful and strong, when the allurement is to be bad and foul and cowardly, and despairing and weak. Sermons which do not help miss their aim, or miss what should be their aim.

Charles F. Thwing.

An Immigration Restriction League.

THAT there has been a growing sentiment in this country during the last few years in favor of more stringent laws regulating foreign immigration cannot have escaped the notice of any person who reads our newspapers and magazines. This feeling has found expression in many political platforms, and in various other ways; but there has until recently been no definite organization formed to work solely for more stringent immigration laws. The belief that a non-partizan, non-sectarian, and non-political organization is needed, which shall devote itself to this work, has led to the formation of the Immigration Restriction League. The objects of the league, which was started in Boston last July, are, as stated in its constitution: "To advocate and work for the further judicious restriction, or stricter regulation, of immigration, to issue documents and circulars, solicit facts and information, on that subject, hold public meetings, and to arouse public opinion to the necessity of a further exclusion of elements undesirable for citizenship or injurious to our national character. It is not an object of this league to advocate the exclusion of laborers or other immigrants of such character and standards as fit them to become citizens."

The league numbers among its members men of all parties, from all over the country, and is on a firm working basis. Its vice-presidents are Ex-Senator George F. Edmunds of Vermont; Hon. George S. Hale, Colonel Henry Lee, Hon. Henry Parkman, Hon. Robert Treat Paine, of Boston; Professors N. S. Shaler and John Fiske of Cambridge, Mass. A president is to be elected at the annual meeting in January. The league has already issued three regular publications, besides a large number of circulars. The publications referred to are "The Present Aspect of the Immigration Problem," "Various Facts and Opinions concerning the Necessity of Restricting Immigration," and a collection of statistics relating to the numbers, nationality, and distribution of our recent immigrants, and the proportion of the foreign-born among our insane, paupers, and criminals. These publications will be sent to any one applying to the Secretary of the Immigration Restriction League, 428 Exchange Building, Boston, Mass.

Robert De C. Ward.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Aphorisms.

A WOMAN rarely fears men, unless wholly unacquainted with them. A man's fear of women is apt to increase with his knowledge of them. He often begins with something like disdain, and ends with supreme apprehension.

THE man who hates his fellows usually does so because they refuse to sympathize with his absorbing love of himself.

OUR self-love springs, ordinarily, from a lack of understanding of the subject.

A MAN should be niggardly in making promises, but generous in their fulfilment. Unredeemed promises are like unredeemed pledges: they so accumulate interest as soon to be irredeemable.

MEN are often more firmly united by common hatreds than they are by common tastes or common likings.

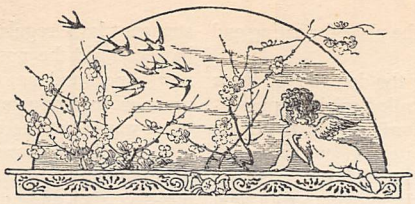
THE men who refrain from marriage because they doubt their fitness for it, either on financial or philosophic grounds, would be likely, if married, to make the best husbands.

WE should try throughout life to make friends. Enemies will make themselves.

THE truest companion is he who most enjoys solitude.

IT is easier to understand how a man who has committed many murders may have an untroubled conscience than how a congenital match-maker can ever enjoy a tranquil sleep.

Junius Henri Browne.



FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

A Valentine.

BEFORE the buds awaken,
Or pink the blossoms blow,
While yet the bough forsaken
Hangs ghostly in the snow,
Love journeys forth elated
To seek the happy shrine
By lovers dedicated
To good St. Valentine.

And there before the altar
He kneels, beseeching grace;
His heart forgets to falter,
Remembering your face:
And all his words are fashioned
Into a single line —
A lover's prayer impassioned
To his saint, Valentine.

His eyes with rapture glisten,
His heart with hope is high,
He almost thinks to listen
And hear your footsteps nigh:
Ah, Sweet, when he shall find you,
And voice his prayer and mine,
Let no vain doubtings blind you —
Say yes, my Valentine!

Felix Carmen.

Cupid Also.

CUPID, eager for a prize,
In a garden old espies
Maiden fair, and thither flies:
Ah, beware, Cupid!

Darts my lady has more true
In their aim, more deadly too,
Than the arrows used by you:
Have a care, Cupid.

There 's a spell, a charm, that clings
Round her, making slaves of kings.
Broken hearts are awkward things
To repair, Cupid.

So my charge you will not heed?
Have your way, then; soon you 'll plead
Wildly, vainly, to be freed
From her snare, Cupid.

Ah, one glance! She has you fast,
Bow and arrows down are cast.
None escape her, as at last
You 're aware, Cupid.

Captured fairly by a maid,
Now too late you are dismayed,
Neither prayers nor tears will aid
Your despair, Cupid.

Cupid laughs: "I 'd rather be
Captive at my lady's knee,
Bound by chains so sweet, than free
As the air, stupid."

M. Irene Brown.

Three Phases.

MY earnest love! When she is meek,
And talks of prayer and penance lowly,
Her silken eyelash on her cheek,—
I love her then with love as holy,
As free from earthly stain or taint,
As monk may give to shrinèd saint.

My winsome love! When she 's inclined
To view life more in aspect human,
I 'm very glad indeed to find
That she can be so much a woman.
I love her for the love she gives,
And think no sweeter being lives.

My naughty love! But when she laughs,
And strives to puzzle and displease me,
When, merciless, she guys and chaffs,
And does her charming best to tease me,
'T is very strange this should befall,—
That then I love her best of all!

Madeline S. Bridges.

Cupid's Arrows.

PHŒBE, wandering in a wood,
Chanced to spy Dan Cupid sleeping;
Long the curious maiden stood
Tiptoe through the branches peeping.
For the youngster's lips she yearned,
Till, the branches parting slyly,
She to slake her thirst that burned
Stooped and kissed the rogue's mouth shyly.

Now the boy's eyes open wide,
And upon the maid he gazes,
Grasps an arrow at his side,
And his silver bow upraises.
Swift the maiden turns to flee;
Swift the arrow follows after,
Wounding in its flight a tree:
Hark! how rings the maid's clear laughter.

Cupid, with sleep-dazzled eyes,
Stares a moment through the bushes
Where the laughing maid still flies,
Then adown the wood he rushes.
Now the shaft o'ertakes the quarry,
Now it cleaves poor Phœbe's heart —
Maidens, ere you wake Love, tarry
First to filch his every dart.

James B. Kenyon.

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Josephine

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LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON AS A FRENCH PATRIOT.[1]

THE LAST CORSICAN ENTERPRISE — REACTION FROM THE "TERROR" — BONAPARTE'S RECEPTION IN PARIS SOCIETY — BONAPARTE AS THE GENERAL OF THE CONVENTION — THE DAY OF THE PARIS SECTIONS — A MARRIAGE OF INTEREST AND INCLINATION.

THE LAST CORSICAN ENTERPRISE.

THE turmoils of civil war in France had now for many months left Corsica to her own pursuits. Internal affairs had gone from bad to worse, and Paoli, unable to control his people, was helpless, except in the support of some strong foreign power. He had instinctively turned to England, and the English fleet driven from Toulon was finally free to help him. On February 17, 1794, it entered the fine harbor of St. Florent, and captured the town without an effort. Establishing a depot which thus separated the two remaining centers of French influence, Calvi and Bastia, the English admiral next laid siege to the latter. The place made a gallant defense, holding out for over three months, until on May 24 Captain Nelson, who for eighty-eight days had controlled operations, finally directed the guns of the *Agamemnon* with such destructive force against the little city that it surrendered. The terms made by its captors were the easiest known to modern warfare, the conquered being granted all the honors of war. As a direct and immediate result, the Corsican States met, and declared the island a constitutional monarchy under the protection of England. Sir Gilbert Elliot was appointed viceroy, and Paoli was recalled by George III. to England. On August 1 fell Calvi, the last French stronghold in the country, hitherto considered impregnable by the Corsicans.

The presence of England so close to Italian shores immediately produced throughout Lombardy and Tuscany a reaction of feeling in favor of the French Revolution and its advanced ideas. The Committee of Public Safety meant to take advantage of this sentiment, in order to punish Rome for an insult to the republic still unavenged, the death of the French minister, in 1793, at the hands of a mob; perhaps also they might drive England from Corsica. This explained the arrival of the commissioners at Nice with the order to cease operations against Sardinia and Austria, for the purpose of striking at English influence in Italy, and possibly in Corsica.

Every thing but one was soon in readiness. To meet the English fleet, the shipwrights at Toulon must prepare a powerful squadron. They did not complete their gigantic task until February 19, 1795. We can imagine the intense activity of any man of great power, de-

[1] The picture on the opposite page is a portrait of Josephine (Marie-Josèphe-Rose Tascher de la Pagerie), afterward known as Empress of the French. It is reproduced from the pencil drawing, retouched with water-color, by Jean-Baptiste Isabey, made in 1798. The original picture is owned by M. Edmond Taigny, and was exhibited at the Trocadéro in 1878. The autograph is from the collection of Mr. W. C. Crane.

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termined to reconquer a lost position: what Buonaparte's fire and zeal must have been we can scarcely conceive; even his fiercest detractors bear witness to the activity of those months. When the order to embark was given, his organization and material were both as nearly perfect as possible. His mother had brought the younger children to a charming house near by, where she entertained the influential women of the neighborhood; and thither her busy son often withdrew for the pleasures of a society which he was now beginning thoroughly to enjoy. Thanks to the social diplomacy of this most ingenious family, everything for a time went well, even with Lucien; and Louis, now sixteen, was made a lieutenant of artillery. At the last moment came what seemed the climax of Napoleon's good fortune — the assurance that the destination of the fleet would be Corsica. Peace was made with Tuscany. Rome could not be reached without a decisive engagement with the English; therefore the first object of the expedition would be to engage the British squadron which was cruising about Corsica. Victory would of course mean entrance into Corsican harbors.

On March 11 the new fleet set sail. Its first encounter with the English was a disaster, and two of its fine ships were captured; the others fled to Hyères, and the troops were disembarked from their transports, and sent back to their posts.

Once more Buonaparte was the victim of uncontrollable circumstance. Destitute of employment, stripped even of the little credit gained in the last half-year, he stood for the seventh time on the threshold of the world, a suppliant at the door. In some respects he was worse equipped for success than at the beginning, for he now had a record to expunge. To an outsider the spring of 1795 must have appeared the most critical period of his life. He himself knew better; in fact, this ill-fated expedition was probably soon forgotten altogether. In his St. Helena reminiscences, at least, he never recalled it: in later life he was not fond of mentioning his failures, little or great, being chiefly concerned to hand himself down to history as a man of lofty purposes and unsullied motives. For the terrible waste of millions in this ill-starred maritime enterprise he was never in the slightest degree responsible: all his secret plans had been for the conduct of the war by land.

The Corsican administration had always had in it at least one French representative. Between the latest of these, Lacombe Saint Michel, now a member of the Committee of Safety, and the Salicetti party no love was ever lost. It was a general feeling that the refugee Corsicans on the Mediterranean shore were too near their home. They were always charged with unscrupulous planning to fill their own pockets. Now, somehow or other, inexplicably perhaps, but nevertheless certainly, another costly expedition had been sent to Corsica under the impulse of these very men, and it had failed. The unlucky adventurers had scarcely set their feet on shore before Lacombe had Napoleon appointed to the Army of the West, with orders to proceed immediately to his post. The order reached Marseilles, whither the Buonapartes had already betaken themselves, during the month of April. On May 2, accompanied by Louis, Junot, and Marmont, the broken general set out for Paris, where he arrived with his companions eight days later, and rented shabby lodgings in the Fossés-Montmartre, now Aboukir street. The style of the house was Liberty Hotel.

At this point Buonaparte's apprentice years may be said to have ended: he was virtually the man he remained to the end. A Corsican by origin, he retained the national sensibility and an enormous power of endurance both physical and intellectual, together with the dogged persistence found in the medieval Corsicans. He was devoted with primitive virtue to his family and his people, but was willing to sacrifice the latter, at least, to his ambition. His moral sense, having never been developed by education, and, worse than that, having been befogged by the extreme sensibility of Rousseau and by the chaos of the times which that prophet had brought to pass, was practically lacking. Neither the hostility of his father to religion nor his own experiences with the Jesuits could, however, entirely eradicate a superstition which passed in his mind for faith. Sometimes he was a scoffer, as many with weak convictions are; but in general he had a formal and outward respect for the Church. His theoretical education had been narrow and one-sided; but his reading and his authorship, in spite of their superficial and desultory character, had given him certain large and fairly definite conceptions of history and politics. But his practical education! What a polishing and sharpening he had had against the revolving world moving many times faster then than in most ages! He was a master in the art of civil war, for he had been not merely an interested observer, but an active participant, in it during five years in two countries. The victim of wiles more secret than his own, he had grown most wily in diplomacy; an ambitious politician, his pulpy principles were republican in their character so far as they had any tissue or firmness. His acquisitions in the science of war were substantial and definite. Neither a martinet himself nor tolerant in any way of routine, ignorant in fact of many hateful details, among others of



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BONAPARTE AT NICE IN 1793.

EXPLAINING TO TURREAU AND VOLNEY THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN IN ITALY WHICH HE EXECUTED AS GENERAL IN CHIEF, THREE YEARS LATER.

obedience, he yet rose far above tradition or practice in his conception of strategy. He was perceptibly superior to the world about him in almost every aptitude, and particularly so in power of combination, in originality, and in far-sightedness. He could neither write nor spell correctly, but he was skilled in all practical applications of mathematics: town and country, mountains and plains, seas and rivers, were all quantities in his equations. Untrustworthy himself, he strove to arouse trust, faith, and devotion in those about him; and concealing successfully his own purpose, he read the hearts of others like an open book. Of pure-minded affection for either men or women he had so far shown only a little, and had experienced in return even less; but he had studied the arts of gallantry, and understood the leverage of social forces. To these capacities, some embryonic, some perfectly formed, add the fact that he was now a cosmopolitan, and there will be outline, relief, and color to his character. "I am in that frame of mind," he said of himself about this time, "in which men are on the eve of battle, with a persistent conviction that since death is imminent in the end, to be uneasy is folly. Everything makes me brave death and destiny; and if this goes on, I shall in the end, my friend, no longer turn when a carriage passes. My reason is sometimes astonished at all this; but it is the effect produced on me by the moral spectacle of this land [*ce pays-ci*, not *patrie*], and by the habit of running risks." This is the power and the temper of a man of whom an intimate and confidential friend predicted that he would never stop short until he had mounted either the throne or the scaffold.

REACTION FROM THE "TERROR."

THE overthrow of Robespierre was the result of an alliance between what may be called the radicals and the conservatives in the Convention. These were all Jacobins, for the Girondists had been discredited, and put out of doors. It was not, however, the Convention, but Paris, which took command of the resulting movement. The social structure of France has been so strong, and the nation so homogeneous, that political convulsions have had much less influence there than elsewhere. But the "Terror" had struck at the heart of nearly every family of consequence in the capital, and the people were utterly weary of horrors. The wave of reaction began when the would-be dictator fell. A wholesome longing for safety, with its attendant pleasures, overpowered society, and light-heartedness returned. Underneath this temper lay but partly concealed a grim determination not to be thwarted, which awed the Convention. Slowly, but surely, the Jacobins lost their power. As once the whole land had been mastered by the idea of "federation," and as a later patriotic impulse had given as a watch-word "the nation," so now another refrain was in every mouth—"humanity." The very songs of previous stages, the "Ça ira" and the "Carmagnole," disappeared before new and milder ones. With Paris in this mood, it was clear that the proscribed might return, and that the Convention, for its intemperate severities, must abdicate.

This, of course, meant a new political experiment; but being, as they were, sanguine admirers of Rousseau, the French felt no apprehension at the prospect. The present constitution of the third republic in France is considered a happy chance by many who live under it. It is far from being perfectly adapted to the needs of the nation; but what fine qualities it possesses are the outcome, not of chance, or of theory, but of a century's experience. It should be remembered that France in the eighteenth century had had no experience whatever of constitutional government, and the spirit of the age was all for theory in politics. Accordingly the democratic monarchy of 1792 had failed because, its framework having been built of empty visions, its constitution was consequently in the air. The same fate had now overtaken the Girondist constitution and the Jacobin constitution of the following year. With perfect confidence in Rousseau's idea that government is based on a social contract between individuals, the nation had sworn its adhesion to both these constitutions successively, and had ratified the act each time by appropriate solemnities. Already the flimsy bubble of such a conception had been punctured. Was it strange that the Convention determined to repeat the same old experiment? Not at all. They knew nothing better than the old idea, and never doubted that the fault lay, not in the system, but in its details; they believed they could improve on the work of their predecessors by the change and modification of particulars. Aware, therefore, that their own day had passed, they determined, before dissolving, to construct a new and improved form of government. The work was confided to a committee of eleven, most of whom were Girondists recalled for the purpose in order to hoodwink the public. They now separated the executive and judiciary from each other and from the legislature, divided the latter into two branches, so as to cool the heat of popular sentiment before it was expressed in statutes, and, avoiding the pitfall dug for itself by the National Assembly, made members of the Convention eligible for election under the new system.

If the monarchy could have been restored at the same time, these features of the new



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THE CONQUEST OF HOLLAND.

The French, under Pichegru, taking advantage of the ice-bridges formed by the severe cold in the early part of 1795, overran Holland.



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THE BATTLE OF QUIBERON.

In July, 1795, six thousand French "émigrés" were landed at Quiberon, in Brittany, under the protection of an English fleet. Hoche, at the head of the republican forces, attacked them fiercely, and only about 1800 of them escaped to the English vessels.

charter would have reproduced in France some elements of the British constitution, and have pacified the dynastic rulers of Europe. But the restoration of monarchy in any form was as yet impossible. The Bourbons had utterly discredited royalty, and the late glorious successes had been won partly by the lavish use in the enemy's camp of money raised and granted by radical democrats, partly by the prowess of enthusiastic republicans. The compact, efficient organization of the national army was the work of the Jacobins, and while the Mountain was discredited in Paris, it was not so in the provinces; moreover, the army which was on foot and in the field was in the main a Jacobin army. Royalty was so hated by most Frenchmen that the sad plight of the child dauphin, dying by inches in the Temple, awakened no compassion, and its next lineal representative was that hated thing, a voluntary exile; the nobility, who might have formed a French House of Lords, were traitors to their country, actually bearing arms in the levies of her foes. The national feeling was a passion; Louis XVI. had been popular enough until he had outraged it first by ordering the Church to remain obedient to Rome, and then by appealing to foreign powers for protection. The emigrant nobles had stumbled over one another in their haste to manifest their contempt for nationality by throwing themselves into the arms of their own class in foreign lands. Moreover, the work of the Revolution in another direction could not be undone. The lands of both the emigrants and the Church had either been seized and divided among the adherents of the new order, or else appropriated to state uses. Restitution was out of the question, for the power of the new owners was sufficient to destroy any one who should propose to take away their possessions.

A constitutional monarchy, therefore, was unthinkable. A presidential government on the model of that devised and used by the United States was equally impossible, because the French appear already to have had a premonition or an instinct that a ripe experience of liberty was essential to the working of such an institution. The student of the revolutionary times will become aware how strong the feeling already was among the French, that a single strong executive, elected by the masses, would speedily turn into a tyrant. The experience of two empires has made them unwilling to change their mind and to try the experiment even to this day. They have at last a nominal president; but his election is indirect, his office is representative, not political, and his duties are like an impersonal, colorless reflection of those performed by the English crown. The constitution-makers simply could not fall back on an experience of successful free government which did not exist. Absolute monarchy had made gradual change impossible, for oppression dies only in convulsions. The shifts of Rousseauism had proved a snare, and as yet there was no sound philosophy to supplant it. Experience was in front, not behind, and must be gained through suffering.

It was therefore a sad necessity which led the Thermidorians of the Convention to try another political nostrum. What should it be? There had always been a profound sense in France of her historic continuity with Rome. Her system of jurisprudence, her speech, her church, her very land, were Roman. Recalling this, the constitution-framers also recollected that these had been the gifts of imperial Rome. It was a curious but characteristic whim which consequently suggested the revival of Roman forms dating from the commonwealth. This it was which led them to commit the administration of government in both external and internal relations to a divided executive. There, however, the resemblance to Rome ended, for instead of two consuls there were to be five directors. These were to sit as a committee, to appoint their own ministerial agents, together with all officers and officials of the army, and to fill the few positions in the administrative departments which were not elective, except those in the treasury, which was a separate, independent administration. All executive powers except those of the treasury were likewise to be in their hands. They were to have no veto, and their treaties of peace must be ratified by the legislature; but they could declare war without consulting any one. The judiciary was to be elected directly by the people, and the judges were to hold office for about a year. The legislature was to be separated into a senate with two hundred and fifty members, called the Council of Elders, which had the veto power, and an assembly called the Council of Juniors, or, more popularly, from its number, the Five Hundred, which had the initiative in legislation. The members of the former must be at least forty years old and married; every aspirant for a seat in the latter must be twenty-five and of good character; there was no further restriction. Both these bodies were alike to be elected by universal suffrage working indirectly through secondary electors, and limited by educational and property qualifications. There were many wholesome checks and balances.

The scheme was formed, as was intended, under Girondist influence, and was acceptable to the nation as a whole. In spite of many defects, it might after a little experience have been amended so as to work, if the people had been united and hearty in its support. But they were not. The Thermidorians, who

were still Jacobins at heart, ordered that at least two thirds of the men elected to sit in the new houses should have been members of the Convention, on the plea that they alone had sufficient experience of affairs to carry on the public business, at least for the present. Perhaps this was intended as some offset to the closing of the Jacobin Club on November 12, 1794, before the menaces of the higher classes of Parisian society, known to history as "the gilded youth." On the other hand, the royalists saw in the new constitution an instrument ready to their hand, in case public opinion, in its search for means to restore quiet and order, could be carried still further away from the Revolution than the movement of Thermidor had swept it. They so conducted themselves as to justify the measures of the Jacobins.

From time to time after the events of Thermidor the more active agents of the Terror were sentenced to transportation, and the less guilty were imprisoned. On May 7, 1795, three days before Buonaparte's arrival in Paris, Fouquier-Tinville, and fifteen other wretches who had been but tools,—the executioners of the revolutionary tribunal,—were put to death. The National Guard had been reorganized, and Pichegru was recalled from the North to take command of the united forces in Paris under a committee of the Convention with Barras at its head.

This was intended to overawe those citizens of Paris who were hostile to the Jacobins. They saw the trap set for them, and were angry. During the years of internal disorder and foreign warfare just past the economic conditions of the land had grown worse and worse, until, in the winter of 1794–95, the laboring classes of Paris were again on the verge of starvation. As usual, they attributed their sufferings to the government, and there were bread riots. Twice in the spring of 1795 — on April 1 and May 20 — the unemployed and hungry rose to overthrow the Convention, but they were easily put down by the soldiers on both occasions. The whole populace, as represented by the sections of Paris, resented this use of armed force, and grew uneasy. The Thermidorians further angered it by introducing a new metropolitan administration which greatly diminished the powers and influence of the sections, without, however, destroying their organization. The people of the capital, therefore, were ready for mischief. The storming of the Tuileries on August 10, 1792, had been the work of the Paris mob. Why could they not overthrow the tyranny of the Jacobins as they had that of the king?

A crisis might easily have been precipitated before Buonaparte's arrival in Paris, but it was delayed by events outside the city. The year 1794 had been a brilliant season for the republican arms and for republican diplomacy. Pichegru, with the Army of the North, had driven the invaders from French soil and conquered the Austrian Netherlands. Jourdan, with the Army of the Sambre and Meuse, had defeated the Austrians at Fleurus in a battle decided by the bravery of Marceau, thus confirming the conquest. Other generals were likewise rising to eminence. Hoche had in the previous year beaten the Austrians under Wurmser at Weissenburg, and driven them from Alsace. He had further heightened his fame by his successes against the insurgents of the West. Saint-Cyr, Bernadotte, and Kléber, with many others of Buonaparte's contemporaries, had also risen to distinction in minor engagements. The record of military energy put forth by the liberated nation under Jacobin rule stands, as Fox declared in the House of Commons, absolutely unique. Twenty-seven victories, eight in pitched battle; 120 fights; 90,000 prisoners; 116 towns and important places captured; 230 forts or redoubts taken; 3800 pieces of ordnance, 70,000 muskets, 1000 tons of powder, and 90 standards fallen into French hands — such is the incredible tale. Moreover, the army had been purged with as little mercy as a mercantile corporation shows to incompetent employees. It is often claimed that the armies of republican France and of Napoleon were, after all, the armies of the Bourbons. Not so. The conscription law, though very imperfect in itself, was supplemented by the general enthusiasm; a nation was now in the ranks instead of hirelings; the reorganization had remolded the whole structure, and between January 1, 1792, and January 20, 1795, 110 division commanders, 263 brigadiers, and 138 adjutants-general either resigned, were suspended from duty, or were dismissed the service.

The nation had apparently determined that the natural boundary of France and of its own revolutionary system was the Rhine. Nice and Savoy would round out their territory to the south. This much the new government, it was understood, would conquer, administer, and keep; the Revolution in other lands, impelled but not guided by French influence, must manage its own affairs. This was, of course, an entirely new diplomatic situation. Under its influence Holland, by the aid of Pichegru's army, became the Batavian Republic, and ceded Dutch Flanders to France; while Prussia abandoned the coalition, and in the treaty of Basle, signed on April 5, 1795, agreed to the neutrality of all north Germany, and in return for the possessions of the ecclesiastical princes in central Germany, which were eventually to be secularized, yielded France undisputed possession of the left bank of the Rhine. Spain, Portugal, and the little states both of south Germany and

of Italy were all alike weary of the contest, the more so as they were honeycombed with liberal ideas. They were already preparing to desert England and Austria, the great powers which still stood firm, and, with the exception of Portugal, they acceded within a few weeks to the terms of Basle. Rome, as the instigator of the unyielding ecclesiastics of Vendée, was, of course, on the side of Great Britain and the Empire.

At home the military success of the republic was for a little while equally marked. Before the close of 1794 the Breton peasants who, under the name of Chouans, had become lawless highwaymen, were entirely crushed; and the English expedition sent to Quiberon in the following year to revive the disorders was a fizzle. The insurrection of the Vendée had dragged stubbornly on, but it was stamped out in June, 1795, by the execution of over seven hundred of the emigrants who had returned on English vessels to fan the royalist blaze which was kindling again.

As the royalists had been first in the panic of five years previous, so they were not now to be outdone by the Terror. Charette, the Vendean leader, retaliated by a holocaust of two thousand republican prisoners whom he had taken. After the events of Thermidor the Convention had thrown open the prison doors, put an end to bloodshed, and proclaimed an amnesty. The evident power of the Parisian burghers, the form given by the Girondists to the new constitution, the longing of all for peace and for a return of comfort and prosperity, still further emboldened the royalists, and enabled them to produce a wide-spread revulsion of feeling. They rose in many parts of the South, instituting what is known from the colors they wore as the White Terror, and pitilessly murdering, in the desperation of timid revenge, their unsuspecting and unready neighbors of republican opinions. The scenes enacted were more terrible, the human butchery more bloody, than any known during the darkest days of the revolutionary movement in Paris.

The Jacobins, therefore, in view of so dangerous a situation, and not without some reason, had determined that they themselves should administer the new constitution. The royalists at the same time saw in its provisions a means to accomplish their ends; and relying upon the attitude of the capital, in which mob and burghers alike were angry, determined simultaneously to strike a blow for mastery, and to supplant the Jacobins. Evidence of their activity appeared both in military and political circles. Throughout the summer of 1795 there was an unaccountable languor in the army. It was believed that Pichegru had purposely palsied his own and Jourdan's abilities, and the needless armistice he made with Austria went far to confirm the idea. It was afterward proved that several members of the Convention had been in communication with royalists. Among their agents was a personage of some importance—a certain Aubry—who, having returned after the events of Thermidor, never disavowed his real sentiments as a royalist; and being later made chairman of the army committee, was in that position when Buonaparte's career was temporarily checked by degradation from the artillery to the infantry. For this absurd reason he was long but unjustly thought to have also caused the original transfer to the West.

The Convention was vaguely aware of all that was taking place. Having abolished the powerful and terrible Committee of Public Safety, which had conducted its operations with such success as attends remorseless vigor, it was found necessary on August 9 to reconstruct something similar to meet the new crisis. At the same time the spirit of the hour was propitiated by forming sixteen other committees to control the action of the central one. Such a dispersion of executive power was a virtual paralysis of action. The constitution was adopted a fortnight later, on August 22. Immediately the sections of Paris began to display irritation with the limitations set to their choice of new representatives. They had many sympathizers in the provinces, and the extreme reactionaries from the Revolution were jubilant. Fortunately for France, Carnot was temporarily retained to control the department of war. He was not removed until the following March.

BONAPARTE'S RECEPTION IN PARIS SOCIETY.

WHEN General Buonaparte reached Paris, and went to dwell in the mean and shabby lodgings which his lean purse compelled him to choose, he found the city strangely metamorphosed. Animated by a settled purpose not to accept the position assigned to him in the Army of the West, and, if necessary, to defy his military superiors, his humor put him out of all sympathy with the prevalent gaiety. Bitter experience had taught him that in civil war the consequences of victory and defeat are alike inglorious. In the fickleness of public opinion the avenging hero of to-day may easily become the reprobated outcast of to-morrow. What he had gained at Toulon was already dissipated in part; the rest might easily be squandered entirely in Vendée. He felt and said that he could wait. But how about his daily bread?

The drawing-rooms of Paris had opened like magic before the sesame of Thermidor and the prospects of settled order under the

Directory. There were visiting, dining, and dancing; dressing, flirtation, and intrigue; walking, driving, and riding,— all the avocations of a people soured with the cruel and bloody past, and reasserting its native passion for pleasure and refinement. The morality of the hour was no better than the old; for there was a strange mixture of elements in this new society: the men in power were of every class — a few of the old aristocracy, many of the wealthy burgesses, a certain proportion of the colonial nabobs from the West Indies and elsewhere, adventurers of every stripe, and a few even of the city populace and country common folk. The ingredients of this queer hodgepodge had yet to learn one another's language and nature; the niceties of speech, gesture, and mien which once had a well-understood significance in government circles were all to be readjusted to the ideas of the motley crowd and given new conventional currency. In such a disorderly transition vice does not require the mask of hypocrisy, virtue is helpless because unorganized, and something like riot characterizes conduct. The sound and rugged goodness of many newcomers, the habitual respectability of the veterans, were for the moment alike inactive because not yet kneaded into the mass they had to leaven.

There was, nevertheless, a marvelous exhibition of social power in this heterogeneous mass: nothing of course proportionate in extent to what had been brought forth for national defense, but still of almost, if not entirely, equal significance. Throughout the revolutionary epoch there had been much discussion concerning reforms in education. It was in 1794 that Monge finally succeeded in founding the great Polytechnic School, an institution which clearly corresponded to a national characteristic, since from that day it has strengthened the natural bias of the French toward applied science, to the undue and unfortunate neglect of many important humanizing disciplines. The Conservatory of Music and the Institute were permanently reorganized soon after. The great collections of the Museum of Arts and Crafts (Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers) were begun, and permanent lecture courses were founded in connection with the National Library, the Botanical Garden, the Medical School, and other learned institutions. Almost immediately a philosophical literature began to appear; pictures were painted, and the theaters reopened with new and tolerable pieces written for the day and place. In the very midst of war, moreover, an attempt was made to emancipate the press. The effort was ill advised, and the results were so deplorable for the conduct of affairs that the newspapers were in the event more firmly muzzled than ever.

When Buonaparte had made his living arrangements, and began to look about, he must have been dumfounded at the hatred of the Convention so generally and openly manifested on every side. The provinces had looked upon the Revolution as accomplished. Paris was evidently in such ill humor with the body which represented it that the republic was virtually to all appearance undone. "Reëlect two thirds of the Convention members to the new legislature!" said the angry demagogues of the Paris sections. "Never! Those men who, by their own confession, have for three years in all these horrors been the cowardly tools of a sentiment they could not restrain, but are now self-styled and reformed moderates! Impossible!" Whether bribed by foreign gold, and working under the influence of royalists, or by reason of the famine, or through the determination of the well to do to have a radical change, or from all these influences combined, the sections were gradually organizing for resistance, and it was soon clear that the National Guard was in sympathy with them. The Convention was equally alert, and began to arm for the conflict. They already had several hundred artillerymen and five thousand regulars who were imbued with the national rather than the local spirit; they promptly began now to enlist a special guard of fifteen hundred from the desperate men who had been the trusty followers of Hébert and Robespierre.

For a month or more Buonaparte was a mere onlooker, or at most an interested examiner of events, weighing and speculating in obscurity much as he had done three years before. The war department listened to and granted his earnest request that he might remain in Paris until a general reassignment of officers which had been determined upon, and, as his good fortune would have it, was already in progress, should be completed. As the first weeks passed, news arrived from the South of a reaction in favor of the Jacobins. It became clearer every day that the Convention had moral support beyond the ramparts of Paris; and within the city it was possible to maintain something in the nature of a Jacobin salon. Many of that faith who were disaffected with the new conditions in Paris — the Corsicans in particular — were welcomed at the home of Mme. Permon by herself and her beautiful daughter, afterward Mme. Junot and Duchess of Abrantès. Salicetti had chosen the other child, a son now grown, as his private secretary, and was of course a special favorite in the house. The first manifestation of reviving Jacobin confidence was shown in the attack made on May 20 upon the Convention by hungry rioters who shouted for the constitution of '93, and were assisted in creating disorder by the radical members. The tu-

mult was quelled by the courage and presence of mind shown by Boissy d'Anglas, a calm and determined moderate, who had been commissioned to act alone in provisioning Paris, and bravely accepted his responsibility by mounting the president's chair in the midst of the tumult. The mob brandished in his face the bloody head of Féraud, a fellow-member whom they had just murdered. The chairman uncovered his head in respect, and his undaunted mien cowed the leaders, who slunk away, followed by the rabble. The consequence was a total annihilation of the Mountain on May 22. The Convention committees were disbanded, their artillerymen were temporarily dismissed, and the constitution of 1793 was abolished.

The friendly home of Mme. Permon was almost the only resort of Buonaparte, who, though disillusioned, was still a Jacobin. Something like desperation appeared in his manner; the lack of proper food emaciated his frame, while uncertainty as to the future left its mark on his wan face and in his restless eyes. It was not astonishing, for his personal and family affairs were apparently hopeless. His brothers, like himself, had now been deprived of profitable employment; they, with him, might possibly and even probably soon be numbered among the suspects; destitute of a powerful patron, and with his family once more in actual want, its head was scarcely fit in either garb or humor for the society even of his friends. His hostess described him as having "sharp, angular features; small hands, long and thin; his hair long and disheveled; without gloves; wearing badly made, badly polished shoes; having always a sickly appearance, which was the result of his lean and yellow complexion, brightened only by two eyes glistening with shrewdness and firmness." Bourrienne, who had now returned from diplomatic service, was not edified by the appearance or temper of his acquaintance, who, he says, "was ill clad and slovenly, his character cold, often inscrutable. His smile was hollow and often out of place. He had moments of fierce gaiety which made you uneasy, and indisposed to love him."

No wonder the man was ill at ease. His worst fears were realized when the influence of the Mountain was wiped out,— Carnot, the organizer of victory, as he had been styled, being the only one of all the old leaders to escape. Salicetti was too prominent a partizan to be overlooked by the angry burghers. For a time he was concealed by Mme. Permon in her Paris home. He escaped the vengeance of his enemies in the disguise of her lackey, flying with her when she left for the South to seek refuge for herself and children. Even the rank and file among the members of the Mountain either fled or were arrested. That Buonaparte was unmolested appears to prove how cleverly he had concealed his connection with them. The story that in these days he proposed for the hand of Mme. Permon, though without any corroborative evidence, has an air of probability, partly in the consideration of a despair which might lead him to seek any support, even that of a wife as old as his mother, partly from the existence of a letter to the lady which, though enigmatical, displays an interesting mixture of wounded pride and real or pretended jealousy.

The epistle is dated June 18, 1795. He felt that she would think him duped, he explains, if he did not inform her that although she had not seen fit to give her confidence to him, he had all along known that she had Salicetti in hiding. Then follows an address to that countryman, evidently intended to clear the writer from all taint of Jacobinism, and couched in these terms: "I could have denounced thee, but did not, although it would have been but a just revenge so to do. Which has chosen the truer part? Go seek in peace an asylum where thou canst return to better thoughts of thy country. My lips shall never utter thy name. Repent, and, above all, appreciate my motives. This I deserve, for they are noble and generous."

In these words to the political refugee he employs the familiar republican "thou"; in the peroration, addressed, like the introduction, to the lady herself, he recurs to the polite and distant "you." "Madame Permon, my good wishes go with you as with your child. You are two feeble creatures with no defense. May Providence and the prayers of a friend be with you. Above all, be prudent, and never remain in the large cities. Adieu. Accept my friendly greetings."

The meaning of this missive is recondite; perhaps it is this: Mme. Permon, I loved you, and could have ruined the rival who is your protégé with a clear conscience, for he once did me foul wrong, as he will acknowledge. But farewell. I bear you no grudge. Or else it may announce another change in the political weather by the veering of the cock: As a good citizen, despising the horrors of the past, I could have denounced you, Salicetti. I did not, for I recalled old times and your helplessness, and wished to heap coals of fire on your head, that you might see the error of your way. The latter interpretation finds support in Buonaparte's quick and easy conversion from Jacobinism which followed, and in his subsequent labored explanation that in the "Supper of Beaucaire" he had not identified himself with the Jacobin soldier, but had wished only by a dispassionate presentation of facts to show the hopeless case of Marseilles, and to prevent useless bloodshed.

The overhauling of the army list and the reassignment of officers turned out ill for Buonaparte. Aubry, the head of the committee, appears to have been utterly indifferent to him, displaying no ill will, and certainly no active good will, toward the sometime Jacobin, whose name, moreover, was last on the list of artillery officers in the order of seniority. According to the regulations, when one arm of the service was overmanned, the superfluous officers were to be transferred to another. This was now the case with the artillery, and Buonaparte, as a supernumerary, was on June 13 ordered again to the West, but this time only as a mere infantry brigadier. He appears to have felt throughout life more vindictiveness toward Aubry, the man whom he believed to be the author of this particular misfortune, than toward any other person with whom he ever came in contact. In this rigid scrutiny of the army list, exaggerated pretensions or services and untruthful testimonials were no longer accepted; Joseph also had therefore already lost his position, and was about to settle with his family in Genoa, while Louis was actually sent back to school, being ordered to Châlons. Poor Lucien, overwhelmed in the general ruin of the radicals, and with a wife and child dependent on him, was in despair. The other members of the family were temporarily destitute, but self-helpful.

In this there was nothing new; but for all that the monotony of the situation must have been disheartening. Napoleon's resolution was soon taken. He was either really ill from privation and disappointment or soon became so. Armed with a medical certificate, he applied for and received a furlough. This step having been taken, the next, according to the unchanged and familiar instincts of the man, was to apply under the law for mileage to pay his expenses on the journey which he had taken as far as Paris in pursuance of the order given him on March 29 to proceed to his post in the West. Again, following the precedents of his life, he calculated mileage not from Marseilles whence he really started, but from Nice, thus largely increasing the amount which he asked for, and in due time received. During his leave several projects occupied his busy brain: speculation in the sequestered lands of the emigrants and monasteries, and the writing of two monographs — one a history of the events from 9 Fructidor, year 2 (August 26, 1794), to the beginning of year 4 (1795), the other a memoir on the Army of Italy. The first notion was doubtless due to a frenzy for speculation, now rife, which was comparable only to that which prevailed in the days of Law's Mississippi scheme or of the South Sea Bubble. A project for purchasing a certain property as a good investment for his wife's dowry was actually submitted to Joseph, but it failed by the sudden repeal of the law under which such purchases were made. The two themes were both finished, and another, "A Study in Politics: being an Inquiry into the Causes of Troubles and Discords," was sketched, but never completed. The memoir on the Army of Italy was virtually the scheme for offensive warfare which he had laid before the younger Robespierre; it was now revised, and sent to the highest military power — a new central committee appointed by the Convention to take the place of the Committee of Public Safety. These occupations were all very well, but the furlough was rapidly expiring, and nothing had turned up. Most opportunely, the invalid had a relapse, and was able to secure an extension of leave until August 4, the date on which a third of the committee on the reassignment of officers would retire, among them the hated Aubry.

Speaking at St. Helena of these days, he said: "I lived in the Paris streets without employment. I had no social habits, going only into the set at the house of Barras, where I was well received. . . . I was there because there was nothing to be had elsewhere. I attached myself to Barras because I knew no one else. Robespierre was dead; Barras was playing a rôle: I had to attach myself to somebody and something."

It will not be forgotten that Barras and Fréron had been Dantonists when they were at the siege of Toulon with Buonaparte. After the events of Thermidor they had forsworn Jacobinism altogether, and were at present in alliance with the moderate elements of Paris society. Barras's rooms in the Luxembourg were the center of all that was gay and dazzling in that corrupt and careless world. They were, as a matter of course, the resort of the most beautiful and brilliant women, influential, but not over-scrupulous. Mme. Tallien, who has been called "the goddess of Thermidor," was the queen of the coterie; scarcely less beautiful and gracious were the widow Beauharnais and Mme. Récamier. Barras had been a noble; the instincts of his class made him a delightful host.

What Napoleon saw and experienced he wrote to the faithful Joseph. The letters are a truthful transcript of his emotions, the key-note of which is admiration for the Paris women. "Here only of all places in the world they deserve to hold the helm: the men are mad about them, think only of them, and live only by means of their influence." As yet he had not met Mme. Beauharnais. The whole tone of the correspondence is cheerful, and indicates that Buonaparte's efforts for a new alliance had

been successful, that his fortunes were looking up, and that the giddy world contained something of uncommon interest. As his fortunes improved, he grew more cheerful, and appeared more in society. On occasion he even ventured upon little gallantries. Presented to Mme. Tallien, he was frequently seen at her receptions. He was at first shy and reserved, but time and custom put him more at his ease. One evening, as little groups were gradually formed for the better interchange of jest and repartee, he seemed to lose his timidity altogether, and, assuming the mien of a fortune-teller, he caught his hostess's hand, and poured out a long rigmarole of nonsense which much amused the rest of the circle.

These months had also improved the situation of the family. His mother and younger sisters were somehow more comfortable in their Marseilles home. Strange doings were afterward charged against them, but it is probable that these stories are without other foundation than spite. Napoleon had received a considerable sum for mileage,—nearly 2700 francs,—and, good son as he always was, it is likely that he shared the money with his family. Both Élise and the little Pauline now had suitors. Fesch, described by Lucien as "ever fresh, not like a rose, but like a good radish," was comfortably waiting at Aix in the house of old acquaintances for a chance to return to Corsica. Joseph's arrangements for moving to Genoa were nearly complete, and Louis was comfortably settled at school in Châlons. Poor "Brutus" Lucien was the only luckless wight of the number: his fears had been realized, and, having been denounced as a Jacobin, he was now lying terror-stricken in the prison of Aix, when all about him men of his stripe were being executed by the score.

BONAPARTE AS THE GENERAL OF THE CONVENTION.

On August 5 the members of the new Committee of Public Safety entered on their duties. Almost the first document presented at the meeting was Buonaparte's demand for restoration to his rank in the artillery. It rings with indignation, and abounds with loose statements about his past services, boldly claiming the honors of the last short but successful Italian campaign. The paper was referred to the proper authorities, and, a fortnight later, its writer received peremptory orders to join his corps in the West. What could be more amusingly characteristic of this persistent man than to read, in a letter to Joseph under date of the following day, August 20: "I am attached at this moment to the topographical bureau of the Committee of Public Safety for the direction of the armies in Carnot's place. If I wish, I can be sent to Turkey by the government as general of artillery, with a good salary and a flattering title, to organize the artillery of the Grand Turk." Then follow plans for Joseph's appointment to the consular service, for a meeting at Leghorn, and for a further land speculation. At the close are these remarks, which not only display great acuteness of observation, but are noteworthy as displaying a persistent quality of the man, that of always having an alternative in readiness: "It is quiet, but storms are gathering, perhaps; the primaries are going to meet in a few days. I shall take with me five or six officers. . . . The commission and decree of the Committee of Public Safety, which employs me in the duty of directing the armies and plans of campaign, being most flattering to me, I fear they will no longer allow me to go to Turkey. We shall see. I may have on hand a campaign to-day. . . . Write always as if I were going to Turkey."

This was all half true. By dint of soliciting Barras and Doulcet de Pontécoulant, another well-wisher, both men of ability, and by importuning Fréron, then at the height of his power, but soon to display a ruinous incapacity, Buonaparte had actually been made a member of the commission of four which directed the armies, and Dutot had been sent in his stead to the West. Moreover, there was likewise a chance for realizing those dreams of achieving glory in the Orient which had haunted him from childhood. At this moment there was a serious tension in the politics of eastern Europe, and the French saw an opportunity to strike Austria on the other side by an alliance with Turkey. The latter country was of course entirely unprepared for war, and asked for the appointment of a French commission to reconstruct its gun-foundries and to improve its artillery service. Buonaparte, having learned the fact, had immediately prepared two memorials, one on the Turkish artillery, and another on the means of strengthening Turkish power against the encroachments of European monarchies. These he sent up with an application that he should be appointed head of the commission, inclosing also laudatory certificates of his uncommon ability from Doulcet and from Debry, a newly made friend.

But the vista of an Eastern career temporarily vanished. The new constitution, adopted, as already stated, on August 22, could not become operative until after the elections. On August 31 Buonaparte's plan for the conduct of the coming Italian campaign was read by the Convention committee, found satisfactory, and adopted. It remains in many respects the greatest of all Napoleon's military papers, its only fault being that no genius inferior to his own could carry it out. A few days later he became aware of the im-

pression he had made: it seemed clear that he had a bird in the hand worth every possibility in the Orient. He therefore wrote to Joseph that he was going to remain in Paris, explaining, as if incidentally, that he could thus be on the look-out for any desirable vacancy in the consular service, and secure it, if possible, for him.

Dreams of another kind had supplanted visions of Oriental splendor in his mind; for in subsequent letters to the same correspondent, written almost daily, he unfolds a series of rather startling schemes, which among other things include a marriage, a town house, and a country residence, with a cabriolet and three horses. How all this was to come about we cannot entirely discover. The marriage plan is clearly stated. Joseph had married one of the daughters of a comparatively wealthy merchant. He was requested to sound his brother-in-law concerning the other, the famous Désirée Clary, who afterward became Mme. Bernadotte. Two of the horses were to be supplied by the government in place of a pair which he might be supposed to have possessed at Nice in accordance with the rank he then held, and to have sold, according to orders, when sent on the maritime expedition to Corsica. Where the third horse and the money for the houses were to come from is inscrutable; but as a matter of fact, Napoleon had already left his shabby lodgings for better ones in Michodière street, and was actually negotiating for the purchase of a handsome detached residence near that of Bourrienne, whose fortunes had also been retrieved. So great a personage must, of course, have a secretary, and the faithful Junot had been appointed to the office.

The application for the horses turned out a serious matter, and brought the adventurer once more to the verge of ruin. The story he told was not plain, the records did not substantiate it, the hard-hearted officials of the war department evidently did not believe a syllable of his representations,— which, in fact, were untruthful,— and, the central committee having again lost a third of its members by rotation, among them Doulcet, there was no one now in it to plead Buonaparte's cause. Accordingly there was no little talk about the matter in very influential circles, and almost simultaneously was issued the report concerning his formal request for restoration, which had been delayed by the routine prescribed in such cases, and was only now completed. It was not only adverse in itself, but contained a confidential inclosure animadverting severely on the irregularities of the petitioner's conduct, and in particular on his stubborn refusal to obey orders and join the Army of the West. Thus it happened that on September 15 the name of Buonaparte was officially struck from the list of general officers on duty, "in view of his refusal to proceed to the post assigned him." It really appeared as if the name of Napoleon might almost have been substituted for that of Tantalus in the fable. It was the irony of fate that on this very day the subcommittee on foreign affairs submitted to the full meeting a proposition to send the man who was now a disgraced culprit in great state and with a full suite to take service at Constantinople in the army of the Grand Turk!

But no one had ever understood better than Buonaparte the possibilities of political influence in a military career. Not only could he bend the bow of Achilles, but he always had ready an extra string. Thus far in his ten years of service he had been promoted only once according to routine; the other steps of the height which he had reached had been secured by influence or chicane. He had been first Corsican and then French, first a politician and then a soldier. Such a veteran was not to be dismayed even by the most stunning blow; had he not even now three powerful protectors — Barras, Tallien, and Fréron? He turned his back, therefore, with ready adaptability on the unsympathetic officials of the army, the mere soldiers with cool heads and merciless judgment. The evident short cut to restoration was to carry through the project of employment at Constantinople; it had been formally recommended, and to secure its adoption he renewed his importunate solicitations. His rank he still held; he might hope to regain position by some brilliant stroke such as he could execute only without the restraint of orders and on his own initiative. His hopes grew, or seemed to, as his suit was not rejected, and he wrote to Joseph on September 26 that the matter of his departure was urgent; adding, however: "But at this moment there are some ebullitions and incendiary symptoms." He was right in both surmises. The Committee of Public Safety was formally considering the proposition for his transfer to the sultan's service while simultaneously affairs both in Paris and on the frontiers alike were "boiling."

Meantime the royalists and clericals had not been idle. They had learned nothing from the events of the Revolution, and did not even dimly understand their own position. Their own allies repudiated both their sentiments and their actions in the very moments when they believed themselves to be honorably fighting for self-preservation. English statesmen like Granville and Harcourt now thought and said that it was impossible to impose on France a form of government distasteful to her people; but the British regent and the French pretender, who, on the death of his unfortunate nephew, the



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN-SEBASTIEN ROUILLARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. PAINTED IN 1836.

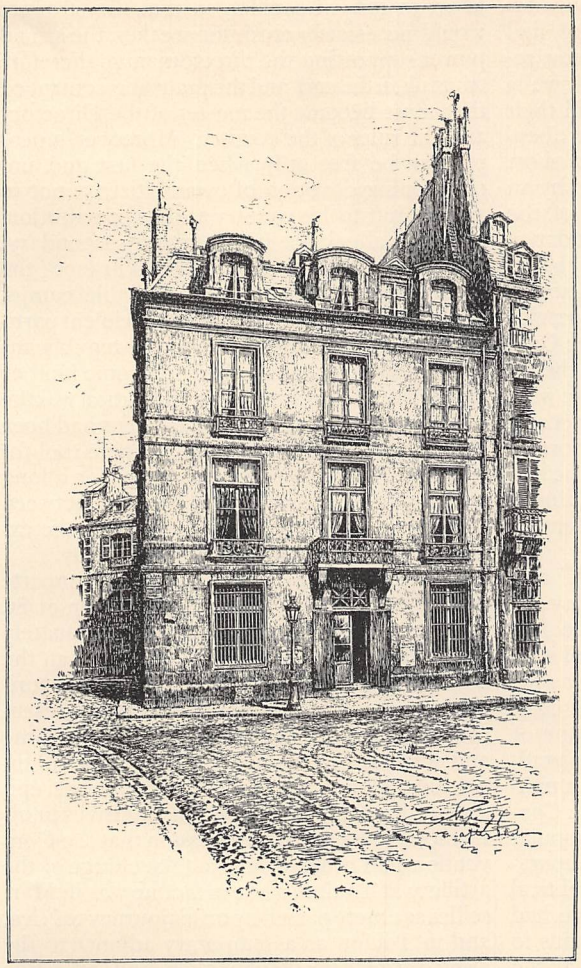
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

dauphin, had been recognized by the powers as Louis XVIII., were stubbornly united under the old Bourbon motto, "All or nothing." The change in the Convention, in Paris society, even in the country itself, which was about to desert its extreme Jacobinism and to adopt the new constitution by an overwhelming vote — all this deceived them, and they determined to strike for everything they had lost. Preparations, it is now believed, were all ready for an inroad from the Rhine frontier, for Pichegru to raise the white flag, and to advance with his troops on Paris, and for a simultaneous rising of the royalists in every French district. On October 4 an English fleet had appeared on the northern shore, having on board the Count of Artois and a large body of emigrants, accompanied by a powerful force of English, composed in part of regulars, in part of volunteers. This completed the preliminary measures.

With the first great conflict in the struggle avowed royalism had only an indirect connection. By this time the Paris sections were thoroughly reorganized, having purged themselves of the extreme democratic elements from the suburbs. They were well drilled and armed, and were enthusiastic for resistance to the decree of the Convention concerning the compulsory reëlection of its members. The National Guard was not less embittered against that measure. There were three military commanders then in Paris who could be relied on to oppose the Convention. These were Danican, Duhoux d'Hauterive, and Laffont, all royalists at heart: the last was an emigrant, and avowed it. The Convention had also by this time completed its enlistment, and had taken other measures of defense; but it was without a trustworthy general to command, for among the fourteen generals then present in Paris only two were certainly loyal to the Convention, and both these were men of very indifferent character and officers of no capacity.

The Convention forces were technically a part of the army known as that of the interior, of which Menou was the commander. On September 23 all the signs of open rebellion in Paris became too clear to be longer disregarded. The new constitution having been formally proclaimed the day before (1 Vendémiaire), on that night a mass meeting of the various sections was held in the Odéon theater in order to prepare plans for open resistance. That of Lepelletier, in the heart of Paris, comprising the wealthiest and most influential of the mercantile class, actually met in its hall and issued a call to insurrection. These were no contemptible foes: on the memorable tenth of August theirs had been the battalion of the National Guard which died with the Swiss in defense of the Tuileries. Menou, according to the command of the Convention to disarm the insurgent sections, confronted the armed citizens for a moment. But the work was not to his taste. After a short parley in their hall, during which something was said about good behavior, he withdrew the forces to their barracks, and left the armed and angry sections masters of the situation. Prompt and energetic measures were more necessary than ever. For some days the Convention leaders had been discussing their plans. Carnot and Tallien finally agreed with Barras that the man most likely to do thoroughly the active work was Buonaparte. But, apparently, they dared not altogether trust him, for Barras himself was appointed commander-in-chief. His "little Corsican officer, who will not stand on ceremony," as he called him, was to be nominally lieutenant. On October 4 Buonaparte was summoned to a conference. Next morning he appeared at Barras's house, and accepted the offered position, with the understanding that he was to be his own master.

Not a moment was lost, and throughout the day most vigorous and incessant preparation was made. Buonaparte was as much himself in the streets of Paris as in those of Ajaccio, except that his energy was proportionately more feverish, as the defense of the Tuileries and the riding-school attached to it, in which the Convention sat, was a grander task than the never-accomplished capture of the Corsican citadel. The avenues of a great town somewhat resemble the main and tributary valleys of a mountain-range, and the task of campaigning in Paris was less unlike that of manœuvering in the narrow gorges of the Apennines than might be supposed; at least Buonaparte's strategy was nearly identical for both. All his measures were masterly. The foe, scattered as yet throughout the city on both sides of the river, was first cut in two by seizing and fortifying the bridges across the Seine; then every avenue of approach was likewise guarded, while flanking artillery was set in the narrow streets to command the main arteries. Finally a reserve, ready for use on either side of the river, was established in what is now the Place de la Concorde, with an open line of retreat toward St. Cloud behind it. Every order was issued in Barras's name. The sections, of course, knew nothing of the new commander, and recalled only Menou's pusillanimity. Without cannon and without a plan, they determined to drive out the Convention at once, and to overwhelm its forces by superior numbers. The quays of the left bank were therefore occupied by a large body of the National Guard, ready to rush in from behind when the main attack, made from the north through the labyrinth of streets and blind alleys then designated by the name of St. Honoré, and by the short, wide passage of



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

THE HÔTEL SILLERY, 13 QUAI DE CONTI, PARIS, THE HOUSE IN WHICH BONAPARTE LIVED WHILE THE GUEST OF THE PERMONS. BONAPARTE'S ROOM WAS IN THE ATTIC, ON THE LEFT.

l'Échelle, should draw the Convention forces away in that direction to resist it.

THE DAY OF THE PARIS SECTIONS.

In this general position the opposing forces confronted each other on the morning of October 5 (13 Vendémiaire). Both seemed loath to begin. But at half-past four in the afternoon it was clear that the decisive moment had come. As if by instinct, but in reality at Danican's signal, the forces of the sections from the northern portion of the capital began to pour through the narrow main street of St. Honoré, behind the riding-school, toward the chief entrance of the Tuileries. They no doubt felt safer in the rear of the Convention hall, with the high wall of houses all about, than they would have done in the open spaces which they would have had to cross in order to attack it from the front. When their compacted mass reached the church of St. Roch, and, taking a stand, suddenly became aware that in the side streets on the right were yawning the muzzles of hostile cannon, the excited citizens lost their heads, and began to discharge their muskets. Then with a swift, sudden blast the street was cleared by a terrible discharge of shrapnel, canister, and grape-shot, with which the great guns of Buonaparte were loaded. The action continued about an hour, for the people and the National Guard rallied again and again, each time to be mowed down by a like awful discharge. At last they could be rallied no longer, and retreated. On the left bank a similar mêlée ended in a similar way. Three times Laffont gathered his forces and hurled them at the Pont Royal; three times they were swept back by the cross-fire of artillery. The scene then changed like the vanishing of a mirage. Awe-stricken messengers appeared, hurrying everywhere with the prostrating news from both sides of the river, and the entire Parisian force withdrew to shelter. Before nightfall the triumph of the Convention was complete. The dramatic effect of this achievement was heightened by Buonaparte's appearance on horseback here, there, and everywhere during the short hour of battle; both before and after, he was unseen. It was like the appearance of a master giving his first lesson in artillery practice to an astonished world, which little dreamed what he was yet to demonstrate as to the worth of his chosen arm on wider battle-fields. For the present it suited him to appear merely as an agent. In his reports of the affair his own name is kept in the background. It is evident that from first to last he intended to produce the impression that, though acting with Jacobins, he does so because they for the time represent the truth: he is not for that reason to be identified with them.

There was no renewal of the reign of terror. A few conspicuous leaders were executed, among them Laffont, and harsh measures were enacted in relation to the political status of returned emigrants. But in the main an unexpected mercy controlled the Convention's policy. They closed the halls in which the mutinous wards had met, and once more reorganized the National Guard. Order was restored without an effort. Beyond the walls of

Paris the effect of the news was magical. Artois, afterward Charles X., though he had landed three days before on Île Dieu, now reembarked, and sailed back to England, while the other royalist leaders prudently held their followers in check and their measures in abeyance. The new constitution was in a short time offered to the nation, and accepted by an overwhelming majority; the members of the Convention were assured of their ascendancy in the new legislature; and before long the rebellion in Vendée and Brittany was so far crushed as to release 80,000 troops for service abroad. For the leaders of its forces the Convention made a most liberal provision: the division commanders of the 13 Vendémiaire were all promoted. Buonaparte was made second in command of the Army of the Interior: in other words, was confirmed in the office he had rendered so illustrious; and as Barras almost immediately resigned, this was equivalent to promotion.

This memorable "day of the sections," as it is often called, was an unhallowed day for France and French liberty. It was the first appearance of the army since the Revolution as a support to political authority; it was the beginning of a process which made the commander-in-chief of the army the dictator of France. All purely political powers were gradually to vanish in order to make way for a military state. The temporary tyranny of the Convention rested on a measure, at least, of popular consent; but in the very midst of its preparations to perpetuate a purely civil and political administration the violence of the sections had compelled it to confide the new institutions to the keeping of soldiers. The idealism of the new constitution was manifest from the beginning. Every chance which the Directory had for success was dependent, not on the inherent worth of the system or its adaptability to present conditions, but on the support of interested men of power; among these the commanders of the army were not the least influential. After the suppression of the sections, the old Convention continued to sit under the style of the Primary Assembly, and was ostensibly occupied in selecting those of its members who were to be returned to the legislature under the new constitution. There being no provision for any interim government, the exercise of real power was suspended; the administration was a house swept and garnished, ready for the first comer to occupy it.

As the army and not the people had made the coming administration possible, the executive power would from the first be the creature of the army; and since under the constitutional provisions there were no legal means of compromise between the Directory and the legislature in case of conflict, so that the stronger would necessarily crush the weaker, the armed power supporting the directors must therefore triumph in the end, and the man who controlled that must become the master of the Directory and the ruler of the country. Moreover, a people can be free only when the first and unquestioning devotion of every citizen is not to a party, but to his country and its constitution, his party allegiance being entirely secondary. This was far from being the case in France: the nation was divided into irreconcilable camps, not of constitutional parties, but of violent partizans; many even of the moderate republicans now openly expressed a desire for some kind of monarchy. Outwardly the constitution was the freest so far devised. Three fatal steps had been taken which made it the best possible tool for a tyrant: it could not be changed for a long period; there was no arbiter but force between a warring legislative and executive; the executive was now supported by the army.

It is impossible to prove that Buonaparte understood all this at the time. When at St. Helena he spoke as if he did; but unfortunately his later writings, however valuable from the psychological, are worthless from the historical, standpoint. They abound in misrepresentations which are in part due to lapse of time and weakness of memory, in part to wilful intention. Wishing the Robespierre-Salicetti episode of his life to be forgotten, he strives in his memoirs to create the impression that the Convention had ordered him to take charge of the artillery at Toulon, when in fact he was in Marseilles as a mere passer-by on his journey to Nice, and in Toulon as a temporary adjunct to the army of Carteaux, having been made an active participant partly through accident, partly by the good will of personal friends. In the same way he also devises a fable about the day of the sections, in order that he might not appear to have been scheming for himself in the councils of the Convention, and that Barras's share in his elevation might be consigned to oblivion. This story of Napoleon's has come down in three stages of its development, by as many different transcribers, who heard it at different times. The final one, as given by Las Cases, was corrected by Napoleon's own hand. It runs as follows: On the night of October 3 he was at the theater, but, hearing that Menou had virtually retreated before the wards, and was to be arrested, he left and went to the meeting of the Convention, where, as he stood among the spectators, he heard his own name mentioned as Menou's successor. For half an hour he deliberated what he should do if chosen. "If defeated, he would be execrated by all coming generations, while victory would be almost odious. How



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

BONAPARTE TELLING FORTUNES IN THE SALON OF MME. TALLIEN.

could he deliberately become the scapegoat of so many crimes to which he had been an utter stranger? Why, of his own free will, go in a few hours and swell the list of names uttered with horror? On the other hand, if the Convention be crushed, what becomes of the great truths of our Revolution? Our many victories, our blood so often shed, are all nothing but shameful deeds. The foreigner we have so thoroughly conquered triumphs and overwhelms us with his contempt; an incapable race, an overbearing and unnatural following, reappear triumphant, throw up our crime to us, wreak their vengeance, and govern us like helots by the hand of a stranger. Thus the defeat of the Convention would crown the brow of the foreigner, and seal the disgrace and slavery of our native land. Such thoughts, twenty-five years' trust in his own power, in his destiny, turned the balance."

Statements made under such circumstances are not proof; but there is this much probability of truth in them, that if we imagine the old Buonaparte in disgrace as of old, following as of old the promptings of his curiosity, indifferent as of old to the success of either principle, and by instinct a soldier as of old,— if we recall him in this character, and remember that he is no longer a youthful Corsican patriot, but a mature cosmopolitan consumed with personal ambition,— we may surely conclude that he was perfectly impartial as to the parties involved, leaned toward the support of the principles of the Revolution as he understood them, and saw in the complications of the hour a probable opening for his ambition. At any rate, his conduct after October 4 seems to uphold this view. He was a changed man, ardent, hopeful, and irrepressible, as he had ever been when lucky: but now, besides, daring, overbearing, and self-confident to a degree which those characteristic qualities had never reached before.

His first care was to place on a footing of efficiency the Army of the Interior, scattered in many departments, undisciplined and disorganized; the next, to cow into submission all the low elements in Paris, still hungry and fierce, to reorganize the National Guard, and to form a picked troop for the special protection of the legislature; the next, to show himself as the powerful friend of every one in disgrace, as a man of the world without rancor or exaggerated partizanship. At the same time he plunged into speculation, and sent sums incredibly large to various members of his family, a single remittance of 400,000 francs being mentioned in his letters. Lucien was restored to the arms of his low-born but faithful and beloved wife, and sent to join his mother and sisters in Marseilles; Louis was brought from Châlons, and made a lieutenant; Jerome was put to school in Paris; and Joseph was assured a consulate. Putting aside all bashfulness, General Buonaparte now became a full-fledged society man and a beau. No social rank was now strange to him: the remnants of the old aristocracy, the wealthy citizens of Paris, the returning Girondists, many of whom had become pronounced royalists, the new deputies, the officers who in some turn of the wheel had like himself lost their position, but were now, through his favor, reinstated— all these he strove to court, flatter, and make his own.

Such activity, of course, could not pass unnoticed. The new government had been constituted without disturbance, the Directory chosen, and the legislature installed. Of the five directors,— Barras, Rewbell, Carnot, Letourneaux de la Manche, and Larevellière-Lépeaux,— all had voted for the death of Louis XVI., and were so-called regicides; but while varying widely in character and ability, they were all, excepting Barras, true to their convictions. They scarcely understood how strong the revulsion of popular feeling had been, and, utterly ignoring the impossibility of harmonious action among themselves, hoped to exercise their power with such moderation as to win all classes to the new constitution. They were extremely disturbed by the attitude of their general in seeking intimacy with men of all opinions, but were unwilling to interpret it aright. Under the Convention, the Army of the Interior had been a tool, its commander a mere automaton; now the executive was confronted by an independence which threatened a reversal of rôles. It is true that their general was a capable and not unwilling police officer; for, among many other invaluable services to the government, he closed in person the great club of the Panthéon, which was the rallying-point of the disaffected. Throughout another winter of famine there was not a single dangerous outbreak. At the same time there were frequent manifestations of jealousy in lower circles, especially among those who knew the origin and career of the new dignitary.

Toward the close of the year the bearing and behavior of Buonaparte became constrained, reserved, and awkward. Various reasons were assigned for this demeanor. Many thought it was due to a consciousness of social deficiency, and his detractors still declare that Paris life was too fierce for even his self-assurance, pointing to the change in his handwriting and grammar, to his alternate silence and loquacity, as a proof of mental uneasiness; to his sullen musings and coarse threats as a theatrical affectation to hide wounded pride; and to his coming marriage as a desperate shift to secure a social dignity proportionate to the career he saw opening before him in politics and war.



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

THE THIRTEENTH VENDÉMIAIRE.

OCTOBER 5, 1795. BONAPARTE QUELLING THE INSURRECTION OF THE SECTIONS.

In a common man not subjected to a microscopic examination, such conduct would be attributed to his being in love; the wedding would ordinarily be regarded as the natural and beautiful consequence of a great passion.

A MARRIAGE OF INTEREST AND INCLINATION.

Men have not forgotten that Buonaparte once denounced love as a hurtful passion from which God should protect his creatures; and they have, for this, among other reasons, pronounced him incapable of disinterested affection. But it is also true that he likewise denounced Buttafuoco for having, among other crimes committed by him, "married to extend his influence"; and we are forced to ask which of the two sentiments is genuine and characteristic. Probably both and neither, according to the mood of the man. Outward caprice is, in great natures, often the mask of inward persistency, especially among the unprincipled who suit their language to their present purpose, in fine disdain of commonplace consistency. The primitive Corsican was both rude and gentle, easily moved to tears at one time, insensate at another; selfish at one moment, lavish at another: and yet he had a consistent character. Although disliking in later life to be called a Corsican, Napoleon was nevertheless typical of his race: he could despise love, yet render himself its willing slave; he was fierce and dictatorial, yet, as Josephine said, "tenderer and weaker than anybody dreamed." And thus it was in the matter of his marriage; there were elements in it of romantic, abandoned passion, but likewise of shrewd, calculating selfishness. In his callow youth his relations to the other sex had been either childish, morbid, or immoral. During his earliest manhood he had appeared like one who desired the training rather than the substance of gallantry. As a Jacobin he sought such support as he could find in the good will of the women related to men in power; as a French patriot he put forth strenuous efforts to secure an influential alliance through matrimony, and it is certain that he made advances for the hand of the rich and beautiful Désirée Clary. He appears to have addressed Mme. Permon, whose fortune, despite her advanced age, would have been a great relief to his destitution. Refused by both, he was in a disordered and desperate emotional state until military and political success gave him sufficient self-confidence to try once more. With his feet firmly planted on the ladder of ambition, he was not indifferent to securing social props for a further rise, but was nevertheless in such a tumult of feeling as to make him particularly receptive to real passion.

There is, in fact, no reasonable doubt that General Buonaparte was madly, desperately in love. In 1779, while the boys at Brienne were still tormenting the little untamed Corsican nobleman, and driving him to his garden fortalice, there to seek refuge from their taunts in company with his Plutarch, there had arrived in Paris from Martinique a successful planter of that island, a French gentlemen of good family, M. Tascher de la Pagerie, bringing back to that city for the second time his daughter Josephine. She was then a girl of sixteen, without either beauty or education, but thoroughly matured, and with a quick Creole intelligence and a graceful litheness of figure which made her a most attractive woman. She had spent the years of her life from ten to fourteen in the convent of Port Royal. Having passed the interval in her native isle, she was about to contract a marriage which her relatives in France had arranged. Her betrothed was the younger son of a family friend, the Marquis de Beauharnais. The bride landed on October 20, and the ceremony took place on December 13. The young vicomte brought his wife home to a suitable establishment in the capital. Two children were born to them — Eugène and Hortense; but before the birth of the latter the husband quarreled with his wife for reasons that have never been known. The court granted a separation, with alimony, to Mme. de Beauharnais, who some years later withdrew to her father's home in Martinique. Her husband sailed to America with the forces of Bouillé, and remained there until the outbreak of the Revolution, when he returned, and was elected a deputy to the States-General.

Becoming an ardent republican, he was several times president of the National Assembly, and his house was an important center of influence. In 1790 M. Tascher died, and his daughter, with her children, returned to France. It was probably at her husband's instance, for she at once joined him at his country-seat, where they continued to live as "brother and sister" until Citizen Beauharnais was made commander of the Army of the Rhine. As the days of the Terror approached, every man of noble blood was more and more in danger. At last Beauharnais's turn came; he too was denounced to the commune, and imprisoned. Before long his wife was behind the same bars. Their children were in the care of an aunt, Mme. Églé, who had been and was again to be a woman of distinction in the social world, but had temporarily sought the protection of an old acquaintance, a former abbé who had become a member of the commune. The gallant young general was not one of the four acquitted out of the batch of forty-nine among whom he was finally summoned to the bar of the revolutionary tribunal. He died on June 23, 1794, true to his convictions, acknowledging in his



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

BONAPARTE CLOSING THE PANTHÉON CLUB.

farewell letter to his wife a fraternal affection for her, and committing solemnly to her charge his own good name, which she was to restore by proving his devotion to France. The children were to be her consolation; they were to wipe out the disgrace of his punishment by the practice of virtue and — civism!

During her sojourn in prison Mme. Beauharnais had made a most useful friend. This was a fellow-sufferer of similar character, but far greater gifts, whose maiden name was de Fontenay, who was known later by the name of Cabarrus, and who became afterward renowned as Mme. Tallien. The 9 Thermidor saved them both from the guillotine. In the days immediately subsequent they had abundant opportunity to display their light but clever natures. Mme. Beauharnais, as well as her friend, unfolded her wings like a butterfly as she escaped from the bars of her cell. Being a Creole, and having matured early, her physical charms were already fading. Her spirit, too, had reached and passed its zenith; for in her letters of that time she describes herself as listless. Nevertheless, in those very letters there is some sprightliness, and considerable ability of a certain kind. A few weeks after her liberation she was on terms of intimacy with Barras so close as to be considered suspicious, while her daily intercourse was with those who had brought her husband to a terrible end. In a luxurious and licentious society she was a successful intriguer in matters both of politics and of pleasure; versed in the arts of coquetry and dress, she became for the needy and ambitious a successful intermediary with those in power. Preferring, as she rather ostentatiously asserted, to be guided by another's will, she gave little thought to her children, or to the sad legacy of her husband's good name. She emulated, outwardly at least, the unprincipled worldliness of those about her, although her friends believed her kind-hearted and virtuous. Whatever her true nature was, she had a station among the foremost of that gay set which was imitating the court circles of old, and an influence which had become not altogether agreeable to the immoral Provençal noble who entertained and supported the giddy coterie. Perhaps the extravagance of the languid Creole was as trying to Barras as it became afterward to her second husband.

The meeting of Napoleon and Josephine was an event of the first importance. His own account twice relates that a beautiful and tearful boy presented himself, soon after the disarmament of the sections, to the commander of the city, and asked for the sword of his father. The request was granted, and next day the boy's mother, Mme. Beauharnais, came to thank the general for his kindly act of restitution. Captivated by her grace, Buonaparte was thenceforward her slave. A cold critic must remember that in the first place there was no disarmament of anybody after the events of October 5, the only action of the Convention which might even be construed into hostility being a decree making emigrants ineligible for election to the legislature under the new constitution; that in the second place this story attributes to destiny what was really due to the friendship of Barras, a fact which his beneficiary would like to have forgotten or concealed; and finally, that the beneficiary left another account in which he confessed that he first met his wife at Barras's house, this being confirmed by Lucien in his memoirs. Of the passion there is no doubt; it was a composite emotion, made up in part of sentiment, in part of self-interest. Those who are born to rude and simple conditions in life are often dazzled by the charmed etiquette and mysterious forms of artificial society. Napoleon never affected to have been born to the manner, nor did he ever pretend to have adopted its exacting self-control, for he could not; but after the winter of 1795 he frequently displayed a weak and exaggerated regard for social conventions. It was not that he had need to assume a false and superficial polish, or that he particularly cared to show his equality with those accustomed to polite society; but that he probably conceived the splendid display and significant formality of that ancient nobility which had so cruelly snubbed him from the outset to be, nevertheless, the best conceivable prop to a throne.

Lucien looked on with interest, and thought that during the whole winter his brother was rather courted than a suitor. In his memoirs he naïvely wonders what Napoleon would have done in Asia, either in the Indian service of England, or against her (for he also thought of that),— in fact, what he would have done at all,— without the protection of women, in which he so firmly believed, if he had not, after the manner of Mohammed, found a Kadisha at least ten years older than himself (*plus âgée que lui au moins de dix ans*), by whose favor he was set at the opening of a great career. There are hints, too, in various contemporary documents and in the circumstances themselves that Barras was an adroit match-maker. In a letter attributed to Josephine, but without address, a bright light seems to be thrown on the facts. She asks a female friend for advice on the question of the match. After a jocular introduction of her suitor as anxious to become a father to the children of Alexandre de Beauharnais and the husband of his widow, she gives a sportive but merciless dissection of her own character, and declares that while she does not love him, she feels no repugnance. But can she meet his wishes or fulfil his desires? "I admire the



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

THE CIVIL MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

general's courage; the extent of his information about all manner of things, concerning which he talks equally well; the quickness of his intelligence, which makes him catch the thought of another even before it is expressed: but I confess I am afraid of the power he seems anxious to wield over all about him. His piercing scrutiny has in it something strange and inexplicable that awes even our directors; think, then, how it frightens a woman." The writer is also terrified by the very ardor of her suitor's passion. Past her first youth, how can she hope to keep for herself that "violent tenderness" which is almost a frenzy? Would he not soon cease to love her, and regret the marriage? If so, her only resource would be tears — a sorry one, indeed, but still the only one. "Barras declares that if I marry the general he will secure for him the chief command of the Army of Italy. Yesterday Bonaparte, speaking of this favor, which, although not yet granted, already has set his colleagues in arms to murmuring, said: 'Do they think I need protection to succeed? Some day they will be only too happy if I give them mine. My sword is at my side, and with it I shall go far.' What do you think of this assurance of success? Is it not a proof of confidence arising from excessive self-esteem? A brigadier-general protecting the heads of the government! I don't know; but sometimes this ridiculous self-reliance leads me to the point of believing everything possible which this strange man would have me do; and with his imagination, who can reckon what he would undertake?" This letter, though often quoted, is so remarkable that, as some think, it may be a later invention. If actually written later, it was probably the invention of Josephine herself.

The divinity who could awaken such ardor in a Napoleon was in reality six years older than her suitor, and Lucien proves by his exaggeration of four years that she certainly looked more than her real age. She had no fortune, though by the subterfuges of which a clever woman could make use she led Buonaparte to think her in affluent circumstances. She had no social station; for her drawing-room, though frequented by men of ancient name and exalted position, was not graced by the presence of their wives. The very house she occupied had a doubtful reputation, having been a gift to the wife of Talma the actor from one of her lovers, and being a loan to Mme. Beauharnais from Barras. She had thin brown hair, a complexion neither fresh nor faded, expressive eyes, a small, retroussé nose, a pretty mouth, and a voice that charmed all listeners. She was rather undersized, but her figure was so perfectly proportioned as to give the impression of height and suppleness. Its charms were scarcely concealed by the clothing she wore, made as it was in the suggestive fashion of the day, with no support to the form but a belt, and as scanty about her shoulders as it was about her shapely feet. It appears to have been her elegance and her manners, as well as her sensuality, which overpowered Buonaparte; for he described her as having "the calm and dignified demeanor which belongs to the old régime."

What motives may have combined to overcome her scruples we cannot tell: perhaps a love of adventure, probably an awakened ambition for a success in other domains than the one which advancing years would soon compel her to abandon. She knew that Buonaparte had no fortune whatever; she must have known likewise, on the highest authority, that both favor and fortune would by her assistance soon be his. At all events, his suit made swift advance, and by the end of January he was secure of his prize. His love-letters, to judge from one of the time which has been preserved, were as fine as the despatches with which he soon began to electrify his soldiers and all France. "I awaken full of thee," he wrote; "thy portrait and yester eve's intoxicating charm have left my senses no repose. Sweet and matchless Josephine, how strange your influence upon my heart! Are you angry, do I see you sad, are you uneasy, . . . my soul is moved with grief, and there is no rest for your friend; but is there then more when, yielding to an overmastering desire, I draw from your lips, your heart, a flame which consumes me? Ah, this very night, I knew your portrait was not you! Thou leavest at noon; three hours more, and I shall see thee again. Meantime, *mio dolce amor*, a thousand kisses; but give me none, for they set me all afire." What genuine and reckless passion! The "thou" and "you" may be strangely jumbled, as they are; the grammar may be mixed and bad: but the meaning would be strong enough incense for the most exacting woman.

On February 9, 1796, their bans were proclaimed; on March 2 the bridegroom received his bride's dowry in his own appointment, on Carnot's motion, not on that of Barras, as chief of the Army of Italy, still under the name of Buonaparte; on the seventh he was handed his commission; on the ninth the marriage ceremony was performed by the civil magistrate; and on the eleventh the husband started for his post. In the marriage certificate at Paris the groom gives his age as twenty-eight, but in reality he was twenty-seven; the bride, who was thirty-three, gives hers as not quite twenty-nine. Her name is spelled Detascher, his Bonaparte. A new birth, a new baptism, a new career, a new start in a new sphere, Corsica forgotten, Jacobinism renounced, General and Mme. Bonaparte made



BONAPARTE, GENERAL OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION. FROM THE ORIGINAL PEWTER MEDAL IN THE CARNAVALET MUSEUM.

their bow to the world. The ceremony attracted no public attention, and was most unceremonious, no member of the family from either side being present. Madame Mère, in fact, was very angry, and foretold that with such a difference in age the union would be barren.

There was one weird omen which, read aright, distinguishes the otherwise commonplace occurrence. In the wedding-ring were two words — "To destiny (*Au destin*)." The words were ominous, for they were indicative of a policy never afterward concealed, being a pretense to deceive Josephine as well as the rest of the world: the giver was about to assume a new rôle,— that of the "man of destiny," — to work for a time on the imagination and superstition of his age. Sometimes he forgot his part, and displayed the shrewd, calculating, hard-working man behind the mask, who was less a fatalist than a personified fate, less a child of fortune than its maker. "Great events," he wrote a very short time later from Italy, "ever depend but upon a single hair. The adroit [*habile*] man profits by everything, neglects nothing which can increase his chances; the less adroit, by sometimes disregarding a single chance, fails in everything." Here is the whole philosophy of Bonaparte's life. He may have been sincere at times in the other profession; if so, it was because he could find no other expression for what in his nature corresponded to romance in others.

The general and his adjutant reached Marseilles in due season. The good news of Napoleon's successes having long preceded them, the home of the Buonapartes had become the resort of many among the best and most ambitious men in the Southern land. Élise was now twenty, and though much sought after, was showing a marked preference for Pasquale Bacciocchi, the poor young Corsican whom she afterward married. Pauline was sixteen, a great beauty, and deep in a serious flirtation with Fréron, who, not having been elected to the Five Hundred, had been appointed to a lucrative but uninfluential office in the great provincial town — that of commissioner for the department. Caroline, the youngest sister, was blossoming with greater promise even than Pauline. Napoleon stopped a few days under his mother's roof to regulate these matrimonial proceedings as he thought most advantageous.

On March 22 he reached the headquarters of the Army of Italy. The command was assumed with simple and appropriate ceremonial. The short despatch to the Directory announcing this momentous event was signed "Bonaparte." The Corsican nobleman di Buonaparte was now entirely transformed into the French general Bonaparte. The process had been long and difficult: loyal Corsican; mercenary cosmopolitan, ready as an expert artillery officer for service in any land or under any banner; lastly, Frenchman, liberal, and revolutionary. So far he had been consistent in each character; for years to come he remained stationary as a sincere French patriot, always of course with an eye to the main chance. As events unfolded, the transformation began again; and the "adroit" man, taking advantage of every chance, became once more a cosmopolitan — this time not as a soldier, but as a statesman; not as a servant, but as the *imperator universalis*, too large for a single land, determined to reunite once more all Western Christendom, and, like the great German Charles a thousand years before, make the imperial limits conterminous with those of orthodox Christianity. The power of this empire was, however, to rest on a Latin, not on a Teuton; not on Germany, but on France. Its splendor was not to be embodied in the Eternal City, but in Paris; and its destiny was not to bring in a Christian millennium for the glory of God, but a scientific equilibrium of social states to the glory of Napoleon's dynasty, permanent because universally beneficent.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

[ERRATUM: On page 498 of the February part of this "Life," by inadvertence Charles Emmanuel is given as the name of the King of Sardinia, instead of Victor Amadeus. — W. M. S.]

KATAHDIN.

WOULDST thou hear music such as ne'er was planned
For mortal ear? Song wilder than the tune
The Arctic utters when its waters croon
Their angry chorus on the Norway strand,
Or where Nile thunders to a thirsty land
With welcome sound from Mountains of the Moon,
Or lone Lualaba from his lagoon
Draws down his murmurous wave? Then shouldst thou stand
Where dark Katahdin lifts his sea of pines
To meet the winter storm, and lend thine ear
To the hoarse ridges, where the wind entwines
With spruce and fir, and wakes a mighty cheer,
Till the roused forest, from its far confines,
Utters its voice, tremendous, lone, austere.

William Prescott Foster.

EUGÈNE YSAŸE.

"UNKNOWN yesterday, celebrated to-day!" said the Parisians, in 1867, when Wilhelmj, playing in their city for the first time, was discovered by them to be a man of genius. Possibly the Germans were constrained to smile when they reflected that the violinist had been compelling admiration and wonder for five years throughout the length and breadth of Germany, Switzerland, and Great Britain when the Parisians found him; but they were none the less gratified at the triumph of their countryman in the then artistic capital of Europe; and after all, the sentiment embodied in the remark was natural enough — in Paris. When newspaper writers are eaten up with the conviction that nothing outside their own city is worth writing about, unless it be politics, it is not strange that they should look upon themselves as discoverers of a new phenomenon every time a flash of lightning comes to them out of the gloom of barbarism by which they think their city surrounded.

Moreover, though American newspaper writers practise a wider range of vision, and American newspaper readers revel in an ostrich-like appetite (which the Parisians do not know, happy people!), there have been similar eruptions of feeling here. It is, in good sooth, a little startling to be confronted by a genius of the first rank in a field upon which the sun of publicity beats so fiercely as it does upon the stage and concert platform, and then to find that the name of the genius has not got into the cyclopedias, which nowadays are kept so painfully up to date. Naturally, the first impulse is to forget that art is long, and its great exemplars creatures of slow and laborious growth, and to believe that the new genius has sprung up, overnight, full-blown like a mushroom, or been precipitated mysteriously into the midst of us like a letter from the mahatmas.

Eugène Ysaÿe, the violinist, is the latest case in point. The persistence of his managers, the good nature of newspaper editors, and the uncomplaining patience of paper and printer's ink, had kept the good people wondering for a month what manner of man he might be who could bear the burden of so unpronounceable a name; but from an artistic point of view he was a revelation when he effected his first American appearance at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, under Anton Seidl, November 16 of last year. Is he, then, one of those products of hasty growth which seem to fit the spirit of modern times? By no means. Despite his youthfulness,— he is barely thirty-six years old,—Ysaÿe is more the bearer of the traditions of past decades than a prodigy of to-day. He stands in manner and accomplishment as a link between us and the last great masters of the French school. Vieuxtemps died in 1881, and for some years before that time Ysaÿe had enjoyed his friendship and artistic guardianship. In Brussels, after studying with his father (who once visited this country, and conducted the performances of a French opera company in New Orleans), and at the Conservatory of Liège, his native town, Ysaÿe was the pupil of Wieniawski, then at the head of the violin department for a space, while Vieuxtemps was recovering his ability to resume the functions which illness had compelled him to lay down. In 1876 Vieuxtemps heard him at a concert in Antwerp, and persuaded the municipality of Liège and the government of Belgium to grant him a stipend, that he might pursue his studies in Paris. There he was a pupil of Massart, who had been the teacher of Wieniawski. Thus from the beginning, and on all hands, he came under the influence of the French school, which had wrested supremacy from the Italian after the death of Paganini, and was contending with the German, represented by Ferdinand David and Joseph Joachim. Vieuxtemps, his model, carries the line of tradition back to Charles de Bériot, and it is the French school of violin-playing that Ysaÿe exemplifies, though the style has been modified by the greater breadth and warmer, more romantic feeling which came in through Wieniawski, the full-blooded Pole. In consequence of this modification, Ysaÿe stands now as leader of the new and rising Belgian school, and as such he has been first professor of violin-playing at the Conservatory of Brussels since 1886, as Vieuxtemps and Wieniawski were before him. When it is added that he is the husband of a wife of rare loveliness; father of four beautiful children; lives happily and luxuriously in Brussels; is an officer of public instruction; and has harvested a full quota of those baubles which are the signs of royal approbation, enough has been told to introduce the man Ysaÿe to those curious about his personality.

And the artist? His is a potentiality that can be discussed without calling in the aid of makeshift comparison. From first to last a puissant figure; a man of extraordinary physical attributes; a large, sound man; a normal man in appearance, yet singularly engaging because of the expressive mobility of his face, and the freedom from affectation which marks his bearing — he is sanity of body, mind, and soul personified. He sways to and fro while playing, but the movement seems unconscious, and does not disturb the feeling of reposefulness in the spectators which his conscious but modest strength inspires. Like no other player that I can recall, he illustrates the intimacy which exists between a violinist and his instrument — which must exist if we are to be told what violin music is. A wonderful instrument, closer than any but the human voice to him who excites it to speech, more tightly interknit with his being. Mark how it nestles under his chin, and throbs synchronously with his soul. Not a twitch, not a tension, not a relaxation of the muscles of either hand or arm, acting under the stimulus of emotion, but will speak itself out in the voice of this thing of wood and hair and strings. Almost as unvolitionally as the human voice takes changing color and pitch and dynamic intensity from variations of feeling, does the voice of this marvelous instrument respond to emotional stimuli. Therein lies the mystery of Ysaÿe's playing, the miracle of his expressive tone. He feels much, and the violin is his vehicle of expression. He sets his bow to the strings; the hairs seem to bite them with human purpose; the tone, as faint as a ghostly whisper, or ringing like a martial shout, fills the room, and is saturated with feeling. There is an answering throb from the listeners; the chords of their hearts are swinging in unison.



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

EUGÈNE YSAŸE.

Cold judgment is bound hand and foot, the critical faculty carried captive. How brilliantly all technical difficulties seem to be overcome! Are they so? A thrust of the bow, and a shower of glittering notes comes bursting from the strings. What was the passage? Alas! come to think of it, we know not. Standing out bright, strong, self-reliant now, anon it is blurred and unrecognizable. It has been suggested, not played; yet so obvious was its musical purpose, so perfectly did it fit into the symmetry of the whole, that we failed to notice its imperfections. Our mind is upon only one thing, the music — the music! How it sings and croons, and weeps and wails, and laughs and shouts, for the mere joy of expressing itself! It is the eloquence of romanticism, the spirit through which music came into being, that Ysaÿe's violin proclaims, whether the composition in hand be a modern piece surcharged with dramatic feeling, or one of those old sonatas of Bach which sound with the fullness of a quartet, breathe a marvelous tenderness, and scintillate in the very gladness of their awakening when Ysaÿe plays them. Ysaÿe is a reproductive artist cast in the large mold of Rubinstein, of whom, at the first hearing, he reminded me more than he did of any of his great brother violinists. He came, too, and conquered, like the wonderful Russian whose death recently was a personal grief to every American who heard him twenty-two years ago. Virtually unknown to the American people before his first New York appearance, the continent is already ringing with his name. He is a popular player in the true sense, and only players such as he and Rubinstein, with great, sympathetic, sensitive souls responsive to every kind of emotion, and prompt and generous in their givings out, can be really popular players. The more perfect one's title as a musician, the nearer will he be to the appreciative heart of the people. Music will cease to be an art at all when it ceases to be a popular art. In its highest import it is that, and nothing else. Its origin was with the people. It grew because the growing people felt the need of a quick vehicle for the expression of their feelings; and the nearer a musical creator or interpreter comes to perfect musical expression, the more surely will he stir the enthusiasm of the people, be they Hottentots or Philharmonic subscribers.

H. E. Krehbiel.

SUMMERS.

IN summer, when the poppy-bed
Lit all the lawn with glory,
To shy, sweet eyes and down-bent head
He told the old sweet story.

In summer, when with joyful swing
The bride-bells swept the land,
He drew a golden wedding-ring
Upon her trembling hand.

In summer, when the sunshine made
A pathway to the sky,
Upon his breast she laid her head,
And did not fear to die.

Josephine H. Nicholls.



AN ERRANT WOOING.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Belhaven Tales," "A Bachelor Maid," etc.

IX.

"I THINK, if you will be so kind as to take my daughter in charge," said Mrs. Standish to Sir Piers Gilchrist on the day following Paulina's visit to the *café chantant*, "I should be better satisfied to remain with my father to-day, and let you chaperon the young people."

"But, mama, grandpapa promised to go on this expedition," cried Paulina, hastily ignoring Gilchrist's half-quizzical assent.

"You know, my dear, grandpapa must not be permitted to do all he thinks he can do; and I intend to take him, a little later, for a nice, quiet ride of an hour or so outside the town, with the courier and Wilcox to look after us. Sir Piers, having his own daughter, will perhaps not mind being troubled with the care of another young lady. You will find Paulina very obedient, Sir Piers, for all she pretends to be bent on having her own way; and if you see her inclined to do anything reckless about her health, or venturesome, I rely on you to check her; and I am quite sure she will show you the deference she might not extend to Roger. She is a little given to teasing Roger, and in this wild country I 'd be better satisfied if she 'd promise to stay by you. Now, Polly, don't remonstrate. I do not often make a point, but I expect in this to be obeyed. If you took it into your head to do anything rash, Roger would feel obliged to follow, so it is better to let him ride with Miss Gilchrist, who is experienced in this sort of thing, and, as I say, let Sir Piers, if he really does n't mind, keep by you."

"I really don't mind," said Gilchrist, not venturing to look at Polly, as her mama paused to take breath.

He put her upon the horse he had himself secured, which, with an English saddle, promised a day of comfort.

"I hope I can live up to your good mother's conception of my age and dignity," he observed, while tightening the girth.

"It is fate, fate," Paulina said to herself, trying to keep down the triumph that lent luster to her face. Gilchrist, bidding May and Roger follow, led the way with her to the beach at the southeast of the town, keeping the track along a sandy coast where gray, leafless bushes, with long branches like whip-cord, waved in a light sea-breeze. Seen thence, at every turn, bay and mountains took on some new combination of beauty to witch the gaze.

No fair-minded man could, in like circumstances, discern in a woman's eyes what ingenuous Polly let Gilchrist see in hers without deriving from it food for grave reflection. On parting from her the night before, he had gone back to his lodgings determined, for her sake, to trifle no more with the perilous charm of her society. And yet to-day chance had thrown them together, to be for hours almost alone in an Eden of bloom and brightness. She looked such a pretty, helpless thing in her shirt of poppy-red silk and her short, dark skirt, riding bareheaded as she preferred to do, her hat hanging to her pommel, her happy face turned on him, her slight figure swaying toward him involuntarily as they talked. He was enchanted anew with her innocent wiles, her saucy rejoinders, her self-possession backed by timidity. But he resolved to put a stronger curb upon himself and guard her against herself, like the honest gentleman he was.

"THEY have got quite away from us!" cried May, suddenly aware that during her long talk with the young American their horses had been plodding with loosened reins. "But I 've been so interested in what you were telling me! Ever since I was a child, your great, boundless country has been a wonder to me. I like large rooms and houses, and empty spaces, and great rivers and mountains and forests and plains. Even here, in Morocco, where I thought I was going to see a country not crowded like the rest, Piers and I have come on so many miserable people huddled together, it seems as if we could not get out of the way of over-population."

"You must make haste to visit America, then," he said, laughing. "In a few years it will be filled with cities of twenty-story buildings, and electric lights, and cable-cars. Do you know that we have nearly eight and a quarter millions of men available for military duty in the United States? I wish you could induce Sir Piers to bring you over to see our Exposition in Chicago this summer, and, after that, to make me a visit on my ranch."

"That would be too delightful," she exclaimed, with a flushing face.

"To let you into a little secret, I cannot in-

duce Paulina to take more than a perfunctory interest in any of those things. She would fire up and declare herself immensely patriotic if any one pulled a feather out of the American eagle's tail; but she is an old-rock New-Yorker, and if you knew us a little better you would understand what that means — kind to the rest of our country, but indifferent withal."

"And yet she seems to me — what shall I say? — romantic."

"About nature entirely so, but not about American society. Like a great many others, she cannot look above the crude, hard vulgarity of its foundations, at the beautiful original structure that is rising to cleave the skies. And she cannot see that the people who have drifted out of older civilizations to help in the shaping of ours are of endless variety and picturesqueness. I don't mean in New York, mind you. After living as I have done for some years, from choice, in the freer Western world, I myself do not admire New York; and I dread going back to establish myself in one of the little social pens they erect there in which to isolate themselves from suspicion of being too intimate with one another. For the society of the old countries this has been done and handed down. In our metropolis, where all begin pretty much on the same level, and scramble up more or less rapidly, it seems to me laughable to draw such lines. But I don't venture these remarks before Mrs. Standish, you 'll observe. My good aunt is a conservative; and when I shake this sort of a little red rag before her, she thinks anarchy is in the wind."

"I can't conceive of caring for the things so many Americans lay stress upon. To me, if a man or woman tries to live his or her own life consistently, wherever it is cast, the rest is nothing. One can always find people to interest one, and that is enough."

"You would think so if you met the queer characters I live among. Not to speak of the 'wash-lady,'— who rides to us on horseback, dressed in a green velvet habit with gold buttons, and always presides at our table during her stay,— there are men as full of quaint talk and real sentiment as any I ever met at Eastern dinner-tables. This 'Judge' Treat, for instance, at whom my cousin turns up her little nose as an impossible associate, is many times a millionaire, a large holder of government securities, a bank president, and has been United States senator. But comparatively few years ago he was wandering over the Montana hills, almost penniless, searching for 'prospects.' One day he found in an old forsaken gulch a bit of gold quartz 'float' which had been washed from the parent lode perhaps centuries before. Following this up, he came on another spark of gold, and after a search of days struck his victorious pick into the shoot of ore that was to make his everlasting fortune. The great point about Treat is his tenacity. Single-handed, he dug the tunnel in the mountain-side that led finally to a splendid mine of gold-producing quartz. After that, riches and influence, and power like that of a great prince, came to him easily. He married a little Dame Trot of a woman, who does not know how to spend his money, but has feeble ambitions to do things like 'everybody else.' Hence their journeys abroad. This is the second, I believe, and he, poor man, is already bored to extinction."

"I saw your cousin go over and speak to the poor lady, and advise her about her crochet."

"Oh, yes; Polly is capable of any sacrifice for kindness. But she is too near to such people, sees too many of them, to appreciate their picturesqueness. No; I take that back. Even I can't see anything picturesque about Mrs. Treat. In our country, Miss Gilchrist, men preserve their original broad outlines long after their wives have become contorted with borrowed airs and pretensions."

"My aunt told me she had heard that when they stay in America, American ladies all sit in rocking-chairs in boarding-houses because they find it too much trouble to manage 'help' in their own homes, and let their husbands work in the city for the money the wives are to spend 'traveling in Europe.'"

"I don't know about the rocking-chairs, and I must deny the exploded boarding-houses; but there is no doubt my countrymen are inclined to make figureheads of their charming wives."

"You contradict yourself, don't you? Just now you said they are airy and pretentious."

"If I did, I have been recreant to the fair female who is our national badge and pride," he cried. "May my right hand forget the very little cunning it possesses! I was thinking of the large class of more or less developed Mrs. Treats. Take my cousin for a sample of our best."

"How shall you ever be able to induce her to like that way you live?"

"Unfortunately, Paulina and I are to come into conventional bonds long ago laid out for us. Our grandfather has exacted of me that on my marriage I shall live near him in New York, and assume the charge of his estate, which will at least give me occupation. Before we join the others, Miss Gilchrist, I want you to tell me why you have never vouchsafed to say you were sorry to miss my call in London last spring, just before I sailed for home."

"Your call?" she asked, confused.

"I left two cards at Lady Watson-Jones's house in Bryanstone Square when told by the

servant that you had just gone out to drive with your aunt. To own the truth, when I met you again here, and you said nothing whatever about that visit, I was inclined to be miffed. An American girl would have begun by saying, with the most gracious emphasis, 'You don't know how sorry I was to miss you, Mr. Woodbury.'"

"If I said that to almost a stranger," May replied, looking at him with candid eyes, "I should have to mean it thoroughly."

"Then take a smart London girl, such as I have danced with and knocked about with in the season. Even she would have said something nice and chummy, and suggestive of widening horizons."

"You are laughing at me. Are Americans never serious? I did not hear of your visit."

"Then, Lady Watson-Jones, I may lay this to your door," he said. "Do you not think, Miss Gilchrist, that your aunt's prejudice against my countrymen may be safely said to lie behind the failure of my card to reach your hands?"

"I don't know," she faltered, genuinely distressed. "Yes; I should tell you that you are right in thinking my aunt does not quite understand your countrymen. She has a queer idea that they are all alike."

"She thinks, with Andrew Lang, that 'what makes one New-Yorker better than another is so inconspicuous.'"

"Forgive me if I said anything you fancy unkind. I hope, if you have a chance to come to see us in Granada, you will let my father make you welcome."

"Have I forgotten the hospitality of the dower-house? Pray count on me not to suffer from Lady Watson-Jones's misapprehension so long as you and Sir Piers are so kind to me. See, they are stopping at an old bridge. Shall we make a little speed to join them?"

"This is a jolly old relic of the Romans, is n't it?" said Gilchrist, as they rode up. "How abundantly they left their trace in these Southern countries! When you go to Seville, miss anything rather than Italica, and let me be your guide there. Now we 'll strike inland, and show Miss Standish what she says she has never seen — enough flowers to satisfy her love for them."

The path into which they turned, aiming for higher ground, was a mere cattle-track passing some of the market-gardens which in these environs supply succulent delicacies to the garrison and town of rock-bound Gibraltar, and coming out into a region laughing with fields of young wheat and barley.

Few trees were in sight, thanks to the herdsmen who for generations had been burning out the underbrush to secure pasture for their goats; but of lesser vegetation there was an extraordinary wealth: grass, vines, shrubs, flowers, heather in golden masses.

At one point they rode through a sandy lane bordered with thorn-hedges over which the eglantine and honeysuckle of their own native wilds had thrown their flowery arms. On the right, behind an inclosure of agaves, was a cluster of gray huts like hornets' nests, whence a band of fascinating little Arab children, dressed in robes of blue and yellow and crimson, came running pellmell to peer through the prickly barrier.

To the left — strange contrast! — was a settlement of humble Spanish homes, with white walls, and roofs of fluted tiles, their open doors giving a glimpse of patios with fountains and orange-trees.

And now, leaving the town, the sea-views, and the villas, they had pushed on into the new world of emerald hills, girdled with belts of wild flowers, varied by acres of incense-breathing heather.

Above, mountains — everywhere, mountains! Peak and scar and cliff and shoulder of gray basalt rising out of the green valleys, and massed with indescribable beauty and variety under a dazzling sun. So clear the air, dots on the farthest hillsides could be seen to be nibbling sheep. Through the sea of green ahead, the last of a camel-train vanished as they watched it; and after that all was solitude and flowers.

In this largess of nature to Moorish wilds, they distinguished marguerites, iris, asphodel, yellow and blue lupine, anemones, crimson Adonis, lavender, a pale-blue daisy, orange marigolds, vetches, borage and trefoil, cistus and white convolvulus, and many another of name unknown save to the botanist.

These sprang in the grass so close together that their blossoms overlapped. They sent up into the mild, pure air a fragrance gently intoxicating. The feet of the horses trod them down, but immediately they arose elastic.

And, that the flowery desert might not be without animated life, in and out of its balmy recesses fluttered and twinkled an infinitude of butterflies and tinier winged jewels of the air. A stork was seen, and crows and swallows; and yonder, king of all, an eagle sailing to the heights of Atlas.

"No one who has not breathed it in camping can understand the peculiar quality of this air," said Gilchrist, as they drew rein to let the horses drink at a little spring welling among cress and myosotis. "When I am alone, shooting and exploring, I am in a species of cerebral excitement, and rather enjoy having only my natives around me. May can tell you of her rides farther into the interior, and of the prevailing monotony of this redundant bloom."

"It needed just this," cried Polly, as, appearing from behind some bushes where she had apparently been resting, a small, white figure passed near them, walking rapidly.

To Paulina's delight, it was the little maiden with sloe-black eyes to whom she had given silver in the market-place the day before, now returning — and happily without her chicken — to her distant home; as fearless as Una, crossing the flowery mead under the shelter of the grim, gray rocks.

"Come here, you delightful little person," called Paulina. "Roger, some money, please. All the silver pieces you have. I want to be an epoch in her life. I want her to tell her grandchildren about me."

But Roger was begrudging, and a single Spanish dollar produced by him was transferred by Polly into the little Moorish paw. In her awe and wonder, the child, who had not seen the transaction between the cousins, chose to associate Polly with Gilchrist; and after kissing the hand of her benefactress, flew to kiss his, pouring out a flood of grateful words while looking from one to the other with exceeding grace and archness.

Gilchrist, laughing, answered her in Arabic, and with a final smile the little creature sped away across the plain.

"What did you say to her?" queried Paulina, with curiosity.

"Nothing, but to disavow certain honors thrust on me," he said in a tone meant for her ear only. "If Woodbury understood Arabic, he might cherish a grudge against me; but as it is, I 'll say nought, and we will let your fleet gazel carry her hallucinations to her mountain home."

Was Polly mistaken, or did a sigh exhale with this speech, begun so lightly?

"She is only a little ignorant chicken-girl," she said rather defiantly. "One person is just like another to her."

"No doubt. What I like in you are those sudden dashes into tenderness about trifles, and your attempts to prove that you did not mean them."

"I won't have you analyzing my character away off in these desert wilds — or at all, indeed! It is very presumptuous. Tell me what sort of home our — *that* little footpad is going back to. What is her future?"

"Dreary enough. The youth of these women is brief, like their spring; and after it they toil in degradation till they die. I suppose the position of a woman is nowhere worse than in this beautiful barbaric land. When she is born, she is a curse upon her family; and as a wife and mother her rating is deplorable. Don't think of what your protégée will be ten years hence. It will not make you happy. The only woman who has any position in the Mogreb empire is the Shereefa, who is away from Tangier just now. May took tea with her a few days ago, and found her an agreeable, commanding woman, wearing her high rank as if born to it. Miss Keene was an English governess in the family of the British minister here when the late Shereef fell romantically in love with her. He had been in England, France, Italy, and other countries, and was extremely *fin-de-siècle* for Morocco. She married him, and their two sons, lineal descendants of the Prophet, are very fine fellows. The present Shereef is said to have second sight, or to be a mind-reader, or something of the kind. By the way, I have always meant to apologize to you for getting you mixed up with that mind-reading business at Wooton Magna. I hope it did not annoy you."

"No," replied Polly, briefly, as they rode treading out the life-blood of a bed of large red anemones.

"I would have apologized then, but there seemed so little to excuse my cheek in dragging you into the mental vagaries that confounded eery woman got at so cleverly."

"It seems to me we do nothing but return to back chapters," she said, for want of anything better to bridge the silence.

"And yet our actual acquaintance could be numbered by days. May!" he called out to his daughter, now ahead, "take the path beyond, to the left. I have ordered luncheon to meet us in the orange-grove of a good old Moorish friend of mine who has no objections to our taking him by storm; and we shall call afterward at a couple of villas in order to show our American young lady how we do things in Tangier."

"How very kind!" said Polly. "But you need not expect me to find anything more to my taste than that lonely valley where the flowers blazed and the sun blazed back at them. Dear me! How are the horses expected to get down into this ravine? To let themselves go, and roll down, I suppose — we after them?"

"Follow May. She is an expert, and absolutely fearless. There! You are safe, are n't you?" as, at the foot of a perilous decline, Polly looked back at the cliff down which the sure-footed beasts had slipped and scrambled.

"I 've done as much in Switzerland and the Tyrol, and in the Yellowstone," she said; "but the curious thing is that here there is no such thing as a choice between roads or paths; one may just plunge anywhere into a river, or else go on forever over green slopes. I don't know in the least where we are, how we came here, or whither we are bound."

"I am too familiar with the country to lead you astray. Gather up your feet as May does,

or you will get wet in this stream. Once over it, and on the top of yonder bank, we follow a straight course to luncheon."

"How proud you must be of May! She is a splendid creature."

"I am, truly. At first, before I reclaimed her from my grim-visaged old aunt, who has a conscience in her way, and has really taken good care of my girl, I dreaded the charge tremendously. But May and I have hit it off together famously."

"She tells me you are mistaken for brother and sister everywhere."

"May likes to flatter me," he said. "She has had to do so utterly without the relation of a parent in her life that she has finished by discarding it altogether. Poor girl! I see now what we have both lost by living apart. The trouble is, I shall never persuade her to go back to England, and take her place in society under the wing of Lady Watson-Jones."

"Oh! do you blame her?" cried Polly, in heartfelt tones.

"She, like me, loathes towns, and loves the free, full air of the country, and has fallen in love with our little niche in the Sierra. I talked with that agreeable old gentleman, your grandfather, and he tells me he 's given the courier orders to wire for rooms at various hotels in Spain, including Seville for Holy Week."

"He told you?"

"This morning, at the hotel."

"How perfectly delightful!" she exclaimed, facing him, with all her ingenuous soul in her gaze. "Then, when you go to-morrow, we shall not be — I mean I shall see — May — again."

She stumbled in vain. He saw that it was not May, but himself, Paulina was thus flushed with joy at the thought of meeting. His heart, in a tumult of tender satisfaction, strove in vain to curb itself as before.

"Ah, thank God!" he said simply; and at that moment Roger turned in his saddle ahead of them, and, waving his right arm, called back to her:

"The sea, Polly! the sea!"

It was enough of a reminder. Paulina, like a guilty thing, rode on rapidly, and, joining the other two, found herself on a plateau overlooking the bay, almost the whole extent of the Strait of Gibraltar lying beneath their gaze.

"Are n't you well, dear?" said Roger, quickly espying the disturbance of her face, and going around to her other side, while Sir Piers, joining his daughter, talked with her at a little distance apart.

"Roger,— yes, I am feeling very well,— tell me, what is it right to do? To take the things laid down for one by others, or to choose for one's own innermost, truest, realest self— the self that is just as God made it, and before the world got hold of it?"

"What a moment for psychology! Why, what an intense little face it is! Ask me when I am more in the mood for that sort of thing, won't you? Just now I 'm abominably hungry, and can't lift my base nature above the pigeon-pie Miss Gilchrist tells me is ordered to meet us in the garden of the Moor."

"Roger, I 'm in earnest, and you foil me, as you always do!"

"Why, Polly, those are not tears! What can have upset you? Where is my posy, dear? I don't see it in your frock."

"I threw it down, and let the horse walk on it!" she said fiercely.

"You won't get me to quarrel," her cousin replied. "By and by, when this mood has passed, you 'll come of your own accord and tell me I 've done nothing to deserve such a look and tone as that."

"Oh, no, no, you have n't! I wish you had! Roger, forgive me now. I 'm the most horrid girl, without an exception, that ever came to Africa!"

"The most darling girl," he answered in a whisper.

"Roger, I don't know why you keep on liking me. I don't really believe you do; you 're only under a spell. But I 've got to be loved and indulged,— I should die without it; and as long as you are bewitched, please stay so. Where is that ring you 've been carrying around in your pocket all this long time, till I could make up my mind to put it on?"

Roger had dismounted, and was standing close to her, his head on a level with her elbow, the cool breezes playing around them; below, the wide view of land and water. At her behest he, smiling a little, put his hand into his inner coat-pocket, and brought out a case containing the long-neglected token of their bond.

"Give it to me," she said, almost snatching at the ring, and herself putting it upon her left hand, ungloved for the purpose, with burning fingers.

"There! At last I have my — what is it the catechism says? — 'outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.' This is the cementing of our engagement, is n't it? An odd time and place, but that 's the thing I like best about it. Oh, no; I don't mean that, exactly. If I wear your diamond, Roger, I 'll excuse you from giving me any more nasty orange-blossoms. I do so hate the smell of them. I wonder if I 'll live to see this ring sink down into my finger, that will be all puffy and ugly around it, like fingers of so many good wives I 've noticed. And then I 'll look over and see you broad and red in the face, reading

the newspaper, and not listening to me when I say anything clever. And I 'll remember the heights above Tangier, where I sat on horseback, and seemed to feel the whole world young and at my feet, and cry my eyes out because we are old. Roger, don't look at me with those puzzled, wounded eyes. I can't bear to feel that a person is being always trampled on by me. I 'd far rather he 'd trample upon me. But that you 'll never do, I 'm afraid."

"Never," said the young man, steadfastly.

Paulina, looking as if she meant to indulge in a burst of penitence, here changed her mind, and snapped:

"Now, I suppose we 've got to be civil to these English people. This is an inconvenient kind of a party — two engaged lovers who want only to look into each other's eyes, and a father and daughter who can't naturally have too much to talk to each other about. But married people are worse, are n't they, Roger? You always know them in traveling because they are so mum and glum. I suppose, when they are away from home, she can't even tell him the coal is out, or that the kitchen boiler has burst. Sir Piers, please come here, and tell me how far we are from your pigeon-pie."

"My love," remarked Mrs. Standish, who had stepped into her daughter's room, that evening, to chat during Polly's preparations for dinner, "it is so nice to think you have had a happy and successful day."

"And you, mother?" asked the girl, at whose brown locks, hanging on her shoulders, an ivory brush plied by her right hand made little nervous dabs. "I don't think you told me all you did."

"No, dear; you got in only for tea, and there was so much to hear from you and Roger. It is too bad you are to lose your friend, Miss Gilchrist, to-morrow, and her father, so indulgent as he was to you girls, taking you to those villas, and planning that lunch for you under the orange-trees. I told him we really appreciated his kindness to our young people, when it must have been something of a sacrifice. Men of that age prefer older company, of course. The courier told us Sir Piers is a hero among these Arabs accustomed to attend him in his expeditions. He has done all sorts of run-mad things, I call them, and has been in many dangerous situations with lawless natives; but I should think, with a grown daughter in society, he must now settle down. I hope you did n't neglect to be polite to him, my child. Young people, when they get together, are so apt to ignore their elders."

"But you have n't told me what you accomplished, you and grandpapa, all by your little selves in this barbarous country."

"We rode, my love, on mules; and I can't tell you what the courier did not insist upon our seeing: a garden outside the town, where our conservatory flowers grow in hedges; and a law-court, where your grandpapa was amused to watch a cause argued. The learned counsel left their slippers outside where the judge sat in a sort of recess in a wall, and the judge wrote notes or something, just as I have seen them do in a court-room in New York while the lawyers were speaking. Then we looked through a round hole at some prisoners — an awful sight; and I bought some of the baskets they make and throw out, for Justina to carry home to her friends. Poor Justina! she is so very dull here. I must get a lot of things for Toodles to-morrow."

"So that was all?"

"No. Did n't I tell you, Mrs. Treat and I — she is so lonesome, Polly, I feel sorry for her, and I asked her to go with me — and Justina went — to visit the harem of the pasha. When I was young everybody read the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu about her visits to a harem, and I had no idea I should ever be doing the same. I was quite excited as the men led our mules through those horribly dirty alleys that lead up to it, full of dead things they had not pretended to clean out of them. They say you must n't judge anything by the outside in Morocco, and I think it 's so; for when the courier rang a bell at a dingy old door, it opened, and there was a smiling slave-girl you would have liked to see, — a tall, active creature, with bare feet, and her toe-nails stained red, and gold hoops in her ears, and her clothes of some white muslin stuff, wrapped around her rather than fitted in an ordinary way."

"Go on, mother; I like you better than Lady Mary Wortley Montagu."

"She took us in, leaving the men with the mules outside; and we went through a corridor into a patio as clean as hands could make it — all marble, with a fountain in the middle. Beyond this, a long, narrow, bare room like a niche had smaller niches in the two end walls, with curtains of cheap Nottingham lace, for sleeping bunks. There we were received by the pasha's chief wife. All of his other wives, including the youngest, a girl of seventeen, were away on a visit to the country for change of air. I really should have liked to see that youngest wife."

"Fie, mother! With your views, you ought not to want to see her."

"The only thing Mrs. Treat has seemed to care much about was missing all those wives."

"Then what happened?"

"I am glad, my dear, that I have something to interest you with — you so generally know everything before I have a chance to find it

out. The lady of the harem was handsome. She must have been still more so, once — a stately woman, strikingly like our friend Mrs. Manhattan in New York, but faded. Her eyes were darkened, and her nails reddened, and she wore gold-striped muslin things. After she had seen me seated on her best cushion opposite her, and Mrs. Treat and Justina — my dear, Justina was so pleased! — on two other cushions, she proceeded to talk to us in signs. As she knew no French and we no Arabic, it was a little slow. So, after she had spread over my lap a silk-worked muslin napkin, the slave-girl brought in a tray with gilded glasses, a tea-canister, pot, and sugar-bowl, and another slave brought a brass caldron of charcoal, blew it up with a bellows, and put on a beaten-brass kettle of water to boil. Then the governor's wife made tea as we do, except that she half filled the pot with lumps of sugar, and then crammed in cinnamon and mint! As the pretty little gilded tumblers were handed me first, I had to drink it and praise it with the hostess looking on."

"Poor mother! You are not an accomplished deceiver, are you?"

"Justina was so flattered she drank three glasses, and the hostess evidently thought her a greater lady than either of us. After tea, she made her women bring out her needlework; and, Polly, what do you suppose those poor, benighted, shut-in women spend their time over? Crazy-quilts, in every variety and shape! This ended the visit, and I must say any lady receiving her guests might take pattern by the perfect hospitality and politeness of 'that Mrs. Pasha,' as Mrs. Treat called her."

"So Mrs. Treat was pleased?"

"She said nothing till, when we got on our mules again, she wondered why a right nice housekeeper like Mrs. P. did n't send out and have a man clean her alleyway. And I quite agreed with her. Polly! What is that? My dearest girl, you don't mean you have consented to wear Roger's ring!"

"Yes, mother."

"To-day, for the first time?"

"Yes, mother."

"Oh, I am so happy — it needed only this! As long as you refused to do that for him, I felt uncertain and perplexed. Now all is as it should be, and you may depend grandpapa, who seems to see nothing, will notice it, and be as pleased as I am. Let me kiss you, my daughter, and tell me how you got a chance to talk with Roger alone, to-day of all days."

"We were on a pinnacle looking down on the beauty of the world, and I did n't happen to be talking to anybody else."

"The point was whether he happened to be talking with anybody else. I had several pangs, after you left, at the idea of Roger being exposed to a long day in the society of that beautiful girl. For she is beautiful, Polly; and as vain a mother as they think I am, I consider you rather variable in your looks. May Gilchrist has that transparent rose-and-cream complexion Roger always admired, and hair just like a child's in its bright gold. Why, your grandfather actually noticed her coloring, and praised it! A woman would see she has no style, and knows nothing about dress; but a man sees only what he wants to see when he has taken a fancy. Then May and Roger are such a fine contrast, and I have always heard that men seek their opposites, while —"

"While Roger and I, in a subdued light, might be mistaken for one another — is that what you meant to say, and stopped?"

"No; but you have a certain family resemblance."

"I know it. When I see Roger crook his little finger exactly as I do mine, I have to look away in utter weariness. He had all the opportunity he could desire to pay tribute to May's beauty to-day; for, except for ten minutes, he has spent it with her."

"I hope, dear, that Sir Piers fully understands Roger's — ahem! — preoccupation?"

"Oh, yes. He knows it, she knows it, everybody knows it!"

"I only thought it would be most regrettable if that poor girl were to form hopes. Come in! Yes, Justina; say to Mr. Woodbury that we shall be down directly. Polly, on the whole, it is just as well those Gilchrists are going to-morrow."

"I think so. Let us hurry down. The soup must be over, and the fish cold. Grandpapa will be fuming, and 'thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother.'"

"Nothing makes much difference to me the day you wear Roger's ring! Polly, we shall quite certainly be in Paris in June, and then I shall set about your trousseau. Say what one will, a mother must always be glad to get her daughter's marriage well off her mind."

X.

"AND where are we bound to now, Gillson?" asked Mr. Woodbury, in a mild voice, of his courier.

It was a source of secret amusement to Mr. Woodbury's family that the autocratic old gentleman, like themselves, was under hack to the personage to whom Paulina had given the name of the Grand Duke of Gibraltar. In a correct morning costume of the latest English fashion, a crisp, wide-brimmed straw hat, white duck gaiters over his well-polished boots, with an irreproachable scarf and pin and gloves

and walking-stick, Gillson conducted their movements of travel, and lent tone to the party.

They were back in Gibraltar, reposing—after a return passage from Tangier in a small open boat half filled with cattle and crowing cocks, over a course wherein the Atlantic and the Mediterranean had played a game of cross-purposes, giving assurance to the passengers of their ability to wrench without breaking the foundations of human existence.

In Gibraltar a *terral* (the northwest wind) was now blowing—a wind the prevalence of which produces such excitement in the nervous system, say old authorities, that courts of law consider it a *circonstance atténuante* in cases of crime.

Without knowing the cause, almost everybody in the party had felt its influence; though it is fair to say that upon Mrs. Standish's familiar, Justina, the effect was most manifest. Only old Mr. Woodbury rose superior to the *terral*, as he had done to the crossing from Tangier.

At this point it was that the Grand Duke of Gibraltar, inspired by Wilcox, took occasion to bring about a reform in Mr. Woodbury's attire. One of the autocrat's prejudices, respected by his household, was against wearing gloves, and for appearing always in public in an old felt hat, bent and faded, the occasion of frequent comment from casual observers. To propose any other headgear would have been regarded by the family as on a par, in irreverence, with suggestions to the Pope to doff his tiara or the Czar his imperial crown. What, therefore, was their surprise on hearing, through the partition between their sitting-room and Mr. Woodbury's chamber, the following conversation:

"And where are we bound to now, Gillson?"

"I think, sir, we shall try Ronda, and Cordova, and rest there before we go on to Seville. And, if you will allow me to observe" ("hallow me to hobserve," was what Gillson actually said), "I would advise you to buy your new hat and gloves here in Gibraltar, although the gloves are fair in Seville, and I can take you to the place there where I always get mine in the quantity. I 'ave hordered the man with whom I generally deal in Gib to send in some straw 'ats from which you can make selection; and if Mr. Wilcox will step below, I dare say the messenger is now waiting in the hall."

"Straw hats, Gillson!" came the response, in tones of honey. "Well, if I am in Spain, I must do as the Spaniards do, eh? You think we shall find the power of the sun sufficient to necessitate straw hats?"

"Not a doubt of it, sir. I should not venture to conduct my party at this season unless properly protected in all matters of 'ygiene. When I had the honor to travel with their Roy'l 'ighnesses the Prince and Princess of—"

The rest was moonshine to the listeners. They were now well acquainted with Gillson's Royal Highnesses, and the main point established was that grandpapa's outer man was to be rehabilitated.

When he appeared ready for the railway journey to Ronda, and descended the steps of the quay into a rowboat to cross the bay to Algeciras, all of his party, with common consent, looked at the mountains, the sea, the oarsmen. None dared be first to fix the eye upon grandpapa's new straw hat. At last Paulina, ever dauntless, glanced aside at him, and beheld not only a new hat, but a decidedly smart one, with a blue band, and a string to attach it to the buttonhole; and to complete the marvel, Mr. Woodbury wore reddish-brown dogskin gloves with flat brass buttons, at which he ever and anon glanced down, half shy, half fascinated.

"Good gracious!" she whispered to Roger, "if this keeps on, Gillson will have him rejuvenated, and perhaps falling in love, before we get out of Spain; and oh! Roger, how grandly that would settle *us!*"

"I 'll swear, Polly, a man never knows how to take you," he said, with some show of petulance.

"If only, Roger dear, you would try not taking me!" she rejoined.

Drops of such bitter, falling daily into Roger's cup, forced the young man to make up his mind that he must have some explanation from Polly, or else bind her over to keep the peace. The fancy that at times he had detected in her clear eyes—eyes that could hide nothing from those she trusted—a "hunted" look, pained him exceedingly. But again, when, during their expeditions, he fell into private conversation with his aunt, Mrs. Standish always expressed her satisfaction with what she was pleased to call the "beautiful" way all things were tending to the goal desired. Polly was "so good" about it, grandpapa "so pleased." That morning she had written to Sophy Low to say that when it came Sophy's turn to have a girl engaged, she could only hope it would give the "comfort" Polly's affair did to every one concerned. And then, after letting the active brain of the kind matron spring ahead to the point of furnishing their house and engaging their servants, how refreshing it was to Roger to come up with Polly and be held at arm's length like a stranger!

Roger knew himself to be well supplied with proper pride. In another girl he would have resented many things accepted, because it was the habit of the family to accept them, from the little Juggernaut, Paulina. He had the American idea that girls worth having, like trout worth having, must always be played be-

fore landing. Vague imaginings assailed him of the pleasure he would experience when Polly, tired out, should cease to struggle, should submit to be drawn in; but these were beginning to be more vague.

Melted long ago into thin air were a young fellow's dreams of the sweet comradeship in which he should be loving ruler, she happy subject. He had no such illusions now. The best he could hope from his wife must be that she would come to him in a series of stormy repentances, and bewitch him into saying that what had passed made no difference.

It was in Ronda, when sallying forth in a party in the wake of Gillson, that he resolved to ask her what ailed her, and be done with it. They had come to the Tajo, that mighty cleft in the rock made, so tradition said, by the sword of a Moorish magician to be a resource for the old town when beleaguered by an enemy. Ahead of them, Gillson, in full professional career, was administering information as to the fate of the architect of the bridge they stood upon — "which 'e fell from this dizzy 'ight, and was himmediately dashed to pieces in the chassum below — "

"Suppose we run away and explore on our own account," suggested Roger to his affianced, in a whisper.

"Good!" said Polly. In a moment they had fled, not to pause to draw breath till at respectful distance from the scene of Gillson's eloquence.

After long wandering they came out under the castle, and, climbing up to the grassy parapet springing with poppies, rested in the shadow of the one most lovely tower remaining of an ancient citadel which once covered as much ground as the Alhambra.

"What is that line, like a streak from a lead-pencil, far away over there on the mountain?" asked Polly.

"Probably a road leading into the town, where any day you may see a train of charcoal-bearing donkeys wending their way down, the owner asleep in the last pannier," said Roger, who had been practising his Spanish in getting information from one or two pretty landladies. "Over it too, no doubt, come the smugglers, who, with the bull-fighters, are the joy of the populace. The civil guards, who patrol these approaches to Ronda, make a feint of overhauling the tobacco, clothes, and jewelry brought from Gibraltar by the contrabandista, in case he has escaped the highway robbers farther back. But there is often a 'cordial intent' between guards and smugglers, and the contrabandista steps proudly and fearlessly about his native streets. Look out for him, Polly; no doubt we shall see him this morning smoking his cigarette in a doorway leading into one of those tempting patios hung inside with last year's apples and grapes and pears."

As they talked, he was watching his opportunity to introduce the subject of his grievance; but whether Polly divined this or not, she was in a provokingly elusive mood. So long as he treated topics of the moment, topics of general interest, she was all animation and sisterly interest. As soon as he drew near to discussion of themselves, she would prove to be Polly at her worst.

"You are more than I can endure!" he exclaimed at last, angrily.

"Thank you, Roger! Now I feel better, as that Frenchwoman said, in the play, after she had boxed her husband's ear. A real quarrel is what I 've been longing for. Let us leave behind us in Ronda the record of a fight fiercer than anything ever known between Christian and Saracen. You may be Christian; I prefer the Paynims, as far as I 've made their acquaintance in Spanish history."

"Paulina, you can be so absurd!" he exclaimed, laughing despite himself. "Will you never learn that between people who are to spend their lives together, as we are, this sparring is not only dangerous but undignified?"

"Thank you for reminding me of that," she said, blood rushing into her face. "If you curb my tongue it will be worse inside — worse than it is now; and God knows that 's bad!"

"Polly, why should it be bad inside now? Did n't you take me of your own free will? Have I pushed myself on you? Is Aunt Rose all wrong in telling me that this engagement of ours is making everybody happy who has to do with it? Don't you believe that I am honestly and heartily intending to devote my whole life to making you not repent your bargain?"

"Indeed, indeed, I do!"

"Don't you believe, if I thought there were any one you loved better than me, I would give you up to him at the risk of sacrificing no matter what our grandfather intends for me in the future?"

"Yes," she said faintly.

"But I 've known your whole life, dear; I 've read it like a fair, open page. You have walked alone — have never dropped into flirtations, never encouraged fellows like other girls. Who could there possibly be to come between you and me?"

"Who?" she repeated, hardly audible.

"If there were a man I suspected of loving you, — some one kept at his distance by our affair, — I 'd have thought that was troubling you. Much as it would have cost me, I should have stepped out of the way — "

"But there is no such man, is there?" she interrupted, turning away to gaze over the wide

plain surrounding the town. "As you say, there was never such a man. I 'm a bad bargain left on your hands. Some day, Roger, away in the dim future, you will have another Paulina — a meek Paulina, 'all duty, all observance.' She will walk by your side, and you will wonder what became of the creature that made your youth a burden. Now I want to go back to the *fonderia*," she concluded, springing to her feet.

"There was such a dreadfully sad cadence in your voice just now," he persisted, though he felt that his audience was at an end.

"Sad! No," she returned. "I am ready to echo the town boast that there is but one Ronda, and its air makes me want to fly."

As they passed, going back to their inn, a certain door upon a street near the rift between the old town and the new, a couple of urchins who followed them made show of the liveliest pantomime of anxiety that they should knock at it, at the same time urging the matter in voluble speech.

"What do they say, Roger?" asked Polly, bowing to his superior knowledge of the language.

"I can, as usual, understand all but the vital part. However, it is plain that something of interest lurks behind that unassuming portal; so, if you say so, we 'll investigate."

"If we were decoyed and made prisoners in a Moorish dungeon!"

"I think, if they had you against your will, they would soon let you out," he answered.

"For shame, Roger! What encouragement have I to be so good?" she replied, three parts in earnest. "Can it be that my late acquiescence, propriety, general amiability, have made no impression on you?"

"They have been as remarkable as the fact that my grandfather, who does nothing by halves, put on his new gloves this morning to sally forth to the Alameda. Indeed, for a week past you have — how long did we stay in Tangier after the Gilchrists left?"

"Roger, you measure everything by the Gilchrists' comings and goings. What are they to us? We shall see them no more, except, perhaps, in a crowd at Seville."

"I should be disappointed if I did not have an opportunity of continuing my very jolly talks with Miss Gilchrist," said the young man, ingenuously. "When you flout me, Polly, it is good to have that calm, tranquil sort of refuge."

"But I don't flout you now, Roger. At least not since I 've worn this ring. Yes, little boys; ring, knock, batter down the door as you please. I 'm dying to get in there. I 've a presentiment I am going to meet my fate."

The boys, thus encouraged, pounded and rang so lustily that the old dame who appeared at the opening of the portal scolded them fiercely, and, while letting in the strangers, shut out the offenders.

"They will be waiting to get your coppers when we come out," observed Polly. "Why, this is not at all creepy, this pleasant patio, with the garden beyond, and the birds and plants."

"I say, Polly," said Roger, to whom the old woman had addressed herself; "this is the house of Rey Moro. She says the gentleman who built it had the pleasant habit of drinking his wine out of the skulls of the captives whose heads he had cut off, though he made amends to them by having the skulls set in gold and studded with pearls and rubies. Gillson told me of the place, and he will never get over our having found it for ourselves."

The house was built upon the verge of the chasm that separates the towns, and, behind it, from a tiny terrace full of snowdrops and wallflowers, fell away stairs hewn in the rock, descending to the bottom of the Tajo in zigzags, and intersected by gardens with balustrades similar to the one above.

"She says there is a grotto about four hundred feet below there," went on Roger, elated with his own success in understanding a native; "and it was dug by Spanish prisoners, who also cut the staircase in the rock. They used to carry jars of water up to serve the house and garden, and if they flagged on the way were walloped by the simitars of the Moors. 'Walloped' is a free translation, understand."

"Roger, don't say another word!" cried Polly, dancing about in delight. "I never was in the middle ages till this minute. I want to stay alone and be part of a Spanish ballad, while you are to go on down to the grotto, to the very bottom, see everything there is to see, and come back, having solved its mystery. Whatever you meet down there, whether dragon or serpent, or jar of gold, or fairy princess, you must conquer it, and make it yours. As for me — good-by, America! I 'm now a Moorish lady, named Xarifa, whose Spanish lover is forced to work in that pit by her cruel father, while she sits embroidering a golden cushion, and plotting and planning how she shall deliver him. And the very next time he comes toiling up these steps carrying on his head a jar of water to help to fill a well or fountain, I shall slip into his hand a golden key that will unlock the postern-gate. I don't know exactly where that is, but I 'll be outside it, waiting on the croup of a fleet Spanish barb, with my jewels tied in a white scarf. No, Roger; don't say I 'm a goose. I know, I feel, that my only love and yours are down at the bottom of the ravine. I think, on the whole, I will throw the key to mine."

She had taken from the old dame's hand a tuft of wallflower streaked with purple and gold, and now, leaning over, threw it into the

abyss, while Roger, laughing, ran down the rocky steps. He was hardly out of sight when she heard voices in the direction he had taken, and at once, coming to meet her with great strides, Gilchrist, carrying the bit of wallflower, appeared on the terrace below.

"I think we must admit we are driven together by destiny," he said, when he reached her; but to the relief of Paulina, who was covered with blushes, in a manner unsuggestive of sentiment.

They shook hands, and he extended to her the flower.

"Is this yours, and may I keep it?"

"It was mine. I lost — I threw it over; but I want it again very much," she replied, grasping it nervously.

"It fell on my head," he said, smiling; "and May, who has remained below to show the grotto to your cousin, said I was like Chicken Little, who thought the world was falling. This *is* astonishing. Your plan, when I left Tangier, was to go first to Granada, then to Seville."

"So you came to Ronda to avoid me," was on her tongue, but she desisted. Polly knew that in the present condition of affairs nothing could be more dangerous to her own security than one of the analytical discussions of the origin of actions so dear to persons still under the aureole of undeclared attachment. Besides, the suddenness of seeing him had had the unusual effect of depriving her of speech. She strove to utter one of her airy, dashing phrases, but no words came; she was only ridiculously, insanely happy to breathe the same air with him, in the shadow of the old Moorish house where everything suggested romance.

"We came last night from Granada," he said. "I had promised May that she should see an ideal old town, and it seemed a good time to select. And we are just about resigning ourselves not to go to Seville till the turmoil of Passion Week is past. There are feasts a few weeks later, equally well worth seeing. I shall regret to miss being there with you and your cousin and your mother, and that excellent old gentleman your grandfather."

"Why don't you add, 'and the courier and the valet and the maid?'" she asked, seeing him blundering along, as evidently under the weight of repressed emotion as was she. "Of course I understand why you came here when you thought I was going to be in Granada — of course!" and then the "Moorish lady" stopped, and disposed of something very like a sob, while the "Spanish captive" wondered what he had done to be so dealt with by mischievous opportunity.

Not daring to face her, he turned, and walked to the edge of the terrace, and called down to May. There was a delay in May's answer, and a longer delay in her appearance, followed by Roger, looking, as his cousin scanned him with the frolic humor she could never keep long in abeyance, a little foolish.

They walked away together from the Mina de Ronda, on the whole rather resigned to the new dealing of the cards. Even the faithful Roger found an agreeable zest in May's unfeigned welcome of his society. There was something reposeful in her presence; he had no fear of being jerked by her hither and thither by the bit. Their conversations gave him occasion to say so many things he thought of and dwelt upon, which to Polly seemed twice-told tales. As modest as man can be, he yet had a little of the natural aspiration of his sex toward being Sir Oracle to her he loved. And Polly, the lawless one, knew no Sir Oracle. There was never any telling at what minute she would whip around and blow cold upon his finest feelings, his tenderest hopes. May, on the contrary, was always the same,— earnest, simple, wholesome,— her eyes like blue, clear lakes, into which he might gaze and be refreshed; her mind, slower to work than his cousin's, but fine and well balanced, never disappointing him when its workings appeared upon the surface. And, to tell the full truth, Roger found May the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. Loyal at heart to his Paulina, he was laying up images of May in her different aspects that would serve as food for memory all his life thereafter. As an old man he felt sure he would shut his eyes and conjure up this English maiden's face and figure, whenever he should want to bring back the chief glory of things seen in his youth.

After the meeting at Rey Moro's house, there seemed to be no question of further avoidance of their party in Gilchrist's mind. The four walked through the streets, peeping into courtyards and barred windows, behind which pretty women were talking to caballeros a-tiptoe on the sidewalk; went to the Casa Mandragon, and were finally brought up by the discovery of Mrs. Standish, attended by her maid, in distress over some purchases she had undertaken to make alone in a little shop.

"Oh, Roger! Oh, Sir Piers! how do you do? How do you do, Miss Gilchrist? We had no idea of seeing you in Ronda. I am so glad you have all come, for you will drive away the dreadful little boys who are following us, and that idiot who has frightened Justina so. Polly, help me to choose. I am planning to take Toodles something characteristic from each place we stop at, and of course he won't want fans; so here is an Andalusian peasant's suit, and a mule-harness."

"What will he do with it, Aunt Rose?" said Roger.

"There might be a fancy-dress ball, Roger, and it would become Toodles so well."

"What! the mule-harness?"

"No, Roger; don't take me up. He could hang that in his room when he goes into college. At any rate, it is very cheap."

"Allow me," put in Gilchrist, interrupting. In a trice the sum asked for the purchase fell one half, and laden with trophies the party walked out of the shop, the posse of youngsters, who had been so annoying, taking care to keep a good distance from the sticks of the new arrivals.

"If you will be my guests this evening," said Gilchrist, coming in on the Americans at their luncheon, "I have taken a box for the 'Fantoches de Narbon,' a puppet-show just now attracting the gentry and public of Ronda."

"Delightful!" cried Paulina. "But why did you take a box? I should like to sit with the crowd."

"As I thought you would be more comfortable to yourselves, I committed the extravagance of paying twelve shillings for the only box in the theater. I think it would hold a small army. You must not go if you mind tobacco-smoke, Mrs. Standish; for every man and boy puffs his cigarette throughout the performance, though I will say for them the theater is well ventilated. It is a capital way to see the people of the place, and the whole affair will be decent and orderly."

"We 'll accept," said Polly. "Grandpapa, you said just now you feel better in this air than at any time for fifty years past, so you 'll be there; and mama is intolerant of tobacco only when Toodles asks her when he may begin smoking."

She had crossed the room, and was standing by Gilchrist. By some strange process of a woman's mind, her recent objection to trusting herself in his society had been temporarily set aside. It seemed quite natural that when he came into a room she should absorb him.

"What is May going to do this afternoon?" she asked.

"We are just off for a ride to the Cueva del Gato, a cavern all stalactites, rather a risky place for a rash traveler to venture. If we are not heard of more, put up a tinsel trinket for me in Santa Maria, won't you?" And, without a hint of wanting her company on the expedition, he took leave.

It is safe to hazard the supposition that Polly, at that moment, would rather have been asked to visit the Cueva del Gato than any spot known to explorers. But she would on no account have let Roger see the blankness of her face. It was as it should be, she admitted when she went out on horseback on her own account, accompanied by Roger. No one could have behaved more sensibly, with more consideration, than Gilchrist in the unforeseen emergency of their meeting here. Had he not won every right to go off with May, and ride to dangerous caverns Paulina would have given her eyes to see? So also had Roger and Polly the right to ride to the Cueva del Gato, but naturally she said nothing would induce her to turn in that direction. A little later, she did think Gilchrist might have given her a chance to go there, either before or after him. As strangers, Polly and Roger wished to see all the interesting places. But now, how could they go, if they were to risk meeting the Gilchrists, who had plainly shown a desire not to meet Miss Standish and Mr. Woodbury? And so at last Polly worked herself to the point of thinking Sir Piers might have been a little kinder.

Roger, who, wondering at her long silence, addressed a remark to her about the scenery on the bridge-path they had selected, was told that if he did not know there were times when she had rather die than talk, he had better find it out before it should be too late. For the remainder of the afternoon she did not smile; the environs of Ronda were scanned without praise, and Polly's companion returned with her to the inn, feeling both flat and indignant.

Her face brightened when they took possession of the promised box at the theater, even though Sir Piers, after placing her in her chair, presenting her with a bull-fight fan and a tiny box of chocolates like those he offered to the other ladies, and asking if she had a good view of the stage, went over and dutifully took a seat behind Mrs. Standish and Mr. Woodbury.

Observation of her grandparent here developed to Paulina the fact that the old gentleman was rather doubtfully eying his own hands in a new pair of pearl-colored gloves with black stitching. He had looked at Roger's bare hands, then at Gilchrist's, and was fumbling with his buttons, when he espied the courier and Wilcox, occupying gallery seats near by, wearing gloves exactly like his own. No one presumed to be aware of Mr. Woodbury's impatient tearing off of his hand-coverings, which, crumpled in a ball, were tossed upon the floor of the box.

The audience, assembling promptly, consisted of the leading families of the town—who filled the best seats below, and two front rows of the gallery—and the general public elsewhere bestowed, including babies in arms, carried by their fathers, who smoked over their heads.

Grave señors, retaining during the evening the universal sombrero, stalked in, draped in cloaks with many capes, faced with blue or

crimson plush. Their señoras, fat and sleek-haired, with fans and mantillas, were generally of a serious cast of countenance, and not unfrequently wore mustaches. The señoritas, in the bloom of Andalusian maidenhood, were bewitching, with dark eyes, milk-white complexions, dark hair elaborately dressed and tipped with a rosebud, tuberose, or carnation; bodices pink or white, gloves of white kid, white fans, and opera-glasses; talking together, discreetly cognizant of chaperons.

During the performance all was sober, *comme il faut.* The chief sound heard from the audience was the striking of a fusee upon a match-box when a new cigarette was required. In the *entr'actes*, glasses of a pink fluid and little sweet cakes were indulged in; and the señors moved about, talking without a waste of animation to their acquaintances.

For the stage, it may be said that the "magnificent function," advertised on handbills of all colors scattered in the streets, was surprisingly good of its kind.

The "Fantoches de Narbon" (large-sized marionettes), "distinguished notably from all others so called," owed — so the public was assured by the bills — their scenic attraction to the "inspiration" of the Barcelonese painters Morages and Urgelles, whose masterpieces, having "received the eulogies of the critics and the general applause of the world, were now presented to the notice of the citizens of Ronda."

The program, beginning with a "sinfonia" from a limited orchestra, proceeded with the

Comedy of Magic, written in verse for this spectacle by D. José Mazo, entitled

MARTA,

The Beneficent Fairy!

Developed in twelve magnificent scenes distributed as follows:

Act I. A mountainous country! The Enchanted Cave! The regal bower of the Fairy!

Act II. Snow-fields! A garden! A market-place in Turkey! A hall! A vestibule in the palace of the Grand Bashaw of Persia!

Act III. Interior of a castle! The Shrine of Love!

Act IV. An arbor in a garden! The Temple of Felicity!

With many tricks of transformation. The prices of seats to be announced by handbills.

General admission, 50 centimos.

In the box of state, a merry party followed the adventures of the wooden peasant who, let down on a wire from above, jerked and dangled with his comrades through the four acts of the "Comedy of Magic." This hero, to whom the seeress granted his wild wish to go to Persia and marry the daughter of the Grand Basha, sustained his part gallantly, and was interpreted by a sonorous and well-trained voice from behind the scenes. The costumes were rich in stage trumpery, especially the apparel of the Basha's daughter. The tricks of transformation were well done, and the scenes justified (to a degree) the world's eulogy of Morages and Urgelles of Barcelona.

Polly, who with Roger and May had been laughing over the rigidity of the hero at his supreme moment of success in love, suddenly became aware that her grandfather and her mother were urging Sir Piers to accompany them to Seville.

"That 's what he gets for making himself agreeable to them," she thought.

"Why, my dear sir, you are a boon to us — a boon," her grandfather was saying. "And if you have not engaged your rooms, don't give yourself any concern. My courier has taken two more than we shall absolutely need, and they are quite at your service. In the Hôtel de Madrid, I believe. The best place to go, they tell me. And we have a large box for the processions — larger than we 'll require. Pray give us the pleasure of sharing it with you."

"I am sure, Sir Piers," put in Mrs. Standish, in her soft voice, "it would be a thousand pities to separate our young people just when they have taken such a fancy to each other. You and I know one can be young but once. So soon my daughter will be marrying and settling, and no doubt yours will follow — ought n't you to make a little effort to amuse her?"

"Not go to Seville? Oh, pshaw!" said Roger, catching the drift of the conversation. "Why, man, you must! Miss Gilchrist has just confessed to us that she longs to be there, and is hoping you 'll change your mind."

Polly, her eyes upon the puppets of the stage, felt that here was a human comedy in which the wires forcing the actors to dance were pulled by hands invisible. She refused to look around, to join in the talk, to say a word either way to influence the decision.

And by and by she heard the voice that was the charm of her life say slowly: "Of course I can't hold out against such kindness. We shall go."

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.

HERMANN VON HELMHOLTZ.

FOR forty years Helmholtz held the scientific leadership of Europe. One hesitates to assert the preëminence of a man whose modesty was never more apparent than after he had been honored by the scientific societies of the world; but in this instance little doubt exists as to the place of distinction that had been won. Helmholtz did so much, in so many different fields, and so well, that barely now is an idea obtainable of the deep impress he made on these times. His was a versatile genius, hardly less critical than creative. He was mathematician, physicist, physiologist, biologist, mechanician, psychologist, author, professor, experimenter, lecturer, physician, oculist, inventor, all in one — an Admirable Crichton of our specializing day. Old age set no limit to his mental activity, and he who began a grand career of discovery by the microscopic examination of invertebrates and vibriones closed it at seventy-odd studying the movements of the ether, and in friendly touch with the pioneers of psychical research. To run over the record of his successive advances into the realm of unknown nature is to traverse the scientific achievements of the last half-century. In him many old lines of speculation and investigation in natural philosophy met, were swallowed up, or gained redirection. What he did still bettered what was done. We feed to-day on thought and knowledge largely the result of his originality and industry. He sought to plant our feet on everlasting laws, and, amid all the hurlyburly of opposing theories and the crash of traditional systems, wrestled only for the truth. From his masterful German intellect sprang some of those fecund generalizations which, equally with higher concepts in the spiritual world, make all things new. It is possible that, as the years go by, part of what he taught will be swept away, or will form the foundation of a fairer edifice. But he himself would be first to rejoice in a closer fact and a broader horizon. On the contrary, truths of his that we now have no use for, and which lie neglected in his work, may some day come to light again, mammoths embalmed in crystalline ice, to nourish, clothe, and ornament a more advanced race of men. As Agassiz said of Humboldt, so we may say of Helmholtz: "The fertilizing power of a great mind is truly wonderful; but as we travel farther from the source, it is hidden from us by the very abundance and productiveness it has caused."

The unscientific habitude of the epoch when Helmholtz began professional life may be inferred from the fact that although at the end of his studies in the Friedrich-Wilhelm Institute for the education of army surgeons he read a thesis on venal tumors, he had never seen a tumor cut. He was twenty-one years old, and had taken up medicine partly because it was the profession of a well-to-do relative, chiefly because it was a chance to indulge his taste for physics. His father, a teacher of literature in the Potsdam Gymnasium, and his mother, Caroline Penn, of English descent, had surrounded him with influences of refinement, but had little else to give. The "great love of nature" that always possessed him had gone hungry for many boyish years, stayed a bit by such few old school-books on physics as might be happened on in the library of a poor literary professor — as scarce as novels in an Auld Licht manse. Yet to him that fusty lore of phlogiston, treating fire as a distinct element, was more fascinating far than the obligatory Cicero and Vergil. He was not, however, in the slightest degree unscholarly. A relish for the essence of literature marked him through life, and he had a large share of that gift of expression so gracefully exemplified now and again among those who have practised the art of medicine.

Thrown into the Charity Hospital at Berlin as a free patient by an attack of typhus fever, the young student on his recovery drew good out of evil by devoting the enforced savings of this period to the purchase of a cheap microscope. Otherwise he would have had to go without the instrument by means of which he proceeded at once with enthusiasm to the study of the invertebrata and of the processes of putrefaction and fermentation. From this time on, for thirty years, leaving medicine behind, he pursued physiology, while for the last twenty-five years of his life, say from 1868 to 1893, he gave himself up to labors in the domain of physics. Such a division is, of course, arbitrary, and refers rather to special preoccupation than to actual accomplishment. His growth was evolutional. He looked into the conditions of the human organism, into its methods of sustenance, and was led on. The problem of the nature of "vital force" rendered it necessary in one who doubted the presence of that irre-

sponsible, eccentric governor of the bodily functions, to put some underlying agency in its place; and hence, by sequential stages, he reached the great law of the conservation of energy. Dissecting individual members of the body, such as the eye and ear, he must needs acquire a knowledge also of the nature of light and sound. This embarked him upon the study of physics, and it was only natural that a man of his comprehensive capacity should make the next or concurrent expedition into the province of mathematics. He might have stopped short at any point, as many others would have done, and still have been useful and famous. But he felt with Goethe that the finest achievement of a man of thought is "to have fathomed what may be fathomed"—willing "to revere the unfathomable," once convinced that it is beyond his experimental powers or his inductive plummet.

If there is an army surgeon of twenty-six at one of our Indian outposts doing original scientific work in dreary frontier obscurity, the example of Helmholtz may encourage him. The original paper on the "Conservation of Force" was written amid the altogether unfavorable surroundings of grim barracks. Pipeclay and philosophy are not kindly disposed one to the other, and this may be the reason why Helmholtz was notified by "Poggendorff's Annalen" in the usual way, with regret, that the little essay was not suited to its dignified and unventuresome pages. Even in pamphlet form the classic lay unheeded. It is true the Physical Society of Berlin had heard it read; but looking on it more as a flight of fancy than as a summary of what was known, they let its momentous inference slip by. In reality, Helmholtz did not seek so much to convince the physicists as to secure their aid in forcing an obvious truth upon his comrades in medicine and physiology, who still believed in and applied the vitalistic dogmas in utter disregard of the natural forces and sciences. That the body is a converter of energy, like a tree or a steam-engine, and not a thing apart from the rest of creation, a law unto itself, was teaching sorely needed by medical men who thought it bad form to count the pulse with a repeater, and who never measured a patient's temperature.

Graduating theses on the doctrine of the "conservation of energy" mounted up into the thousands long ago; but the magnificent charm of the truth cannot be staled. Let us admit that it simply pushes the perplexities of life back: it is something to have gained a firmer foothold for the human mind amid invasive difficulty and doubt. Nature, we are told by it, possesses a store of energy that cannot in any way be either increased or diminished, and that quantity is as eternal and unalterable as the quantity of matter. If we were to follow a fixed quantity of energy through all its infinite transformations, we would find it ever and ever the same in amount. What grander secret could a man wrest from nature? And does not Clerk Maxwell, one of the great minds of this century, cry, "Excelsior!" by intimating that the supreme duty and glory of the true scientist would be to accomplish the final proof of this? Here is a law that does not contradict any known fact in natural science, but embraces and harmonizes more of those facts than any other law except it be that of gravitation. It reveals motion and matter coöperating before suns or planets were begotten of them. It explains the organization of our solar system, the conditions of being, and the possibilities of living forms yet to be. It teaches that celestial space is not vacuous, but that the light and heat which reach us thrill across it on unbroken telegraphic lines of ether. It shows us meteors carrying life from old worlds to new, pollen-bearers of the universe. It sees the sun stoking itself with dead worlds; ever belting itself tighter for the daily race that is set before it. It suggests the gradual rising of existence through periods of fruition and death into higher perfection on other spheres swinging around, remoter central sources of vivifying sunshine and attraction. And while it thus lifts our thoughts into the empyrean of eternity, it also vouchsafes a simple explanation of evanescent flame and flower, of muscular vigor, of sights, sounds, and odors, and of all that this material world includes of sensation.

That this sublime doctrine should be claimed for other teachers than Helmholtz need not surprise. A truth is of suspicious validity that never has more than one prophet; and with modesty Helmholtz was always prompt to admit that there had been leaders in Israel besides himself—men like Mayer in Germany and Joule in England. But his was the fullest perception, the deepest conviction, the clearest enunciation. His voice rang strong above the choir, and compelled the admiration of a listening world. Moreover, he clinched his rightful authorship of the doctrine by studies from which has developed the most progressive philosophical treatment of vortex motion. Applying mathematics with marvelous power to abstruse problems in hydrodynamics, he has helped to give us a clue to the true theories of gravitation, cohesion, and the ether; for, as Lord Kelvin has with keen insight propounded, atoms of matter may be vortex-rings in a frictionless liquid.

Helmholtz had, long before, convinced people of the tremendous range of his mind, even if some decriers sneered that he was like Talleyrand's doctor, who knew everything, even



PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY IN SEPTEMBER, 1893.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

HERMANN VON HELMHOLTZ.

physic. Between the promulgation of the two great principles just referred to, the one physical, the other mathematical, he had invented the wonderful ophthalmoscope for the diagnosis of diseases of the inner part of the eye. He did not hesitate to say that the eye had every possible defect that could be found in an optical instrument, and some peculiar to itself; but even so, it was vastly better to scrutinize with than a mere primeval sensitiveness to light, or the rudimentary enjoyment of casual pigment-spots on the skin. After twoscore years of skilful use of the ophthalmoscope, 35 per cent. of the children in German schools, and 20 per cent. in English, remain shortsighted, whence we may conclude that it came none too soon to prevent the degradation, by modern bad habits, of an organ still imperfect. It would be hard to say how many people owe improved vision, or the salvation of their sight, to the ophthalmoscope and its congener, the ophthalmometer, with whose aid, when the trouble is detected, a remedy can be hit on. Before Helmholtz made these great inventions (which, by the way, he generously left unpatented), no one had ever seen a living retina at its task.

To his investigations and discoveries regarding the eye — that wonderful little motor which converts the energy of the invisible ether-waves into sensations of light and form and color — Helmholtz added others of equal magnitude in the domain of sound. The action of the ear he traced to the harmonic vibration of its membrane, so that here another wave-motor, converting the beats of the air into sounds, came under consideration. From profound studies of acoustic problems he built up a theory of music, and derived much that was new as to the true nature of sound, mapping out, in the scheme of fundamental and secondary notes, what may perhaps be termed its spectrum. The practical developments of his ideas, embodied in his monumental work on the sensations of tone, are regarded as the scientific basis of modern music, and contain the prophecy or germ of such inventions as the telephone and phonograph. His deep conclusion, based upon these and other physiological and physical results with eye and ear,— the " gates of knowledge,"—was that we owe little to transcendental intuition. The impressions of the senses are but arbitrary signs or symbols of the outward things of the world, and their interpretation must be learned through experience.

While all this work was being pushed forward, Helmholtz was quietly and conscientiously performing the duties of one professorship after another. He ceased to be an army surgeon only to become a pedagogue, and it may respectfully be questioned whether the fashion, still prevalent, of requiring a great investigator to earn his daily bread by means of lectures to students is one of the best evidences of civilization. Still, it was not all wasted time, and Helmholtz had the satisfaction of inspiring and guiding many brilliant young men, among whom may be counted several Americans. He moved with growing honor and prestige from chair to chair, until he was called to the presidency of the Berlin Imperial Institute for Physical and Technical Research. In 1877 he became rector of the University of Berlin, and six years later his admirer, Emperor William I., conferred on him a hereditary title. We cannot altogether understand in this country why he and Tennyson and Kelvin should accept a peerage; but as a form of national recognition and reward it may have some advantages over second-rate consulships in out-of-the-way ports. Helmholtz was in no social sense revolutionary, but a sturdy, loyal, conservative Prussian. In fact, extremely little of personal controversy beset any part of his career; and as for the political or religious disputes in which some philosophers embroil themselves, they were altogether foreign to him. He had nothing of the temperament, for example, that led Tyndall to anathematize the very name of Gladstone.

With America the relations of Helmholtz were close and pleasant; and when he came in 1893 to attend the Electrical Congress at Chicago, the recognition he had given to the work of Rowland, Root, and other American scientific men, was promptly repaid by his election to the honorary presidency of that important body, to assist in the further definition of units and laws, which in earlier years he had been foremost in determining. He was an old man, and it has been hinted that he dragged himself abroad because it was the imperial pleasure. But his letters in response to the official invitations, and his conversations while here, betrayed intense expectancy and delight. His strong practicality also cropped out in the use he made of opportunities, such, for example, as securing from the Edison Electric Lighting Company of Chicago a complete set of all its forms, blanks, and rules for account-keeping.

This eminent practicality or hardheadedness marked all his work, finding expression in his standard writings on acoustics and optics, and breathing through all his popular or scientific lectures. He defined his attitude when, in referring to the hypothesis of Kant and Laplace as to the origin of the planetary system, he said: " The question about the end of things is perhaps of greater practical interest than that of the beginning." Even in the moral sciences he insisted upon the value of experimental demonstration, and could not refrain from sharp criticism of Hegelian royal roads of specula-

tion in matters of conduct and culture. He did not believe in the *a priori* construction of any system of philosophy; he could not agree with Kant that at least geometrical axioms were bedrock intuitions beyond any necessity of experimental proof. Even though his beloved Goethe, whose "Faust" was always on his lips, advanced the proposition that colors owe their existence to the blending of light and shade, he flouted the idea mercilessly, and talked of the poet's "egregious failure" in this sphere of natural philosophy. But, after all, if he insisted that, as sheer materialists, we must prove everything, not less did his intellectual processes ever lead upward and onward. If he dissected the eye, he gloried in the rainbow and the sunset; if he analyzed the mechanism of the ear, he reveled in the music of voice and instrument. If he discussed the relation of optics to painting, it was with the wish that he, as one who, in climbing a noble mountain, had himself noted a few good points of view, might help the artist. If he applied to the principle of the conservation of energy the most rigorous inquiry into all that occurs in the long series of natural phenomena, he held no doctrine of pessimism, before which individuality must collapse in nothingness. With fine suggestion, he asked whether our dull mortal senses might not be deaf to the inner meaning of life. For him who fights valiantly the battle of a better, purer day, he taught that no effort is wasted in the final economy of things, but that "in our intelligence, our civic order, and our morality, we are living on the inheritance that our forefathers gained for us, while that which we acquire and add will, in like manner, ennoble the life of posterity."

Thomas Commerford Martin.



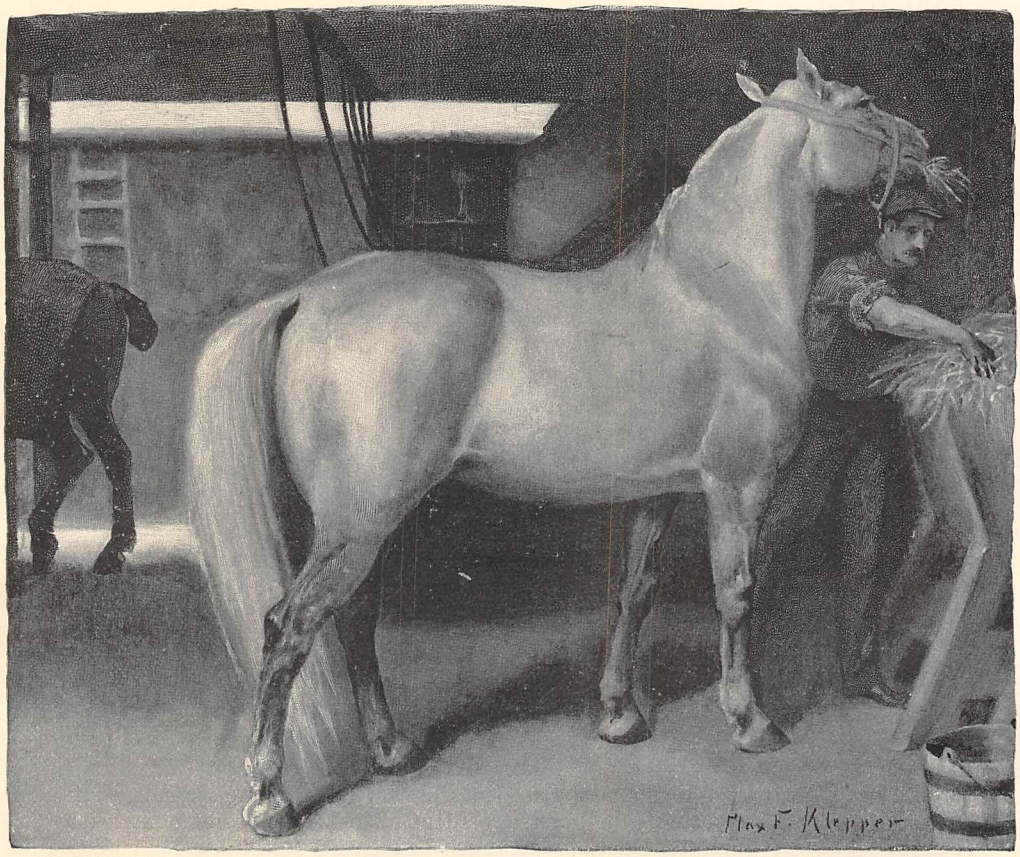


THE HORSE-MARKET.

No well-regulated person enters the horse-market, especially in the capacity of buyer, without a certain thrill of excitement. Conventional and tame as life has become, a man cannot yet rid himself of the notion that he ought to be familiar with a horse as well as with a gun and a boat. Hence, to be "done" in a horse trade, though the most common of misfortunes, is felt to carry with it a measure of disgrace. On the other hand, there is always the possibility that you may obtain a steed young, sound, and kind. Such animals certainly exist; and although the jockeys would doubtless prefer to deal exclusively in diseased and vicious horses, a few good nags must occasionally pass through their hands, if only by accident. To buy a Houyhnhnm is, again, much better than to sell him; for he can be bought without moral deterioration on the part of the purchaser, and this is considered by some squeamish persons to be an advantage in the transaction.

In winter the horse-market languishes. Auction sales are slimly attended, and the bidders are chiefly suburban and country dealers looking for bargains. The moral as well as the physical atmosphere is depressing. The auctioneer knows that eloquence would be wasted; the cold eyes and thin lips of the jocks who stand about him in a ring chill his fervor; the damp, piercing air of the sale-stable chokes his voice; the apple-woman shivers behind her basket; coat-collars are turned up; gusts of wind sweep in through the big, open doors; and

even the red faces of the whisky-drinking dealers assume a purplish tinge. Then follows early spring, when farmers come to town to buy horses for the plow. These go about in greatcoats with capacious pockets, whip in hand, open-mouthed, and wearing the desperate expression of men who realize that they are doomed to be cheated. At this season work-horses abound: gray Percherons with handsome heads, gentle eyes, and heavy foretops; big bay fellows with long and shaggy fetlocks indicative of the ancient Shire breed — the oldest breed of horses in England; and occasionally a pair of rangy, slim-necked draft-steeds from Pennsylvania, a remnant of the once popular Conestoga family.



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

A PERCHERON.

All these have their tails neatly braided, and tied with red ribbon. They are shod before, but not behind; and when a possible purchaser walks past the stalls where they stand, they glance backward with curious looks, as if they wondered what new experience was in store for them.

These heavy horses are commonly sold by big, heavy men; and the language in which they are described is of a simple, homely character, very different from the florid and rhetorical style in which the light-harness horse is painted by the pen-wielding jock. I cull a few specimens for the reader's delectation from a recent catalogue:

Nos. 1 and 2. A nice pair of chunks. Extra good actors and workers. Down-pullers. Well broke.

No. 3. Extra good chunk. Good actor. Low built.

Nos. 4 and 5. Very handsome pair blocks.

Nos. 6 and 7. As good as grows. Extra pair blocks. Good bone and feet. Well broke.

Nos. 8 and 9. Good blocks. Extra pattern and bone. An extra-nice team all over.

I need not say that "blocks" and "chunks" are stout, low-standing cart-horses, nor that the expression "good actor" refers to general conduct, and not to any special histrionic ability.

What force there is in these rude terms! Napoleon's words, Emerson remarked, were like cannon-balls; these words are at least like brickbats. They have the solidity of things,

rather than of words. The very disregard of grammar in their use, still more perhaps the omission of prepositions and other verbal small fry, give them strength and picturesqueness.

In May the horse-market reaches its acme; the light wagons of the dealers whisk about the streets from morning till night; in the sale-stable region there are an incessant cracking of whips, a continual stirring of horses up and down the street, much whispering in corners, and a merry jingle of glasses in the adjacent bar-rooms. Auction sales are now attended by a throng of miscellaneous and diverse bidders. The dealers are there, as before, but they are outnumbered by the consumers, by paterfamilias, by the innocent and unsophisticated buyer. Arts are now resorted to which in the winter are disused as being ineffectual. One of the firm, usually a big man with a big voice, stands out on the floor, whip in hand, and, whenever the auctioneer pauses for breath, expatiates upon the good qualities of the animal under the hammer. Now and then he goes so far as to interrupt the auctioneer. Raising one hand aloft, he solemnly asseverates: "Gentlemen, this hoss is worth $300 of any man's money" (the present bid being $100 or so). "He 's a nice-headed hoss, a very shapy hoss; he 'll road you twelve miles an hour, and a woman can drive him." Sometimes the refrain is taken up by a third person, who sits in the auctioneer's box; and altogether there is so much of protestation and exaggeration, there are such emotional appeals and such dramatic by-play, that the innocent purchaser is incited to bid at least twenty-five per cent. more than he had intended.



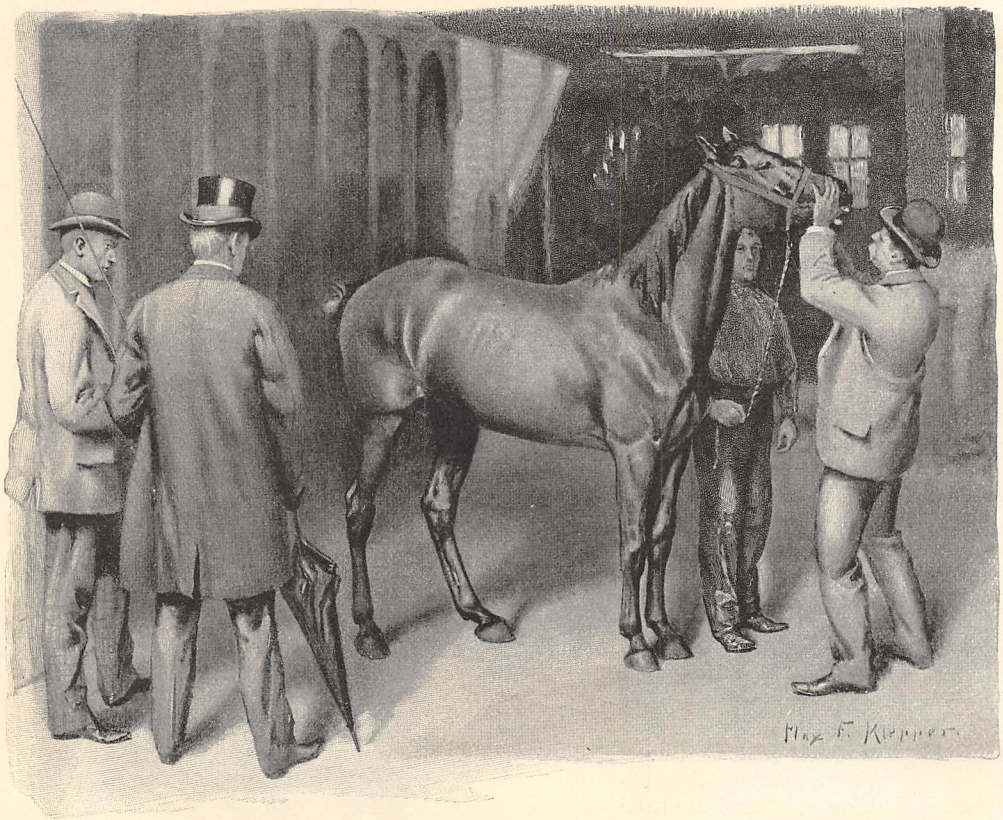
DRAWN BY M. COLIN. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

THE "WIDOW LADY."

In the spring the middleman, or "capper" ("coper" is the English term), enjoys his heyday. Neither stable nor horse belongs to him, but he officiates in the character of friend and adviser to unsophisticated persons, taking a fee both from his clients and from the dealers who effect a sale upon his recommendation.

Some of these men have regular customers; others are free-lances and pirates, who rage up and down the market, seeking whom they may devour. The most costly of all cappers are the coachmen who pick out horses for their masters to buy, and, as a condition of recommending them, demand a large commission from the dealer, which he pays, adding it, of course, to the price of the horses. This is an old abuse in London, and it is now common in all large cities in this country where English servants are employed.

After May and June comes a reaction, and through the summer months languor reigns in the horse-dealers' haunts. But in the autumn the market is flooded again, and a kind of hectic activity is noticeable. Almost everybody now wants to sell, and the only buyers are professional persons looking far ahead to next year's spring season. Autumn sales are melancholy affairs. Many a fine steed which trotted gaily up and down in front of the auctioneer's box three months before, now comes back jaded and subdued by his summer's work, lamed per-



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

EXAMINATION BY A VETERINARY.

haps by unskilful shoeing, broken down by cruel or ignorant driving, thin and spiritless from want of care. He has ministered to the health and pleasure of the people who owned him, carrying them on many long drives which were delightful to them, but wearisome to him, and now he is cast off like an old shoe.

I remember one fall auction which was unique in some respects. It was a sale of horses that had been used during the summer on a coach running in the neighborhood of Boston. These coachers were fine animals originally, bought chiefly in Maine, and they were shown in high bodily condition; but either from bad driving, or from over-driving before they became hardened to their work, they were for the most part shamefully broken down in legs or feet.

However, being exhibited on the tan-bark of a riding-school, where the footing was deep and soft, their unsoundness was not very apparent. Great pains were taken to give éclat to the sale. An auctioneer was brought on from New York—an Englishman with a shining silk hat, a well-fitting frock-coat, and a bunch of violets in his buttonhole. He began the proceedings with a pleasant little speech of an after-dinner character, in which he made a neat allusion to Bunker Hill. Then the horses, handsomely harnessed, were shown to a gaily painted break, and at intervals sandwiches and claret-cup were handed round on trays. All this flummery was not without effect, for the animals sold at about double their actual value.

Of buying horses there are numerous ways. Perhaps the worst one is to respond to a newspaper advertisement, unless you know the advertiser. Not long ago a beautiful gray cob, sound and kind, was offered for sale as the property of a "widow lady" about to go abroad, application to be made at a certain boarding-stable. A young woman who wanted a cob for her village cart answered this notice in person, accompanied by her groom. She examined the horse, and drove him up and down the level street in front of the stable. The little gray went well, and appeared to be sound and kind, so the young woman bought him. But the first time that she attempted to drive her new steed down a hill he kicked so viciously and perseveringly that her cart was demolished, to say nothing of the fright and danger that she experienced. This trick of kicking when he was asked to go down hill proved

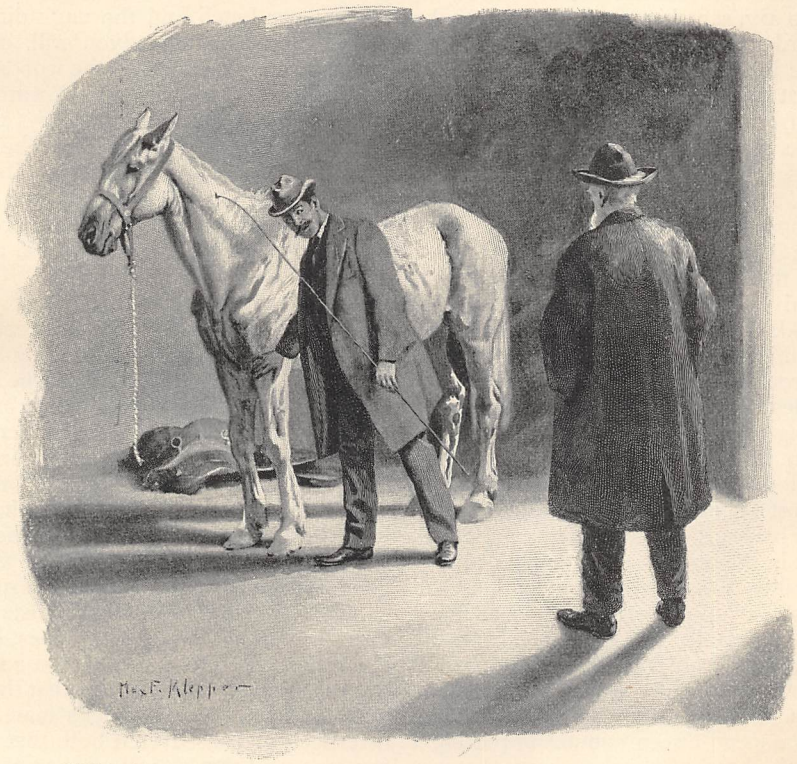
to be a confirmed habit, and the new cob had to be sold for a song. The "widow lady," meanwhile, was reported as having sailed for foreign parts.

Here, again, is an advertisement designed to gull some countryman. I copy it verbatim — omitting the street name at the end — from a leading Boston paper in which similar advertisements have appeared almost every day for some years past.

> **$150 CASH** buys my pretty Wilkes mare Ladora Wilkes; to one that will be kind and good to her and not drive her to death or let her out of the family or work her hard on the farm, and to one that will give her the best of care I will let have at this low price; Ladora Wilkes, sister to the fastest Wilkes horse ever bred, is known on the Arsenal road as the fastest to sleigh last winter; I warrant her to trot better than 2:30, her dam was one of the fastest and best bred in the State, and you all know how fast the sire is; Ladora's exact age 9, weight 1000 lbs., sound, fat, handsome, safe for lady to drive or speed; I should require writing that purchaser would not sell to a jockey or put her on the race track even if he was offered a large price; one of the best to breed from, as I hold her full pedigree in writing. P. S.— To purchaser only I will pay $20 a month to board my old trotting mare Hella Wilkes through the summer and next winter; must have best care and exercised every pleasant day. Call at residence, ——.

"Ladora Wilkes" is intended as a safe counterfeit of "Balsora Wilkes," a well-known name among trotting-horse men. Sometimes "Ladora Wilkes" figures as "Queen Wilkes," "Lady Wilkes," etc.; but she is always a beast of no pedigree, worthless or nearly worthless. Nevertheless, this double bait of a wonderfully cheap brood mare, and a horse to board at two or three times the usual price, never fails to attract some honest farmer, who hastens to town, and exchanges his hard-earned money for a delusion. As to the much-loved "old trotting mare" (more frequently described as "my old family horse"), when the time for shipment arrives, somehow or other she always fails to get on board, and is unfortunately left behind. In one case that I know of she went as far as the railroad station, but changed her mind at the last minute.

It is astonishing what extraordinary things will be done in the horse line even by persons of high respectability — when they have some assurance of not being found out. For example, Mr. A. B——, having been run away with at the sea-shore, narrowly escaping death or serious injury, forthwith sent the offending horse up to town to be sold at auction, with no intimation whatever to the purchaser as to his reason for selling.



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

THE "ACCLIMATED" HORSE.

Perhaps the safest plan is to buy of some long-established and reputable dealer; that is,

of a dealer comparatively reputable, for too much must not be expected of a person in this line of business. The retail dealer usually represents that his horses were "personally selected" in the wilds of Vermont or of Maine, or in the blue-grass region of Kentucky; whereas, as a matter of fact, they are commonly bought at auction in the same city where the dealer lives. But this, of course, does not affect the intrinsic value of the animals.

Many fine horses, both for saddle and harness, are brought to New York and Boston from Kentucky by residents of that State, who put up their charges at some boarding- or sale-stable. So far as my observation goes, these men are trustworthy, and their saddlers are highly trained. Many Kentucky horses are also sold at special auction sales in Eastern cities during the spring; and these animals, too, are commonly sound and kind. And yet — lest I should flatter purchasers into a false security — I will add that I know of one case where a very beautiful horse was bought for a large sum at one of these sales, and proved to be subject to fits — an incurable disease. The buyer, I regret to say, sent him to New York to be sold, in order that he might cheat somebody else, as he himself had been cheated.

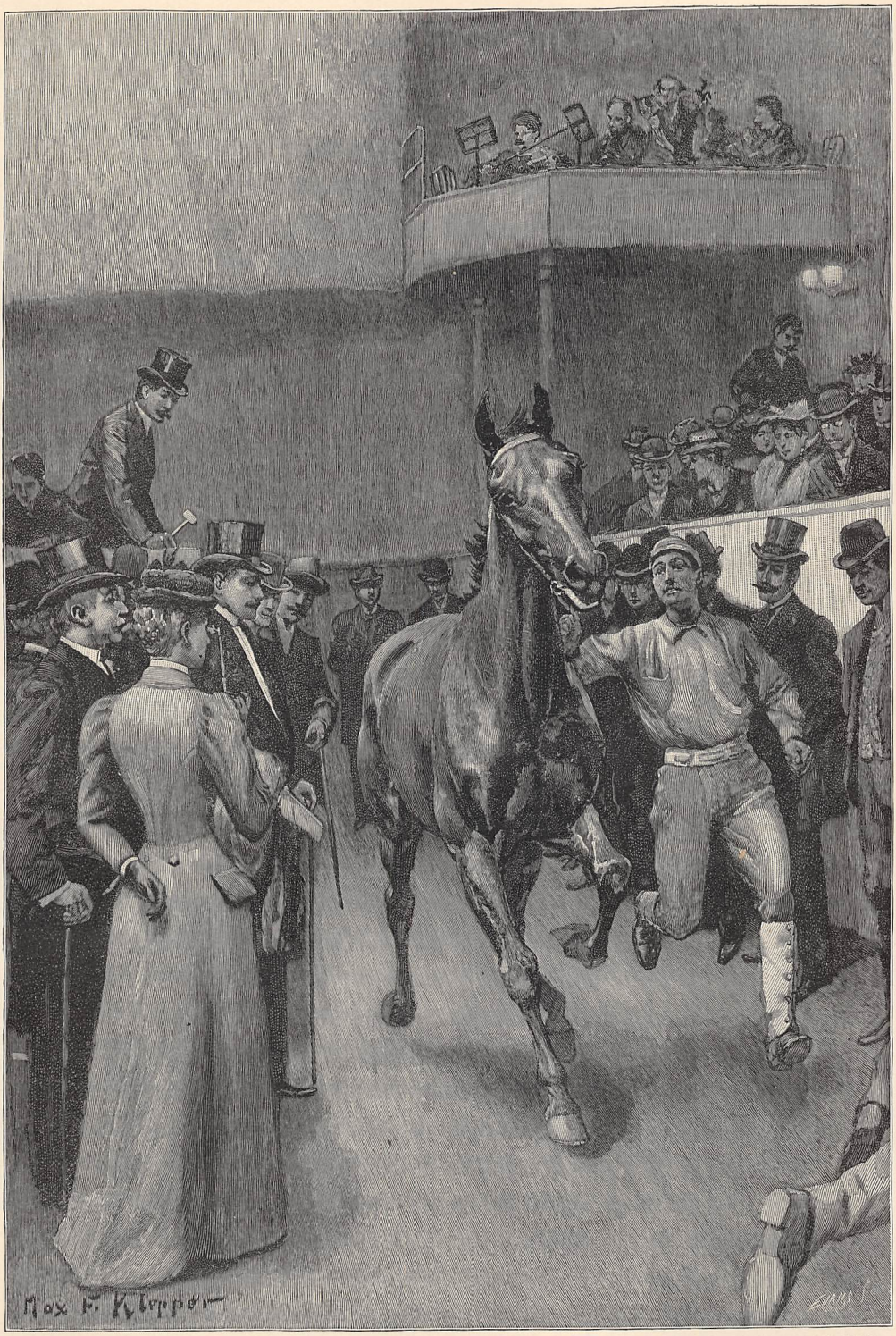
The best driving and carriage horses come, I think, from Maine and Vermont, being tougher, as a rule, than the Kentucky horses, and no less intelligent. High-steppers, for the most part, are natives of Maine or of Canada. Western horses, especially those from Indiana, Iowa, and Ohio, are corn-fed and soft; and they often lack that "quality" which the Kentucky horses derive from the thoroughbred strain in their blood. The best hunters — perhaps the best "combination" saddle and harness horses — come from the Genesee valley, where there is a great deal of good blood, and where real fox-hunting is pursued.

Auction sales of second-hand, or "acclimated," horses, as they are euphemistically called, must be regarded with suspicion. Occasionally bargains can be picked up at them, especially in the autumn; but there is always the possibility that a horse thus obtained will prove to be vicious or diseased. A nag subject to fits, for example, is, I take it, absolutely sure to find his way to the auction-mart sooner or later. The warranty is not an adequate protection. On one occasion I watched three strong men spend fifteen minutes in putting a bridle on the head of a vicious horse that was about to be sold. After violent efforts they succeeded. The horse was then led up-stairs, harnessed to a wagon, driven a little to show his paces, and then knocked down to some unfortunate with the warranty "sound and kind." If the purchaser brought this horse back on the following day, he was probably told that the animal never had been known to misbehave before, and that something must have occurred in his new home to shock his sensitive nature.

The pleasantest and most satisfactory way of buying a horse, though one not open to everybody, is to go into the country and pick him out of a pasture. Then you see him at his worst, whereas in the city dealer's hands he appears at his best, and you can expect no improvement. Besides, there is a great pleasure in going to the source, in finding your horse at the very spot where he was born. The search itself, if you have time to pursue it at leisure, is full of entertainment. You make your headquarters, we will suppose, in some remote village, ten or fifteen miles from a railroad. Contact with the railroad is something which New England character seems unable to endure. Wherever the iron horse goes you find rudeness, vulgarity, and dirt; but in the as yet unviolated region of New England the people are extremely civil, obliging, and humorous. The best plan is to make daily excursions with your own or a hired horse, as the case may be, taking your lunch and the nag's dinner with you. On pleasant days you will, of course, enjoy the noonday meal in the woods, at some inviting spot where a stream of water crosses the road. On cold and stormy days a big, hospitable barn will receive you. The farmer's wife is always willing to furnish boiling water for tea; and if you leave with her a pretty china cup and saucer, such as can be bought cheaply in the city, she will cherish the memory of your visit for years.

At every house or village where you stop, you will learn of fresh fields and pastures new which it is your bounden duty to explore. The best horse that I ever owned, I heard of by chance at a little cross-roads "store" and post-office where I met an old sheep-dealer. "Want a good roadster, do ye?" he inquired, as he hoisted a sack of flour on his buckboard. "Well, I 've got a mare to hum that I druv from Portland last fall in twelve hours; and she 's only four year old this July. Ain't that good enough for ye?" Yes, it was quite good enough; but inasmuch as the distance from Portland was at least seventy miles, I thought either that the statement must be a lie, which was the more probable, or else that the journey had ruined the sheep-dealer's mare. But on investigation I discovered both that the story was true, and that the filly was as "sound as a trout."[1] We came upon her in one of those

[1] This is a time-honored expression, and yet, as all sportsmen know, even trout are not always sound; for they are liable to a kind of consumption. I once fished a whole day in Lake Moosetockmoguntic, and caught but a single trout, and he was a consumptive.



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

A FASHIONABLE AUCTION.

magnificent pastures which abound in Maine, a great tract of rough but fertile land, including ravines, valleys, water-courses, and a steep and lofty hillside crowned with woods which afforded shelter from the sun and from cold winds. The feed was poor, for there had been a drought, and the filly, a coal-black Morgan, was thin, and footsore from the stoniness of the pasture; her mane was ragged and tangled, her coat faded and rusty: but she had the legs and feet, the structure and the blood, that I wanted. In three months she had gained sixty pounds, besides traveling a great many miles. All the best things in life — experience, amusement, clients, friends, and horses — come to one by accident. You have only to put yourself in the way of getting them, and Providence will do the rest.

As for prices of horseflesh in the country, they are commonly not lower — indeed, I think they are higher — than they are in large cities. But this statement is to be taken with one qualification. In the country the price of a horse does not depend upon who sells him — farmer, deacon, or squire, it makes no difference; whereas in the city fashionable dealers obtain about double the market rates.

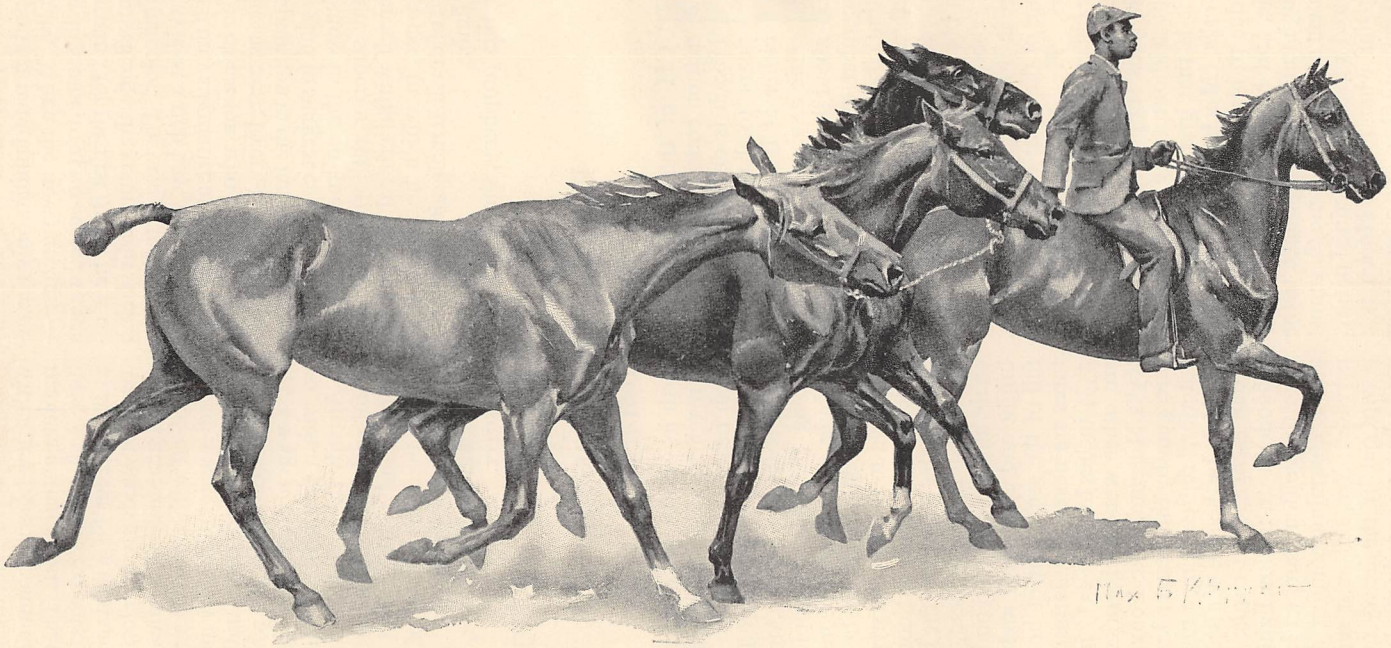
But supposing the buyer has no time or no inclination to run about country pastures looking for a horse, and supposing, further, that he has no special knowledge of the animal, so as to purchase him in the city or elsewhere with some assurance of not being cheated, what is he to do? What antidote is there for the glib falsehoods of the jock? Paterfamilias need not quite despair: civilization has provided a remedy in the shape of the "vet." Time was — one need not be old to remember it — when we had no vets in this country. There were only "horse-doctors," shabby fellows, addicted to clay pipes and to the consumption of much liquor, whole hemispheres removed from the vet who has education and a smart equipage and a good practice. The vet will tell the age and pass upon the soundness of any horse submitted to him. Often the mere mention of his name is sufficient to put a sharper to flight. On other occasions the jock declares his perfect willingness to submit the animal in question to any vet who can tell a horse from a cow; and sometimes when he has been taken at his word, and his horse rejected for incipient spavin, the triumph of paterfamilias, and the glory reflected upon him from the acuteness of his adviser, are well worth the moderate fee charged for the examination.

And this brings us to consider what are the marks of a good, serviceable horse, such as most people want to buy. The chief points are the eye and head; for, whether on the score of safety or of pleasure in ownership, the essential thing is to have a horse that is intelligent and gentle, or one that is intelligent and vicious, rather than stupid, for stupid horses are the most dangerous of all. Every horse shows his character in his head, and chiefly in the eye, just as certainly as a man shows his character in his face; although, as in the case of men, it is not always easy to read what is written in the equine features. But as to horses of positive character, positively good or positively bad, there need be no mistake. I once bought a mare of a dealer, for a woman's use, without even taking her out of the stable. She seemed to be sound, and I felt sure from her eye that she was unusually gentle and safe, and so she proved to be. On the other hand, out of six or eight horses shown to me at a sale-stable, on another occasion, I rejected one — the best in the lot otherwise — because his eye, though not absolutely bad, was such as to arouse suspicion; and the owner afterward admitted to me that the animal was different from the rest in being a little "mean." I mention these instances to show that any person of average intelligence can learn, by taking pains, to read the equine character. Horse-dealers and trainers seldom make a study of this matter, because they do not care about it. What you should look for is a large, clear, luminous eye; what you should distrust is a small eye, a protruding eye, a sunken eye, an eye that shows the white, glancing backward, which indicates bad temper; and above all, a glassy, tremulous eye, which indicates stupidity. It is hard to describe, but easily recognized. There should be a considerable space between the eyes. The ears and the carriage of them are hardly less significant. Well-cut ears that move continually with a general tendency to be pricked forward indicate a good and lively disposition. Large ears, if well shaped, are better than very small or "mouse" ears. Lop-ears, coarse ears, ears planted either very far apart or very close together, are to be viewed with great distrust.

Next in importance to the head come the feet. They should be of medium size, neither steep like a mule's, nor flat, but sloping at a medium angle. The best feet are "cup-shaped"; that is, so formed that when you pick them up they will hold water.

As to the other points of a horse, I shall not attempt to go into details, because I fear that they would convey information only to those who do not need it. But this may be said generally by way of advice: Avoid a long-backed or thin-waisted, still more a long-legged, horse. Look for a compact, rather low-standing beast, with a good head, good eyes, and well-shaped ears, and you cannot go far wrong.

And now we will suppose that an animal answering this description has finally been se-



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

SADDLE-HORSES FROM KENTUCKY.

lected, and certified by the vet to be sound and of proper age — that is, not under five. There remains for him and for paterfamilias only the ordeal of the family. When the new purchase — harnessed, we will assume, to a two-seated wagon — is brought around for the first drive, he is received in gloomy silence, the young ladies being disgusted with his color. They expected a strawberry roan, or at least a rich bay, whereas he is of a shade which they stigmatize at once as "yellow ocher." The eldest son, who by continually frequenting the nearest livery-stable has acquired some reputation in the family as a horseman, would be glad to suggest curb, or quarter-crack, or weakness in the off knee; but being overawed by the superior authority of the vet, he contents himself with a critical examination of the animal's eye, in which he professes to discover a spirit of devilish malignity that bodes ill for life and limb.

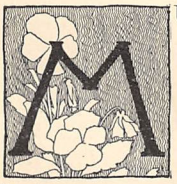
Cheered by this prophecy, the family take their seats, paterfamilias firmly grasping the reins, and prepared for the worst. The first drive with a new horse is commonly one of silent and resolute anticipation. That the animal will behave well no one expects. The only doubt is as to whether he will stand still and kick, run away, or suddenly develop some incurable disease; but as mile after mile is slowly but steadily reeled off without accident, the horse exhibiting no special depravity and no signs of lameness, the spirits of paterfamilias rise. He touches the new steed with his whip, cuts out an express-wagon in grand style, and finally brings up with a flourish at the home curbstone.

Already the new horse has passed from the awful region of the mysterious to that of the homely and familiar, and now presents himself to the imagination of his owners, not as an unknown brute, but as a faithful Dobbin, destined, let us hope, to a long and useful career.

Henry Childs Merwin.

PIETER DE HOOCH.

1632 (?) — 1681 (?).



UCH of the meager information concerning Pieter de Hooch is doubtful. He appears to have been born either at Utrecht or Ouderschie, a suburb of Rotterdam, about the year 1632. In 1655 he became a member of the Painters' Gild at Delft, but left that city in 1657 for either Haarlem or Amsterdam, and it is conjectured that he must have died soon after 1681, as this date is the latest on his pictures. The greater part of the pictures (about a hundred) known to be by his hand are in private English collections.

Hooch is one of the most charming of the Dutch masters. He delights in giving us glimpses of the cheerful and peaceful aspect of the domestic life of the time. One might linger hours before his simple scenes with the greatest delight without tiring of them, and wonder what it is that gives so mysterious a charm to his works. Much of the secret of his fascination is due to his wonderful feeling for light and shade, and his refined sensitiveness for values, though much more, no doubt, to the sweet contentment and love of home that must have characterized a gentle and refined nature. A man must paint what he is. Hooch is a poet of rare and delicate fiber. No other master can compare with him in the representation of the poetry of light, and in that marvelous brilliancy and clearness with which he calls it forth in various distances till the background is reached, which is generally illumined by a fresh beam.

"The Buttery," which I have engraved, is in the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam, and ranks among the finest examples of Hooch, and nothing, surely, could be more delightful. The action of the servant as she presents the jug to the child to sip is expressive of gentleness and endearment; and what could be more charming than the glimpse of the inside room, with its picture, and the casement, and the cushioned chair, and the court beyond in sunlight? How bright and sunny and joyful all this is! It is full of the sentiment of home. Hooch's pictures are never very large; this one measures 25¾ inches high by 23½ inches wide. There are other wonderful works by Hooch in the Ryks Museum. The Louvre also possesses a rare gem by this master known as "A Dutch Interior," representing a richly decorated room in which, by the side of a sculptured fireplace, a group is engaged at cards. The rich chamber is flooded with mellow light, which is reflected from the golden stamped leather of the walls, and a charming comfort and lovely mystery pervade. Yet, full as it seems of light, much is kept out by the heavy curtains beyond the card-players, near which a loving couple snatch a stolen opportunity for communing. A page enters noiselessly from another room with his salver, glass, and flask of wine.

Timothy Cole.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE RYKS MUSEUM AT AMSTERDAM.

"THE BUTTERY." BY PIETER DE HOOCH.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

XVII.

IN the year 1861 Donna Francesca Campodonico was already a widow. Her husband, Don Girolamo Campodonico, had died within two years of their marriage, which had been one of interest and convenience so far as he had been concerned, for Donna Francesca was rich, whereas he had been but a younger son and poor. His elder brother was the Duca di Norba, the father of another Girolamo, who succeeded him many years later, of Gianforte Campodonico, and of the beautiful Bianca, in whose short, sad life Pietro Ghisleri afterward held so large a part. But of these latter persons some were then not yet born, and others were in their infancy, so that they play no part in this portion of the present history.

Donna Francesca was of the great Braccio family, the last of a collateral branch. She had inherited a very considerable estate, which, if she had no descendants, was to revert to the Princes of Gerano. She had married Don Girolamo in obedience to her guardian's advice, but not at all against her will; and she had become deeply attached to him during the short two years of their married life. He had never been strong since his childhood, his constitution having been permanently injured by a violent attack of malarious fever when he had been a mere boy. A second fever, even more severe than the first, caught on a shooting expedition near Fiumicino, had killed him, and Donna Francesca was left a childless widow, in full possession of her own fortune, and of a little more in the shape of a small jointure. It was thought that she would marry again before very long, but it was too soon to expect this as yet.

Among her possessions as the last of her branch of the Braccio family, of which the main line, however, was sufficiently well represented, was the small but beautiful palace in which she now lived alone. It was situated between the Capitoline Hill and the Tiber, surrounded on three sides by dark and narrow streets, but facing a small square in which there was an ancient church. When it is said that the palace was a small one, its dimensions are compared with the great Roman palaces, more than one of which could easily lodge a thousand persons. It was built on the same general plan as most of them, with a ground floor having heavily barred windows; a state apartment in the first story, with three stone balconies on the front; a very low second story above that, but not coextensive with it, because two of the great state rooms were higher than the rest and had clear-story windows; and last of all, a third story consisting of much higher rooms than the second, and having a spacious attic under the sloping roof, which was, of course, covered with red tiles in the old fashion. The palace, at that time known as the Palazzo, or "Palazzetto," Borgia, was externally a very good specimen of Renascence architecture of the period when the florid barocco style had not yet got the upper hand in Rome. The great, arched entrance for carriages was well proportioned, the stone carvings were severe rather than graceful, the cornices had great nobility both of proportion and design. The lower story was built of rough-faced blocks of travertin stone, above which the masonry was smooth. The whole palace was of that warm, time-toned color which travertin takes with age, and which is, therefore, peculiar to old Roman buildings.

Within, though it could not be said that every part had exactly fallen to decay, there were many rooms which had been long disused, in which the old frescos and architectural designs in gray and white, and bits of bold perspective painted in the vaults and embrasures, were almost obliterated by time, and in which such furniture as there was could not survive much longer. About one half of the state apartment, comprising, perhaps, fifteen or twenty rooms, large and small, had been occupied by Donna Francesca and her husband, and she now lived in them alone. In that part of the palace there was a sort of quiet and stately luxury, the result of her own taste, which was strongly opposed to the gaudy fashions then introduced from Paris at the height of the Second Empire's importance. Girolamo Campodonico had been aware that his young wife's judgment was far better than his own in artistic matters, and had left all such questions entirely to her.

She had taken much pleasure in unearthing from attics and disused rooms all such objects as possessed any intrinsic artistic value, such as old carved furniture, tapestries, and the like. Whatever she found worth keeping she had caused to be restored just so far as to be useful; and she had known how to supply the deficiencies with modern material in such a way as not to destroy the harmony of the whole.

It should be sufficiently clear from these facts that Donna Francesca Campodonico was a woman of taste and culture in the modern sense. Indeed, the satisfaction of her tastes occupied a much more important place in her existence than her social obligations, and had a far greater influence upon her subsequent life. Her favorite scheme was to make her palace at all points as complete within as its architect had made it outside, and she had it in her power to succeed in doing so. She was not, as some might think, a great exception in those days. Within the narrow limits of a certain class in which the hereditary possession of masterpieces has established artistic intelligence as a stamp of caste, no people, until recently, have had a better taste than the Italians; as no people, beyond these limits, have ever had a worse. There was nothing very unusual in Donna Francesca's views, except her constant and industrious energy in carrying them out. Even this might be attributed to the fact that she had inherited a beautiful but dilapidated palace, which she was desirous of improving until, on a small scale, it should be like the houses of the great old families, such as the Saracinesca, the Savelli, the Frangipani, and her own near relatives, the Princes of Gerano.

She had an invaluable ally in her artistic enterprises in the person of an artist who in a sort of way was considered as belonging to Casa Braccio, though his extraordinary talent had raised him far above the position of a dependent of the family in which he had been born, as the son of a steward of the ancient castle and estate of Gerano. As constantly happened in those days, the clever boy had been noticed by the prince, or, perhaps, thrust into notice by his father, who was reasonably proud of him. The lad had been taken out of his surroundings, and thoroughly educated for the priesthood in Rome; but by the time he had attained to the age necessary for ordination, his artistic gifts had developed to such an extent that, in spite of his father's disappointment, even the old prince — the brother of Sister Maria Addolorata — advised Angelo Reanda to give up the church, and to devote himself altogether to painting.

Young Reanda had been glad enough of the change in his prospects. Many eminent Italians have begun life in a similar way. Cardinal Antonelli was not the only one, for there have been Italian prime ministers, as well as dignitaries of the Church, whose origin was as humble, and who owed their subsequent distinction to the kindly interest bestowed on them by nobles on whose estates their parents were mere peasants, very far inferior in station to Angelo Reanda's father, a man of a certain education, occupying a position of trust and importance.

Nor was Reanda's priestly education anything but an advantage to him so far as his career was concerned, however much it had raised him above the class in which he had been born. So far as Latinity and rhetoric were to be counted, he was better educated than his father's master; for with the same advantages he had greater talents, greater originality, and greater industry. As an artist, his mental culture made him the intellectual superior of most of his contemporaries. As a man, ten years of close association with the sons of gentlemen had easily enough made a gentleman of one whose instincts were naturally as refined as his character was sensitive and upright.

Donna Francesca, as the last of her branch of the family and an orphan at an early age, had of course been brought up in the house of her relatives of Gerano, and from her childhood had known Reanda's father, and Angelo himself, who was fully ten years older than she. Some of his first paintings had been done in the great Braccio palace; and many a time, as a mere girl, she had watched him at his work, perched upon a scaffolding, as he decorated the vault of the main hall. She could not remember the time when she had not heard him spoken of as a young genius, and she could distinctly recall the discussion which had taken place when his fate had been decided for him, and when he had been at last told that he might become an artist if he chose. At that time she had looked upon him with a sort of wondering admiration in which there was much real friendly feeling; and as she grew up, and saw what he could do, and learned to appreciate it, she silently determined that he should one day help her to restore the dilapidated Palazzetto Borgia, where her father and mother had died in her infancy, and which she loved with that sort of tender attachment which children brought up by distant relatives often feel for whatever has belonged to their own dimly remembered parents.

There was a natural intimacy between the young girl and the artist. Long ago she had played at ball with him in the great courtyard of the Gerano castle, when he had been at home for his holidays, wearing a black cassock and a three-cornered hat, like a young priest. Then, all at once, instead of a priest, he had become a



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"HE LOOKED AT HER LONG AND SADLY."

painter, dressed like other men, and working in the house in which she lived. She had played with his colors, had scrawled with his charcoals upon the white plastered walls, had asked him questions, and had talked with him about the famous pictures in the Braccio gallery. And all this had happened not once, but many times in the course of years. Then she had unfolded to him her schemes about her own little palace, and he had promised to help her by and by, half jesting, half in earnest. She would give him rooms in the upper story to live in, she said, disposing of everything beforehand. He should be close to his work, and have it under his hand always until it was finished. And when there was no more to do, he might still live there, and have his studio at the top of the old house, with an entrance of his own, leading by a narrow staircase to one of the dark streets at the back. She had noticed all sorts of peculiarities of the building in her occasional visits to it with the governess — as, for instance, that there was a convenient interior staircase leading from the great hall to the upper story, by a door once painted like the wall, and hard to find, but now hanging on its hinges and hideously apparent. The great hall must all be painted again, and Angelo could live overhead, and come down to his work by those steps. With childish pleasure she praised her own ingenuity in so arranging matters beforehand. Angelo was to help her in all she did, until the Palazzetto Borgia should be as beautiful as the Palazzo Braccio itself, though of course it was much smaller. Then she scrawled on the walls again, trying to explain to him, in childishly futile sketches, her ideas of decoration; and he would come down from his scaffold, and do his best with a few broad lines, to show her what she had really imagined, till she clapped her small, dusty hands with delight, and was ultimately carried off by her governess to be made presentable for her daily drive in the Villa Borghese with the Princess of Gerano.

As a girl Francesca had the rare gift of seeing clearly in her mind what she wanted, and at last she had found herself possessed of the power to carry out her intentions. As a matter of course she had taken Reanda into her confidence as her chief helper, and the intimacy which dated from her childhood had continued on very much the same footing. His talent had grown and been consolidated by ten years of good work, and she, as a young married woman, had understood what she had meant when she had been a child. Reanda was now admittedly, in his department, the first painter in Rome, and that was fame in those days. His high education and general knowledge of all artistic matters made him an interesting companion in such work as Francesca had undertaken, and he had, moreover, a personal charm of manner and voice which had always attracted her.

No one, perhaps, would have called him a handsome man, and at this time he was no longer in his first youth. He was tall, thin, and very dark, though his black beard had touches of a deep gold-brown color in it, which contrasted a little with his dusky complexion. He had a sad face, with deep, lusterless, thoughtful eyes, which seemed to peer inward rather than outward. In the olive skin there were heavy brown shadows, and the bony prominence of the brow left hollows at the temples, from which the fine black hair grew with a backward turn which gave something unusual to his expression. The aquiline nose, which characterizes so many Roman faces, was thin and delicate, with sensitive nostrils that often moved when he was speaking. The eyebrows were irregular and thick, extending in a dark down beyond the lower angles of the forehead, and almost meeting between the eyes; but the somewhat gloomy expression which this gave him was modified by a certain sensitive grace of the mouth, little hidden by the thin black mustache or by the beard, which did not grow up to the lower lip, though it was thick and silky from the chin downward.

It was a thoughtful face, but there was creative power in the high forehead, as there was direct energy in the long arms and lean, nervous hands. Donna Francesca liked to watch him at his work, as she had watched him when she was a little girl. Now and then, but very rarely, the lusterless eyes lighted up, just before he put in some steady, determining stroke which brought out the meaning of the design. There was a quick fire in them then, at the instant when the main idea was outwardly expressed; and if she spoke to him inadvertently at such a moment, he never answered her at once, and sometimes forgot to answer her at all. For his art was always first with him. She knew it, and she liked him the better for it.

The intimacy between the great lady and the artist was, indeed, founded upon this devotion of his to his painting, but it was sustained by a sort of community of interests extending far back into darker ages, when his forefathers had been bondsmen to her ancestors in the days of serfdom. He had grown up with the clearly defined sensation of belonging with, if not to, the house of Braccio. His father had been a trusty and trusted dependent of the family, and he had imbibed as a mere child its hereditary likes and dislikes, its traditions wise and foolish, together with an indomitable pride in its high fortunes and position in the world. And Francesca herself was a true Braccio, though she was descended from a collateral branch, and, next to the Prince of Gerano, had been to Reanda by far the most important person bear-

ing the name. She had admired him when she had been a child, had encouraged him as she grew up, and now she provided his genius with employment, and gave him her friendship as a solace and delight both in work and idleness. It is said that only Italians can be admitted to such a position with the certainty that they will not under any circumstances presume upon it. To Angelo Reanda it meant much more than to most men who could have been placed as he was. His genius raised him far above the class in which he had been born, and his education, with his natural and acquired refinement, placed him on a higher level than the majority of other Roman artists, who, in the Rome of that day, inhabited a Bohemia of their own, which has completely disappeared. Their ideas and conversation, when they were serious, interested him; but their manners were not his, and their gaiety was frankly distasteful to him. He associated with them as an artist, but not as a companion, and he particularly disliked their wives and daughters, who, in their turn, found him too "serious" for their society, to use the time-honored Italian expression. Nevertheless, his natural gentleness of disposition made him treat them all alike with quiet courtesy; and when, as often happened, he was obliged to be in their company, he honestly endeavored to be one of them as far as he could.

On the other hand, he had no footing in the society to which Francesca belonged, but for which she cared so little. There were, indeed, one or two houses where he was received, as he was at Casa Braccio, in a manner which, for the very reason that it was familiar, proved his social inferiority; where he addressed the head of the house as "Excellency," and was called "Reanda" by everybody, elders and juniors alike; where he was appreciated as an artist, respected as a man, and welcomed occasionally as a guest when no other outsider was present: but where he was not looked upon as a personage to be invited even with the great throng on state occasions. He was as far from receiving such cold acknowledgments of social existence as those who received them and nothing else were distantly removed from intimacy on an equal footing.

He did not complain of such treatment, nor even inwardly resent it. The friendliness shown him was as real as the kindness he had received throughout his early youth from the Prince of Gerano, and he was not the man to undervalue it because he had not a drop of gentle blood in his veins. But his refined nature craved refined intercourse, and preferred solitude to what he could get in any lower sphere. The desire for the atmosphere of the uppermost class, rather than the mere wish to appear as one of its members, often belongs to the artistic temperament; and many artists are unjustly disliked by their fellows, and pointed at as snobs, because they prefer, as an atmosphere, inane elegance to inelegant intellectuality. It is often forgotten by those who calumniate them, that hereditary elegance, no matter how empty-headed, is the result of an hereditary cultivation of what is thought beautiful, and that the vainest, silliest woman who dresses well by instinct is an artist in her way.

In Francesca Campodonico there was much more than such superficial taste, and in her Reanda found the only true companion he had ever known. He might have been for twenty years the intimate friend of all Roman society without meeting such another, and he knew it, and appreciated his good fortune. For he was not naturally a dissatisfied man, nor at all given to complain of his lot. Few men are who have active, creative genius, and whose profession gives them all the scope they need. Of late years, too, Francesca had treated him with a sort of deference which he got from no one else in the world. He realized that she did, without attempting to account for the fact, which, indeed, depended on something past his comprehension.

He felt for her something like veneration. The word does not express exactly the attitude of his mind toward her, but no other defines his position so well. He was not in love with her in the Italian sense of the expression; for he did not conceive it possible that she should ever love him, whereas he told himself that he might possibly marry, if he found a wife to his taste, and be in love with his wife without in the least infringing upon his devotion to Donna Francesca.

That she was young and lovely, if not beautiful, he saw and knew. He even admitted unconsciously that if she had been an old woman he could not have "venerated" her as he did, though veneration, as such, is the due of the old rather than of the young. Her spiritual eyes and virginal face were often before him in his dreams and waking thoughts. There was a maidenlike modesty, as it were, even about her graceful bodily self which belonged, in his imagination, to a saint upon an altar rather than to a statue upon a pedestal. There was something in the sweep of her soft dark-brown hair which suggested that it would be sacrilege and violence for a man's hand to touch it. There was a dewy delicacy on her young lips, as though they could kiss nothing more earthly than a newly opened flower, already above the earth, but not yet touched by the sun. There was a thoughtful turn of modeling in the smooth, white forehead which it was utterly beyond Reanda's art to reproduce, often as he had tried. He thought a great sculptor might succeed, and it was the one thing which

made him sometimes wish that he had taken the chisel for his tool instead of the brush.

She was never considered one of the great beauties of Rome. She had not the magnificent presence and coloring of her kinswoman Maria Addolorata, whose tragic death in the convent of Subiaco — a fictitious tragedy accepted as real by all Roman society — had given her a special place in the history of the Braccio family. She had not the dark and queenly splendor of Corona d'Astradente, her contemporary, and the most beautiful woman of her time. But she had, for those who loved her, something which was quite her own, and which placed her beyond them in some ways, and, in any case, out of competition for the homage received by the great beauties. No one recognized this more fully than Angelo Reanda; and he would as soon have thought of being in love with her, as men love women, as he would have imagined that his father, for instance, could have loved Maria Addolorata, the Carmelite nun.

The one human point in his devoted adoration lay in his terror lest Francesca Campodonico should die young, and leave him to grow old without her. He sometimes told her so.

"You should marry," she answered one day when they were together in the great hall which he was decorating.

She was still dressed in black, and as she spoke he turned and saw the outline of her small, pure face against the high back of the old chair in which she was sitting. It was so white just then that he fancied he saw in it that fatal look which belonged to some of the Braccio family, and which was always spoken of as having been one of Maria Addolorata's chief characteristics. He looked at her long and sadly, leaning against an upright of his scaffolding as he stood on the floor near her, holding his brushes in his hand.

"I do not think I shall ever marry," he answered at last, looking down, and idly mixing two colors on his palette.

"Why not?" she asked quickly. "I have heard you say that you might some day."

"Some day, some day — and then, all at once, the 'some day' is past, and is not any more in the future. Why should I marry? I am well enough as I am; there would only be unhappiness."

"Do you think that every one who marries must be unhappy?" she asked. "You are cynical. I did not know it."

"No; I am not cynical. I say it only of myself. There are many reasons. I could not marry such a woman as I should wish to have for my wife. You must surely understand that. It is very easy to understand."

He made as though he would go up the ladder to his little platform and continue his work. But she stopped him.

"What is the use of hurting your eyes?" she asked. "It is late, and the light is bad. Besides, I am not so sure that I understand what you mean, though you say that it is so easy. We have never talked about it much."

He laid his palette and brushes upon a ragged straw chair, and sat down upon another not far from her. There was no other furniture in the great vaulted hall, and the brick pavement was bare, and splashed in many places with white plaster. Fresco-painting can be done only upon stucco just laid on, while it is still moist; and a mason came early every day and prepared as much of the wall as Reanda could cover before night. If he did not paint over the whole surface, the remainder was chipped away and freshly laid over on the following morning.

The evening light already reddened the tall western windows, for it was autumn, and the days were shortening quickly. Reanda knew that he could not do much more, and sat down to answer Francesca's question, if he could.

"I am not a gentleman, as you understand the word," he said slowly. "And yet I am certainly not of the class to which my father belonged. My position is not defined. I could not marry a woman of your class, and I should not care to marry one of any other. That is all. Is it not clear?"

"Yes," answered Francesca. "It is clear enough. But —"

She checked herself, and he looked into her face, expecting her to continue. But she said nothing more.

"You were going to find an objection to what I said," he observed.

"No; I was not. I will say it, for you will understand me. What you tell me is true enough, and I am sorry that it should be so. Is it not to some extent my fault?"

"Your fault?" cried Reanda, leaning forward, and looking into her eyes. "How? I do not understand."

"I blame myself," answered Francesca, quietly. "I have kept you out of the world, perhaps, and in many ways. Here you live, day after day, as though nothing else existed for you. In the morning, long before I am awake, you come down your staircase through that door, and go up that ladder, and work, and work, and work, all day long, until it is dark, as you have worked to-day, and yesterday, and for months. And when you might and should be out of doors, or associating with other people, as just now, I sit and talk to you, and take up all your leisure time. It is wrong. You ought to see more of other men and women. Do men of genius never marry? It seems to me absurd."

"Genius!" exclaimed Reanda, shaking his head sadly. "Do not use the word to me."

"I will do as other people do," answered Francesca. "But that is not the question. The truth is that you live pent up in this old house, like a bird in a cage. I want you to spread your wings."

"To go away for a time?" asked Reanda, anxiously.

"I did not say that. Perhaps I should. Yes; if you could enjoy a journey, go away — for a time."

She spoke with some hesitation, and rather nervously, for he had said more than she had meant to propose.

"Just to make a change," she added, after a moment's pause, as he said nothing. "You ought to see more of other people, as I said. You ought to mix with the world. You ought at least to offer yourself the chance of marrying, even if you think that you might not find a wife to your taste."

"If I do not find one here —" He did not complete the sentence, but smiled a little.

"Must you marry a Roman princess?" she asked. "What should you say to a foreigner? Is that impossible, too?"

"It would matter little where she came from if I wished to marry her," he answered. "But I like my life as it is. Why should I try to change it? I am happy as I am. I work, and I enjoy working. I work for you, and you are satisfied. It seems to me that there is nothing more to be said. Why are you so anxious that I should marry?"

Donna Francesca laughed softly, but without much mirth.

"Because I think that in some way it is my fault if you have not married," she said. "And besides, I was thinking of a young girl whom I met, or rather saw, the other day, and who might please you. She has the most beautiful voice in the world, I think. She could make her fortune as a singer, and I believe she wishes to try it; but her father objects. They are foreigners — English or Scotch — it is the same. She is a mere child, they say; but she seems to be quite grown up. There is something strange about them. He is a man of science, I am told; but I fancy he is one of those English enthusiasts about Italian liberty. His name is Dalrymple."

"What a name!" Reanda laughed. "I suppose they have come to spend the winter in Rome," he added.

"Not at all. I hear that they have lived here for years. But one never meets the foreigners unless they wish to be in society. His wife died young, they say, and this girl is his only daughter. I wish you could hear her sing!"

"For that matter, I wish I might," said Reanda, who was passionately fond of music.

XVIII.

SEVENTEEN years had scored their account on Angus Dalrymple's hard face, and one great sorrow had set an even deeper mark upon him — a sorrow so deep and so overwhelming that none had ever dared to speak of it to him. And he was not the man to bear any affliction resignedly, to feed on memory, and find rest in the dreams of what had been. Sullenly and fiercely rebellious against his fate, he went down life, rather than through it, savage and silent, for the most part, Nero-like in his wish that he could end the world at a single blow, himself and all that lived. Yet it was characteristic of the man that he had not chosen suicide as a means of escape, as he would have done in his earlier years if Maria Addolorata had failed him. It seemed cowardly now, and he had never done anything cowardly in his life. Through his grief the sense of responsibility had remained with him, and had kept him alive. He looked upon his existence not as a state from which he had a right to escape, but as a personal enemy to be fought with, to be despised, to be ill treated barbarously, perhaps, but still as an enemy to murder whom in cold blood would be an act of cowardice.

There was little more than the mere sense of the responsibility, for he did little enough to fulfil his obligations. His wife had borne him a daughter, but it was not in Angus Dalrymple's nature to substitute one being in his heart for another. He could not love the girl simply because her mother was dead. He could only spoil her, with a rough idea that she should be spared all suffering as much as possible, but that if he gave her what she wanted, he had done all that could be expected of him. For the rest, he lived his own life.

He had a good intelligence and superior gifts, together with considerable powers of intellectual acquisition. He had believed in his youth that he was destined to make great discoveries, and his papers afterward showed that he was really on the track of great and new things. But with his bereavement, all ambition as well as all curiosity disappeared in one day from his character. Since then he had never gone back to his studies, which disgusted him and seemed stale and flat. He grew rudely dogmatical when scientific matters were discussed before him, as he had become rough, tyrannical, and almost violent in his ordinary dealings with the world whenever he found any opposition to his opinions or his will. The only exception he made was in his treatment of his daughter, whom he indulged in every way except in her desire to be a public singer. It seemed to him that to give her everything she wanted was to fulfil all his obligations to her;

in the one question of appearing on the stage he was inflexible. He simply refused to hear of it, rarely giving her any reasons beyond the ordinary ones which present themselves in such cases, and which were far from answering the impulse of the girl's genius.

They had called her Gloria in the days of their passionate happiness. The sentimental name had meant a great deal to them, for Dalrymple had at that time developed that sort of uncouth sentimentality which is in strong men like a fungus on an oak, and disgusts them afterward, unless they are able to forget it. The two had felt that the glory of life was in the child, and they had named her for it, as it were.

Years afterward Dalrymple brought the little girl to Rome, drawn back irresistibly to the place by that physical association of impressions which moves such men strongly. They had remained, keeping from year to year a lodging which Dalrymple had at first hired for only a few months. He never went to Subiaco.

He gave Gloria teachers, the best that could be found, and there were good instructors in those days, when people were willing to take time in learning. In music she had her mother's voice and talent. Her father gave her a musician's opportunities, and it was no wonder that she should dream of conquering Europe from behind the footlights, as Grisi had done, and as Patti was just about to do in her turn.

She and her father spoke English together, but Gloria was bilingual, as children of mixed marriages often are, speaking English and Italian with equal ease. Dalrymple found a respectable middle-aged German governess who came daily and spent most of the day with Gloria, teaching her and walking with her—worshiping her, too, with that curious faculty for idealizing the very human which belongs to German governesses when they like their pupils.

Dalrymple led his own life. Had he chosen to mix in Roman society, he would have been well received as a member of a great Scotch family, and not very far removed from the head of his house. No one of his relatives had ever known the truth about his wife except his father, who had died with the secret, and it was not likely that any one would ask questions. If any one did, he would certainly not satisfy such curiosity. But he cared little for society, and spent his time either alone with books and wine, or in occasional excursions into the artist world, where his eccentricities excited little remark, and where he met men who secretly sympathized with the Italian revolutionary movement, and dabbled in conspiracies which rather amused than disquieted the papal government.

Though Gloria was at that time but little more than sixteen years of age, her father took her with him to little informal parties at the studios or even at the houses of artists, where they found often good music, and clever, if not serious, conversation. The conventionalities of age were little regarded in such circles. Gloria appeared, too, much older than she really was, and her marvelous voice made her a center of attraction at an age when most young girls are altogether in the background. Dalrymple never objected to her singing on such occasions, and he invariably listened with closed eyes and folded hands, as though he were assisting at a religious service. Her voice was like her mother's, excepting that it was pitched higher, and had all the compass and power necessary for a great soprano. Dalrymple's almost devout attitude when Gloria was singing was the only allusion, if one may call it so, which he ever made to his dead wife's existence, and no one who watched him knew what it meant. But he was often more silent than usual after she had sung, and he sometimes went off by himself afterward, and sat for hours in one of the old wine-cellars near the Capitol, drinking gloomily of the oldest and strongest he could find. For he drank more or less perpetually in the evening, and wine made him melancholic and morose, though it did not seem to affect him otherwise. Little by little, however, it was dulling the early keenness of his intellect, though it hardly touched his constitution at all. He was lean and bony still, as in the old days, but paler in the face, and he had allowed his red beard to grow. It was streaked with gray, and there were small, nervous lines about his eyes, as well as deep furrows in his forehead and face.

Dalrymple had found in the artist world a man who was something of a companion to him at times—a very young man whom he could not understand, though his own dogmatic temper made him, as a rule, believe that he understood most things and most men. But this particular individual alternately puzzled, delighted, and irritated the nervous Scotchman.

They had made acquaintance at an artists' supper in the previous year; had afterward met accidentally at the bookseller's in the Piazza di Spagna, where both went from time to time to look at the English newspapers; and little by little they had fallen into the habit of meeting there of a morning, and of strolling in the direction of Dalrymple's lodging afterward. At last Dalrymple had asked his companion to come in and look at a book, and so the acquaintance had grown. Gloria watched the young stranger, and at first she disliked him.

The aforesaid bookseller dealt, and deals still, in photographs and prints, as well as in foreign and Italian books. At the present time his establishment is distinctively a Roman Catholic one. In those days it was almost the only one of its kind, and was patronized alike by

Romans and foreigners. Even Donna Francesca Campodonico went there from time to time for a book on art or an engraving which she and Reanda needed for their work. They occasionally walked all the way from the Palazzetto Borgia to the Piazza di Spagna together in the morning. When they had found what they wanted, Donna Francesca generally drove home in a cab, and Reanda went to his midday meal before returning. For the line of his intimacy with her was drawn at this point. He had never sat down at the same table with her, and he never expected to do so. As the two stood to each other at present, though Francesca would willingly have asked him to breakfast, she would have hesitated to do so merely because the first invitation would inevitably call attention to the fact that the line had been drawn somewhere, whereas both were willing to believe that it had never existed at all. Under any pressure of necessity she would have driven with him in a cab, but not in her own carriage. They both knew it, and by tacit consent never allowed such unknown possibilities to suggest themselves. But in the mornings there was nothing to prevent their walking together as far as the Piazza di Spagna, or anywhere else.

They went to the bookseller's one day soon after the conversation which had led Francesca to mention the Dalrymples. As they walked along the east side of the great square, they saw two men before them.

"There goes the Gladiator," said Reanda to his companion, suddenly. "There is no mistaking his walk, even at this distance."

"What do you mean?" asked Francesca. "Unless I am mistaken, the man who is a little the taller — the one in the rough English clothes — is Mr. Dalrymple. I spoke of him the other day, you know."

"Oh! Is that he? The other has a still more extraordinary name. He is Paul Griggs. He is the son of an American consul who died in Civita Vecchia twenty years ago, and left him a sort of waif, for he had no money and apparently no relatives. Somehow he has grown up, Heaven knows how, and gets a living by journalism. I believe he was at sea for some years as a boy. He is really as much Italian as American. I have met him with artists and literary people."

"Why do you call him the Gladiator?" asked Francesca, with some interest.

"It is a nickname he has got. Cotogni, the sculptor, was in despair for a model last year. Griggs and two or three other men were in the studio, and somebody suggested that Griggs was very near the standard of the ancients in his proportions. They persuaded him to let them measure him. You know that in the 'canons' of proportion the Borghese Gladiator — the one in the Louvre — is given as the best example of an athlete. They measured Griggs then and there, and found that he was at all points the exact living image of the statue. The name has stuck to him. You see what a fellow he is, and how he walks."

"Yes; he looks strong," said Francesca, watching the man with natural curiosity.

The young American was a little shorter than Dalrymple, but evidently better proportioned. No one could fail to notice the vast breadth of shoulder, the firm, columnar throat, and the small athlete's head, with close-set ears. He moved without any of that swinging motion of the upper part of the body which is natural to many strong men, and was noticeable in Dalrymple; but there was something peculiar in his walk, almost undefinable, but conveying the idea of very great strength with very great elasticity.

"But he is an ugly man," observed Reanda, almost immediately. "Ugly, but not repulsive. You will see if he turns his head. His face is like a mask. It is not the face you would expect with such a body."

"How curious!" exclaimed Francesca, rather idly; for her interest in Paul Griggs was almost exhausted.

They went on along the crowded pavement. When they reached the bookseller's, and went in, they saw that the two men were there before them, looking over the foreign papers, which were neatly arranged on a little table apart. Dalrymple looked up, and recognized Francesca, to whom he had been introduced at a small concert given for a charity in a private house, on which occasion Gloria had sung. He lifted his hat from his head, and laid it down upon the newspapers when Francesca rather unexpectedly held out her hand to him in English fashion. He had left a card at her house on the day after their meeting; but as she was alone in the world, she had no means of returning the civility.

"It would give me great pleasure if you would bring your daughter to see me," she said graciously.

"You are very kind," answered Dalrymple, his steely-blue eyes scrutinizing her pure young features.

She only glanced at him, for she was suddenly aware that his companion was looking at her. He too had laid down his hat, and she instantly understood what Reanda had meant by comparing his face to a mask. The features were certainly very far from handsome. If they were redeemed at all, it was by the very deep-set eyes, which gazed into hers in a strangely steady way, as though the lids never could droop from under the heavy, overhanging brow, and then, still unwinking, turned in

another direction. The man's complexion was of that perfectly even but almost sallow color which often belongs to very strong melancholic temperaments. His face was clean-shaven and unnaturally square and expressionless, excepting for such life as there was in the deep eyes. Dark, straight, closely cut hair grew thick and smooth as a priest's skull-cap, low on the forehead and far forward at the temples. The level mouth, firmly closed, divided the lower part of the face like the scar of a straight saber-cut. The nose was very thick between the eyes, relatively long, with unusually broad nostrils, which ran upward from the point to the lean cheeks. The man wore very dark clothes of extreme simplicity, and at a time when pins and chains were much in fashion he had not anything visible about him of gold or silver. He wore his watch on a short, doubled piece of black silk braid slipped through his buttonhole. He dressed almost as though he were in mourning.

Francesca unconsciously looked at him so intently for a moment that Dalrymple thought it natural to introduce him, fancying that she might have heard of him, and might wish to know him out of curiosity.

"May I introduce Mr. Griggs?" he said, with the stiff inclination which was a part of his manner.

Griggs bowed, and Donna Francesca bent her head a little. Reanda came up, and shook hands with the American, and Francesca introduced the artist to Dalrymple.

"I have long wished to have the pleasure of knowing you, Signor Reanda," said the latter. "We have many acquaintances in common among the artists here. I may say that I am a great admirer of your work, and my daughter, too, for that matter."

Reanda said something civil as his hand parted from the Scotchman's. Francesca saw an opportunity of bringing Reanda and Gloria together.

"As you like Signor Reanda's painting so much," she said to Dalrymple, "will you not bring your daughter this afternoon to see the frescos he is doing in my house? You know the Palazzetto? Of course — you left a card, but I had no one to return it," she added rather sadly. "Will you also come, Mr. Griggs?" she asked, turning to the American. "It will give me much pleasure, and I see you know Signor Reanda. This afternoon, if you like, at any time after four o'clock."

Both Dalrymple and Griggs secretly wondered a little at receiving such an invitation from a Roman lady whom the one had met but once before, and to whom the other had but just been introduced. But they bowed their thanks, and promised to come.

After a few more words they separated, Francesca and Reanda to pick out the engraving they wanted, and the other two men to return to their newspapers. By and by Francesca passed them again, on her way out.

"I shall expect you after four o'clock," she said, nodding graciously as she went by.

Dalrymple looked after her till she had left the shop.

"That woman is not like other women, I think," he said thoughtfully to his companion.

The mask-like face turned itself deliberately toward him, with shadowy, unwinking eyes.

"No," answered Griggs; and he slowly took up his paper again.

XIX.

Donna Francesca received her three guests in the drawing-room, on the side of the house which she inhabited. Reanda was at his work in the great hall.

Gloria entered first, followed closely by her father, and Francesca was dazzled by the young girl's brilliancy of color and expression, though she had seen her once before. As she came in, the afternoon sun streamed upon her face and turned her auburn hair to red gold, and gleamed upon her small, white teeth as her strong lips parted to speak the first words. She was tall and supple, as graceful as a panther, and her voice rang and whispered, and rang again in quick changes of tone, like a waterfall in the woods in summer. With much of her mother's beauty, she had inherited from her father the violent vitality of his youth. Yet she was not noisy, though her manners were not like Francesca's. Her voice rippled and rang, but she did not speak too loud. She moved swiftly and surely, but not with rude haste. Nevertheless, it seemed to Francesca that there must be some exaggeration somewhere. The elder woman at first set it down as a remnant of school-girl shyness, and then at once felt that she was mistaken because there was not the smallest awkwardness nor lack of self-possession about it. The contrast between the young girl and Paul Griggs was so striking as to be almost violent. He was cold and funereal in his leonine strength, and his face was more like a mask than ever as he bowed and sat down in silence. When he did not remind her of a gladiator, he made her think of a black lion with a strange, human face, and eyes that were not exactly human, though they did not remind her of any animal's eyes which she had ever seen.

As for Dalrymple, she thought that he was singularly haggard and worn for a man apparently only in middle age. There was a certain imposing air about him, which she liked. Besides, she rarely met foreigners, and they interested her. She noticed that both men wore

black coats, and carried their tall hats in their hands. They were therefore not artists, nor to be classed with artists. She was still young enough to judge them to some extent by details, to which people attached a good deal more importance at that time than at present. She made up her mind in the course of the next few minutes that both Dalrymple and Griggs belonged to her own class, though she did not ask herself where the young American had got his manners. But somehow, though Gloria fascinated her eyes and her ears, she set down the girl as being inferior to her father. She wondered whether Gloria's mother had not been an actress, which was a curious reflection, considering that the dead woman had been of her own house and name.

After exchanging a few words with her guests, Francesca suggested that they should cross to the other side and see the frescos, adding that Reanda was probably still at work.

"You know him, Mr. Griggs?" she said, as they all rose to leave the room.

"Yes," he answered; "as one man knows another."

"What does that mean?" asked Francesca, moving toward the door to lead the way.

"It does not mean much," replied the young man, with curious ambiguity.

He was very gentle in his manner, and spoke in a low voice and rather diffidently. She looked at him as though mentally determining to renew the question at some other time. Her first impression was that of a sort of duality about the man, as she found the possibility of a double meaning in his answer. His magnificent frame seemed to belong to one person, his voice and manner to another. Both might be good in their way, but her curiosity was excited by the side which was the less apparent.

They all went through the house till they came to a door which divided the inhabited part from the hall in which Reanda was working. She knocked gently upon it with her knuckles, and then smiled as she saw Gloria looking at her.

"We keep it locked," she said. "The masons come in the morning to lay on the stucco. One never trusts those people. Signor Reanda keeps the key of this door."

The artist opened from within, and stood aside to let the party pass. He started perceptibly when he first saw Gloria. As a boy he had seen Maria Braccio more than once before she had entered the convent, and he was struck by the girl's strong resemblance to her. Francesca, following Gloria, saw his movement of surprise, and attributed it merely to admiration or astonishment such as she had felt herself a quarter of an hour earlier. She smiled a little as she went by, and Reanda knew that the smile was for him because he had shown surprise. He understood the misinterpretation, and resented it a little.

But she knew Reanda well, and before ten minutes had passed she had convinced herself that he was repelled rather than attracted by the young girl, in spite of the latter's undisguised admiration of his work. It was not mere unintelligent enthusiasm, either; and he might well have been pleased and flattered by her unaffected praise.

She was interested, too, in the technical mechanics of fresco-painting, which she had never before been able to see at close quarters. Everything interested Gloria, and especially everything connected with art. As soon as they had all spoken their first words of compliment and appreciation, she entered into conversation with the painter, asking him all sorts of questions, and listening earnestly to what he said, until he realized that she was certainly not assuming an appearance of admiration for the sake of flattering him.

Meanwhile Francesca talked with Griggs, and Dalrymple, having gone slowly round the hall alone after all the others, came and stood beside the two and watched Francesca, occasionally offering a dry remark in a somewhat absent-minded way. It was all rather commonplace and decidedly quiet, and he was not much amused, though from time to time he seemed to become absorbed in studying Francesca's face, as though he saw something there which was past his comprehension. She noticed that he watched her, and felt a little uncomfortable under his steely-blue eyes, so that she turned her head, and talked more with Griggs than with him. Remembering what Reanda had told her of the young man's origin, she did not like to ask him the common questions about residence in Rome and his liking for Italy. She was self-possessed and ready enough at conversation, and she chose to talk of general subjects. They talked in Italian, of course. Dalrymple, as of old, spoke fluently, but with a strange accent. Any one would have taken Paul Griggs for a Roman. At last, almost in spite of herself, she made a remark about his speech.

"I was born here," answered Griggs. "It is much more remarkable that Miss Dalrymple should speak Italian as she does, having been born in Scotland."

"Are you talking about me?" asked the young girl, turning her head quickly, though she was standing with Reanda at some distance from the others.

"I was speaking of your accent in Italian," said Griggs.

"Is there anything wrong about it?" asked Gloria, with an anxiety that seemed exaggerated.

"On the contrary," answered Donna Francesca, "Mr. Griggs was telling me how perfectly you speak. But I had noticed it."

"Oh! I thought Mr. Griggs was finding fault," answered Gloria, turning to Reanda again.

Dalrymple looked at his daughter as though he were annoyed. The eyes of Francesca and Griggs met for a moment. All three were aware that they resented the young girl's quick question as one which they themselves would not have asked in her place had they accidentally heard their names mentioned in a distant conversation. But Francesca instantly went on with the subject.

"To us Italians," she said, "it seems incredible that any one should speak our language and English equally well. It is as though you were two persons, Mr. Griggs," she added, smiling at the covered expression of her thought about him.

"I sometimes think so myself," answered Griggs, with one of his steady looks. "In a way, every one must have a sort of duality — a good and an evil principle."

"God and the devil," suggested Francesca, simply.

"Body and soul would do, I suppose. The one is always in slavery to the other. The result is a sinner or a saint, as the case may be. One never can tell," he added more carelessly. "I am not sure that it matters. But one can see it. The battle is fought in the face."

"I do not understand. What battle?"

"The battle between body and soul. The face tells which way the fight is going."

She looked at his own, and she felt that she could not tell. But to a certain extent she understood him.

"Griggs is full of theories," observed Dalrymple. "Gloria, come down!" he cried, in English, suddenly.

Gloria, intent upon understanding how fresco-painting was done, was boldly mounting the steps of the ladder toward the top of the little scaffolding, which might have been fourteen feet high; for the vault had long been finished, and Reanda was painting the walls.

"Nonsense, papa!" answered the young girl, also in English. "There 's no danger at all."

"Well — don't break your neck," said Dalrymple. "I wish you would come down, though."

Francesca was surprised at his indifference, and at his daughter's calm disregard of his authority. Timid, too, as most Italian women of higher rank, she watched the girl nervously. Griggs raised his eyes without lifting his head.

"Gloria is rather wild," said Dalrymple, in a sort of apology. "I hope you will forgive her — she is so much interested."

"Oh — if she wishes to see, let her go, of course," answered Francesca, concealing a little nervous irritation she felt.

A moment later Gloria and Reanda were on the small platform, on one side of which only there was a hand-rail. It had been made for him, and his head was steady even at a much greater elevation. He was pointing out to her the way in which the colors slowly changed as the stucco dried from day to day, and explaining how it was impossible to see the effect of what was done until all was completely dry. The others continued to talk below, but Griggs glanced up from time to time, and Francesca's eyes followed his. Dalrymple had become indifferent, allowing his daughter to do what she pleased, as usual.

When Gloria had seen all she wished to see, she turned with a quick movement to come down again; and on turning, she found herself much nearer to the edge than she had expected. She was bending forward a little, and Griggs saw at once that she must lose her balance unless Reanda caught her from behind. But she made no sound, and turned very white as she swayed a little, trying to throw herself back.

With a swift movement that was gentle but irresistible, Griggs pushed Francesca back, keeping his eyes on the girl above. It all happened in an instant.

"Jump!" he cried, in a voice of command.

She had felt that she must spring or fall, and her body was already overbalanced as she threw herself off, instinctively gathering her skirt with her hands. Dalrymple turned as pale as she. If she struck the bare brick floor, she could scarcely escape serious injury. But she did not reach it, for Paul Griggs caught her in his arms, swayed with her weight, then stood as steady as a rock, and set her gently upon her feet, beside her father.

"Maria Santissima!" cried Francesca, terrified, though instantly relieved, and dimly understanding the stupendous feat of bodily strength which had just been done before her eyes.

Above, Reanda leaned upon the single rail of the scaffolding with wide-staring eyes. Gloria was faint with the shock of fear, and grasped her father's arm.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" he said roughly, in English, but in a low voice. "You probably owe your life to Mr. Griggs," he added, immediately regaining his self-possession.

Griggs alone seemed wholly unmoved by what had happened. Gloria had held one of her gloves loosely in her hand, and it had fallen to the ground as she sprang. He picked it up, and handed it to her with a curious gentleness.

"It must be yours, Miss Dalrymple," he said.

XX.

IT was late before Reanda and Donna Francesca were alone together on that afternoon When the first surprise and shock of Gloria's accident had passed, Francesca would not allow Dalrymple to take her away at once, as he seemed anxious to do. The girl was not in the least hurt, but she was still dazed and frightened. Francesca took them all back to the drawing-room, and insisted upon giving them tea, because they were foreigners, and Gloria, she said, must naturally need something to restore her nerves. Roman tea, thirty years ago, was a strange and uncertain beverage, as both Gloria and her father knew; but they drank what Francesca gave them, and at last went away with many apologies for the disturbance they had made. To tell the truth, Francesca was glad when they were gone and she was at liberty to return to the hall where Reanda was still at work. She found him nervous and irritated. He came down from the scaffolding as soon as he heard her open the door. Neither spoke until she had seated herself in her accustomed chair, with a very frank sigh of relief.

"I am very grateful to you, Donna Francesca," said Reanda, twisting his beard round his long, thin fingers, as he glanced at her and then surveyed his work.

"It was your fault," she answered, tapping the worm-eaten arms of the old chair with both her white hands, for she herself was still annoyed and irritated. "Do not make me responsible for the girl's folly."

"Responsibility! May that never be!" exclaimed the artist, in the common Italian phrase, but with a little irony. "But as for the responsibility, I do not know whose it was. It was certainly not I who invited the young lady to go up the ladder."

"Well, it was her fault. Besides, the absent are always wrong. But she is handsome, is she not?"

Reanda shrugged his thin shoulders, and looked critically at his hands, which were smeared with paint.

"Very handsome," he said indifferently. "But it is a beauty that says nothing to me. One must be young to like that kind of beauty. She is a beautiful storm, that young lady. For one who seeks peace—" He shrugged his shoulders again. "And then, her manners! I do not understand English, but I know that her father was telling her to come down, and yet she went up. I do not know what education these foreigners have. Instruction, yes, as much as you please; but education, no. They have no more than barbarians. The father says, 'You must not do that'; and the daughter does it. What education is that? Of course, if they were friends of yours, I should not say it."

"Nevertheless, that girl is very handsome," insisted Francesca. "She has the Venetian coloring. Titian would have painted her just as she is, without changing anything."

"Beauty, beauty!" exclaimed Reanda, impatiently. "Of course it is beauty. Food for the brush that says nothing to the heart. The devil can also take the shape of a beautiful woman. That is it. There is something in that young lady's face — how shall I say? It pleases me — little. You must forgive me, princess. My nerves are shaken. Divine goodness! To see a young girl flying through the air like Simon Magus! It was enough!"

Francesca laughed gently. Reanda shook his head with slow disapprobation, and frowned.

"I say the truth," he said. "There is something — I cannot explain; but I can show you," he added quickly.

He took up his palette and brushes from the chair on which they lay, and reached the white plastered wall in two steps.

"Paint her," said Francesca, to encourage him.

"Yes; I will show her to you — as I think she is," he answered.

He closed his eyes for a moment, calling up the image before him, then went back to the chair, and took a quantity of color from a tube which lay, with half a dozen others, in the hollow of the rush seat. They were not the colors he used for fresco-painting, but had been left there when he had made a sketch of a head two or three days previously. In a moment he was before the wall again. It was roughly plastered from the floor to the lower line of the frescos. With a long, coarse brush he began to sketch a gigantic head of a woman. The oil-paint lay well on the rough, dry surface. He worked in great strokes at the full length of his arm.

"Make her beautiful, at least," said Francesca, watching him.

"Oh, yes — very beautiful," he answered.

He worked rapidly for a few minutes, smiling as his hand moved, but not pleasantly. Francesca thought there was an evil look in his face which she had never seen there before, and that his smile was wicked and spiteful.

"But you are painting a sunset!" she cried suddenly.

"A sunset? That is her hair. It is red, and she has much of it. Wait a little."

And he went on. It was certainly something like a sunset, the bright, waving streamers of the clouds flying far to right and left, and blending away to the neutral tint of the dry plaster as though to a gray sky.

"Yes; but it is still a sunset," said Francesca. "I have seen it like that from the Campagna in winter."

"She is not 'Gloria' for nothing," answered Reanda. "I am making her glorious. You shall see."

Suddenly, with another tone, he brought out the main features of the striking face, by throwing in strong shadows from the flaming hair. Francesca became more interested. The head was colossal, extraordinary, almost unearthly; the expression was strange.

"What a monster!" exclaimed Francesca at last, as he stood aside, still touching the enormous sketch here and there with his long brush, at arm's length. "It is terrible," she added in a lower tone.

"Truth is always terrible," answered Reanda. "But you cannot say that it is not like her."

"Horribly like. It is diabolical!"

"And yet it is a beautiful head," said the artist. "Perhaps you are too near." He himself crossed the hall, and then turned round to look at his work. "It is better from here," he said. "Will you come?"

She went to his side. The huge face and wildly streaming hair stood out as though in three dimensions from the wall. The great, strong mouth smiled at her with a smile that was at once evil and sad and fatal. The strange eyes looked her through and through from beneath the vast brow.

"It is diabolical, satanical!" she responded, under her breath.

Reanda still smiled wickedly, and watched her. The face seemed to grow and grow till it filled the whole range of vision. The dark eyes flashed; the lips trembled; the flaming hair quivered and waved and curled up like snakes that darted hither and thither. Yet it was horribly like Gloria, and the fresh, rich oil-colors gave it her startling and vivid brilliancy.

It was the sudden and enormous expression of a man of genius strung and stung till irritation had to find its explosion through the one art of which he was absolute master — in a fearful caricature, exaggerating beauty itself to the bounds of the devilish.

"I cannot bear it!" cried Francesca.

She snatched the big brush from his hand, and, running lightly across the room, dashed the color left in it across the face in all directions, over the eyes and the mouth, and through the long, red hair. In ten seconds nothing remained but confused daubs and splashes of brilliant paint.

"There!" cried Francesca. "And I wish I had never seen it!"

Still holding the brush in her hand, she turned her back to the obliterated sketch, and faced Reanda with a look of girlish defiance and satisfaction. His face was grave now, but he seemed pleased with what he had done.

"It makes no difference," he said. "You will never forget it."

He felt that he was revenged for the smile she had bestowed upon his apparent surprise at Gloria's beauty, when she had followed the girl into the hall, and had seen him start. He could not conceal his triumph.

"That is the young lady whom you thought I might wish to marry," he said. "You know me little after so many years, Donna Francesca. You have bestowed much kindness upon a man whom you do not know."

"My dear Reanda, who can understand you? But as for kindness, do not let me hear the word between you and me. It has no meaning. We are always good friends, as we were when I was a little girl and used to play with your paints. You have given me far more than I can ever repay you for, in your works. I do not flatter you, my friend. Cupid and Psyche, there in your frescos, will outlive me, and be famous when I am forgotten — yet they are mine, are they not? And you gave them to me."

The sweet young face turned to him with an unaffected, grateful smile. His sad features softened all at once.

"Ah, Donna Francesca," he said gently, "you have given me something better than Cupid and Psyche; for your gift will live forever in heaven."

She looked thoughtfully into his eyes, but with a sort of question in her own.

"Your dear friendship," he added, bending his head a little. Then he laughed suddenly. "Do not give me a wife," he concluded.

"And you, Reanda — do not make wicked caricatures of women you have seen only once! Besides, I go back to it again. I saw you start when she passed you at the door. You were surprised at her beauty. You must admit that. And then, because you are irritated with her, you take a brush and daub that monstrous thing upon the wall! It is a shame!"

"I started, yes. It was not because she struck me as beautiful. It was something much more strange. Do you know? She is the very portrait of Donna Maria who was in the Carmelite convent at Subiaco, and who was burned to death. I have often told you that I remembered having seen her when I was a boy, both at Gerano and at the Palazzo Braccio, before she took the veil. There is a little difference in the coloring, I think, and much in the expression; but the rest — it is the image!"

Francesca, who could not remember her ill-fated kinswoman, was not much impressed by Reanda's statement.

"It makes your caricature all the worse," she answered, "since it was also a caricature of that holy woman. As for the resemblance, after all these years, it is a mere impression. Who knows? It may be. There is no portrait of Sister Maria Addolorata."

"Oh, but I remember well," insisted Reanda.

"Well, it concludes nothing, after all," returned Francesca, with much logic. "It does not make a fiend of the poor nun, who is an angel by this time, and it does not make Miss Dalrymple less beautiful. And now, Signor Painter," she added, with another girlish laugh, "if we have quarreled enough to restore your nerves, I am going out. It is almost dark, and I have to go to the Austrian Embassy before dinner, and the carriage has been waiting for an hour."

"You, princess!" exclaimed Reanda, in surprise; for she had not begun to go into the world yet since her husband's death.

"It is not a reception. We are to meet there about arranging another of those charity concerts for the deaf and dumb."

"I might have known," answered the painter. "As for me, I shall go to the theater to-night. There is the 'Trovatore.'"

"That is a new thing for you, too. But I am glad. Amuse yourself, and tell me about the singing to-morrow. Remember to lock the door and take the key. I do not trust the masons in the morning."

"Do I ever forget?" asked Reanda. "But I will lock it now, as you go out; for it is late, and I shall go up-stairs."

"Good night," said Francesca, as she turned to leave the room.

"And you forgive the caricature?" asked Reanda, holding the door open for her to pass.

"I would forgive you many things," she answered, smiling as she went by.

(To be continued.)

F. Marion Crawford.

CHEATING AT LETTERS.

THERE is a very old story of a woman who cured her husband of the habit of profane swearing by taking to swearing herself. On just the same principle I am going to ask you to listen to a stupid little story that shall point a moral, in order to disgust you, as far as my skill permits me, with all stories that point morals — and that don't bear a sign of warning posted conspicuously at the entrance.

Here is the story, and I will only say for it that I will try to make it as short as it is stupid:

The little boy had had a pretty hard day of it. He had worked hard at school, and then he had gone on several errands for his mother, and he had mended some toys for his younger sister. After dinner he had studied hard for an hour; and then, looking at the clock, he had found that it was just eight o'clock, and he made up his mind that he would read for the half hour that lay between him and bedtime. He had a new book with pirates in it. I think they were some of Mr. Howard Pyle's pirates — and I never so earnestly wish that I could be a boy again as when I encounter Mr. Pyle's pirates. I know of no more satisfactory pirates. They have black, curling beards, and rings in their ears, and their foreheads are done up in gory handkerchiefs. I never had any such pirates when I was a boy, — nothing half so good, — and whenever I run across them they wake the boy in me to such an extent that I really think that I could lick any quantity of them. Deep in my heart I know that I could n't. I know that any one of them would be too much for me; but they bring with them the smell of gunpowder and blood, which rouses the fighting instinct, and I sigh as I think of the slaughter I could have done among them in the days of my imaginative youth.

Well, the boy had such a book as this, and he meant to read a chapter in it, and then to go to bed to dream of decks slippery with blood, and of belching cannon and broken rigging and all the rest of it.

But just then a grown-up came in. The grown-up was an uncle who had just returned to this country after a long absence in Europe. From what he did on this occasion I think that he must have been living in England, and had not got over it. He said to the little boy:

"Charles, I see you are about to read. If you will give me a nice stamp out of your album, I will tell you a story instead." Now this was a great temptation to the little boy. Any boy might buy a book and read a story out of it, but here was an offer of an original story told all for himself.

Need I tell you what the story was that the little boy's uncle told him after the stamp had been delivered? Do you want to hear the tale of a supposititious little boy, of course of just the age of the little boy who is listening to the story, who entertained doubts about revealed religion, or carried angleworms in his vest pocket, or did something else that he should n't have done, so that there was no health in him, and he was properly punished in the end? I don't think you 'd care to hear it. I know the little boy did n't. When the clock struck half-past eight he went up to his little room over the hallway, and went to bed. He was tired, and low in his mind. He generally went to sleep as soon as he got his head on the pillow, and dreamed of

anything he wanted to dream about. But this night he lay awake a long time, and thought a great deal. He had one stamp less in his collection, and he had no pirates to dream about, and he wondered why his uncle had told him such a depressing story. As I say, I don't know whether it was about religious doubt or the improper bestowal of angleworms, but it certainly was not about this particular little boy's particular favorite sin, and he did n't see, as he said to himself, why it was "heaved at him." And when he awoke the next morning he was still thinking of it and wondering about it, and he still felt tired.

THE MORALIST USED TO POINT A MORAL.

IT may seem somewhat paradoxical to use a parable to point my protest against a certain sort of parable, but let me remind you that I make no deception in the matter. I tell you frankly what I am going to do, and then I do it. That leaves you the fair alternative of not staying to hear me do it. But what shall we say of the man who tricks you into listening to his parable just as the wicked uncle of my tale tricked that poor little boy? I am very much afraid that in these days we shall have to call him an "eminent novelist."

And yet what real right has he to the title who gains his eminence by the perversion of a beautiful artistic form in the endeavor to put it to a use for which it never was designed, and to which it never can be adapted? For, to my mind, the novelist who works a purpose, or a tendency, or a morality of any sort into his fabrication destroys something more valuable than he can build up. And the first important thing that he destroys is the confidence of the reading public.

ON A DECENT RESPECT FOR THE OPINIONS OF MANKIND.

Now let me stop right here to pay my respects to the public, not in the way of sarcastic jest, but in all sober and serious earnest. I do not think that there is a literary vice of the present day that has done more harm to literature than the habit, prevalent among literary men, of holding the public taste in light esteem because it occasionally deviates from the straight path that the enlightened see before them.

Even the unimpeachable Athenians ran after strange gods; but it was for the hearing of some new thing, and not necessarily that they meant to cleave to the strange gods. I can understand perfectly well the natural feelings of a man who has produced and published a work of literary art for which he receives, as the amount of a year's royalty, a check for $4.75, at the same time that a man who has written a cheap sensation novel gathers in $20,000 or $30,000 profit. It is not to the discredit of frail human nature that the artist should feel that the reward of his work should have been greater than that of the craftsman without a conscience. But he should remember that the other man was not selling literature, but something which stands to literature in the same relation that patent medicines stand to the tried and tested remedies of the officinal pharmacopœia. And he certainly should not forget that this readiness on the part of the public to try the new thing, to experiment with it, to see what it is like, is all that gives *him* a chance of getting any consideration whatever for his work. The charlatan in the street, with his wagon and his torches, and his glib talk, his jokes and his mummery, may readily assemble a larger crowd than will meet the quiet professor in the lecture-hall, and it is very likely that he will make the more money of the two. But there is a greater fairness in these things than most people think. Daily and hourly the charlatan takes his chances of being found out; and once found out, his capital is gone. The more the people find out what the professor means to them, and what his value is in the community, the better for the professor. And let it be remembered that the charlatan goes and the professor stays.

I believe that the ultimate verdict of the public is something to be profoundly respected. If I did not, I should not be a believer in the American system of popular government. On this point one of the best literary men that I know of — I mean one of the men who wrote the best and purest English that I know — Abraham Lincoln — expressed my opinion some years before I had any opportunity to form it. He said this thing — and every man who deals with the public in any way, shape, or manner ought to keep it always in his mind:

"You can fool some of the people all the time, and you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

After all, disrespect of the public is disrespect of the court of final resort. I think our colleges do a great deal to foster this sort of disrespect. They are a little too much inclined to teach young men that a man's wisdom goes hand in hand with his knowledge of Latin. If it did, I should recommend most of the young men who come out of college to take a post-graduate course in Latin.

CONCERNING MEGACEPHALOSIS IN LITERATES.

THESE remarks may seem to wander from the direct trend of my discourse. Let me make clear their straight bearing upon the literature of fiction. The man who writes books is too apt to pride himself upon certain intellectual qualities and accomplishments in the posses-

sion whereof he is plainly the superior of his fellow-men. He knows his English, he knows from what beginnings his language grew, he knows how to make words serve his delicate and artistic purpose. He knows the work of the men who have served his art before him, and he knows that by their example he has so educated and refined his taste that he can judge of literary style and quality more accurately than those who follow other trades. But he makes the mistake of forgetting that in knowledge of human nature the humblest of his neighbors may be not only his equal, but his superior. And, if he be a novelist, what, after all, is his real capital — his knowledge of how to put words together, or his knowledge of human nature? Am I wrong in thinking that it beseems him not to be too proud in his profession because he is well trained in the niceties of the English language, if the butcher or the baker around the corner may be able to look deeper into the human heart than he can?

I THINK if the late James Russell Lowell were still among us he might write an article which I should like to write, but can't, entitled "Upon a Certain Condescension in Literary Men." I am afraid it is a foible of the profession of letters to look upon the public as a child who is bright if he sees our joke, and stupid if he does n't. And yet, it seems to me, a good deal of respect ought to be accorded to the public that has given to Shakspere a recognition sole and single in the annals of literature. And if that public once in a while chooses to amuse itself by purchasing a few hundred thousand copies of "Mr. Binks of Nevada," I cannot see that any more serious importance attaches to such a freak of taste than we are accustomed to attribute to a fleeting popular fancy for a new beverage, or to a novelty in the way of personal adornment.

Unfortunately, the condescending literary man too often takes these exceptional vagaries for true indices to the capacity of the public to put a sound valuation upon literature; and it is from this misconception of the true state of the case that he is frequently tempted to offer to the public a book that is positively disrespectful. And it is against one form of disrespectful literature that I wish to make my protest. Of the simpler form, that frankly imputes to the reading public a naturally vicious, mean, or morbid taste, it is unnecessary to speak. The disrespectful book that is written merely with a view to vulgar success is an evil creation of which the character and purpose are patent to all men. It imposes on nobody. Its author himself knows that he has offered a meretricious article to the public because some work of a similar character has sold well. What he does not know, and what the public does know, is that the work of which his work is an imitation sold in spite of, and not because of, its offensive character — that is, it had good qualities enough to offset its defects. But this type of disrespectful book finds its way back to the paper-mill so soon that it hardly calls for the consideration of literary workers.

THE DECEITFUL UNCLE AS A PEDDLER OF PARABLES.

IT is of the other type that I wish to speak — the type of book that deserves little more, and gets in these days a great deal more, consideration from the literary world. This is the book in which the author, by pretending that his wares are something which they are not, inveigles the public into listening to his moralities, just as the uncle of my parable inveigled the little boy into listening to his parable.

I care not what the point of the parable may be, good, bad, or indifferent; but I wish to denounce every such book that does not bear upon its title-page a clear and frank statement of the author's aim, as a piece of trickery, a dishonest thing, an imposition upon the public. Perhaps you will say that I am only making the selfish protest of a story-teller. But suppose that be true, do I in any way exceed my privilege? What right has the moralist to use the literary form by means of which I honestly appeal to the public, to cover up his dishonest appeal, which is calculated to bring me into disrepute? If he steals my trade-mark, shall I not protest?

But let me say here that the protest is made not in behalf of the story-teller, but in behalf of his public. True fiction can hold its own to-day, as it has held it since the first story was told by man, and will hold it till the last story be told.

No tradesman should be afraid of fair competition, yet any tradesman may object to having his customers imposed upon by rival dealers, because the good repute of the entire trade is thereby endangered. If John is writing novels, and William takes to writing morals, and selling them for novels, William certainly injures the novel business, whatever he may do for the moral business. I don't think that most literary men like to look at the matter in this cold, commercial way; but after all, why should they not? They are not publishing their books for gratuitous circulation; they do not go into the highways and byways, and hand them out like tracts or business circulars. On the contrary, they put them on sale through the hands of their publishers as frankly as if they were sides of pork or pieces of cloth. And it is of this commercial relation of the author to the publisher, and through him to the public, that I wish first to speak, briefly but emphatically. It is the vice of

the modern author — a vice born of self-consciousness—to believe, first (and here he is within his rights), that he has a right to offer anything he likes to the public; second (and here he exceeds his rights), to offer it by any means which he thinks are likely to attract public attention.

That he has a right to offer what wares he pleases to the public we must concede — so long as those wares are not offensive to morality or decency. He may lay himself open to criticism for offering undesirable or objectionable wares, but he deserves condemnation only when he offers his wares, be they good or bad, under false pretenses.

I know that this commercial aspect of the case is extremely offensive to the studious literary man who lives in his study with his work, and who thinks that the business end of his book-making is finished when he has made a contract with his publisher — concerning the payment of his own royalties.

THE PLAIN MAN, THE DOLLAR AND A HALF, AND THE AUTHOR.

BUT let us take a concrete instance of the commercial relations of the author with an individual member of the reading public. We will suppose this individual member to be a reasonably intelligent man, of good or fair literary tastes, and of ripe middle age. Such a man has read Scott and Dickens in his early boyhood, Hawthorne and Thackeray in his early youth, and in the busier years of his life has kept in some measure abreast of current literature. He has not read as literary men read, but he has sampled the great writers of his day, he knows something of their relative rank, and, what is a great deal more important, he knows what a good story is.

This man is about to take a long and wearisome journey. He wants a book to read through the dull hours of travel. He stops at a book-stand, and looks over the assortment before him. He must judge of his purchase only by its title, its external appearance, and the fleeting glimpse he may take of the contents of its pages. He makes his choice. It is a well-bound book, bearing the imprint of a good publisher, and the title is "Alfred Dustthorpe," or "Jotham Keen," or something as little indicative of the character of the book. On the train he opens it, expecting to be interested for a few hours in the joys and sorrows, ups and downs, of other human beings not unlike himself. He nurses this delusion through a dozen pages, and then he finds himself in the thick of a theological disputation argued out by the author's lay figures. He understands but little of the spiritual struggles of the personages of the book, for he is a busy man, and has been all his life, and his moralities are of a simple, practical sort. He takes no interest in the writhings of their tortured, idle souls. They belong to a world apart from his, of which he has no knowledge, and with which he can have no sympathy. The only thing he knows positively about the book, as he lays it down in disappointment and looks for the newsboy with the weekly papers, is that he has paid one dollar and fifty cents for it, and that he has no use for it whatever.

Now I maintain that that man has been cheated, not by the bookseller, of course, for he is a mere broker in the transaction, not by the publisher, except in so far as the publisher has connived at the deception practised; but by the author, who deliberately put forth a polemical treatise under the outward and apparent form of a work of fiction.

BE NOT DECEIVED: EVIL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT GOOD MANNERS.

I HAVE taken this extreme case because it will at once suggest certain notorious and highly successful instances of this form of deception, and it brings up the question frankly: Does not the success of the deception excuse the deception itself? I answer frankly that it does not. That a certain morality disguised as a novel finds a hundred thousand readers, does not in the least prove that the whole reading public, or even that particular hundred thousand, *always* wants to be taken in and done for. For we must remember that after the first edition has been exhausted, the book is selling frankly on its merits, or its demerits, and there is no longer any deception. But the evil effects of the deception have not stopped with the sale of that fifteen hundred or twenty-five hundred copies; on the contrary, they increase with every day. For when the rest of the story-telling gild find out how "Alfred Dustthorpe" or "Jotham Keen" has succeeded, ninety-nine out of a hundred are seized with a mad ambition to do the same trick; and for months — long, weary months — afterward, the book-shelves are packed with sham novels, each one of them hiding its own morality or immorality. Aye, there is the very deviltry of it. We will conceive, perhaps, that the originator of the mischief wrote "Alfred Dustthorpe" in good faith, and meant to deceive the public only in using the word "novel" instead of "parable" on the title-page. This is quite possible. There are many good people who can't help writing tracts, and there are many who have been led astray by the example of Charles Dickens. They remember that certain social reforms in England were directly due to the influence of Dickens's novels. But they forget that those novels were just as interesting to people in America, who had no concern in those reforms, as they were

to the people of England, to whom they were of vital interest. Except in a few such cases as "Hard Times," Dickens never intentionally played tricks on his public. He wrote an interesting story, and if he chose to lay some of his scenes in the Fleet Prison or in a Yorkshire school, and thereby incidentally called the attention of his readers to the existence of certain abuses, why, he certainly did not exceed the bounds of literary propriety — at least not in that regard. He gave full measure of story-telling, and he gave the Londoner no better value than he gave the backwoodsman in Michigan, who very likely took these episodes as mere fancy sketches, and did n't believe that there never was no such a place as the Fleet Prison.

Dickens, therefore, practised no deception upon his public, and I am willing to concede that the author of "Alfred Dustthorpe" meant to practise no deception. But in the latter case the deception was practised, and what is the result? The result is the production of scores of similar deceptions put forth with full criminal intent. For it is only once or twice in a generation that the genuine parable bursts forth from the story-teller's mind with the irresistible force of a great and honest enthusiasm. Nobody doubts that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" wrote itself; nobody doubts that Dickens's breast was filled with honest indignation at the horrors of the debtors' prisons, and the cruelties of the Yorkshire schoolmasters; and no doubt there are many novels written to inculcate religious or theological theories — this is a delicate topic, and we may pass lightly over it — that are the outcome of a sincere and earnest feeling which cannot restrain itself, and seeks only the most effective form of expression. But when one of these books makes a notorious success, and fifty others of the same type follow in its wake, we cannot but believe that the fifty imitations are out for the dollars, and not for the souls.

And this brings us to the deep and abiding mischief of the matter. The reading public is swindled only a few times before it grows wary, and insists on knowing what it is buying. But the abiding mischief is the ruin of the literary conscience. The author who has once been tempted to this sort of counterfeiting hurts himself more than he does anybody else. I admit that the temptation is great. Take the case of a conscientious literary artist who has toiled for years producing works of fiction that are incontestably good, but only fairly popular. He knows — and he may know it without undue vanity — that his work is good. He knows that if only one of his books could attain a wide circulation, its many predecessors would come at once into popular favor; and he knows that the butcher's bill has been long on the unpaid file. He sees a writer of far less ability than himself become famous in an hour by the writing of a novel that interests the general public, not by its merits as a good story or a well-written one, but simply by the presentation of some social or moral or economic problem, or the advocacy of some great reform; and — he wants to do the same thing himself.

Of course he does. But what must be his first step if he tries to do it? He has no great enthusiasm burning his soul — except his enthusiasm to placate the butcher. Therefore he must hunt around to find his problem, his moral, or his reform, or whatever it may be. Now, a man who goes hunting for morals in a purely commercial spirit is more than likely, I think, to get among the immorals before he knows it. And when once he has abandoned his conscientious art for the cold business of dealing in salable immoralities, is he likely, think you, ever to get back to a position where he will look at his work in the light of literature rather than in the light of speculative business?

THE HAND THAT HAS LOST ITS CUNNING.

Even if he repents of his first yielding to temptation, how is the story-teller who has turned moralist going to get back to his old trade or calling? For, mind you, there is no more exact or delicate art than that of the story-teller if it be pursued in an artist's spirit, just as there is no more degrading and mind-weakening business than his when he prostitutes a skill or natural ability to purely commercial ends. A story-teller's capital lies far more in the way he tells his story than in the story he has to tell. The born story-teller can make trifles interesting, and the man who is not a story-teller can spoil the best story that ever was invented. Skill in such an art, whether inborn or acquired, is a ticklish matter to trifle with. The writer of the best fiction who does not keep himself at all times up to the very best that is in him is like the fencer who relaxes in his practice — he may lose in a month what it may take him a year to regain.

I met with a most curious instance of this truth, years ago, when I first began writing, and was much enamoured of the idea of collaboration. I had a colleague whose critical work I admired for its easy and lucid style. We agreed to write a story together, laid out the plot, and apportioned the work. The first part of it fell to my friend — a brief introductory paragraph which was not to contain more than two or three hundred words. He promised to have it ready on the morrow, and I knew him to be both industrious and punctual. But the morrow came, and not the paragraph. He made some excuse. The next day he made another excuse. A week, two weeks, passed away, and finally

I had to press him to explain. The poor fellow shuffled for a while, and then owned up, and showed me a pile of manuscript that must have contained in all five or six thousand words. "It 's no use," he said. "I thought I could do it — and I could have done it a couple of years ago; but I have tried it over and over again, and I simply can't put those facts in three hundred words any more than I can fly."

Then the truth came out. He had been writing blood-and-thunder stories for a catchpenny periodical, and his narrative style was hopelessly ruined. He had vulgarized his mind and destroyed the sensitive taste which a few years before led him instinctively to distinguish between the good and the bad, and to weigh the value of words and phrases with unerring precision. Would it ever have come back to him? I doubt it. The moment the human mind is constrained to accept and conform itself to ideas that are naturally repulsive to it, it stunts and deadens a faculty so fine that it can be at its best only when it is nursed and trained with most judicious care. My poor friend knew well enough that, in the diffuse verbiage and commonplace vulgarity of his pitiful attempts, there was no trace of the picturesqueness and originality which the subject suggested and demanded. As a critic he had kept himself up to the mark, and as a critic he saw the value of his theme; but as a creative artist he had taught himself to look at all things in a false light, and, well as he knew his subject, he knew equally well that the power to present it was no longer his.

It may be thought that I am reasoning somewhat too curiously; but when we reflect how we can trace in the literary manner of great and original artists the influence of books that they have not read since youth,— books with which they are no longer in sympathy, and whose spell they would strive to cast off could they recognize it,— we begin to realize something of the exquisite subtlety and the pervasive power of the thing we call "style" in literature.

It is not, therefore, an idle fear that the authors who run after these false gods of literature, to be in the fashion of an hour or a day, will never get back, truly and completely, into the communion and fellowship of the true gods. Therefore it behooves the writer of fiction to remember that his one special tutelary god, whom he must worship first of all and more than all, and with his best and strongest and most sympathetic devotion, is The Story itself. If he have not that, then is his work void and vain. And what is a story? Ah, that is something which every child, every illiterate boor, every plain man on the face of the earth, can recognize at sight. It is only among highly educated literary men that you ever find people who don't know a story when they see it, or who can be deluded into thinking that something is a story that is not a story. I will engage to find you scores of books which are panoramas, waxwork shows, picture-galleries, processions — anything and everything but stories; and I will engage to find you for every one of these books an eminent critic, or a college professor, or two magazine editors, who will read it through, and announce it a charming narrative; whereas you may take that book for yourself, and try it on a score of plain people, and learn from them that whatever else it may be, whatever other merits it may have, "it ain't much of a story."

THE NEW ZEALANDER TURNED BACKWARD.

For the story, the real story, the story that will last while men have ears to hear and eyes to see, is as old as the peopled world, as old as the first lie, as old as the first dream.

To put it in the style of the late Lord Macaulay: the prehistoric cave-dweller, seeking a seclusion remote from the ravages of the plesiosaurus and the pterodactyl, would take his little grandson upon his knee, and pour into the child's wondering ear weird tales of still earlier days, when monsters, to which those he saw about him were but as feeble dwarfs and pygmies, wallowed in boiling mud or swam in oceans of ice; and he would do this for pure love of doing it — not to point a moral, and show his hairy little descendant how thankful he ought to be to live in a so much ameliorated world, but just for the pleasure of hearing himself, and of seeing the little one open his eyes and his mouth, and drop his new stone jumping-jack in his amazed and awed delight. For the prehistoric cave-dweller knew the pure art of story-telling, and neither the moralist nor the literary man had as yet come along to teach him any better.

Here, in the case of the prehistoric cave-dweller, we strike the fundamental reason why a story should be told for its own sake, and not for the sake of any creed or theory. In the born teller of tales the impulse to story-telling is always a primary one. It is as natural and direct as the impulses which move the hound to course, and the bird to sing. He tells his stories because they grow in his mind, because he delights to shape them there, and because when they have there assumed definite artistic form, the next step in the process of evolution is to impart them to his fellow-men, and to hear how they sound as they pass from thought to speech. Now it is obvious that this is a process of artistic creation as pure and simple as that by which a melody of sound or a harmony of colors is produced. Why, then, should it ever be regarded as a secondary operation, incidental, let us say, to the evolution of a moral? Do you think any better of the arabesques of

the Alhambra because they were designed to spell out edifying precepts? Do you admire those musical compositions that are supposed to reproduce the sound of the clinking of glasses, the popping of champagne-corks, or the groans of the wounded? And if you reject these barbarisms, why should you not reject the kindred barbarism of the story written around something that has nothing to do with story-telling?

Let it be understood that I am not making a plea for the peculiar literalism which goes nowadays by the name of realism. I have no great opinion of this new fad in fiction. It seems to me only an excessive reaction from certain irritating and unnatural conventions which hampered the greater part of our literature up to the middle of the present century. When we read that "the Lady Araminta, uttering a piercing shriek, cast herself upon her silken couch, and swooned away," we can readily understand that after a long course of such literature it might be refreshing for a little while to pick up the kind of book wherein nothing is said or done that is not within the limits of the most commonplace, every-day experience. But, on the other hand, it does not take a very large allowance of the Boston five-o'clock-tea type of literature to send us hunting for the cheapest, trashiest sensation novel we can get hold of.

THE TALE AS IT IS TOLD.

I CANNOT see that there is any literary principle involved in what M. Zola calls naturalism, and what Mr. Howells calls realism. Each one finds real that which he has seen, or might have seen, and finds everything unreal that cannot be seen. But in this regard the realism of a story depends wholly and entirely upon the talent and skill of the author. If I can write a story which will make you believe, *while you are reading it*, that when my hero was strolling down Fifth Avenue to attend a meeting of the Young Men's Kindergarten Club, he met a green dragon forty-seven feet long, with eighteen legs and three tails, and that the green dragon wept bitterly, and inquired the way to a cheese-shop — why, that 's realism. I repeat, if I have made you believe, as you read, that you saw the whole scene before you, and realized it, and if you were unconscious of its absurdity — I repeat that that is realism — as good realism as you could find in a book made up from end to end of actual occurrences, with every character drawn directly from life. The story-teller is a wizard who takes you away from the actual life you are leading, and makes you walk with him in a dream that he has dreamed. If his spell be broken, if he cannot get you under the influence of his mystic power, if you awaken suddenly in the midst of his incantation,— then, of course, his dream is as unreal as you please, a sham that you see through, a trick badly done. But it is all the question of the wizard, not of the dream. If he have his power in its fullness, he may take you in his dream into a world of countless impossibilities, and all will be real to you, all will be true to you, all will be part and parcel of your own life. There are said to be minds so powerful, and so well trained, that they can conceive of a number of objects greater than three as a single integral group. But where is the mind that, having known Cinderella in childhood, can now conceive of her non-existence?

And, for a last word, let me say that while I cannot believe in the story with a purpose, I believe, with all the faith that is in me, in the story with a soul. Every good story that ever was written has its soul, its spiritual essence, which distinguishes it from all other stories. It is well to remember, though most of our realistic novelists have forgotten it, that when you find that you cannot at once place a given scene, or a given character, in that one of the author's works in which it first appeared, that author may be making good literature, but he is surely writing mighty poor stories.

And herein lies the right of the story to exist for itself alone: it is an animate creation, and it has a spiritual essence. Therefore, it is complete in itself. And when it is thus complete, we need concern ourselves little about its special form. The story itself may be the slightest thing in the world, and yet breathe such a flavor of veritable human nature as no labored work of realism could bring forth. Be it extravagant or commonplace; let it depend for its hold on our affections merely, on the beauty or strangeness or originality of a single character, a single scene, a single episode, or even merely on the atmosphere that envelops it — if it interests, if it convinces, if it holds the mind during the time of its telling, it is a true story, and a good one, whether the realist or moralist chemists can analyze it or not.

I have told you of two little boys whose relatives offered to tell them stories. One stood by the knee of a highly cultivated gentleman of the present day, who had had the advantage of foreign travel, who was filled even to overflowing with a lofty morality, and who observed the strictest proprieties of realism in his narrative, and inculcated a valuable moral which his hearer might otherwise have missed. The other sat on the knee of a hairy old pagan cave-dweller, who knew no more about morals than he knew about soap; and that boy heard a lot of nonsense about things that never existed. But — which little boy would you rather be?

H. C. Bunner.

TWO WAR-TIME CONVENTIONS.

BY NOAH BROOKS,

Author of "Abraham Lincoln: A Biography for Young People," "American Statesmen," etc.

LINCOLN'S SECOND NOMINATION — CONTENTION OVER RECONSTRUCTION PLANS — THE DARK DAYS OF 1864 — McCLELLAN'S NOMINATION AT CHICAGO — CHASE ON THE SUPREME BENCH.

LINCOLN'S SECOND NOMINATION.

POLITICAL discussion in Washington during the months immediately preceding the second nomination of Lincoln was exceedingly animated. Although, as we afterward found, the country at large really thought of no name but Lincoln's, Washington politicians were all agog over a variety of compromises that would placate the ultra-radicals of the Republican party, and keep in line the conservatives. Frémont had been nominated at a hybrid convention in Cleveland, Ohio; and the enemies and unfriendly critics of the Lincoln administration were predicting all sorts of disasters, political and military, if the President were "forced upon the people." The commonest forecast of the situation made by these pessimists was that if the military movements of 1864 were successful, Grant would be the next President; if they were unsuccessful, neither Grant nor Lincoln could be elected that year.

The Democrats, on the other hand, were irreconcilably divided. Although they were noticeably quiet during the weeks preceding the assembling of the Union Republican National Convention at Baltimore that summer, it was clear that the "Peace" and "War" factions of the party could not possibly be made to harmonize. The two hostile camps occasionally fired a shot at each other even in the infrequent sittings of Congress. S. S. Cox was one of the more talkative and vivacious Representatives who led the War Democrats pledged to the cause of McClellan, and Fernando Wood was the acknowledged leader in Congress of the Peace faction, whose affections were fixed on Horatio Seymour.

The night before the opening of the Baltimore Convention I had a long conversation with the President in regard to the probable action of that body. He requested me to come to him when I should return from Baltimore, and bring him the odd bits of political gossip that I might pick up in the convention, and which, as he said, would not get into the newspapers. I had hoped to see Mr. Hamlin renominated, and had anxiously given Mr. Lincoln many opportunities to say whether he preferred the renomination of the Vice-President; but he was craftily and rigidly non-committal, knowing, as he did, what was in my mind concerning Mr. Hamlin. He would refer to the matter only in the vaguest phrase, as "Mr. Hamlin is a very good man," or "You, being a New Englander, would naturally like to see Mr. Hamlin renominated; and you are quite right," and so on. By this time Lincoln's renomination was an absolute certainty, and he cheerfully conceded that point without any false modesty. But he could not be induced to express any opinion on the subject of the selection of a candidate for Vice-President. He did go so far as to say that he hoped that the convention would declare in favor of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery as one of the articles of the party faith. But beyond that, nothing..

I may say here that when I returned from the convention I made a verbal report to the President, and entertained him with an account of some of its doings of which he had not previously heard; and he was then willing to admit that he would have been gratified if Mr. Hamlin had been renominated. But he said: "Some of our folks [referring, as I believed, to Republican leaders] had expressed the opinion that it would be wise to take a War Democrat as candidate for Vice-President, and that, if possible, a border-State man should be the nominee." Mr. Lincoln appeared to be satisfied with the result, saying, "Andy Johnson, I think, is a good man." Nevertheless, I have always been confident that Lincoln, left to himself, would have chosen that the old ticket of 1860 — Lincoln and Hamlin — should be placed in the field. It is reasonable to suppose that he had resolved to leave the convention entirely free in its choice of a candidate for the second place on the ticket.

The convention which assembled in Baltimore June 6, 1864, was not fortunate in its pre-

siding officers. Ex-Governor E. D. Morgan of New York, as chairman of the National Committee, called the convention to order, but did not long remain in the chair, for which he had no marked aptitude. The temporary chairman was the Rev. R. J. Breckinridge of Kentucky: he had a weak voice and an irresolute manner, and though he made a clear and logical speech on taking the chair, and was received with a whirlwind of the most boisterous applause, he was unable to make himself heard when the business of organization began; and the vast crowd that filled the Front Street Theater was unruly and restive under renewed delays. When the States were called upon to present the names of their delegates, Missouri appeared, as usual, with rival delegations. Another bone of contention was the claim of Tennessee, then in an inchoate political condition, to be admitted to participation in the doings of the convention. Horace Maynard made a stirring speech in which he plaintively urged that "long-suffering and much-enduring Tennessee be admitted to this national council." The temper of the convention was readily manifest when the radical delegation from Missouri and the Tennessee petitioners were both admitted to seats in the convention. The cheering that greeted the consummation of these two acts was something tremendous. It was evident that the Missouri radicals, after all, had a strong hold upon the delegates who represented the loyal States in the Union. But it was noted with some degree of acrimony that when the claims of Tennessee came up for consideration, the Missourians, who had only just squeezed in, were solidly against allowing Tennessee that recognition which they had secured for themselves. It was perhaps this evidence of meanness that induced the convention subsequently to admit also the conservative delegation from Missouri, thus giving both sides equal rights on the floor. As the persecuted State of Tennessee finally had permission to cast her fifteen votes in the convention, this was regarded as a marked indication of the preference of the convention for Andrew Johnson for Vice-President. New England, preferring Hamlin, had naturally voted against the admission of the Tennessee delegation. Later on it was seen that Missouri well-nigh prevented the final action of the convention from being unanimous. Of the other Southern States then in rebellion, South Carolina, Florida, Virginia, Louisiana, and Arkansas sent delegates to the convention: but as South Carolina, Florida, and Virginia had not taken any steps whatever toward reviving a State government, their delegates were not admitted; those of Louisiana and Arkansas, however, by a vote substantially identical with that which opened the door for Tennessee, obtained recognition in the convention.

The permanent chairman of the convention was Ex-Governor Dennison of Ohio. He made a short speech, but he was not a vigorous or cool-headed presiding officer. Whenever a wave of excitement produced confusion in the convention, the chairman apparently lost his head, and showed inability to control the storm; and many a storm there was before the convention finished its business. But the most terrific contests were made when sundry well-meaning persons were almost ready to fly at one another's throats in their anxiety to have the honor of nominating Abraham Lincoln for the presidency. As one sat on the platform, looking over the tempest-tossed assemblage, watching with amusement the frantic efforts of a score of men to climb over one another's heads, as it were, and snatch for themselves this inestimable privilege, one could not help thinking of the frequently repeated assertion of certain small politicians that Lincoln could not possibly be nominated by that convention. The most conspicuous claimants for the honor of naming Lincoln were Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, Governor Stone of Iowa, B. C. Cook of Illinois, and Thompson Campbell of California. The last-named gentleman, who had known Lincoln intimately during his young manhood in Springfield, Illinois, was especially desirous that he might be permitted to speak for Illinois, California, and his own native State — Kentucky. This had been virtually agreed upon, but before he could secure the floor, Simon Cameron got in ahead of him, and sent up to the clerk's desk a written resolution which he demanded should be read. When the clerk opened the paper and read its contents, it was found that the resolution demanded the renomination of Abraham Lincoln of Illinois and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine. No sooner had the clerk finished reading the resolution than a frightful clamor shook the hall. Almost every delegate was on his feet objecting or hurrahing, or in other ways making his emotions and his wishes known in stentorian tones. For a few minutes pandemonium reigned, and in the midst of it Cameron stood with his arms folded, grimly smiling, regarding with composure the storm that he had raised. After the turmoil had spent itself, Henry J. Raymond of New York, in an incisive, clear-cut speech, advocated making nominations by a call of States. He urged that as entire unanimity in the choice of the presidential candidate was expected, the moral effect would be better if no noisy acclamation were made, which would give slanderers an opportunity to say that the nomination was rushed through by the overwhelming of all opposition, however small. Before the applause which followed the adoption of Raymond's resolution had en-

tirely subsided, B. C. Cook of Illinois mounted a settee and said: "Illinois once more presents to the nation the name of Abraham Lincoln — God bless him!" Another roar of applause swept through the theater, and Stone of Iowa succeeded in gaining his point by seconding Cook's nomination; but Thompson Campbell of California, who had been unfairly deprived of his coveted privilege of making the nomination, leaped upon a settee, and addressed the chair. He was constantly interrupted with catcalls and cries of "No speeches," "Get down," "Dry up," and "Call the roll," etc. In the midst of the confusion, however, Campbell, who was a tall, spare man with a saturnine visage and tremendous lung-power, kept on speaking in dumb-show, wildly gesticulating, not a word of his speech being audible. Campbell was evidently beside himself with rage and disappointment; but those nearest him finally succeeded in coaxing him off his perch, and he sat down sullen with anger.

That was a business convention, and when the roll-call began, Maine simply announced its sixteen votes for Abraham Lincoln. New Hampshire, coming next, attempted to ring in a little speech with its vote, but was summarily choked off with cries of "No speeches," and the call proceeded in an orderly manner, no delegation venturing to make any other announcement than that of its vote. The convention struck a snag when Missouri was reached, and the chairman of the united delegations made a brief speech in which he said that the delegation was under positive instructions to cast its twenty-two votes for U. S. Grant; that he and his associates would support any nominee of the convention, but they must obey orders from home. This caused a sensation, and growls of disapproval arose from all parts of the convention; for it was evident that this unfortunate complication might prevent a unanimous vote for Lincoln. The Missouri delegates, it should be understood, had been chosen many weeks before the nomination of Lincoln became inevitable. There never was any recall of the instructions given at a time when it was apparently among the possibilities that another than Lincoln might be the nominee of the National Convention. When the clerk of the convention announced the result of the roll-call, it was found that Abraham Lincoln had 507 votes and U. S. Grant 22 votes. Thereupon Mr. Hume, chairman of the Missouri delegation, immediately moved that the nomination be declared unanimous. This was done. Straightway the long pent-up enthusiasm burst forth in a scene of the wildest confusion. Men hurrahed, embraced one another, threw up their hats, danced in the aisles or on the platform, jumped on the benches, waved flags, yelled, and committed every possible extravagance to demonstrate the exuberance of their joy. One of the most comical sights which I beheld was that of Horace Maynard and Henry J. Raymond alternately hugging each other and shaking hands, apparently unable to utter a word, so full of emotion were they. And when the big brass band burst out with "Hail, Columbia!" the racket was so intolerable that I involuntarily looked up to see if the roof of the theater were not lifted by the volume of sound. When quiet was restored and other business was about to be resumed, the band again struck up "Yankee Doodle" in its liveliest manner, and another torrent of enthusiasm broke forth; and it was a long time before the excited and jubilant assemblage could be quieted down and order restored. In those days the mere sight of the American flag, or the sound of a national melody, would stir an assembly to fever-heat.

The chairman caused to be read a despatch addressed to him by the Secretary of War, giving a favorable account of the military situation, and news of Hunter's victory in the Shenandoah Valley, all of which was received with applause. Thereupon the Rev. T. H. Pearne of Oregon read a despatch from his State announcing the result of the general election there the previous day, which was a Union victory. The cheering again burst forth, and for a time it looked as though no other business but making announcements and "bursting into applause" would be done that day. But the convention finally got down to work, and when the Indiana delegates presented the name of Andrew Johnson for Vice-President, Stone of Iowa seconded the nomination, and Horace Maynard made a little speech in favor of the same. Simon Cameron nominated Hamlin without any speech; Kentucky presented General Rousseau; and Lyman Tremaine, in behalf of a portion of the New York delegation, presented the name of Daniel S. Dickinson. The popular demand for a War Democrat had induced some of the New Yorkers to present Dickinson's name; but it was well known that most of the delegates favored Hamlin, and their argument was that if Seward was to remain in the cabinet it could hardly be expected that a New Yorker would be made Vice-President. There was much buttonholing and wire-pulling while the vote was being taken, and before it was officially announced: but of the 520 votes cast Andrew Johnson had 202, Hannibal Hamlin 150, Daniel S. Dickinson 109, Benjamin F. Butler 28, and 31 votes were scattering; so there was no choice. As Johnson was considerably in the lead of all other candidates, his nomination was made certain by Kentucky, which, having paid its compliments to General Rousseau, threw its twenty-two votes for Andrew

Johnson, with much *empressement* on the part of the spokesman of the delegation. Oregon, having given its five votes to Schuyler Colfax, followed the lead of Kentucky. Then Pennsylvania, amid the greatest excitement of that episode of the convention, threw a solid vote of fifty-two for the Tennesseean, and Andrew Johnson was declared the nominee of the convention, applause, cheering, and much enthusiasm greeting the final announcement.

The next evening, when I called on the President at home, I was astonished by his jokingly rallying me on my failure to send him word of his nomination. It appeared that nobody had apparently thought it worth while to telegraph him the result of the balloting for the presidential nominee of the convention. Probably each one of the many men who would have been glad to be the sender of pleasant tidings to the President had thought that some other man would surely anticipate him by a telegram of congratulation. In the confusion that reigned in the convention nobody went to the wires that were led into the building but the alert newspaper men, who thought only of their own business.

It turned out that the President, having business at the War Department, met Major Eckert, superintendent of the military bureau of telegraphs, who congratulated him on his nomination. "What! Am I renominated?" asked the surprised chief. When assured that this had been done, Mr. Lincoln expressed his gratification, and asked Major Eckert if he would kindly send word over to the White House when the name of the candidate for Vice-President should have been agreed upon. Lincoln, later on, was informed by Major Eckert that Johnson had been nominated, and (as the President himself subsequently told me) made an exclamation that emphatically indicated his disappointment thereat. Major Eckert afterward confirmed this statement with a hearty laugh.

While we were talking over some of the curious details of the convention (Lincoln being especially sorry for his friend Thompson Campbell's disappointment), a band came to the White House, and a messenger brought up the information that the members of the Ohio delegation to the Baltimore convention desired to pay their respects to the President, whereupon he went down to the door, hat in hand, and when the cheering and music had subsided, spoke as follows:

GENTLEMEN: I am very much obliged to you for this compliment. I have just been saying, and as I have just said it, I will repeat it: The hardest of all speeches which I have to make is an answer to a serenade. I never know what to say on such occasions. I suppose that you have done me this kindness in connection with the action of the Baltimore convention which has recently taken place, with which, of course, I am very well satisfied. [Laughter and applause.] What we want still more than Baltimore conventions or presidential elections is success under General Grant. [Cries of "Good!" and applause.] I propose that you constantly bear in mind that the support you owe to the brave officers and soldiers in the field is of the very first importance, and we should bend all our energies to that point. Now, without detaining you any longer, I propose that you help me to close up what I am now saying with three rousing cheers for General Grant and the officers and soldiers under his command.

The President's request was acceded to, and three rousing cheers were given, Lincoln himself leading off, and waving his hat as enthusiastically as anybody else.

During the afternoon of the same day, the committee appointed by the convention to wait upon the President and notify him of his nomination was received in the East Room of the White House, and Ex-Governor Dennison of Ohio, president of the convention, made a very good little speech, and presented Lincoln with an engrossed copy of the resolutions adopted by the convention. The President appeared to be deeply affected by the address, and with considerable emotion and solemnity accepted the nomination in a very brief speech, in which he referred to pending propositions of amnesty, and to such an amendment to the Constitution as became a fitting and natural conclusion to the final success of the Union cause. His last words, referring to the amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery, were: "Now, the unconditional Union men, North and South, perceive its importance and embrace it. In the joint names of Liberty and Union, let us labor to give it legal form and practical effect."

CONTENTION OVER RECONSTRUCTION PLANS.

YET, within a month from that happy and jubilant time, everything was once more in confusion in Washington, and the political skies were again darkened by clouds returning after the rain. Between the notable events of the nomination of Lincoln at Baltimore and that of McClellan at Chicago, there intervened the publication of what is known in history as the Wade-Davis manifesto. This incident in the long chapter of Southern reconstruction — a chapter that extended into the administration of Andrew Johnson — was almost inevitable when it is considered that the radicals in Congress were greatly dissatisfied with the outlines of the reconstruction policy of President Lincoln, as these appeared in his message of the previous year (1863). The pivotal point in the dis-

cussion then going on was, Are the States lately in rebellion in the Union or out of the Union? The Republican party was divided on this question, a portion contending that the so-called acts of secession were inoperative in every respect; while others, in theory and practice, appeared to assume that those States had been outside of the Union, and had been conquered and brought back. On such refinements of reasoning a dangerous schism was opened in the party that was expected to support Lincoln in that canvass.

Senator Sumner was one of those who received the President's message of 1863 with undisguised impatience, and who subsequently found fault with his reconstruction speech made in answer to a serenade at the end of the war. Although it has been said that Mr. Sumner was not displeased with that message, it is certain that he expressed himself to his friends with some warmth, descanting on the President's omission to say whether the rebel States were in or out of the Union. While the message was being read, Sumner listened attentively until he saw its drift, and then he apparently withdrew his attention from the reading, and in a boyish and impetuous manner slammed his books and documents about his desk and upon the floor, and generally exhibited his ill temper to an astonished and admiring gallery. Later on in that session a bill was introduced in the House by Henry Winter Davis in which were embodied the notions of the radical Republicans. In brief, Mr. Lincoln's policy was to build up a civil government in each State as soon as military resistance should disappear; and, under the authority of military governors to be appointed by him, to develop the nucleus of an orderly government, whose powers and authority should be submitted to Congress for recognition. The scheme of Henry Winter Davis and his friends was to provide for the appointment of a provisional governor (a civil officer) in each of the States lately in rebellion, under whose authority a majority of the white male citizens of the State should elect delegates to a convention to reestablish a State government. The new constitution which should be adopted by such a convention was to provide three things — exclusion of military and civil officers of the Confederacy, the abolition of slavery, and the total repudiation of all rebel debts.

This bill was in direct opposition to the well-known plans and opinions of Lincoln, and could not be made to square with his plan of reconstruction, the details of which were already well understood. Nevertheless, the measure did not awaken much opposition among the Unionist members of Congress,. and was opposed by the Democrats only on general principles. Singularly enough, although Henry Winter Davis had been steadily hostile to every policy favored by Lincoln, nobody seemed to think that this extraordinary measure would be disapproved by the President, or that the friends of the administration ought to be shy of any proposition which came from a man who was constantly bristling with hostility to Lincoln's political ideas. Davis was a singularly alert but singularly violent politician. In his speeches advocating the passage of his bill he imputed low motives to the President, and treated his scheme of reconstruction, outlined in the amnesty proclamation and the message of December, 1863, with frank contempt. This was in exact accord with the rash and egotistical course which Davis pursued in regard to any man or any measure that did not receive his full approbation. For example, Assistant Secretary Fox of the Navy Department had in some way incurred Davis's enmity, and in one of his diatribes against the alleged inefficiency of the navy, Davis disposed of the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* in this sweeping style: "The *Monitor* accidentally came into Hampton Roads as the *Merrimac* was trying to destroy, as it had already destroyed, some of our vessels. The collision took place; neither fleet was destroyed; neither vessel was sunk; neither party was whipped, as the boys say; and the country ran wild over two guns in a cheese-box having done anything." Extravagances like this injured the reputation of Davis for statesmanship, and should have put the friends of Lincoln on their guard when Davis formulated his policy for the reconstruction of the Southern States. Lincoln was unwilling to lay down a hard-and-fast rule to be applied to each State as it should be brought once more into Federal relations with the other States of the Union. Davis's plan contemplated restricting the President to one iron-bound scheme applicable to each and all of the States. His bill, after much speech-making on both sides of the House, went over to the Senate late in the summer of 1864. It was almost immediately passed, but with some amendments; was sent back to the House; and was ready for the signature of the President just before Congress adjourned on July 4 of that year.

The last days of a congressional session are characterized by confusion which would turn the head of any one unused to this fantastic turmoil; and the end of that particular session was unusually noisy and chaotic. Many bills of importance were pitchforked into shape at the last moment, and were tossed between the Senate and the House even to the latest hour of the session. Both branches of Congress had agreed to adjourn at twelve o'clock on July 4;

but the Senate, which was inextricably mixed up with important and unfinished business, importuned the House to extend the session ten minutes. This was done three times, so that the final hour of adjournment did not arrive until half-past twelve o'clock on that day. Great interest was felt in an important bill to amend the Pacific Railroad Act. This bill virtually increased the compensation of the railroad-builders, and in other ways enhanced their interests. It was finally squeezed through, but two other measures of more importance failed. One of these was Washburne's Whisky Tax Bill, and another was a bill to establish a commission for the purpose of ascertaining the public financial resources, and the best means of levying judicious taxation on the same. It was noticeable, however, that notwithstanding the fact that many bills of national import failed to get through, there was no failure of a bill which gave every member of the Thirty-ninth Congress a complete set of the "Congressional Globe" from the beginning of its publication until the close of that Congress.

Ten minutes before the hour for adjournment had arrived, pages darted to and fro with messages and bills, and engrossing clerks rushed madly about with sheets of parchment for the signatures of Speaker and clerk. Cabinet ministers were numerous on the floor of the House, and lobbyists slipped in through the doors in the general disorder, and buttonholed members, while the mill of legislation slowly ground out its last grist. The President was signing bills in the room set apart for his use in the Senate wing of the Capitol, being attended from time to time during the morning by members of his cabinet. As the hands of the clock drew near the fateful hour of adjournment, it was suddenly whispered about the House that the President had so far failed to sign the Wade-Davis reconstruction bill. Men held their breath at this unexpected turn of affairs, and asked, "Will he send in a veto message, or will he pocket it?" It was, of course, too late to think of a veto message, and the general opinion of those who believed that the bill would not receive his sanction was that he would give it a pocket veto. Now for the first time men who had not seriously opposed the passage of the reconstruction bill began to wish that it had never gone to the President; but all was uncertainty, and although it was the supreme moment, the reading clerk was droning forth in occasional fragments the Declaration of Independence, which somebody had demanded should be read. Most of the members and senators appeared to forget their petty jobs and schemes in the all-absorbing question, What will the President do with the reconstruction bill? Finally messages from the Senate and from the President informed the House that no further communications were to be expected from them, and Speaker Colfax, in a few pleasant words, dismissed the members to their homes, and declared the session ended. In the disorder which followed, Davis, standing at his desk, white with wrath, his bushy hair tousled, and wildly brandishing his arms, denounced the President in good, set terms. It was known at last that the bill had failed to receive the President's signature. Congress had adjourned, leaving the great scheme of Wade, Davis, and their colaborers a mass of ruins.

This event, in the minds of those who were in at the death of that session, looms up more conspicuously in the history of that July 4, 1864, than any other that had lately occurred in Washington. I certainly was astonished to hear the bitter denunciations heaped upon the head of President Lincoln by some of the radical senators and representatives. Pomeroy, of Kansas, was of course exceedingly wrathful and sarcastic; and he went around saying, "I told you so." The Missourians were unexpectedly quiet, and Senator Gratz Brown, who had all along taken a somewhat conservative view of the matter, expressed himself as being well satisfied with the ultimate fate of the bill. Among those whom I heard express great disappointment and sharp disapproval of the President's "pocket veto" was Representative Garfield. But these malcontents soon poured out of the doors of the Capitol on all sides, leaving the gilded and decorated halls to loneliness and dusky splendor. They betook their complaints, their congratulations, their hopes and fears, to their own homes, and the first session of the Thirty-ninth Congress ended in a curious condition of unrest and dissatisfaction.

Political matters were lost sight of when, very soon after the adjournment of Congress, the capital was threatened by Early on his famous raid; but the excitement of that brief beleaguering having passed away, the publication of a letter signed by Senator Wade and Representative Davis again created a lively condition of things in national politics. The letter appeared on August 5. It is needless to recall the points of that now historic document. Its appearance created something like a panic in the ranks of the President's supporters. It was the work of two members of his own party. It was at first said that it was written by James A. Garfield, and on the strength of that report his renomination for Congress was subsequently in danger. Garfield, however, although he frankly acknowledged that he was in sympathy with the signers of the manifesto, flatly declared that he had

nothing to do with its production. It was generally understood that Davis was the author of the document, and it certainly bore evidence of his well-known skill in the art of putting things. Upon President Lincoln this letter, which was addressed to "the supporters of the Government," had a most depressing effect. Four days after Congress adjourned he had issued a proclamation, and had embodied in that document a copy of the Wade-Davis bill as it passed Congress, and had given his reasons for withholding from it his approval. This proclamation had been generally received with every sign of popular satisfaction, and the Wade-Davis manifesto, coming as it did like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, threw politicians of every stamp into the wildest confusion. The address imputed to the President the meanest of motives, and insinuated very broadly that his policy of reconstruction was the natural outcome of his intense desire to be reëlected. It was this unjust suggestion that cut Lincoln to the heart. A day or two after the Wade-Davis manifesto appeared, Lincoln, in conversation with me, said: "To be wounded in the house of one's friends is perhaps the most grievous affliction that can befall a man. I have tried my best to meet the wishes of this man [Davis], and to do my whole duty by the country." Later on in the same conversation, while lamenting with sincere grief the implacable hostility which Henry Winter Davis had manifested, he said that Davis's pride of opinion led him to say and do things of which he (Lincoln) was certain in his own private judgment his (Davis's) conscience could not approve. When I said that it sometimes seemed as though Davis was mad, Lincoln replied, "I have heard that there was insanity in his family; perhaps we might allow the plea in this case." It was this attack upon him, apparently so needless and so unprofitable, and so well calculated to disturb the harmony of the Union party, that grieved the President more than the framing and the passage of the bill; but commenting in his own shrewd way on that bill, Lincoln said that he had somewhere read of a robber tyrant who had built an iron bedstead on which he compelled his victims to lie. If the captive was too short to fill the bedstead, he was stretched by main force until he was long enough; and if he was too long, he was chopped off to fit the bedstead. This, Lincoln thought, was the sort of reconstruction which the Wade-Davis plan contemplated. If any State coming back into Federal relations did not fit the Wade-Davis bedstead, so much the worse for the State. Lincoln's habitual diffidence in quoting erudite or classic sayings usually induced him to refer to classical stories in this vague way; and although he probably knew very well who Procrustes was, he slurred over the illustration as something of which he had remotely heard.

As a matter of record, I may as well say here that at the next and last session of that Congress—the Thirty-ninth—Davis reintroduced his pet measure; and after it had been amended considerably, it was finally tabled February 21, 1865, in spite of the fiery speech which its distinguished author made in its favor. Although the bill passed both branches of Congress without serious opposition in the first instance, public opinion had so far changed under Lincoln's guiding hand, eight months later, that it was finally killed by a vote of 91 to 64, which laid it on the table.

THE DARK DAYS OF 1864.

IN the memory of men who lived in Washington during the months of July and August, 1864, those days will appear to be the darkest of the many dark days through which passed the friends and lovers of the Federal Union. The earlier years of the war, it is true, had been full of grief, despondency, and even agony; but the darkness that settled upon us in the summer of 1864 was the more difficult to be endured because of its unexpectedness. The hopes so buoyantly entertained by our people when Grant opened his campaign in Virginia had been dashed. No joyful tidings came from the army now; a deadly calm prevailed where had so lately resounded the shouts of victory. In every department of the Government there was a manifest feeling of discouragement. In the field of national politics confusion reigned.

When Congress adjourned on July 4, with the Wade-Davis reconstruction bill still unsigned, the turmoil inside of the Union Republican party was something terrific; and when, a month later, the Wade-Davis manifesto appeared, the consternation of the Republican leaders was very great. Early's invasion of Maryland and dash upon Washington, which caused a good deal of panic in the country generally, occurred about the middle of July. Right on the heels of this event came the President's call for five hundred thousand men, which was issued July 18, and the placing of a new two-million loan, which dropped upon the people about the same time. Nor was the military situation any more cheerful. The awful fighting in the Wilderness and at Cold Harbor had fairly startled the country by the enormous loss of life sustained by the Army of the Potomac, apparently without any corresponding gain of position. The failure of the Petersburg mine, July 30, was another addition to the burden carried in the hearts of patriotic Americans. Chase's resignation of the secretaryship of the Treasury, and the muddle which Horace Gree-

ley had succeeded in creating by his futile mission to the rebel emissaries at Niagara Falls, had so worried the people that nobody appeared to know what was in the air — a compromise in the interest of peace, or a more vigorous prosecution of the war.

The raid of Early, which occurred in July, 1864, gave us the only serious scare in the national capital which we had, although many alarms were sounded during the war and after the first terrors of the civil insurrection had died away. That incursion of the dashing rebel hosts was evidently twofold in its purpose, forage and plunder in Maryland and Pennsylvania being part of the scheme, while the more important and highly desired purpose was to seize upon Washington, then left comparatively defenseless so far as troops were concerned. The news of the approach of Early was brought to the city (whatever may have been the information lodged in the War Department) by the panic-stricken people from Rockville, Silver Spring, Tennallytown, and other Maryland villages. These people came flocking into Washington by the Seventh street road, flying in wild disorder, and bringing their household goods with them. In a general way we understood that the city was cut off at the north and east, and that the famine of market-stuff, New York newspapers, and other necessaries of life, was due to the cutting of railway lines leading northward. For two or three days we had no mail, no telegraphic messages, and no railway travel. Our only communication with the outer world was by steamer from Georgetown, D. C., to New York. Washington was in a ferment; men were marching to and fro; able-bodied citizens were swept up and put into the District militia; and squads of department clerks were set to drilling in the parks. It was an odd sight to see men who had been thus impressed into the public service, dressed in linen coats or in partial uniform, being put through the manual of arms by an impromptu captain, who in his turn was prompted by his orderly sergeant (a messenger employed in the War Department). These sons of Mars were all under command of Brigadier-General Bacon, a worthy grocer of Washington, who was the militia commander of the District of Columbia. The city was also garrisoned by one hundred men, Veteran Reserves as they were called (or Invalid Corps), with a few dismounted cavalry. These weak and unorganized forces were thrown into the fortifications, and Washington stood agape while we listened to the sound of the rebel cannon less than ten miles away. General Halleck was then living on Georgetown Heights, where the blue-coated Invalids mounted guard over his residence, and the bugles nightly blew "peas on a trencher." Ill-natured people were ready to suggest that the rebels might be guilty of petty larceny should they rapidly march down Rock Creek and seize upon Halleck, who for various reasons was bitterly unpopular in Washington. The President and his family were at their summer residence, the Soldiers' Home, on the outskirts of Washington, about half-way between the outer line of fortifications at Fort Stevens and the city; but on Sunday night, the 10th, Secretary Stanton, finding that the enemy was within striking distance of that point, sent out a carriage with positive orders that the President should return to the White House. Lincoln, very much irritated, and against his will, came back to town. He was subsequently greatly discomposed and annoyed when he found that the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Captain G. V. Fox, had kept under orders a small navy vessel in the Potomac for the President's escape in case the rebel column should succeed in piercing the line of fortifications. The wildest estimates of the force of the invaders were made, and flying rumors were to the effect that Early, Ewell, Imboden, and Breckinridge were in command of some forty thousand men. As a matter of fact, there were, according to the records, not many more than twelve thousand men. There was a vast amount of hurrying to and fro between the War Department, the White House, and the exterior lines of defense, and the telegraph wire was constantly worked to its fullest capacity. There were not a few domestic rebels in Washington who looked on this commotion with undisguised glee.

In Georgetown one nest of secessionists was rudely broken in upon by the provost guard, who discovered a half-finished Confederate flag in the house. The men were marched over to the guard-house, and the unfinished colors, probably intended to be presented to Early, were promptly confiscated. This was not the only flag made to be presented to the rebels when they should effect their triumphal entry into Washington. But early on Monday morning part of the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac landed at Washington, having come from the James River in swift transports; another division (Ricketts's) was already in Maryland. The thirteen thousand men landing in Washington were commanded by General Horatio G. Wright. About noon the Nineteenth Corps, under command of General W. H. Emory, arrived from the Gulf of Mexico by way of Fort Monroe, and Washington breathed more freely.

General Alexander McD. McCook was in command of the troops and fortifications; and General Augur, who at that time was commander of the Department of Washington, had under him all the available men of the District of

Columbia, including a considerable number of drafted men from Camp Convalescent at Alexandria. Colonel Wisewell, military governor of the city, had orders to detail all of the able-bodied men in the hospitals; and before the night of Monday, thirty-two hundred fighting men from those institutions, officered, provisioned, and armed, were on their way to the front. "Contraband" negroes and refugees were also pressed into the service, and at twelve o'clock on the night of July 11 it was estimated that there were within the fortifications of Washington sixty thousand men, armed and equipped for fight. Clearly, the time for a successful assault by the rebel column had passed. But if the invasion of Maryland was designed to create a diversion from Grant's army, then in front of Richmond, that end was successful; and while our great force of effective men was kept at bay within the defenses of Washington, the bulk of Early's army was busy sweeping up all available plunder, and sending it across the Potomac.

It was popularly believed in the North at that time that President Lincoln was greatly disturbed by the imminence of the danger of the capture of Washington; but I learned from his own lips that his chief anxiety was that the invading forces might not be permitted to get away. Speaking of their escape, afterward, he said that General Halleck's manifest desire to avoid taking any responsibility without the immediate sanction of General Grant was the main reason why the rebels, having threatened Washington and sacked the peaceful farms and villages of Maryland, got off scatheless.

If Lincoln was the meddlesome marplot in military affairs which some have represented him to be, he would have peremptorily ordered a sortie of the Union forces, then numerously massed inside the defenses of Washington; but although he was "agonized" (as he said) over the evident failure of all attempts at pursuit, he kept his hands off.

Grant's distance from the scene, Halleck's disinclination to take the responsibility of pursuit, and Lincoln's firm refusal to decide any military question of detail, resulted in the safe departure of Early and his forces. It may as well be said that throughout the long and weary months of the war which followed this panic in Washington, Lincoln frequently referred to the escape of Early as one of the most distressing features of his experience in the city of Washington. He went out to Fort Stevens during the skirmishes in front of that fortification on July 12, and repeatedly exposed himself in the coolest manner to the fire of the rebel sharp-shooters. He had once said to me that he lacked physical courage, although he had a fair share of the moral quality of that virtue; but his calm unconsciousness of danger while the bullets were flying thick and fast about him was ample proof that he would not have dropped his musket and run, as he believed he certainly would, at the first sign of physical danger.

The scene of the desultory fighting in front of Washington was novel and striking to a party of us (civilians) who surveyed the field immediately after the rebels had fled. We saw the last glimpse of the dust which the skedaddling pickets left behind them as they rode off in the direction of Edwards's Ferry. We found traces of rebel occupation five or six miles from Washington, where houses had been held by the invaders, the rightful owners thereof having incontinently fled at the approach of the enemy. Horses had been picketed in the orchards; fences were torn down and used for firewood, and books, letters, and women's wearing-apparel were scattered about the grounds, showing that the raiders had made the best use of their time in looting the houses where they had been quartered. In one comfortable family mansion, now in a sad state of disrepair, we found such a disorder as might have reigned if a wild Western cyclone had swept through the building. Furniture was smashed, crockery broken, and even a handsome piano was split up in the very wantonness of destruction. Obscene drawings covered the walls, and one inscription scrawled with charcoal over the place where the piano had stood read, "Fifty thousand Virginian homes have been devastated in like manner." The houses were littered with the tattered remnants of butternut-colored uniforms, as if the invaders had effected that fair exchange which in time of war is no robbery; and a picturesque disorder reigned in my lady's chamber, as well as in the kitchen and the pantry, of the homes suddenly vacated at the approach of the rebel soldiery.

It should be said that the panic in Washington, although tolerably severe among the more uninformed of the residents, was by no means so utter as people at a distance from the national capital generally supposed; and in government circles there was no fear entertained after the first dash had been ineffectively made by Early's troops. In the country at large, however, the effect of this demonstration was somewhat depressing. The capital had been threatened; the President's safety had been imperiled; only a miracle had saved treasures, records, and archives from the fate that overtook them when Cockburn seized the city during the War of 1812. These were some of the highly colored pictures presented to the people of the United States by alarmists and prophets of disaster during the week of the raid and thereafter. But there was no such frantic panic in Washington.

McCLELLAN'S NOMINATION AT CHICAGO.

At such a time as this the men who were determined on a declaration of "peace at any price" met in Chicago to nominate a candidate for the presidency. The Democratic convention of that year had first been called to meet on July 4; but the doings of the Cleveland convention, which had nominated Frémont, and those of the Baltimore convention, at which Lincoln had been nominated, probably induced the Democratic managers to postpone the assembling of their convention until a later date — August 29, 1864. By this time it was pretty well settled that McClellan, although a war leader and a war candidate, would be the nominee of the Democratic convention; and people wondered how the advocates of peace would arrange to square their war candidate on a peace platform. A few days before the meeting of the Democratic convention, just prior to my leaving Washington for Chicago, the President said to me: "They must nominate a Peace Democrat on a war platform, or a War Democrat on a peace platform; and I personally can't say that I care much which they do."

About this time, as we now learn from Nicolay and Hay's "History of Lincoln," the President wrote, sealed, and put aside the following memorandum, which was dated August 23, 1864: "This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this administration will not be reëlected. Then it will be my duty to so coöperate with the President elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration; as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterward." On the evening of August 24 I called on the President to say good-by, as I intended to leave for Chicago the following day; and although Lincoln had already put himself on record as more than doubtful of his own reëlection, he said: "Good-by. Don't be discouraged; I don't believe that God has forsaken us yet." Possibly the good President desired to inspire those whom he met with something of the confidence which he did not himself feel. But, at any rate, he did regard with great interest the doings of the Democrats who were about to nominate their candidate and build their platform. Knowing that I would not return to Washington until a week or two after the convention had adjourned, he asked me to write two or three letters, as the convention should unfold its plans, giving him "some of the political gossip that would not find its way into the newspapers." These letters, of course, I wrote according to his request; and it is a curious illustration of his care for all papers coming into his hands that they were found after his death in his carefully preserved and voluminous private correspondence.

Although the train on which I traveled westward was burdened with many distinguished and jubilant Democratic leaders, it was notable that the most conspicuous person was Congressman Harris of Maryland, who had been censured by the House for so-called treasonable language. It was known that he was on the train, and whenever we stopped — and that was pretty often — the Butternuts yelled vociferously for him. I made his acquaintance, and found him a very companionable person; he frankly said that he found himself much more popular in the West than in Maryland. It had been bruited abroad that McClellan was on our train, and at Plymouth, Indiana, there was a great call for "Little Mac." A Union colonel, going home on furlough, was readily passed off as the redoubtable general by some of the fun-loving Democrats, who were determined that their Indiana compatriots should not be disappointed. The colonel made a very ingenious little speech in the character of McClellan, and was received with tremendous cheers.

When we got to Chicago, and the convention began to assemble in the great wigwam near the lake shore, Vallandigham, Alexander Long, and Representative Harris were the "stars" of the occasion. Calls for them were made at every possible opportunity, and it was easy to see that these eminent Peace Democrats were more popular than any other of the delegates to the convention. It was a noisy assemblage, and it was also a Peace Democratic convention. While Alexander Long was reading a set of resolutions, which he proposed to have the convention adopt, asking for a suspension of the draft until after the election, "Sunset" Cox interfered with a motion to have all resolutions referred, without reading or debate, to the proper committee; whereupon he was roundly hissed, and the spectators, who to the number of thousands filled the pit of the great building, yelled, "Get down, you War Democrat!" much to his discomfiture. The crowd of on-lookers in the pit was so great that many of them climbed up and roosted on a fence which separated them from the delegates, and their weight soon broke down this slender barrier, creating the greatest confusion. Frantic ushers and policemen attempted to preserve order; now and then a train crashing by on the Lake Shore tracks close at hand added to the racket, and filled the huge building with smoke and cinders.

Horatio Seymour, then governor of New York, was the president of the Chicago convention; and it must be said that he made a much better presiding officer than ex-Governor Dennison had proved himself in the chair of the Republican convention at Baltimore. Seymour

was tall, fine-looking, of an imposing figure, with a good though colorless face, bright, dark eyes, a high, commanding forehead, dark-reddish hair, and slightly bald. He had a clear, ringing voice, with a slight imperfection in his speech, and he was in the main an attractive and effective speaker, and a capital presiding officer. His opening address, which was very calm and cool, was not well received by the crowd, who evidently wanted something more heart-firing, and who incessantly shouted, "Vallandigham! Vallandigham!" But the distinguished exile, though he was not far away, was discreet enough to remain out of sight until his turn came. His name was presented by the State of Ohio for membership of the committee on platform, and it was well known that the most important plank in that structure — that which related to the prosecution of the war — was his. One of the conspicuous figures in that convention was James Guthrie of Kentucky, a tall, huge-limbed, white-haired man about seventy years old, with a florid complexion, a clear and well-modulated voice, and the general appearance of a well-fed, well-groomed Kentucky gentleman of the old school. Another was Samuel J. Tilden of New York, who took an active part in the business of building the platform, and who surprised all to whom he was a stranger by his agile movements, his fresh, smooth, almost boyish face, and his generally alert manner. When the platform finally came before the convention, late in the afternoon of the second day, the resolution which was greeted with the most vociferous applause was that with which Vallandigham's hand had been busy. This was the famous clause which explicitly declared that "after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity, or war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, . . . the public welfare demands that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities with a view to an ultimate convention of the States, or other peaceable means to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal union of the States." This was the peace platform which Lincoln had expected. The war candidate of course was soon to be forthcoming. The faces of some of the delegates when the platform was read and adopted were a study. S. S. Cox clasped his hands in his lap and dropped his head, a picture of despair. August Belmont, who was the chairman of the National Committee that year, also looked profoundly sad. But Vallandigham and Alexander Long rubbed their hands with unrestrained glee, and as soon as his famous resolution was adopted the former was surrounded by congratulating friends.

When the presidential nominations were finally before the convention, Harris of Maryland took the floor, and attempted to make a speech against McClellan. Although the chairman at first ruled him to be out of order, he went on shrieking and vociferating, denouncing McClellan for his so-called arbitrary arrests in Maryland, and saying that he had initiated tyranny and oppression before Lincoln had. The house rose at Harris as one man, cheering and encouraging him to go on. Promising to speak in order, he went up to the platform, and proceeded with his vituperation and abuse. He insisted that Lincoln had found an assassin of State rights in George B. McClellan, and shrieked, "Will you vote for such a man? I never will!" At this point several War Democrats objected to his proceeding, because, as they very properly said, if he would not promise to support the nominee of the convention, he was not fit to be a member of that body, much less to make a speech to it. He was accordingly ruled out, and disappeared from the platform; and as he went back to his seat a New York delegate rose and called him a "traitor." Harris promptly struck his defamer, and for a time there was a scene of general uproar and riotous confusion.

The Maryland delegates as a rule were opposed to McClellan on account of his so-called arbitrary arrests in their State earlier in the war. General Morgan, an Ohio delegate, attempted a defense of McClellan's conduct in Maryland, and said that McClellan would have been a traitor if he had not acted as he did, boldly and promptly, in arresting the conspirators in the Maryland legislature. At this there was a wrathful outburst from the Maryland delegation, who contradicted the Ohioan, and compelled him to diverge from that branch of the discussion.

Alexander Long was another irreconcilable delegate who insisted that freedom of speech had been denied him in this Democratic convention, and who, when indulgently allowed to speak, went on to say that McClellan was "the worst and weakest man" who could be nominated at that time; he begged that the convention would nominate Seymour of New York, or Vallandigham, or anybody but "this weak tool of Lincoln's." Speeches like these from both wings of the jarring Democracy wore out the patience of the delegates and the spectators, and the second day closed without a nomination.

Chicago was wild that night with brass bands and cheering Democrats, who visited the different hotels, and insisted upon speeches from prominent delegates. In front of the Sherman House there was a vociferous demand for Dean Richmond, who, tall, corpulent, big-nosed, aus-

tere and arbitrary in his manner, and looming up with his high white hat and blue-tailed coat, was stalking about the lobbies of the hotel, while his friend Peter Cagger, "three sheets in the wind," was impersonating Richmond at an upper window, and making a speech which convulsed the crowd with laughter.

Although McClellan was the inevitable nominee of the convention, he did not receive the honor until one formal ballot had been taken. The first ballot gave him 150 votes; Thomas H. Seymour of Connecticut had 43 votes, and Horatio Seymour of New York received 7. There were two scattering votes cast. The roll-call had been finished, but the balloting was practically settled by the action of Missouri, which, having previously voted solidly for Thomas H. Seymour, now divided its strength, and cast 7 votes for McClellan, and 4 for Thomas H. Seymour, amid great cheering. There was then a great landslide of votes for McClellan, until all but the most uncompromising of the Peace Democrats had gone over to the inevitable nominee. Long, Vallandigham, and others held out until the last; and after all changes were made, the final vote was announced thus: McClellan, 202½; Thomas H. Seymour, 23½. Instantly the pent-up feelings of the crowd broke forth in the most rapturous manner: cheers, yells, music, and screams indescribable rent the air, and outside the wigwam a park of cannon volleyed a salute in honor of the nominee. The long agony was over, and men threw up their hats, and behaved as much like bedlamites as men usually do under such circumstances. When order was restored, Vallandigham, who until then had not spoken, mounted the rostrum, and moved that the nomination be made unanimous. It is impossible to describe the tremendous applause which greeted the appearance of the Ohio "martyr," who had only lately returned through Canada from his exile. His appearance on the platform, bland, smiling, and rosy, was the signal for a terrific outburst before he could open his mouth; and when his little speech was done, another whirlwind of applause greeted his magnanimous motion in favor of a war candidate.

Some of the speeches that followed were full of venom and denunciation. Charles A. Wickliffe, who was commonly known in Washington as "Old Kentucky," offered a resolution to the effect that his State expected that the first act of the new Democratic administration would be "to open the prison doors, and let the oppressed go free." Wickliffe had previously raised a laugh in the convention by nominating ex-President Pierce in an amusing and wandering speech. Later on, after the nomination of Vice-President, Wickliffe again distinguished himself by adjuring the convention to refrain from an adjournment *sine die*. He insisted that he and his colleagues in the West were "of the opinion that circumstances may occur between now and March 4 next which will make it proper for the Democracy of the country to meet in convention again." Although the real motive for this proposed action was not apparent to anybody, so far as I could learn by talking with the delegates afterward, Wickliffe's suggestion was received with a shout of boisterous applause. Mystery characterized many of the proceedings of the convention, and the mysteriousness of this proposition appeared to be significant to the delegates. It was taken as a warning that the managers of the party expected something extraordinary to happen, and were determined to be ready for any emergency that might arise; so the convention accordingly adopted a resolution to "remain as organized, subject to be called at any time and place that the Executive National Committee shall designate." It is a matter of history, however, that the convention never was called together again, and the reason for this cautious anchor to windward has never been disclosed.

George H. Pendleton was nominated for Vice-President without much difficulty, although there were several other candidates in the field. Indiana had proposed the name of her favorite son, "the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," D. W. Voorhees; Pennsylvania had nominated George W. Cass; Vermont, James Guthrie of Kentucky; Illinois, Judge John D. Caton; Delaware, Lazarus W. Powell of Kentucky; Missouri, John S. Phelps of that State; and Iowa, Augustus Cæsar Dodge, once minister to Spain. It was the large vote of New York which finally made Pendleton's nomination inevitable. This State had withheld its vote until it was obvious that its sudden dropping would decide the contest; then it was ponderously thrown to Pendleton, and the contest was virtually over. Pendleton was present as a delegate from Ohio, and, mounting the platform, made a pleasant speech. The convention broke up in the most admired disorder, and that night the city of Chicago seemed drunk with political excitement. Although many of the leaders had left by afternoon trains, the marching mobs halted under the windows of all the principal hotels, and demanded speeches until midnight fell, and something like silence reigned throughout the city.

It was during the last days of August that the convention declared that the war was a failure, and that peace must be sought in a convention of Federals and Confederates. On September 3 Washington received from Sherman the good news of the fall of Atlanta, and President Lincoln issued an order in which

the national thanks were given to General Sherman and the officers and soldiers of his command before Atlanta "for the distinguished ability, courage, and perseverance displayed in the campaign in Georgia, which, under divine favor, has resulted in the capture of Atlanta." And at the same time Grant, at City Point, telegraphed to Sherman: "In honor of your great victory I have ordered a salute to be fired with shotted guns from every battery bearing upon the enemy. The salute will be fired within an hour, amidst great rejoicing." The tide had turned. The Democratic campaign of 1864 began under very different auspices from those which had attended the assembling of the convention which nominated a war candidate on a peace platform. The dark days were over.

CHASE ON THE SUPREME BENCH.

ANOTHER historic event which marked the wonderful transition in political affairs in this republic was the inauguration of Salmon P. Chase as Chief Justice of the United States. It was a curious coincidence that his immediate predecessor, Roger B. Taney, was, like himself, an ex-secretary of the Treasury. Students of American political history will recollect that Taney was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by Andrew Jackson in his fierce and vindictive prosecution of a war against the United States Bank. William J. Duane, as Secretary of the Treasury, had refused to become the willing tool of Jackson in that contest; and Taney, who promised to do the bidding of "Old Hickory," was appointed in his place, and did the work required of him. Subsequently, when the office of Chief Justice became vacant, Taney was promoted to that exalted station; and it surely is no violence to the memory of either of these two famous men to say that the chief-justiceship was Taney's reward for his services in removing the government deposits from the United States Bank, as Andrew Jackson had decreed. Many years had passed since that time, and the incidents of Taney's earlier career were well-nigh forgotten, when he once more made his name conspicuous by his decision to the effect that "the negro has no rights that a white man is bound to respect." Now, in the fullness of time, Taney had passed away, and another Secretary of the Treasury, of spotless reputation and unblemished character, distinguished alike for his services to the cause of human freedom and to the American nation, received the highest honor in the gift of the national executive. It was unfortunate that some of the new Chief Justice's over-zealous and indiscreet friends gleefully claimed that President Lincoln was coerced into making that appointment, and scornfully insisted that it was a popular choice forced upon the President by men who controlled confirmations in the Senate. It was lamentable that when Lincoln willingly paid a noble honor to one who had been his competitor for the presidential nomination, he could not have at least the poor satisfaction of knowing that the purity of his motives and the fixity of his intention were appreciated by those who had made Chase and Chase's ambitions the excuse for conspiring against the good name of Lincoln. As a matter of history, it should be recorded that Lincoln never intended to appoint any other man than Chase to the chief-justiceship, and never for one moment had he entertained the name of any other person. It was a peculiar trait of Lincoln that in order to preclude all possibility of doubt in his own mind concerning the expediency of any contemplated act, he would state to those with whom he came in contact many doubts and objections not his own, but those of others, for the express purpose of being confirmed and fixed in his own judgment. For example, when a Chicago ministerial delegation visited Lincoln, and urged upon him the expediency of issuing an emancipation proclamation, it was this mental habit that induced him to argue with his visitors as though his mind were not already made up, and as if he were really uncertain as to his course in regard to that great measure. When those Chicago clergymen read the emancipation proclamation, for which Lincoln had given them no hope, they must have been amazed by what they perhaps thought was an evidence of Lincoln's secretiveness. And as a matter of truth it may be said that when Sumner and others importuned President Lincoln to nominate Chase to the chief-justiceship, and he replied in a doubtful manner, he had really made up his mind to nominate Chase.

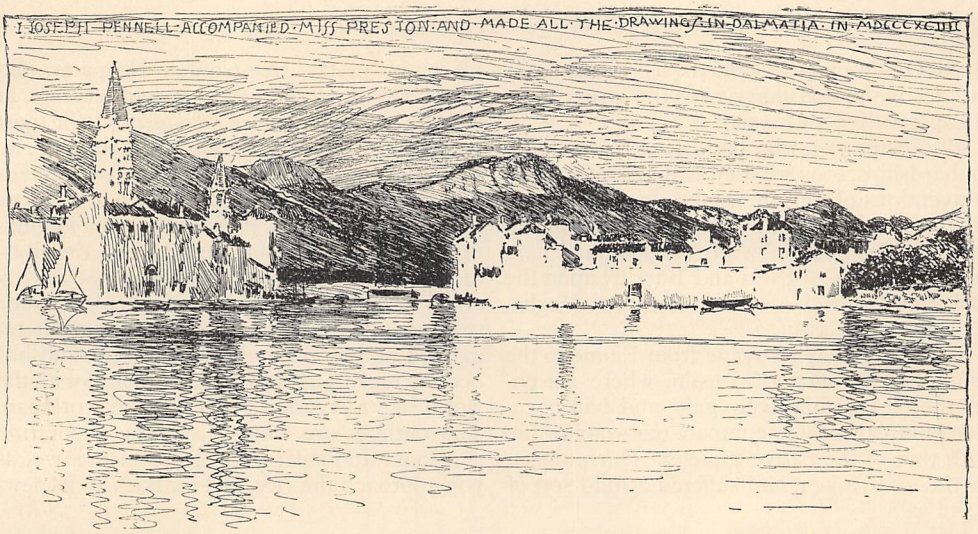
A curious complication arose over the appointment of Chase, which made his public inauguration a matter of doubt for a week or two. The form of procedure prescribed in such a case requires that the letters patent of a justice of the Supreme Court shall pass through the hands of the Attorney-General of the United States. At that time Mr. James Speed had been appointed Attorney-General in place of Mr. Edward Bates, resigned. The Senate judiciary committee held up the nomination several days, not because they hesitated at confirming Speed, but, as one of that committee said, "to convey a mild insinuation to the President that they did not know who James Speed of Kentucky was." Meanwhile, the documents necessary to complete the induction of Mr. Chase into his new office could not be issued. Bates was out, and Speed was not in. Five times, people who frequented

the Capitol were induced to fill the limits of the Supreme Court room, expecting that they would see the inauguration of the Chief Justice, and five times were they disappointed; for the Senate boggled over the confirmation of the functionary whose signature was all that was needed to enable the new Chief Justice to put on his official robes. Finally, however, on December 15, 1864, for the sixth time the crowd assembled, and all was ready. The noble room of the Supreme Court was overflowing with an immense throng of dignitaries of various degrees, ladies, congressmen, foreign ministers, and others who wished to view the simple but impressive ceremony of swearing in the chief judicial officer of the republic. The rush was very great, and a rippling tide of humanity, chiefly women, overflowed into the sacred precincts of the bar, where sat ponderous Tom Ewing, white-headed Reverdy Johnson, Secretary Seward, and other distinguished lawyers. There were Senator Sprague, with his wife, Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, and her sister, gorgeously dressed; Nathaniel P. Banks, erect and martial-looking; gray-headed Ben Wade; and other personages whose names are famous. Just in the rear of the Supreme Bench, on the right, the elegant form of Charles Sumner leaned against one of the marble columns in a fine and studied pose; his handsome features plainly showed his inward glow of gratification. The soft stir of the chamber was broken by the voice of the usher, who announced in a loud official tone, "The Honorable Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States"; whereupon through the side entrance behind the bench entered the gowned justices, headed by Justice Wayne, the senior member of the bench, arm in arm with the newly appointed Chief Justice. The justices advanced to their several chairs, and bowed to the left and to the right; and the bar, remaining standing, collectively bowed in return. Then the new Chief Justice came forward to his chair, and Justice Wayne handed him a paper containing the oath, which Mr. Chase opened, and read in a clear but tremulous voice, as follows: "I, Salmon P. Chase, do solemnly swear that I will, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, administer equal and exact justice to the poor and to the rich, in accordance with the Constitution and the laws of the United States, to the best of my ability." Then, laying down the paper, he lifted his right hand, looked upward to the beautiful dome of the court-room, and with deep feeling added, "So help me God." A breathless hush pervaded the chamber, and the Chief Justice of the United States took his seat. Then the clerk, with a good deal of tremor in his voice, read aloud the letters patent of the Chief Justice; the simple ceremony was over, and the routine business of the court began.

As the crowd decorously moved out of the room I came face to face with "Bluff Ben Wade." My eyes met his, which were actually suffused with tears; and with great grimness, but with much fervor, he said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

A few days after the appointment of Chief Justice Chase the President was visited by the members of the Electoral College of Maryland, who, in the course of the interview, expressed their satisfaction with the act of the President in elevating Mr. Chase to the Supreme Bench. In reply the President said that he trusted that the appointment would be for the best. The country, he added, needed some assurances on two points of great national importance; and they were assurances that could be better given by the character and well-known opinions of the appointee than by any verbal pledges. By the appointment of Mr. Chase all holders of United States securities in America and Europe felt assured that the financial policy of the Government would be upheld by its highest judicial tribunal. In sustaining that policy, Judge Chase would be only sustaining himself, for he was the author of it. The other point to which Lincoln referred was that relating to the constitutionality of the emancipation policy of the Government. He said that other distinguished gentlemen had been named as competent to undertake the great trust now borne by Judge Chase; but these did not bear the same relations to those important issues that Chase did, although they were doubtless equally sound. When we reflect that the financial policy of the Government, so far as it was involved in the legal-tender law, was subsequently disapproved by the distinguished author of it, we may well wonder what Lincoln would have thought if he had lived to read the Chief Justice's decision thereupon.

Noah Brooks.



Beyond the Adriatic

by

HARRIET W. PRESTON

FIRST PAPER.

THE traveler who desires to explore the less familiar side of the Adriatic is happiest of all if he be one of those favored mortals who can make the whole trip in his own yacht; sailing when and stopping where he pleases, waiting in safe harbors for propitious weather, living off the country (which he may do well enough to satisfy any reasonable being), but sleeping always, if he be wise, between his own clean sheets in his own fair cabin, ceiled with satinwood. His craft, moreover, should be a large and steady one, for during all the spring months, which are fittest for this voyage, a masterful south wind — the dreaded Auster of the ancients — is now, as much as ever in the days of Horace,

Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriæ

(the turbid lord of restless Adria), and there are a thousand miles of sea-way, up and down, to be covered, after a fashion.

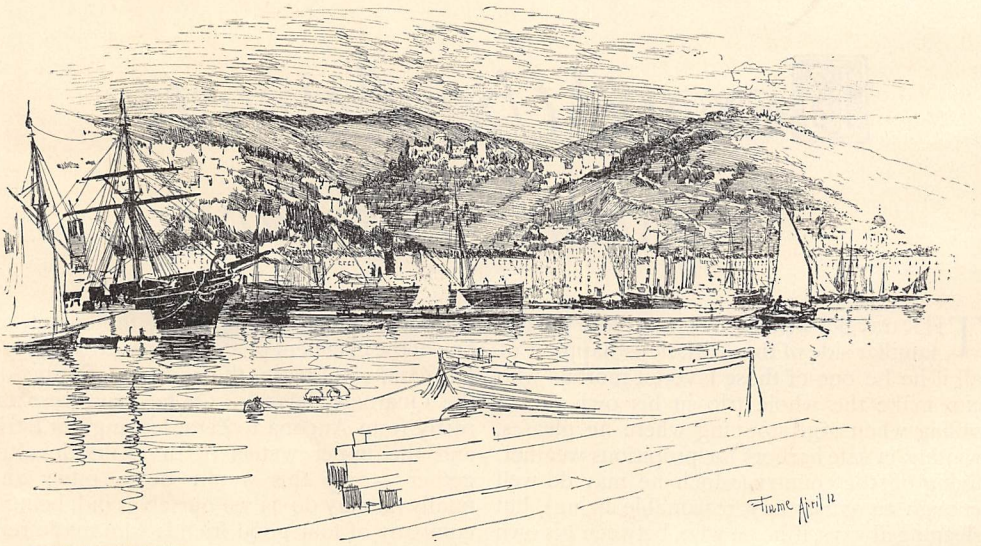
Short of these princely conditions, however, a choice remains for ordinary mortals among half a dozen different routes. He who wishes to wind up an Italian winter with an untried sensation may cross from Venice to Trieste in the early days of April, go by rail down the length of the beautiful Istrian peninsula, see the great naval station at Pola, and also its Roman arch and gates and temples, and the airy oval of its void but perfectly graceful amphitheater, and embark, at that point, on one of the excellent boats of the Austrian Lloyd for Zara, via Lussin, the most interesting of the Quarnero Islands. Or he may cross directly from Ancona to Zara, leaving out Istria and the upper waters of the Adriatic altogether — only this would be a pity; and finally he may do as we ourselves did, being a company of four good friends who made rendezvous at Vienna, meandered down the Danube by steamer to Budapest, and there took an evening train which landed us, in fifteen hours, at Fiume on the Quarnero Gulf.

We were a party of four, as I have said, and rather strongly organized; for we had two artists, whom we commonly distinguished as "our elder," and "our own," besides a "personal conductor," who was naturally our youngest; so that the author of the present chronicle enjoyed the dubious distinction of being the only private in the company. At Fiume we took up our quarters, tamely enough, in the Hôtel Europa, which stands directly on the main quay, overshadowed, as one may say, by a forest of shipping, and fairly bristling with the studied conveniences of our sophisticated modern life. So, in truth, does the whole busy town; for Fiume, the single seaport of Hungary and Croatia, is the sleepless rival of Trieste. It has its own service of Adriatic steamers, — the "Ungarisch-Croatische Seedampfschif-

fahrts-Gesellschaft,"—and is as passionately progressive and Hungarian as the larger town is conservative and Austrian.

Our own artist, who had his mind made up for hardships, soon wearied of the comforts and conventions of this ambitious place, and went off prospecting for the purely picturesque in the direction of Zara, while we remained long enough to visit Abbazia and Buccari upon the mainland, as well as the islands of Veglia, Cherso, and Lussin.

It is a long day's voyage from Fiume to the southern extremity of Lussin, where we encountered our first lively gale, and had occasion complacently to compare our seamanship with that of the native traveler. Our pioneer, by the same token, had suffered a mild sort of



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

FIUME.

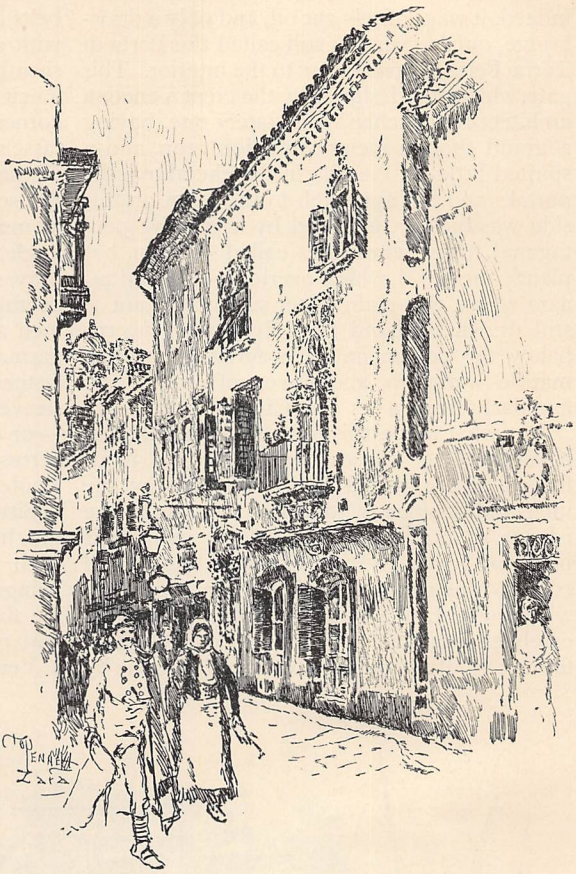
shipwreck at the ruinous little village of Arbe on the Dalmatian frontier, and imperious telegrams awaited our return at Fiume, bidding us rejoin him at Zara with the least possible delay. So after waiting one more day in the vain hope of better weather, we reëmbarked at 10 P. M., under pouring rain, for the capital of Dalmatia and the home of maraschino.

Zara, Jadera, Diodora,—for the name has assumed all these forms,—Roman colony and provincial center for about seven hundred years before that day "of sorrows long ago" when the first fugitive from burning Aquileia set foot upon one of the barren isles where Venice was to be—Zara, as it emerged from the sea next morning under the straw-colored light of a slowly clearing sky, and washed clean by the night's flood, struck us all, I believe, as rather depressingly modern and trim. There is something about the size and configuration of the place, its pretty, tree-planted ramparts, and smart, suburban villas, which reminds one, at the first glance, of Lucca *l'industriosa*, the most prosperous town in Tuscany; and the impression ought to be borne out by the conspicuous bell-tower of Zara's Romanesque cathedral, though unfortunately it is not so. The foundations of this campanile were laid in the fourteenth century, but the bishop who had undertaken to build it having been persuaded, so the story goes, to dower his nieces instead, it remained unfinished until our own day, and has been so meanly achieved that it looks for all the world like a creation of the British workman. The outlines are clumsy, and the decoration is meager and stiff; yet it leaps to the eye, as you approach the city, and sparkles, in its newness, like a pillar of salt. We gladly turned our eyes away from this monument of modern taste, and, entering Zara by the Marine Gate, soon found, to our relief, that the spirit of old Venice still reigns supreme in the narrow streets of the inner town.

In one of these, hard by our landing-place, we found the Hôtel Vapore—that is to say, the steamer hotel; for a steamer in Dalmatia is not, as in Italy, a *piroscafo*, or fire-boat, but a *vapore* merely. A little farther on, in the direction of the theater and the principal square, Zara has an inn of more pretension, installed in one of the best-preserved of the Venetian palaces, having striped awnings over sculptured balconies, and other adventitious attractions. But we passed it sternly by, as an innovation, preferring to follow in the footsteps, and obey the counsels, of our great precursor in these parts, incessantly and conclusively quoted by

the people themselves as the Signor Iacchiso.[1] In this case, at least, we had no reason to repent our docility, for where, in any land, will you find a kinder and more competent hostess than the *padrona* of the Vapore? And where else—*dî immortales!*—on either shore of the Adriatic is the wandering soul refreshed by that sacred souvenir of an English occupation—the morning TUB? This, too, we felt sure that we owed to the Signor Iacchiso.

But in the way of historic monuments we continued to find Zara somewhat less interesting than the same authority had led us to expect. The main body of the cathedral, which is dedicated to Sta. Anastasia, dates from the thirteenth century, and the interior presents some curious features, such as a richly foliated cornice above the arches of the nave, and a singular but rather graceful triforium, concerning which Freeman makes the quaint remark[2] that it "has an air of Jesuitry, but seems to be genuine"; but the façade, in spite of its two wheel-windows and rows of engaged arcades, is vaguely disappointing, because so much less elaborate than those of the famous Italian churches which it recalls. The sanctuary of Zara's patron, St. Chrysogonus, in the busiest part of the town, is enriched by the spoils of more than one Roman temple; but the ancient round church of San Donato, built, so they say, on the foundations of a Roman fane, but reminding one, by its internal arrangement, of beautiful San Vitale at Ravenna, is thickly whitewashed without and within, and was long used as a wine-shop.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE NARROW STREETS OF ZARA.

Nowhere did the long and obstinate struggle of contending powers for the possession of the narrow Dalmatian coast-land rage more fiercely than at Zara. The doges of Venice had established a sort of protectorate over the entire territory, and assumed the title of dukes of Dalmatia, as early as the year 1052; but their claim was incessantly disputed, first by the Hungarian kings, and afterward by the Turkish invader. At Zara, however, they obtained a permanent footing about the year 1400, and held the adjoining territory thereafter, against Turk and Christian, until the Republic of St. Mark was itself effaced by the fiat of the first Napoleon. It was in the division of his spoils by the Holy Alliance that Dalmatia finally fell to Austria, and the double-headed eagle was promoted to the place of the superannuated lion.

Nothing remains of those renowned medieval walls of Zara, the abnormal height of which excited the wonder of the crusaders when they passed this way. The existing fortifications are all Venetian, and comparatively late; for the moat was drained and the ramparts planted more than fifty years ago, and the place was finally dismantled as a fortress in 1868.

Another reminder of Venetian dominion is to be found on the island of Ugliano, over against Zara. Its highest peak is crowned by the ruins of a fortified monastery built by the Doge Raniero Dandolo, and hence, in the clearest weather, they say you can discern the cathedral of Ancona upon its sheer white cliff.

To us the most entertaining spot in all Zara was a shady corner of the rampart garden overlooking the narrow haven behind the town, which all but severs the lozenge-shaped peninsula from the mainland. Once,

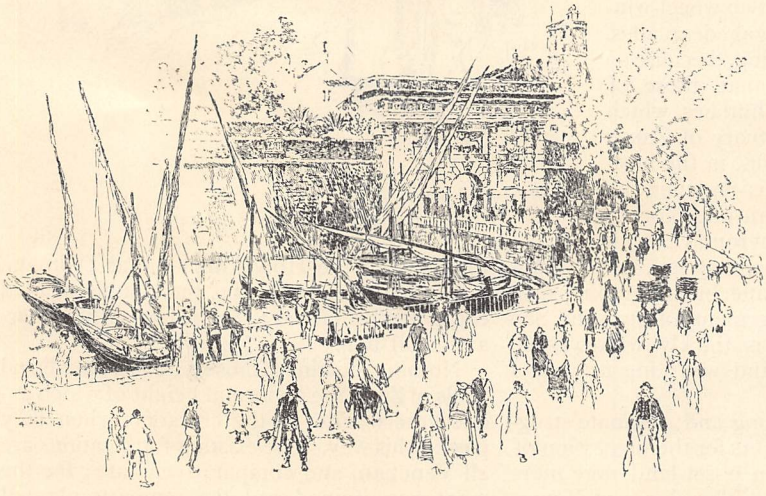
[1] "Dalmatia, the Islands of the Quarnero and Istria," by Thomas G. Jackson.

[2] "Subject and Neighbour Lands of Venice," p. 130.

indeed, it was entirely cut off, and only a drawbridge, outside what is still called the Porta di Terra Ferma, gave access to the interior. This gate, which was designed by the great Venetian architect Sammicheli, is a stately one, having a grand though melancholy lion atop, and a spirited little St. George in a niche above the portal; and the approach to the town on this side was further defended by a massive pentagonal tower, sometimes called Roman, but plainly medieval, which overlooks a paved piazza where the main water-supply of Zara is still drawn by hand from five great cisterns below the pavement, each furnished with a marble well-curb and cover of wood, and familiarly known as the Cinque Pozzi.

But what made this nook so especially fascinating to us was the excellent view it afforded of the varied costumes worn by the men and women who come over from the islands, or in from the country, and moor their boats or tether their donkeys in this retired corner. The head-dress of the women consists, when correct, of a square of white linen, delicately embroidered in color, and edged with a fine lace-pattern and a knotted fringe made by drawing the threads of the material. Many, alas! are fain to substitute for this beautiful head-dress a printed kerchief of Birmingham cotton; but almost all wear below the full white chemisette a richly embroidered and remarkably well-fitting stomacher; and they wear long orange-colored gaiters, also embroidered, or else knitted closely in bright patterns of many hues; and the least coquettish will have a narrow band of embroidery edging her short, blue stuff skirt. The costume of the men is even more elaborate. Their broad leather belts are thickly studded with silver, and stuck with an array of ivory-hilted knives in silver sheaths, at once fantastic and formidable. Their short, brown jackets have the lower corners faced with red, and masses of red tassels and silver buttons upon the breast. These, too, sport orange-colored leggings, and flat scarlet caps as small as those affected by Tommy Atkins, and worn at the same absurd angle, but much more becoming to the swarthy braves of Zara than to the sandy hue of the average Anglo-Saxon soldier. Finally, both men and women often wear, by way of outer garment, swung over the shoulders and merely fastened at the throat, a long sack with hanging sleeves, made of an exceedingly heavy white — or once white — woolen stuff, and trimmed across the breast with many rows of white woolen fringe.

Sitting in our coign of vantage, we watched the heavy market-boats arrive and depart, each carrying as many of the picturesque beings aforesaid as could find footing upon its flat floor; the oarsmen also standing, and propelling the craft after the manner of a Venetian *sandolo*, or skiff.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE PORTA DI TERRA FERMA, ZARA.

The Piazza dell' Erbe, where the fruit and vegetable traffic centers, has at one corner a fluted marble column with a foliated capital, surmounted by one more dilapidated lion, and showing vestiges of the chains and fetters whereby insolvent debtors used to be attached to the pillar, for their own shame and the moral gratification of their creditors. Under this crumbling memento of two defunct dynasties the market-women, in their gay clothes, chaffer shrilly over their oranges and apples, their strings of silky onions and bunches of slim, green mountain asparagus, which has a stronger savor than the cultivated varieties, — as wild things are apt to have, — but makes an excellent and wholesome salad. Most of the stalls also display a few flowers, and here we buy red and white roses, and gracefully decorate one another, and our senior artist sets to work forthwith upon an elaborate water-color of the Piazza dell' Erbe.

The rest of us depart for a country walk along

a rather promising road, which runs white between the olives and the sea to a fountain upon a projecting point, where women are washing, and children rolling and squabbling, under a domed canopy supported upon stone pillars like a classical temple. We find, when we reach it, that this edifice is neither very ancient nor very perfect in style; but it makes an effect against the blue water and the violet peaks of Ugliano so long as these retain their color. Unfortunately, a leaden-hued phase almost immediately sets in. The fury of the sirocco is still unspent, the clouds return after our three days' rain, and we trudge back to the Vapore in deplorable plight. Our own artist takes refuge in a dusky wine-shop, while we send our shoes to be dried, and sit blinking behind our red lace curtains in the state bedroom of the inn, until a watery ray of evening sunshine lures us out once more upon the dripping, bowery ramparts.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

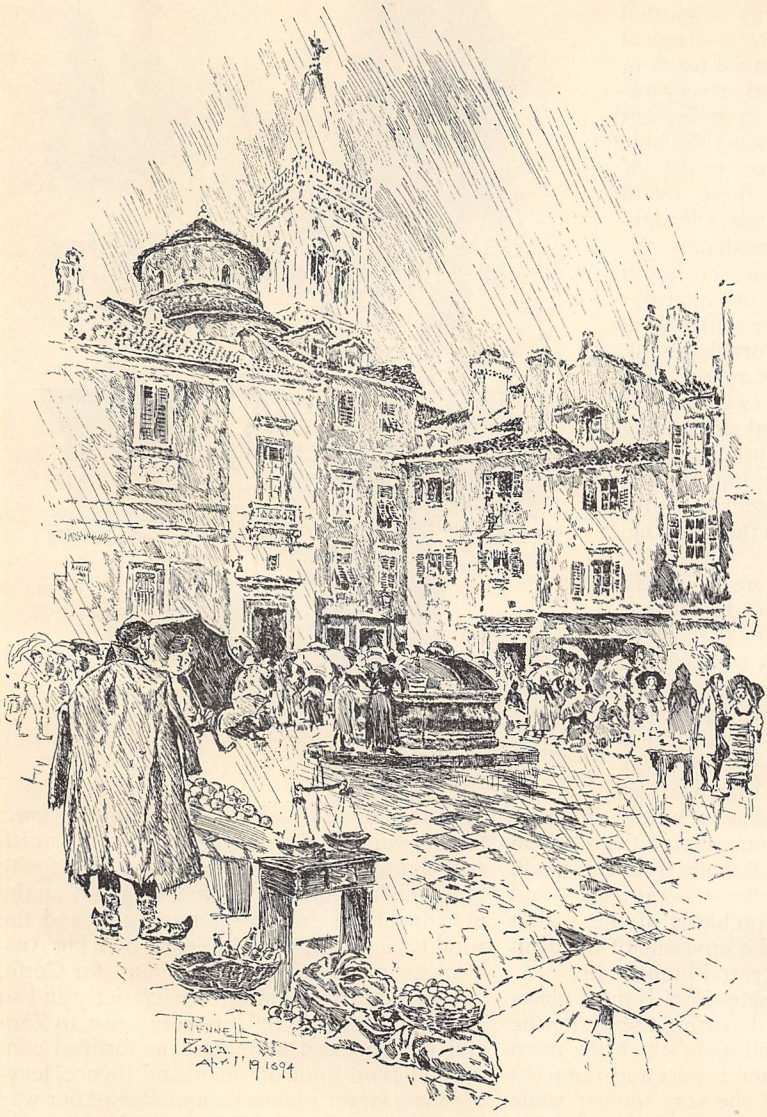
THE WELLS OF ZARA. THE CINQUE POZZI.

One thing, to be sure, one may always do at Zara, and one does it in the intervals of all other occupations; namely, drink maraschino. Zara has many brands of the seductive liqueur, some of which are decidedly superior to the Driuli, which is most frequently exported. Our own favorite was the Luxardo, put up in long and very slender bottles in place of the square flasks one sees in the London shop-windows. It is all made from the small, acrid fruit of the wild cherry,—*marasca*,—and the extensive cherry-orchards of the region help greatly to give the environs of the Dalmatian capital a thrifty and homely air.

But the *tout ensemble* of Zara is most pleasing of all when one is departing thence for the south. The spit of land upon which the town is built is so flat that the towers and ramparts seem to spring out of the very waves; while even the staring campanile becomes tolerable from this point of view, and remains in sight for an astonishing number of miles. We may well see it vanish with regret, moreover, for it is, after all, the finest thing which we shall see before we arrive, after another five hours' voyage, at Sebenico, which, by the way, is accented on the penult, the Slavic name of the town being Sibeník. This is the least interesting stretch of the whole Dalmatian coast. The hills of mainland and island are mournfully barren; their shapes, too, are monotonous and almost mean. We see them, to be sure, under an atmosphere which admits of no illusions; for the wind has swung round into the north overnight, the sky is of that hard and frosty blue which greets one in New England on the morrow of the great September gale, and the wind is piercingly keen. We are on a big Austrian steamer now, which is bound for Corfu, and moves with dignified moderation; and so we say a long farewell, in every sense, to Zara and Ugliano, and glide past the fortified convent of Ikon upon Pasman, and thence, leaving these larger islands behind, thread our way through a perfect archipelago of desert rocks, upon which the sun shines with pitiless clearness, while the sharp wind ceases not for a moment to sing shrilly in the rigging.

All the more interesting from the tameness of this reach of sea is the noble outline, when at last it appears, of one more of Sammicheli's fortresses, where the most capable-looking Venetian lion we have yet seen grins above the gateway, and guards the extremely narrow and sinuous entrance to the harbor of Sebenico. The winding channel safely threaded, we lose sight of the fort altogether, and are to all intents

and purposes in a Highland loch, across which we steer straight for the dust-colored pyramidal town, with its toppling old houses, its airy balconies and *loggie*, the white marble dome and barrel-roof of its renowned cathedral, and, high above all, its three dismantled fortresses of San Giovanni, Sta. Anna, and Il Barone cleaving the sky with their rigid lines.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE MARKET-PLACE, ZARA.

The single inn of Sebenico has an imposing arcade, and many ranges of windows looking down the length of the quay toward the duomo; and though it bears the modest name of the Pellegrino, it strikes us as magnificent for the probable requirements of the little town, until we learn that a large part of it is let out in private apartments. The ground floor is, of course, occupied by a restaurant and café with *bigliardo;* but on the second we find huge airy rooms with bare floors, and very sparely furnished, but spotlessly clean, where we install ourselves in a twinkling, and then carry our sea-sharpened appetites to the restaurant below. The room is vast and dark and low, and ramifies like a cavern. One discursive young waiter with an evident sense of humor,—Latin by race, as we instinctively note here, where the Slavonic type begins to prevail over the other,—an old woman dimly frying far away in the bowels of the earth, four dogs and three cats, constitute the staff of the establishment, where the younger naval officers and the élite of Sebenico habitually dine and sup. *Pasta,—i. e.*, soup thickened with vermicelli,—roast lamb, potatoes, spinach, wine, and a sweet — such was the menu glibly recited by the factotum of the place on the day of our arrival; and it sounded well, and we partook of it in the spirit of St. Paul, "asking no questions for conscience' sake." But the native wine, which seemed at the first blush so remarkably plentiful and cheap, disclosed, after one thirsty draught, uncanny sub-flavors of molasses, figs, and resin; there was no *dolce* at all save on the days when the big boats came in; while, on the other hand, the *agnello arrosto*, with its everlasting accompaniments, clung to us like Mary's little pet in the nursery-rhyme to its mistress, and failed not, noon or night. "I hope it's

at least *hot*," groaned our own artist, coming in late one evening after an uncommonly hard day's work. "Ma *tepido*, signore," replied that incorrigible waiter; and then he and we all laughed together as over the best of jokes. One night, indeed, there was an electrifying variety in the bill,—"Indiana,"—and we ordered it incontinently, thinking vaguely, I believe, of the mush and corn-cakes of our native land, though we might have remembered that maize, in this part of the world, is always *gran Turco*. It proved to be wild turkey (*dindio*) instead,—the fact being that the Italians are at double cross-purposes with us in this matter; and while they call turkey the Indian bird, they describe Indian meal as Turkish grain. The fowl was not at all bad, though long out of season, for its time is February; and after all, it was for novelties of all kinds, dietary and other, that we had come, and we have perhaps detained the reader too long in the restaurant of the Pellegrino.

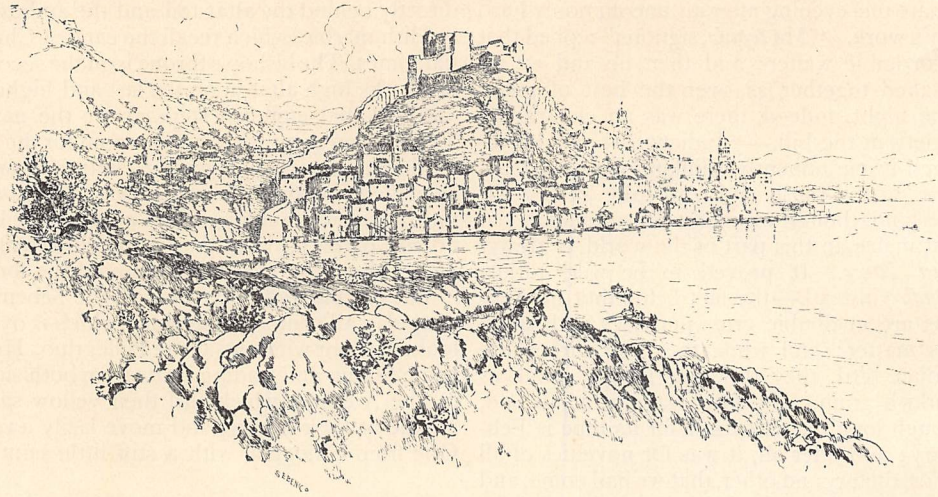
Let us away, therefore, into the heart of the old town of Sebenico, which is wretchedly poor, and impossibly steep, but full of beauty and surprise; for the ghost of Venice meets one everywhere—in the narrow, winding *calli*, with their splendid contrasts of light and shade; in the sculptured balconies and portals; in the flights of marble stairs, with their elaborate balustrades; in the deep orange-colored front of the bishop's palace, with its triple ogive windows and beautiful doorway; and in the graceful *loggia* on the still cathedral square. The cathedral itself, however, is much older than the days of Venetian supremacy; for Sebenico never came under the permanent control of the Queen of the Adriatic until about 1700. The church was a hundred years in building, from the middle of the fifteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century. The original design is claimed for a native of Sebenico; but the first master of the works was certainly a Venetian, and the building proceeded, after his death, under the auspices of one Messer Giorgio, a native of Zara, to whom is probably due the remarkable construction of the roof, composed entirely of marble slabs, with no framework of wooden beams. The cathedral of Sebenico displays a strange blending of many styles, from the Romanesque to the rococo; nevertheless, it has a certain unity of effect, and exercises a charm which grows on the beholder from day to day. The form is that of a Latin cross; the doorways, window-frames, and external niches are rich with intricate carving in the manner of the late Gothic; but one observes in the arrangements of the interior that singular survival of ecclesiastical fashions long disused elsewhere, which belongs to so many of the churches along this coast. The choir is on three levels, the stalls being upon the lowest, directly behind the altar-rail and the ambos of reddish marble, which recall the earliest Christian times. The bishop's throne is on the second level; the high altar upon the last and highest, and elevated eighteen steps above the nave. This arrangement gives ample room for the remarkable baptistery below the choir, hollowed from the living rock, the roof of which is carved into a ring of laughing child-angels, like Benozzo Gozzoli's, while others, with folded wings, enlace their chubby arms to uphold the font.

But the life and movement of the Sebenico of to-day all center on the quay, which is overlooked by our windows at the Pellegrino. Here come fishing and trading boats from both sides of the Adriatic, which furl their yellow sails, unlade at their leisure, and move lazily away. One from Chioggia, with a stiff little saint at the prow, and a cargo of coarse but effective blue, green, and yellow pottery, remains for several days, and is a source of vivid interest to the chaffering natives and ourselves. Here, too, come steamers, large and small, appearing as if by magic in the seemingly land-locked bay; while smart little naval cadets are



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

PIAZZA DELL' ERBE, ZARA.

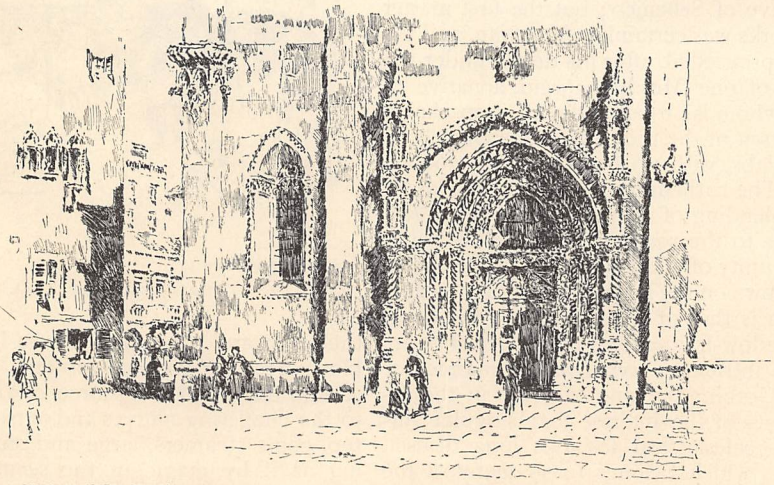


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE PYRAMIDAL TOWN, SEBENICO.

always rowing back and forth between the town, and the training-ships across the harbor.

Almost all the laboring class at Sebenico is still in costume, which, if less rich in its details than what we saw at Zara, is almost better for pictorial purposes. The women wear narrow skirts and sleeveless bodices of coarse brown frieze bordered with red, and closely laced across the white chemisette with a gay woolen cord so large that it produces the effect of a close-fitting stomacher. The ordinary head-dress is an ample white kerchief, without embroidery, but very skilfully twisted so as to form a close coif, with one streamer behind. Some of the older women wear about the head what used, they say, to be general—namely, a big, braided chaplet of scarlet wool, tying the kerchief over this. The corners of the men's jackets are formed of diagonal stripes of leather, yellow, green, blue, and white; and instead of tassels on the breast, as at Zara, they have cataracts of crimson fringe. And when, as on the morning of St. Mark's day, you get the whole sweep of the irregular, curving quay, filled with a slow procession of folk thus appareled, interspersed with acolytes waving their censers, priests in purple and crimson copes, beautiful old banners embroidered in dim gold, and a score or two of superb silver candlesticks out of the cathedral treasure, the effect is fine. The priests are chanting, the bells are clanging on the hillside, the fishermen are kneeling on the quay. Where are all the costly stage effects on which we plume ourselves nowadays be-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WEST FRONT OF CATHEDRAL, SEBENICO.

side this living and affecting pageant under its dazzling canopy of unclouded sky, with its setting of pansy-colored mountains and turquoise-colored sea?

Yet progress threatens even Sebenico. The only railway of the coast leads hence to the market-town of Knin, high up among the hills, and from a half-way junction to Spalato; but we had been here some days before we even discovered the whereabouts of the station, which has a very secluded little bay of its own behind a projecting headland, so that the sound of the occasional trains is effectually deadened. A new quarter is growing up in this direction, however. There are some pink and yellow villas with flourishing gardens, and preparations are making for a positively stately public park, from which one will one day descend by flowery terraces and marble steps past the Kaiser Königliche post and telegraph office to the quay in front of the Pellegrino. The town wall, which we had expected, on the authority of our meager guide-books, to find complete, seems to have been destroyed on this (the south) side, to make room for the projected embellishments.



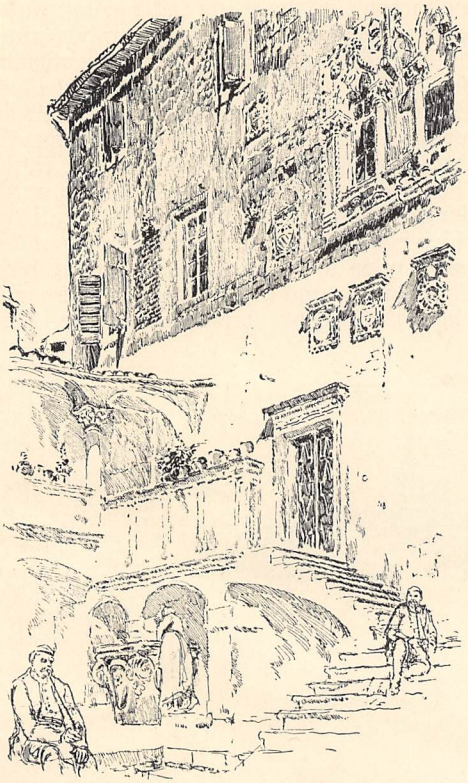
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

LITTLE TRAU.

We give a conscientious glance at these one afternoon, but hurry back to the Marina that we may by no means miss the singular beauty of the sunset there. The quay, so full of color and movement in the morning, so silent and deserted in its blinding whiteness under the vertical rays of noon, is all alive once more. Half the population of the town appears to have turned out for simple enjoyment now, for the work of the day is done. Boys lark or fight; women gossip; dogs gambol; babies roll. Even the three hard-featured crones who habitually haunt a sheltered corner of one of the waterside houses, under cover of a balcony full of gillyflowers, and unconsciously enact the fates for us, have suspended their uncanny business. Old Clotho merely hugs her spindle to her withered breast; Lachesis sits with folded hands; and the shears of Atropos hang idle from her dingy old red girdle. The sun descends through an amber and saffron sky, the masts and rigging of the boats at anchor standing out sharply against this luminous background. For a few minutes after the orb has disappeared behind the low hills which form the western wall of the harbor there is a chill as of autumn in the air, a passing pallor falls on heaven and earth. Then suddenly the afterglow flames upward, filling all the waters of the bay with rosy light, which is reflected again from the fronts of the houses upon the quay, while the grand mass of the duomo, and the point which it crowns, remain dark against its intense radiance. This beauteous performance is repeated for our benefit on three successive nights, but on the fourth it fails. The air has become sultry, the sky dim, the hills are involved in vapor, and a tell-tale wind begins to whine in the calli, and to mutter its faint prophecy of another storm.

We held a long conclave that evening in the corner of the café, which had been unanimously surrendered to us and our nightly discussions of men, manners, and art; and we finally decided to part, for a few days, upon the morrow, the artists going off to reconnoiter in the direction of Knin, while the "personal conductor" and I were to take the morning boat for Trau. We arranged to meet at Spalato, and ultimately we did so; but I shall always think that our artists were much mortified at the neglect of the authorities, who failed to arrest them under the fortress of Knin. In other days they had been used to the pleasing excitement of being periodically "run in" if they attempted to take note of any phase of natural beauty within telescope-shot of a fortified place. Even at Fiume they had been reprimanded for bribing a small boy with a

guerdon of twenty kreutzer (eight cents) to show them a short cut down the hill of Tersato, and had received a flattering intimation



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE PRISON, TRAU.

that their movements were strictly watched. But at Knin—border fort in the days when the Turk was terrible, and, owing to the convergence there of roads from the interior, still considered a strategic point—they received no official attention whatever; and they have always maintained that the place is overrated. But they saw a wonderful display of costumes (for their visit fell upon a market-day), and they found the inland landscape, with its stony levels and abrupt limestone cliffs, very strange and wild.

We, meanwhile, were once more within the lines of Auster, and making the best terms practicable with his turbulent lordship. The morning was not without beauty. The wind, though boisterous, was warm, and the barren shores were flecked with incessant changes of sun and shadow. Our boat hugged the coast, all along which the surf was breaking finely; and whenever we rounded a headland the swell was considerable. The boldest of these, now known as Punta Planca, was the "promonturium Diomedis" of the ancients — one of the many spots associated by tradition with the name and adventures of the Argive exile. Beyond this great cape one seems to pass into another climate. A light veil of verdure steals over the lower hills, and even where the shore is abrupt there is a line of glistening foliage above the gray rocks and the breakers. Presently little Trau faintly discloses itself, still far away, but immediately forming the center of the picture, and giving point and unity to the whole. As it grows into clearer view, with the towers and bastions of its long-abandoned fortress at the entrance of the harbor, its airy campanile, and light bridges connecting the central island on the one side with the mainland, and on the other with the large and luxuriantly green island of Bua,—with the mass of its quaint roofs and chimneys and the grace of its waving trees,—one falls under a peculiar kind of spell, unfelt before (let it be frankly owned) on this side of the Adriatic—the simple, insouciant, but irresistible seduction of many a place in Italy. We are coming again upon the trail of pre-Christian civilization, which we lost at Sebenico; for Trau was Tragurium, and a Greek colony even before it was a Roman town. It is the endless vista of unbroken and immemorial human occupation upon any spot of earth which exalts the view thereof into a vision. But the story of this land, as Freeman truly says,[1] is a "fitful" one. "As the cultivation and civilization of the land lies in patches, as harbours and cities alternate with barren hills, . . . so of continuous history, steadily influencing the course of the world's progress, Dalmatia has none to show."

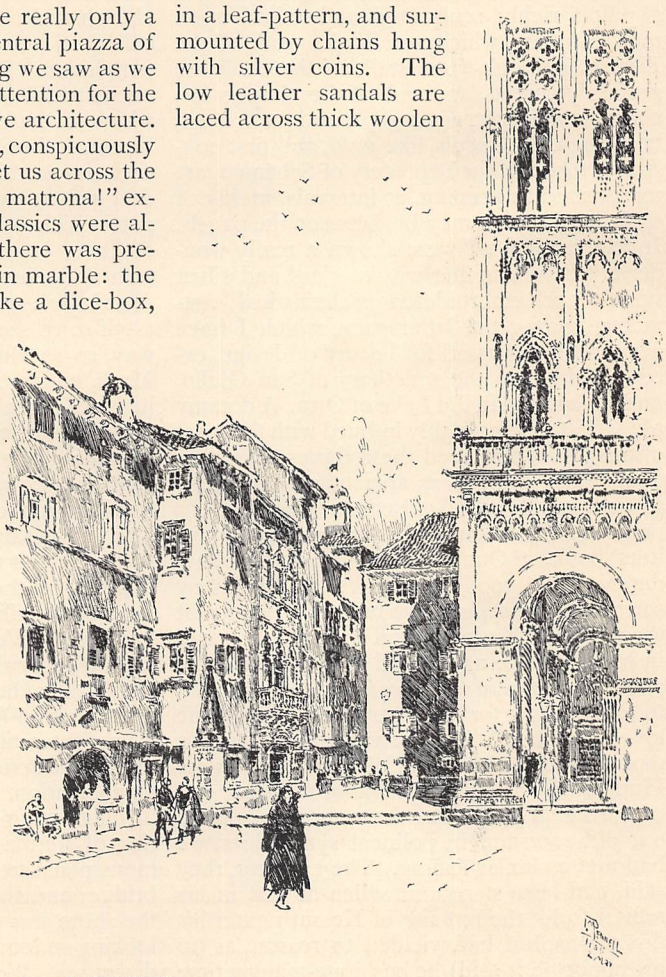
Indubitably Latin, by nature as well as by name, was Filippino, the brisk and confidential *facchino* of Trau, who took possession of our bags and umbrellas before we were off the boat, and rapidly developed a plan for guiding us to the only place where we could suitably lunch, and then showing the beauties of the town thoroughly and in their proper succession. We placed ourselves unreservedly in his hands. We knew him so well, and had trudged after his double on so many voyages of thrilling discovery, questioning, laughing, chaffing, chiding, confiding, fearing! If anything could have shaken our easy faith, it would have been the inordinate length, as compared with the size, of the whole town, and the labyrinthine maziness of the way he led us, through ancient flagged calli, often only a few feet wide, under crumbling balconies and shadowy eaves, past fleeting glimpses of miniature Venetian squares, all fairylike in their enchanted stillness and in the elegance of their fading ornament. But we brought up at the right spot, as Filippino had promised. I cannot give the name of the best hotel in Trau to any one who may desire to

[1] "Subject and Neighbour Lands of Venice," pp. 86, 87.

follow in our footsteps through that isle of dreams, for it has no name; but it is at the end of the blindest alley in the place, the number is "27," and there is a carpenter's shop on the ground floor. We asked our friend, at night, when we found how quickly he could scurry thence with our wraps to meet us upon the shore, why he had chosen to lead us by so circuitous a way; and he replied, with a dignified and convincing gesture, that the *scorciatoia*, or short cut, was altogether unsuitable to noses polite. We lunched amply on pasta and broiled slices of tunny in one of the dim chambers high above the carpenter's shop, having obtained glimpses, off stair-landings and through doors ajar as we mounted thither, of queer, but perfectly possible little bedrooms, in one of which our own artist afterward abode for many days, until he was almost naturalized in Trau, and left it amid the salutations of the principal citizens, and the loud-voiced benedictions of the lesser inhabitants.

At our nameless inn we were really only a very short distance from the central piazza of the cathedral; but the first thing we saw as we emerged thereon diverted our attention for the moment even from its impressive architecture. Who were these female creatures, conspicuously larger than life, stalking to meet us across the time-stained pavement? "Juno matrona!" exclaimed our youngest, whose classics were always pat. And, sure enough, there was precisely what we had often seen in marble: the tall crown, slightly incurved like a dice-box, and covered smoothly with white, from which the heavy white kerchief hung in sculpturesque folds over the shoulders, being secured to the top of the crown, as we afterward learned, by a circle of small silver pins. These were Morlacchi from the mountains, Filippino told us; adding, oddly enough, that this towering head-dress was a mark of the married woman, while the young girls, as he presently bade us observe, wore flat red caps like his own. We remembered then having read that many of these Morlacchi are Protestants by immemorial tradition, still holding the primitive creed of the Bogomiles, or worshipers of God the Father as distinguished from Christ and the saints. They were persecuted in the fiery days as rigorously as the Albigenses or the Vaudois; but they and their heresy still survive, and it seemed to us as if the two dusky giantesses we now beheld, with their strong features and their haughty action, must needs be of the lineage of those venerable dissenters.

We were to see many variations on their strange costume in the course of the next few weeks; but since these dresses were very perfect in their way, it may be as well to attempt a description of them here. The women of the Morlacchi wear, first, a long-sleeved garment of coarse and heavy white wool, shaped loosely to the figure, covering it from the throat to just above the ankles, and finished with a narrow red border. Over this, in front, goes a woolen apron, stoutly woven in fine dull colors, such as one used to find in the Abruzzi. A long, sleeveless coat, usually of dark-blue frieze, hangs to the bottom of the undergarment behind, but falls open in front to display a sort of girdle, or low bodice, embroidered with white sea-shells sewn on in a leaf-pattern, and surmounted by chains hung with silver coins. The low leather sandals are laced across thick woolen



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE PIAZZA, TRAU.

stockings knitted in gay patterns, and the blue outer garment itself is often elaborately trimmed, the seams being outlined with scarlet, while, below the shoulders, lozenge-shaped or circular pieces of red cloth are applied and richly decorated.

The beautiful thirteenth-century cathedral, with its light and florid bell-tower, seemed even finer now that we saw it face to face than it had looked at a distance; and it is worthy to be compared with almost any work of its prolific time. The spacious porch has insured the preservation of the great western portal with its allegorical lions and its elaborate sculpture, in high relief, of scenes from biblical story. From the end of the porch, as in St. Mark's at Venice, opens the baptistery, which is of later date, and uninteresting except for a rather striking figure of St. Jerome in the desert, sculptured out of a slab of solid marble above the altar. Four marble columns on each side divide the nave of the church from the side aisles, and there is a pulpit, richly sculptured and raised upon marble pillars, which recalls the work of the Pisani. The oak-wood stalls of the choir are profusely carved, and one of the chapels has a marble wainscot, where, by a curious conceit, laughing child-angels, like *putti*, and first cousins of those in the baptistery of Sebenico, are represented as peeping, at intervals, archly or shyly, as the case may be, between the panels. In the sacristy we were shown a really wonderful treasure in the way of glass and silver vessels and embroidered ecclesiastical vestments, among the latter some which I have never seen surpassed for beauty of design, except perhaps in the sanctuary of San Giulio, on its fair island in the Lake of Orta. A dreamy old sacristan, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the place, displayed these things enthusiastically, and some very ancient service-books as well; and he called our attention with serious pride to all the imperial signatures in the visitors' book. "Our emperor," he observed sedately, "is a good man, and a man of many sorrows; but *quello povero principe*" (he meant the unhappy Rudolph, and there was a break in his old voice as he said it), "he loved the poor. *Sono povero peccatore io;* but I make bold to say a prayer for him every night because he loved the poor." It was strange that barely a month before, in a circle of clever and eager Hungarians at Budapest, at the other end of the social scale, and the very antipodes of our old sacristan in political sympathies, we had met a similar feeling. The emperor, they said, had been stern and sullen at first in his refusal to let the remains of Kossuth enter his dominions, but had yielded to reason, as (to his honor be it said) he has done many a time since that stormy accession of his in 1848. "If he had also sent a wreath," said one of our friends, "it would have been graceful, and could have done no harm. But the man is gone who would have thought of that!" The late archduke, like his mother, the empress Elizabeth, showed great tact in his dealings with the irritable Hungarians; but perhaps it is the fact that the woman whom he loved so madly, and who died with him, was also of their race, which has done most to soften the judgment of the men beyond the Leitha.

We lingered for a moment in the cathedral porch for a look at the beautiful façade of the Palazzo Cippico, and we examined the very ancient loggia across the square, which has been well restored, though none of the new capitals have quite the beauty of the one unspoiled original, which is in basketwork, and shows the same intricate enlacement of lines and fine contrast of light and shade which we admired so much at Ravenna. Time has imparted a rich golden hue to the marble of church and palace and loggia; but our guide called us peremptorily away from their contemplation. We hinted at a desire to see the ancient edifice now used as a common prison, which we had been told was wonderfully picturesque; but Filippino evidently thought our curiosity morbid, and ignored the request. He dragged us away, instead, through the city gate which opens upon the landward bridge of Trau, on the middle of which he bade us turn and observe a miracle. A stout shrub, seemingly a species of juniper, had grown from a self-sown seed, in the niche above the gateway, so as almost to conceal the lion of St. Mark, which blinked rather foolishly through its fan of dense verdure. That shrub, Filippino gravely informed us, had remained exactly as we now saw it, never losing its leaves in winter, nor varying in shape or size, since long before his own recollection, and he was thirty-five. The patron saint of Trau had caused it to grow there in order that the people might not be reminded, by the lion's malevolent grin, of that time of humiliation when they had been in bondage to Venice. We found traces of this feeling everywhere in the North. Illyria must always have been restive under Venetian rule, and her transference to the Hapsburgs, after a brief interval of French ascendancy, appears to have been regarded, at the time, as a distinct emancipation.

There is a pretty little market-place, with a ring of marble seats, and shaded by two enormous plane-trees, on the mainland beyond the bridge; and the abundant spring greenery of the shore was grateful to eyes which had been looking so long on barren mountains and the desert sea. We strolled for a mile or two along the coast-road, which led over the hills to

Knin on the one hand, and on the other past the Sette Castelli — four hours' walk — to Spalato. The waysides were fragrant with sweet-brier just coming into bloom, and overshadowed by fig-trees, the glossy young fruit of which would be ripe, Filippino told us, in a month from that day. Close along the water's edge ran aloe-hedges, interspersed with the faint pink of the fleecy tamarisk, and across the narrow strait the nineteen lesser belfries of pious little Trau grouped themselves like flower-buds around the central blossom of the cathedral tower.

Insensibly, however, as we strayed, and savored the prospect, the afternoon was darkening and the wind getting up, and by the time we were ready to embark for Spalato the evening looked sufficiently threatening. Luckily, it was a big Austrian Lloyd, bound for Cattaro, on which we were to go; and we could rely upon it that our craft would be steady, well-handled, and spotlessly clean. Usually these boats are brought up with consummate skill close alongside the pier; but the sea was too rough for this to-night, so after giving one gasp we sprang desperately up the long, unguarded plank, which appeared to us to ascend to the tall steamer by an angle of about sixty-five degrees. Had it been our own yacht which we were boarding,— that yacht for which we had pined at the beginning of our journey, but which we were now becoming well resigned not to possess,— we could not have found ourselves less encumbered by fellow-passengers. In fact, there were none in sight; and we were dimly aware of being observed with a certain curiosity as we took possession of the pretty smoking-room on deck, which the officers politely placed at our disposal. There was a faint sense of adventure, but nothing in the least alarming, about that gusty evening voyage; and we thought the view of the Dalmatian coast from the water rather more interesting by night than by day. But we were well content, after three or four hours, to discern the first gleam of the lights of Spalato far ahead, and to see them broaden and brighten into a starry semicircle around our destined haven.

Harriet Waters Preston.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE LAND GATE, TRAU.

"AS SOME MYSTERIOUS WANDERER OF THE SKIES."

AS some mysterious wanderer of the skies,
Emerging from the deeps of outer dark,
Traces for once in human ken the arc
Of its stupendous curve, then swiftly flies
Out through some orbit veiled in space, which lies
Where no imagination may embark,—
Some onward-reaching track that God did mark
For all eternity beneath his eyes,—
So comes the soul forth from creation's vast;
So clothed with mystery moves through mortal sight;
Then sinks away into the Great Unknown.
What systems it hath seen in all the past,
What worlds shall blaze upon its future flight,
Thou knowest, eternal God, and thou alone!

Henry Jerome Stockard.

JEAN CARRIÈS: SCULPTOR AND POTTER.

WITH PICTURES FROM SCULPTURES BY JEAN CARRIÈS.

IN May, 1892, the Salon of the Champ de Mars contained a number of works in bronze, wax, and pottery by an artist till then almost unknown: Jean Carriès. His success was immediate and great. On the opening day, amid the acclamations of all present, in the name of his fellow-artists, Dalou demanded and obtained for him from the President of the Republic the cross of the Legion of Honor. Since Delacroix no such distinction had thus been won, as it were, on the field of battle. Other and more substantial recognition followed in the shape of a large order from the state. For once distinction and reward were merited. No talent which has risen in France during the last generation is rarer or more interesting than that of this admirable artist, exquisitely and variously gifted; none is so absolutely without parallel in contemporaneous art. For Carriès belongs to a departed race: he is, above all, a great workman in an age which has lost the sense of consummate workmanship; a pure medievalist in a country saturated with the classical traditions of the Renaissance; a spontaneous creative imagination in the midst of academical mannerism; and in pottery an inventor second only to the great Japanese masters of the past.

I.

ALMOST the highest praise that can be accorded Carriès is that of being, above all, a workman of genius who, like the primitive artists of France and Italy, has carried into the highest forms of art the soul and senses of a workman. This may seem strange, yet a rapid analysis will suffice to show the splendor and rare originality of such a gift in a country whose art and literature are artificial and aristocratic to excess.

That the workman has long ceased to be an artist is a commonplace. The economical reasons for this decay are manifest; the social causes are hardly less so. All unity of feeling has disappeared in the complications of modern society; common aspirations and tastes have been destroyed; interest is the only bond we know; and our collective achievements are no longer cathedrals, as in the past, but railways and exhibitions. Art has ceased to be national and democratic, simple, sensuous, and spontaneous: it is the privilege of a few, a hothouse flower of painful growth.

In no country is this division of society into separate classes, without common sympathy, more visible than in France; in none did the appearance of a poet, artist, or workman of the people seem more impossible. When the Renaissance created the outer unity of the nation, it began the ruin of its inner unity of feeling. Literature and art became more and more the privilege and enjoyment of a cultivated few; year by year more purely intellectual, difficult, and unintelligible to the great mass of the nation. Popular literature and feeling sank completely out of sight, and ceased to enter as an active element into the higher development of the nation. One class achieved extreme and refined culture at the expense of all others. The new elements of life and thought introduced by the passionate study of the Renaissance were never assimilated by the lower classes: their number and complexity were too great; the magnificent promises of direct and purely national development were never kept. Entire elements of the French character — the fervor and seriousness that made the crusades and the cathedrals, the tenderness of the exquisite popular songs — were almost without a representation in the sure and splendid literature and art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

But if a Bunyan or a Burns seemed an impossibility in classical France, harder still was it for the artist to free himself from the traditions of the court and academies. From the sixteenth century onward, art shrank rapidly away from the masses; it crystallized around the court and aristocracy; it accepted without a regret and continued without a recoil the Greco-Italian ideals of the Renaissance. Then arose a long line of masterpieces full of splendor, rhetorical magnificence and grace, subtle and exquisite, delicate and frivolous, intellectual rather than emotional, but at no period nor in any deep sense of profound national importance. For a popular artist we look as vainly as for a popular poet. Claude Lorrain, Poussin, Lesueur le Brun, Watteau, Boucher, Jean Goujon, Puget, Clodion, Houdon — all give us of French life and feeling an exquisite and aris-



PORTRAIT BUST OF JEAN CARRIÈS.

tocratic interpretation. They show us the court and life of a class in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries: together they give us less information on the deeper life of the nation than the single cathedral of Amiens gives. But this deeper life struggles to the surface in art as in literature after 1789. In Millet, in Théodore Rousseau, even in the delicate, cheerful poetry of Corot, and in the masterpieces of Carriès, we break with classic traditions, and catch an echo of the far-off past, of the exquisite popular songs, tender and graceful and deep, which sprang with bird-like note from the very heart of France — songs which are absolutely without a trace of rhetoric or conscious art. But neither the Gothic past nor they were understood. Fifty years elapsed after the Revolution before France grew proud, and not ashamed, of her magnificent cathedrals, and of the unique passion-flower of art which from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century had overspread the land.[1] Recognition came but slowly to Millet and Rousseau. More fortunate, younger, and born into an age prepared to understand

[1] See Viollet-le-Duc's "Dictionnaire de l'Architecture française," tom. viii., p. 137, for a significant note.



PORTRAIT BUST OF FRANS HALS. PRESENTED TO THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK, BY MR. E. WOOD PERRY.

him, Carrièss has attained fame early, though not without severe effort and exhausting struggle. The very nature of his gift served him even more than his artistic talent. It was the rarest and most novel of all. For the workman had suffered more deeply than either writer or artist: they had emerged from the tremendous transformation of the Renaissance with splendid success indeed, and masters of a new technic, but arduously, after diminution and profound change; the artisan[1] entered irremediably on the downward path. The artist rapidly ceased to be a workman; the workman slowly ceased to be an artist. The work of the one lost that spontaneousness, freshness, admirable sense, and treatment of material of earlier times and the great artistic ages; the work of the other lost all deep significance, dignity, and style. The very traditions of the several crafts were lost. In 1792 the Revolution scat-

[1] Verocchio, Pollajuolo, etc., were simple *workmen*. (See the "Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini" for the practical training of an artist in the best times of the Renaissance.) The first Italian artist to have himself called Messer and to play the gentleman was Caravaggio. The decadence had set in. (See Taine's "Philosophie de l'Art," tom. ii.)



PORTRAIT HEAD.

tered the last traces of the old corporations of master-workmen, and closed, it seemed forever, a development begun in the fervid enthusiasm of the thirteenth century. And thus it is that when, after a silence of a hundred years, in 1892 an artisan like Carriès arises who, like his unknown brothers, the stone-cutters of Chartres, Notre Dame, and Rheims, asks for no nobler title than that of a master-workman, the splendor and originality of his gift is so rare as to appear genius, so unique as to demand explanation for fear its importance should not at once be recognized.

II.

But if the Revolution destroyed, it also indirectly recreated. It brought to the surface germs stifled and arrested in their development for centuries; it penetrated the sluggish mass of the nation with common ideas, enthusiasms, hopes, stirring to the very bottom the dormant depths, and pouring them turbulently up to the light of life and consciousness. As in Greece after the Medic wars, in the Italy of the fifteenth century, in the Holland of the sixteenth, the energetic and tumultuous life of the earlier generation crystallized into art in the next, and the admirable luxuriance of artistic production of the nineteenth century is in this manner and in part the work of the Revolution and of the Empire. It is to one of these deep, underlying veins of pure French race thus brought to the surface that Carriès owes his birth. In him generations that have obscurely continued the deep, unconscious life of the middle ages, untouched by change, have reached articulate speech and full expression; and after the lapse



BUST OF A SOLDIER.

of four centuries arose an artist who instinctively, from no imitation or training, but spontaneously, has the soul and the senses of a Gothic workman.

Carriès was born at Lyons in 1856. His father was a cobbler, his mother a workwoman. His education was of the slightest. At twelve he was set to coarse manual labor, then apprenticed to a builder. There, as he watched the plasterers working at the stuccoed ceiling, he often wistfully thought that perhaps some day he too might have the fortune to do such work as theirs. He knew no higher ambition, and could conceive no higher art. At twenty he went into the army for the five years' service of the poor. It was there that his admirable talent was discovered, and that, through the kindness of the colonel, at twenty-four he set to work, not as a plasterer, but as a sculptor. Like every French artist, he attempted a course of academical training; but he failed to profit by it: he felt his nature and gifts had nothing in common with the art around him, and could gain no advantage from its influence or study. He withdrew to work alone, aided by the intelligent sympathy of Jules Breton and one or two other artists who saw the admirable talent that lay in the man. With sure instinct, Carriès at once abandoned all idea of purely sculptural work in stone or marble. He sought for a material he could transform, enrich, and beautify — which would give scope to his deep inventive instincts, his subtle, sensuous enjoyment of textures and color; and his early works were those marvelous bronzes



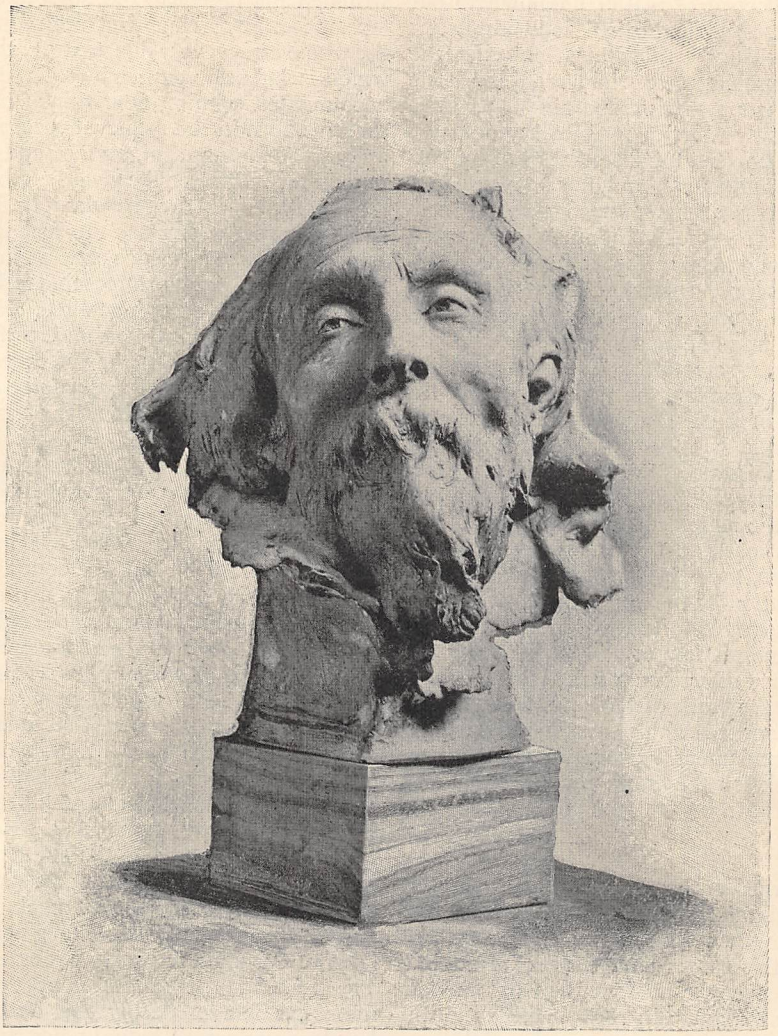
HEAD OF CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND. BRONZE. IN THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM.

whose patinas, glaucous green, deep or angry purple, faded gold, trembling gray, were a revelation in bronze-work, and have never been surpassed, if they have been equaled, by the first bronze-workers in the world — the Japanese. But as secrets that had seemed forever lost were discovered by him, in him grew the absorbing dream to wrench fresh secrets from his strange fellow-workman — the flame. He would create a material, richer and more sumptuous than any, that should be his, and his alone. In 1889 Carriès obtained an order from the Princesse de Seey-Montbéliard (Miss Singer) for a colossal decorative door (*ingrès*). His chance had come. He buried himself in the forests of the Nièvre, and, like a new Bernard Palissy, built rudimentary ovens, as rough and crude as those of ancient Korea; and there for eleven months, alone with his workmen, day and night Carriès wrestled with problems it seemed hopeless his ignorance could ever solve. In the eyes of every sane ceramist his act was madness, and meant ruin. But a sublime and mysterious instinct led him on through



PORTRAIT BUST OF JULES BRETON. PRESENTED TO THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION BY MR. E. WOOD PERRY.

toil and weariness, heart-breaking disappointment, hopeless failure, and reiterated checks; and before a year was over, the workman, the plasterer, had shot ahead of every living ceramist. He had discovered his inimitable grès (stoneware), and the first-fruits of his discovery were those admirable busts, statues, masks, and pottery in stoneware exhibited in 1892. Nothing can be more touching than to see the series of essays which led him to his triumph — the poor, coarse, fragile, and almost comically gross pots and potsherds of the beginning, gradually month by month becoming finer, denser, more exquisite in texture, more marvelous in color, more sumptuous, rare, and unique, until in the last one, for the first time since the workmanship of the middle ages, one has a sensation of richness and magnificence such as none of our poor tawdry, gilded, and cheap materials can ever give. Never vitreous, never hard or shiny, the close, fine epiderm of dim enamel, as warm as flesh to the hand, and as soft as skin to the eye, seems the natural outgrowth of the grès, and not applied upon it. It has all the characteristics, not of dead matter, but of a living organic substance, a natural growth of



HEAD OF AN OLD MAN.

some rare and precious kind; and this strange fruit of the flame is a fruit indeed. And here we see what is perhaps the fundamental originality of Carriès and his genius — his subtle and intense sense of individual *life* in its infinite variety of exterior manifestation, from the obscure pulpous life of tissues and surfaces to the finer life of thought and emotion. In this he is unique. Others have felt as keenly the impetuous or melancholy life informing a human face, the struggle and action of forces which have gone to create the serene or distorted life of a human body, or, as Barye, the irresistible convergence of vital energies which have shaped the ardent and simple life of the brute; none has had, like Carriès, so subtle a divination of the profound plastic forces of organic and properly vegetative life which are the substratum of the other and its essence. What he produces seems to have grown from the center to the circumference; with him texture and epiderm are of vital importance, for they are a continuation and a sign of the life within. In his hands not only flesh and that other flesh of fruit and leaf and wood take significance and value, but those other forms of individual existence which are manifested in the grain, texture, and vibration of metal, stone, and pottery, and give them an artistic quality and character of their own. By the nervous acuteness and perfection of his sensuous perception, by his mysterious sense and deep enjoyment of the outer life of things, Carriès penetrates impetuously and profoundly into their essence and hidden life. He revels in the splendor and sumptuousness of natural substances which are the glow and outer glory of that life. He has a sense of the richness

and magnificence of matter unknown to our blunted senses, which are satisfied with plaster and stucco and tawdry gilt, but no longer feel the massive magnificence of richly chiseled stone and carven wood, rare bronze, and richer grès. By this beauty Carriès is intoxicated as by sumptuous flowers, for his senses are barbarously fresh and keen. And thus he revels in a world which is all his own, in material as in dreams; he needs no exterior images, and such as he receives he transforms. Such art is intensely sensuous, subjective, and imaginative; and indeed, none is less objective and more real than his, none more capricious and unexpected in its creations. To understand the variety, the delicacy, the luxuriance, and the originality of such a talent, one must forget the admirable but too purely intellectual art of the Renaissance and antiquity, our nineteenth century, and set habits of thought, and return to the simple, sensuous enjoyment of sumptuous matter, to the naïf dreams of the middle ages, to the weird, fantastic, and subtle imagination of the Japanese, to their profound observation of natural detail and significant deformation, to their feeling for the magnificence of rare material. It is in such a spirit that the work of Carriès should be approached, and it is with a constant recollection of these fundamental characteristics that we should seek for the more purely intellectual traits of his art.

III.

In few works are this strange and intensely original mixture of Gothic and Japanese feeling, with no trace either of direct influence or of imitation, this extraordinary sense of mysterious life, more strongly marked than in the wonderful grès exhibited in 1892, in which all the uncanny poetry of stagnant pools, all the portentous vitality that slowly gathers form in the deep ooze, have fashioned themselves into so precise and weird a dream-shape. Crouching heavily in a frog-like attitude, a great half-human, half-aquatic monster convulsively presses a strange newt to his massive chest; from his back, bulging into pustules like those Surinam toads which carry their eggs and half-formed young in the foul pouches of their skin, a young frog has just emerged, and pauses in the act of springing into independent being; others are obscurely felt in the swelling pustules of the dense, flabby, and elastic flesh. Only the dim, cool, gray-green grès, dashed with mottling patches of clear brown, can give any idea of the intense reality of that viscous frog-flesh and the hard, powerful, yet brittle and distorted bones that so strangely pierce the corded muscles and heavy folds of swollen skin. The coarse, grotesque head, with its starting eyes, its wrinkled and hideously old, smooth scalp and face, is fearfully living; but not more so than the whole body, every line, texture, and fold of which is intensely expressive of the slow life accumulated within. One thinks of strange saurians born in the primeval ooze, as hideous and threatening as a nightmare, and no figure of their reconstructed life gives half the sense of reality of this wild dream; with a thrill of shuddering sympathy one has the feeling of their rank intensity of existence, and an insight into the mysterious organic forces that fashion them in the depths of festering slime. No Gothic gargoyle, no medieval dream of awful life, no Japanese fantastic vision of the demons of the marsh and rotting fen, has this force of suggestiveness, has this weird intensity of imaginative reality, this concentrated energy of existence. To create such a form, with such an inflexible logic of life, is to have felt, without books, study, or other knowledge than a swift poetic intuition, as fully and comprehensively as the intelligence of a Goethe all the obscure conditions of organic form, all the subtle, hidden correspondences with outer circumstance and influence and change. Such a vision is complete, and such a being is as real as one of nature's own.

But the sense of such existence is oppressive, and it is with relief that one turns to serener forms and purer life. Very beautifully has Carriès expressed the yet half-vegetative humbler life in his delicious child-series. With what swiftness and sureness of tender observation has he rendered the sudden exquisite turns of awkward baby heads on the disobedient muscles of the yielding neck, the peace and deep, warm life of the tender, perfect flesh! Almost alone among sculptors or even painters, Carriès is the admirable poet of infancy; none has felt so deeply the charm of the helpless, undecided baby bodies, and the fine satin of the baby skin under which beats almost visibly the rapid flow of ever-changing life. To a Greek, who cared only for the fixed beauty of the perfected type, the infant was but a formless pulp; in it he saw no beauty or even interest: there are no children in Greek art. With Carriès it is precisely that very formless, changing, living flesh beating with existence that most fascinates him: the lovely, tender life, manifested as delicately as in a trembling flower, is to him infinitely beautiful. Through him, without a trace of paltry sentimentality, from sheer force of sympathy and exact representation, infancy has entered into art. And this surely is no small originality.

More complex is the charm as we reach the more complex life of the exquisite little novice. Her timid, shrinking beauty is that of some pale young flower that has expanded in shadow and chill. All the poetry of cool, claustral life, all



A NOVICE.

its silence and deep rest, its innocence, its purity, are beneath the quaint and charming head-dress of the child, in the sweet seriousness of the tender face untouched by the fever of our confused and noisy lives. The pale, gentle features, the large, calm eyes, as clear and pure as living springs, will never grow conscious of harsh images of unrest, lassitude, and pain. Something of the freshness and cool youth that speaks of unruffled quiet will remain in that face grown old, as in those clear, faded faces we pass in Paris under the white caps of the nuns, poems of peace and symbols of rest. So delicate and swiftly winning is this charm of feeling that it is only later we see the rare grace and subtle taste of the decorative lines of head-dress, robe, and folds, the fanciful, fine artistic sense of arrangement, or the quiet splendor of the harmonious grès. It is thus with all Carriès's work: its charm is, above all, penetratingly poetic and suggestive; its grace is wayward, unique, unexpected; it has a sort of lyric intensity and directness of feeling; and its beauty is less a beauty of pure form than of very sweet impression. He is thinking neither of the type nor of the individual, as the sculptors of Greece



THE DUTCH WOMAN: "LA HOLLANDAISE."

and the sculptors of the Renaissance, but of the world of simple human feeling and dreamy beauty, like his ancestors of the Gothic age. Like them, he puts in visible form before our eyes,—he *exteriorizes*,—keen elementary feelings and impressions, joys, hopes, fears, sufferings, aspirations, peace and pain, with a freshness as of discovery, a naïveté, a directness, our languid, indifferent hearts no longer know. For rarity of attitude and form he cares but secondarily, for the nude but little, for the rhetoric of gesture not at all. He needs often only a head to express all he has to say. His series of martyrs, of those whom life has vanquished, is an epitome of human pain, as are his masks of human desire and excess: no shade of defeat, of sorrow, of resignation, is unexpressed by the fiery yet nervously delicate and sure modeling of the grès and bronze. From his women the tragedy of pain is absent, but this lyric intensity of moral expression is the same in all. They have (as in "La Hollandaise") a sweet and strong serenity, a grave cheerfulness, a tender, smiling delicacy, that set one dreaming of the old popular songs of France, so deep and simple, so soberly pathetic, so profoundly human; and like them, they have an inexpressible, delightful flavor of naïveté and sincerity, a robust and rustic charm as of clear water in a cup of wood.

IV.

To speak adequately of his great door would be to sum up Carriès's marvelous and varied gifts. But this is impossible. The door is unfinished, and, alas! likely long to remain so. Yet one cannot quit Carriès without briefly speaking of his gigantic design. Gothic in architecture, Gothic and Japanese in treatment, it is a fit portal to the weird land of imagination in which Carriès dwells. Before it we dream as before mysterious depths of pregnant darkness in the enchanted forests of Scandinavian legend or Japanese fairy-tale. It is a like form of imagination that has created the one and the other, that gave birth to the strange fauna of Gothic cathedral and Gothic legend. And is she not worthy to be some princess of a wonderful fairy-tale for grown-up folk, the exquisite, audacious little maiden who has just stepped fearlessly from the jaws of the monster, and stands questioningly among the strange scrolls of grimacing heads of lust and madness and hate and sloth and avarice? Into what land of Circe has she strayed like the lady in "Comus"? Is it that the obscure, invisible passions of the foul world groveling round her path have suddenly, at an enchanter's call, started into visible and concrete life. Or is it simply that her clear, fearless eyes have seen through the commonplace masking forms of our workaday world to the festering ugliness, to the ever-simmering, unresting ocean of passion and animalism, below? Is she but a vision frozen into solid form? From what calm home of peace has she come with her kitten purring lazily on her arm? And to what adventure is she bound? Even if the door were finished in the rare polychrome grès which would render it as unique in color and material as it is in conception, perhaps the symbol would hardly be clearer. Perhaps the sculptor himself could hardly tell us all that he meant.

Of Carriès's martyr group little can be said until it is in bronze; but more strikingly than any other of his works it betrays the only personal influence he distinctly feels. The name of Claux Sluter is one of the very greatest in all sculpture, and his art is absolutely different in origin and nature from that of Carriès: it is as solidly objective, concrete, Flemish, as Carriès is gracefully subjective, wayward, French, in balance and reserve; he is nearer Holbein and Teutonic feeling, and Carriès, a pure Celt, very far from either; yet in this group, as in much of Carriès's work, there is much to remind us of the great dreamer of the Puits de Moïse and the Burgundian tombs. And some mention of this influence is necessary.

To pass from such massive and magnificent works as these to pottery seems a descent indeed, and Carriès's labor waste. And yet they are but trifles, yet every one a rose, to use the old Greek poet's excuse for the epigrams of the Anthology. One feels the charm there is for a workman like Carriès in a humble yet delicate manual craft. In his forest, after the long day's work, he sits dreamily at his potter's wheel, thoughtfully shaping some vase into exquisite form, while a thousand images silently flit through his brain, fade, and reappear as the sensitive fingers rejoice in the rounded fullness and subtle accidents of shape. Such hours are not lost: the hands alone are busy, the brain is free. And how exquisite and very rare the vases are! It is a sensuous joy of the eye and hand to feel the varied outline swelling into gourd or vase or fruit-like form as from the action of an inner force; their warm flesh, which unites the hard beauty of metal to the pulpous richness of vegetable tissue; their marvelous surface so subtly veined in schemes of faint, clear tones, sometimes like fine petals or strange woods. One cannot tire of surface and flesh and form which make them now soberly magnificent, like the faded splendor of old silks; now barbarously rich with incrustations of silver or of gold; now as plain, smooth, and simple as an old brown leather gourd; now strangely marvelous, like some stone or shell, rough with a thousand tides, and full of the poetry and the mystery of the sea; sometimes as clear and cool as the husk of some great fruit the shape of which they take, or again sumptuous with the splendid creamy flow of dim enamel or dull gold rolling over the rim and heavily down the sides. All have the same mysterious flesh-like quality of life, and, by one knows not what, hidden subtle correspondences with natural objects; all fill the mind dimly with soft, vague images of far-off things familiar yet unknown; and all, one knows not why, set us dreaming, too, as if in handling them we felt by sympathy something of the dreamy, unhasting activity and enjoyment of him who produced them.

V.

We found Carriès a workman, and a workman we leave him; and when we look back over his varied achievement we feel that his originality, after all, is there. All other modern art by the side of his spontaneousness and naïf intensity of impression is conscious, artificial, cerebral; all other sculpture conceived with little regard or true sense for the material in which it is to be realized; all other execution impersonal and commonplace. Our dexterous artists seem pure intelligences, constructive, coördinating, organizing, but neither truly imaginative nor creative, compared with this fiery sensuousness

passing into immediate realization. In them one feels the intellectual element vastly more developed than the sensuous; their culture and expertness are great, but they have little emotion; their rhetoric is admirable, their sense of the artistic most fine, but they have little poetry and no mystery. There is nothing incommunicable and divine about them; there is not even anything exquisite and rare in their physical sensibility. They are, if you will, as rich in ideas as Carriès in impressions, but ideas are not always very important in art. Above all, they have in no degree that extremely rare gift, granted to races and individuals hardly emerged from the domain of obscure sensation — the sense of richness and the sense of hidden life which Carriès so splendidly manifests, in that the Japanese alone have surpassed him. And perhaps one could hardly define Carriès better than by saying that in a rare and singular degree to the sensuous qualities of a race whose nervous acuteness of sense has never been equaled, he unites the fine taste, sober reserve, and sense of harmony of the Frenchman, while the sentiment that penetrates his work, sometimes Gothic and Celtic, is as often distinctly Japanese. Sensuous or emotional, Gothic or Japanese, his qualities are emphatically those of virgin sense and virgin mind, those of early races and primitive natures. In an age like ours they have an inexpressible freshness and a very potent charm. We feel that such a man, like the sylvans and the fauns, is closer to Nature than are we: for him she is a visible presence. He is a link between us and the great Mother of all, whose obscure life we have long ceased to feel; with his hand in ours, we once more hear the beating of the pulses of her being, and to her eyes we see the old light return that our forefathers knew and adored in the far-off days of wonderful legend and myth. Through a rift in the gray veil that covers the universe from our blind eyes, thanks to artists like Carriès, we see the eternal glory and beauty of that life. It flashes upon us like the glow of molten lava through the dead scoriæ that hide its torrent of rolling flame. It is a portion of that life and an aspect of that beauty that all true artists discover to us. For, by them, to speak the language of Carlyle and of Plato, we become aware of realities we carelessly passed by, and their life becomes known to us. The vision fades, but we depart from its atmosphere richer in emotion, in sense, in thought — dead things have become living for us. We have felt the deep forces pulsating through the humblest existence and the lowest organisms. We have seen them expand in sweet and various human life; we have been face to face with childhood, purity, and tenderness, with suffering and resignation and hope, as before divine presences — the thrill endures still.

Such art is infinitely beneficent, for it is infinitely human. To exalt it to excess and at the expense of any other would be foolish; to depreciate it for real or imaginary deficiencies more foolish still. Each is very beautiful, with a beauty of its own which corresponds to an eternal necessity and function of the universe or of the soul. But if in our languid and complex hearts our peculiar tenderness goes to the one rather than to the other, it is to the Gothic and to the primitive, to Amiens, Chartres, Rheims, to Carpaccio and Angelico, to Quentin Massys and Claux Sluter. More than ever we feel the charm of Japanese art and primitive workmanship, and it is this double charm we find in Carriès which so strongly appeals to us. There are other reasons for his influence. If we fill our rooms with old pottery and precious artistic objects, if art is accumulated in our houses rather than around us as of old, if we take refuge from the hideousness of the street and our industrial civilization in a hidden paradise of our own, if our artistic enjoyment is selfish and personal, it is from a deeply-lying cause. The very conditions of art are perhaps in course of transformation as in Holland three centuries ago, when, for the first time, civic and common life in rooms and houses was painted to be hung in rooms and houses, not in palaces and churches. And so with us, the open-air and decorative art of the Renaissance and of antiquity jars with the civilization around us. It is discordant and out of place. From our houses alone can we exclude all elements of ugliness, and of them our careful dilettantism composes rare and curious museums, reflecting the taste, not of a community or of a group, but of an individual mind rich with the accumulated culture of various races and many centuries. And here again the subtle and sumptuous art of Carriès responds to a living and legitimate taste.

Émile Hovelaque.

[NOTE. Since the above article was written, Carriès has ceased to live. He died on the 1st of July, 1894, aged 38, after a short and painful illness, due in a large measure to his labors. His loss is irreparable, not only to his friends, who passionately loved and admired his genius and character, but to the world and to art. The truly heroic life of this most noble artist,—a poem of courage, suffering, and faith which some day will be told,—his marvelous career, none will imitate. With him perish inestimable secrets and a world of rare and unexpected beauty. An exhibition of his works will be held this winter in Paris. In all probability they will subsequently be gathered by the state into a room dedicated to Carriès. In it will be placed the only painting we possess of him — the admirably penetrating, sincere, and suggestive portrait by his friend Mlle. Louise Breslau, showing the sculptor in his thirty-second year.]

A VITAL QUESTION.

By the Author of "One Woman's Way," "Their Exits and their Entrances," etc.

THE servant disappeared after delivering the brief announcement, and he was left alone. He walked across the polished floor, and stood in the deep embrasure of one of the windows, looking at the thinning leaves of the park trees; for she had come up to town, as it was October now, to stay with a married sister, and he had come to see her as he did always at six o'clock when he did not come at four. He usually came at eleven o'clock, too, and then, if he stayed for luncheon, he generally did not see her until he saw her somewhere in the evening; otherwise he came at six, when there was a chance of outstaying any one who might be about, or at four for a few minutes when there was not much danger that others would be coming in at once to interrupt them. She would be down in a few minutes, the man had said, and he stood little heeding the frequent carriages that dashed past in the avenue, or the continuous stream of victorias, broughams, and traps of all sorts, with here and there a resplendent coach, that glittered along the park drive, which he could see in the distance through the bare branches. He was thinking of her, as he would have found that he had been thinking of her during pretty nearly all the last twelve months; for they had been engaged for that time, one little thing after another happening to put off the marriage, which was now very near and for which the invitations would soon be "out."

He heard a door open, and, turning quickly about, walked swiftly to where she stood. He had left her only a short six hours before, but it seemed very long to them, and it was only natural that people who had been separated for a length of time should be glad to see one another. He took the two hands she held out to him in his; but he quickly shifted them so that both her small palms lay in his large right one, and his left arm was free. He had, however, no sooner executed this manœuver than the door was again opened, and the servant reappeared, bearing before him the glistening silver and the gleaming china of afternoon tea. The man slowly advanced, and placed the things on a low table; then, with an intimation to her that all was ready, swiftly vanished. At the interruption he had dropped her hands, and she had slowly walked away from him. Before he could again reach her side, she had seated herself behind the table, where the kettle with the little lamp under it hissed spitefully. She drew her chair a little closer, and began to busy herself with the cups. He paused, looking down at her with a little laugh.

"A woman," he said, "is never so unapproachable as when she is ensconced behind her tea-table."

She did not answer. "A serried rank of chaperons would not be so formidable," he went on.

"Will you have some tea?" she asked.

"No," he replied indifferently.

"I 'm going to have some," she said.

He looked at her in some amazement, and suddenly broke out: "What is it? What is the matter?"

"In what way?" she demanded.

"The way you speak," he explained. "The way you act."

"Do I speak or act unusually?" she asked deliberately, and still not looking up. "If I do, it 's because I suppose I 'm troubled about something. I 've been troubled about it before, but to-day it has been troubling me particularly," and she glanced up at him with a quick smile as she uttered the last word. "And I want to talk to you about it at once."

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I didn't mean to smile, but I could n't bear making you wait any longer. Really, though, I am troubled. I have been troubled ever since you went away this morning. I have been wondering, and I could n't make up my mind, and I have been wretched."

"You could n't make up your mind about what?" he demanded anxiously.

"Why," she said, making a little clatter with the cups and saucers, and then speaking very quickly—"why you loved me."

"But if I do," he began, with a laugh, "and you know I do—"

"That is not all,—not quite,—although," she conceded gently, "to be sure—it 's almost all."

"What else can there be?" he asked blankly.

"Why," she went on, bending over the kettle, "the way you love me."

"The way I love you!" he exclaimed. "There 's only one way to love, is there? And I love that way—only ten thousand times more and stronger."

It was a little mixed, but he clearly understood what he meant, and she evidently did too, although she interrupted him with a little sigh, so that he did not go on.

"I heard something to-day, and it frightened me, and made me think. Emily Graffenried, you know, was very ill."

"What has that to do with it?" he asked, evidently very much puzzled.

"A great deal," she replied steadily. "Louis Graffenried was awfully in love with her, and one never saw them apart."

"Yes," he said.

"And now," she went on, "one never sees them together. You know she was such a handsome woman, but her illness has changed her terribly, and all her good looks are quite gone, and now her husband does n't care in the least about her. Is n't it fearfully sad?"

"Rather," he replied indifferently.

"And," she stumbled on hastily, "I have been wondering if — if you only loved me because — because I was — pretty."

"I should n't be at all surprised if that were a very important reason," he replied, again laughing, and with an air of very evident relief.

"But this is serious," she said indignantly.

"I can't exactly see in what way," he replied.

"Serious? It 's vital!" she said decidedly. "I really believe that if I were homely, unattractive, dowdy, you would n't care a bit about me."

"But since you are n't — " he began.

"But I 'm nicer than that, really," she maintained, "and I hate to think that you love me in that way. It 's humiliating and — and degrading!"

She sat in silence, a little frightened by the impressive sound of her words; and he continued to stare at her in astonishment.

"I don't care," she went on recklessly; "that 's just what it is. I have feelings, and knowledge, — at least a little, — and brains, — at any rate some, — and accomplishments, — in a way, — and I 've seen, and I 've read, and I 've thought, and all that goes for nothing. In your eyes I 'm not an intelligent being — or it does n't make any difference to you if I am or not. I 'm just a pretty doll with curly hair, and a good complexion, and a nice nose; and that 's why I say it 's humiliating, and degrading, and — disgusting!"

She spread out her hands contemptuously, and refused to look at him.

"Really," he exclaimed, "you 're in earnest?"

"Indeed I am," she said; "I 'm very much in earnest. I don't care to be just a plaything; and how often have you thought of me in any other way? Once or twice I have tried to talk to you about things, but you have n't appeared to pay any attention."

"I imagine," he pleaded, "that I must have been looking at you, and I confess that 's something likely to drive every idea out of any fellow's head."

"I suppose you think that is a nice thing to say to me," she exclaimed indignantly.

"Why, yes," he answered slowly.

"Really!" she said, with severity. "And you acknowledge that you don't know whether I was talking sensibly or not, and you don't care."

"I know," he urged, "that you can be very sensible, — even wise, — and since I know it — "

"You would n't care if I were n't," she interrupted.

"Oh, yes, I should."

"I don't believe it," she continued. "If I came down with a gown on that did n't become me, or had my hair done in some horrid way, you would notice it soon enough; but if I displayed the direst ignorance about the most important things, or uttered the silliest sentiments, you 'd only be amused."

"It 's my turn to say," he rejoined, "that I don't believe it."

"I tried you!" she said triumphantly. "I was so troubled about it that I wanted to see. I pretended this morning that I thought that all the President of the United States had to do when he wanted some money was to tell them to print some more bills; and you only laughed."

"Yes," he said.

"And when I affected to believe that electricity was something they sold in bottles, you were immensely pleased. If I had said something really funny or witty, you could n't have been more delighted. And if I had really thought so, it would have been perfectly disgraceful. Oh," she cried, "I have no patience with you!"

"One meets men," he urged, "who know all such things better than women can ever know them; and why should it be any consequence whether a woman does or does n't?"

"You see," she said hotly, "you acknowledge that I am right — that you don't care; that it does n't make the least difference in the world to you whether I am a thinking, intelligent being or not."

"But I thought," he said helplessly, "that a woman liked to be considered pretty."

"She does," she answered, "in a way. But she does n't want that to be the only thing considered. One might as well be the slave of a Turkish pasha with three — whatever they have."

"Oh, I say," he remonstrated.

"If you only care about me," she maintained, "because I am pretty, it 's just as degrading. That 's all the pasha cares about, and," she concluded hotly, "I demand something more."

"I do care about you, though, in other ways," he replied more humbly. "You know that I do."

"I 'm not sure," she continued. "If I had n't been pretty, would you ever have looked at me in the first place? You 've as much as admitted that to me already. You told me that the first time you ever saw me was at the Outton ball, and that you immediately started to find some one to present you, and did n't rest until you had. Now, you did n't know anything about me, and had never heard me speak, and you must have been pleased merely with the way I looked."

"And was n't that enough"—and then he added quickly—"for a beginning?"

"It seems to me," she replied, "that a liking for a woman's eyes or mouth, or the color of her hair, or the line of her neck, is n't a very dignified beginning for an important thing like love."

"But that 's the way it usually begins."

"But," she went on relentlessly, "suppose you had n't approved of my eyes, or my mouth, or the color of my hair, or the line of my neck, all the rest of me — and there is a rest — would have gone for nothing. Really, I myself don't think I 'm pretty,— I never could understand how you could think I was,— but I hope I 'm a lady, and I know I 'm nice — and you would n't have cared for all that, at all."

"I could n't have known," he remonstrated.

"That 's it," she said. "Such things were n't of enough importance for you to find out about them by themselves; and if you had n't thought I was pretty,— I 'm sure I can't tell why, — you never would have taken the trouble to discover them. It 's bad enough to know that what 's really good in you is n't the first thing that attracted the attention of the man that you are foolish enough to love, but it 's worse that after knowing more about you he still goes on caring for you mainly because he thinks what — that you 're pretty. It 's unbearable!"

She got up, and going to the window at which he had been standing, looked out.

"And moreover," she said, gazing into the park, "I won't always be pretty. I 'll grow old, and gray, and wrinkled, and then—"

"That 's a long time off," he answered, with an easy laugh.

"It is n't, really," she said. "There 's Mrs. Wooster driving by: she used to be such a pretty woman a very short time ago; and I will change in a few years, and then—"

"You never will," he answered with assurance; "at least you will always look the same to me."

"Do you believe so?" she asked, looking around at him, but quickly turning her face again to the window. "I don't. And if you only care for me because I am pretty now, you won't any more when I am not. That 's mathematical,— you see I know something,— by a process of — what do they call it? — elimination. Oh, it 's very serious. It 's a vital question."

"But I don't care about you only because you are pretty," he responded desperately.

"How do I know — how do *you* know?" she said decidedly, turning at last, and facing him.

"I — why —" he began.

"You have no way to prove you care for me otherwise, and I have a great many ways to prove you don't."

"Yes," he said cheerfully, "there are several ways. See how I like to talk to you, even when there are other people about. That shows I like you for what you say and think."

"Ye-s," she said doubtfully. Then she went on more readily, but again turning rapidly to the window: "Do you — do you think you would be satisfied to talk to me *all the time* with other people about."

"No," he replied positively, "I should n't; and I 'm thankful to say I don't have to always."

"Well," she said.

"What?" he asked.

"Don't you see, if you really cared for me in the other ways, you could be perfectly content, no matter how many people there might be?"

"Honestly," he said at length, with some impatience, "this is awful nonsense."

"You call it nonsense," she said, "because you see there is no way of escaping from what I say — no way of showing me that I am wrong."

He rose, and crossing the room, stood behind her.

"No," she said resolutely; "I 'm not to be moved or influenced, and you need not try."

"I 'm not going to try," he replied. "I think this is wild folly, and that you can't care whether I care or not if you let such a little thing as this come between us."

She did not answer at once, and when she did speak, it was with a more timid tone.

"It is n't a little thing," she said; "as I told you, it is a vital question. If you only care for me that way — why, I 'm only 'something better than' your 'dog'; 'a little dearer than' your 'horse'; 'something better than' Yarico, who won the prize for you at the Bench Show; only 'a little dearer than' your hunter Charmian, who took the blue ribbon for you at the Horse Show."

"Amy," he said remonstratingly.

"Oh, I should be meek and unquestioning, I suppose, and be satisfied with the affection that in your kindness you are pleased to bestow upon me. That 's the proper attitude of woman, and it 's all wrong to think of anything else — to want to be more than a 'horse' or a 'dog.'"

"You are really angry," he exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, I am," she answered decidedly; "and I am hurt and disappointed."

"And you won't be satisfied until I convince you in some way."

"No," she said; "I won't. I want to be considered something — and — and I wish I were n't pretty, just to see what would happen."

"But," he suggested, "if what you say is true, if you were n't pretty, I should n't care anything more about you — and do you want that?"

"Yes," she replied quickly; "if you only care about me in that way. If that is all, it — it is

an insult," she concluded, flushing hotly — "an *insult*."

"Don't you think," he said grimly, "that you 're making it a little too strong — rather stronger, in fact, than a fellow — "

"No," she interrupted. "If you only love me because I 'm pretty, I don't want you to love me at all — because I know it could n't last — and," she concluded in a low voice that was almost broken by a sob, "I don't want to love you."

"I say," he exclaimed blankly, "Amy!"

She shook her head, and turned away. It was evident that he was sorely puzzled, and at a loss how to meet the situation in which he found himself. He stood for a moment with his hands behind him, as clearly it was his habit to do when in thought, and gazed at the floor; then he suddenly looked up with a more hopeful expression on his face.

"You said," he began, "that I only cared about you because you were pretty, and that I could n't prove to you that I cared for other reasons."

"Yes," she answered.

"I believe I can," he went on. "Now, listen to me. I have seen other pretty women, and I have n't cared for them. I have known other pretty women well, and it did n't make any difference."

She did not speak, and he went on.

"Think! Before I knew you what a lot of pretty women I had seen, and what came of it! Some of them I saw a great deal oftener than I ever saw you before I fell in love with you. With some of them I had a great many more reasons for falling in love than I ever had for falling in love with you; and if it had been only the prettiness, should n't I have done it? There is Blanche Romeyn, and you know what a beauty she is."

"Blanche Romeyn?" she asked, with a slight accent of surprise. "You knew her — well?"

"Rather," he replied. "The way Fate was always throwing that girl and me together was something astonishing. I never went to a dinner, it seemed to me, but that I took her in; I never was asked to a country house of any sort but that she was sure to be there. And — and then the August we were at Massaquoit."

"You and Blanche Romeyn were at Massaquoit?" she asked.

"For all August and a part of September — the August and September before I went on last autumn to the house-party where you were."

"Yes," she said slowly; "but you had seen me then."

"Exactly," he said. "And you see, if it had been only because you were pretty, I 'd have been in love with you then."

"And you were n't?" she demanded.

"Not a bit," he replied lightly; "not until I knew you last autumn. So you see it can't have been just because of the way you looked. No; I really had forgotten all about you. It was early in the winter when I had seen you, and at Massaquoit I don't believe I thought of you once."

"Oh," she murmured.

"There was a great deal going on, and I saw Blanche almost all the time. In the morning we met on the beach, and went in regularly. She *could* swim, and if I gave her something of a start, she could almost beat me around the buoys. In the afternoon we always rode — and you believe she had 'hands,' and a 'seat' — no park work, though, for her, for she 'd not be satisfied unless she went across country, and she took things as they came. In the evening there was always a dinner and generally music somewhere, and she was as good in a ball-room as she was in the water or on a horse. It was a jolly, active life, with very little to make a fellow think, and a lot to do. It suited Blanche perfectly, and she never looked better. I don't believe I ever saw anything much prettier than she was in her bathing-dress, with those strong, white arms of hers; and in the saddle she looked stunning, while at night she would put on some gorgeous frock, and come out resplendent. For regular, knock-down beauty, there are not many who can touch Blanche Romeyn; and it used to be a perfect delight to watch her — and it was a delight that I gave myself pretty often. You must have heard the talk at the time."

"No," she said, in a low tone; "I did n't."

"That 's strange," he continued; "every one thought that we were engaged, and it was all over the country."

"And you were n't?" she asked quickly.

"No," he replied; "not a bit of it. We were just good friends — jolly pals, if you like. But she was a beautiful thing, and even at the time it puzzled me to find that I did not care more. It was n't reasonable: there I was with one who was conceded to be the prettiest girl of the day, and I did n't have an emotion."

"And she?" she asked.

"Not a bit of a one," he answered. "Oh, we both tried hard enough — that was only due to the situation. We used to go out in the moonlight on the vine-covered verandas, where we could hear the distant dance-music through the breaks in the dull dash of the surf. I used to take Blanche's hand."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "you used to take Blanche's hand!"

"Yes," he replied; "as I said, at such a time sentiment is only due to the situation. And I used to look down at Blanche, and think how very beautiful she was."

"A very effective tableau," she observed.

"Really, Blanche was beautiful," he went on, "with the moonlight falling on her heavy hair and great pale shoulders, and flashing in those big eyes of hers."

He paused a moment.

"I suppose you 're thinking of it now," she said.

"Yes, I am," he answered, with a laugh. "It is n't a thing a fellow would be likely to forget; and it 's strange that I have not thought of it before for a long time."

"You used to take her hand," she prompted.

"Yes," he continued; "one 's always been expected to make love to Blanche; and really, there is n't anything else to do. You know there is n't very much else that she understands."

"But she understands that," she said.

"In her way, yes," he replied. "Not with any of the sentiments, significances, and superfluities that can be brought about it."

She was evidently about to speak, but checked herself, and he went on.

"But in a breezy sort of fashion Blanche knows what it means," he said; "and she was very lovely, and I did the best I could."

"And that, I imagine, was a good deal."

"Not so much," he answered carelessly.

"Oh," she exclaimed incredulously, "tell me what — happened."

"One can't speak when there 's a woman," he said slowly. "At least one can't tell both the name and the story. If you tell the story, you must keep quiet about the name; if you tell the name, nothing should drag the story from you. Now I have told you the name. But really and truly this time nothing happened."

"You know that you kissed her," she cried, with quick indignation.

"Of course not," he said positively.

"Of course you would say that," she rejoined.

"Probably," he answered; "only in this case it honestly happens to be true."

"And you thought her very beautiful."

"I thought her — as almost every one has thought her — one of the most perfectly beautiful women of the time," he said.

"And why have you told me all this?" she asked coldly.

"Oh, I forgot," he replied; "it was to prove what you wanted to know. Don't you see that if I saw Blanche Romeyn as much as I did, and in the way I did, and did n't fall in love with her —"

"Well?" she asked deliberately, as he hesitated.

"Why, don't you see," he went on, "that there must be something else — that there must have been something else that made me fall in love with you — that it could n't have been just because you were pretty; because, if prettiness had been all —"

"Yes?" she asked relentlessly, as he again paused.

"Why," he hurried on, "I should have fallen in love with Blanche Romeyn. Don't you see?"

"Yes," she replied; "I see what you mean. It must have been my nobility of character, my power of intellect, my being nice to my relatives, or something of that sort that made you care about me."

"Yes, yes," he said eagerly; "although of course that 's joking. Your looking this way or that must really have had very little to do with it, after all; for otherwise I should have given all the heart I had to Blanche when there was so much reason for it at Massaquoit."

"It really appears to be quite conclusive," she said.

"Yes," he exclaimed delightedly; "and you said I could n't prove it to you."

"I think you have," she said.

"I 'm so glad I thought of Blanche Romeyn," he went on. "No one else would have done so well, because it is so generally conceded that she is such a beauty."

"Yes," she said; "and I thank you so much. You 've taken such a load off my mind. I really was so much troubled because I was so afraid that it might only be because I was pretty, and — and, as I told you, I could not be loved for that."

He looked at her with a bewildered expression in his eyes.

"Of course prettiness is n't anything at all," she continued; "and as I said, it was degrading only to be liked for it — not the kind of thing at all to satisfy a woman nowadays who lives any kind of an intelligent life. I can't imagine how our grandmothers ever endured it when our grandfathers on bended knees swore they loved them because they were 'angels' or 'sylphs.' I should have thought they would have considered it an outrageous affront. Of course that is n't the way a woman wants to be wooed, and it is n't for that reason that she wants to be won. Of course it is n't."

And she escaped from the window, gliding quickly past him.

"Of course it is n't," she repeated. "There are so many other things; and it is for those that any woman who is sensible — and nice — should want to be considered."

"Yes," he exclaimed, following her. "And you see I did consider those things."

"Of course you did," she interrupted hastily. "And perfectly right; and I am very much obliged to you; and I am deeply gratified; and — and what did you say you were doing this evening?"

"Only dining with Uncle Dick at the club," he said.

"Then of course you can't dine here," she

said, "and I sha'n't ask you — but we were going out, anyway."

"I know," he said resignedly; "and that 's the reason I told Uncle Dick I 'd dine with him."

"And I 'm afraid it 's getting awfully late," she said. "It 's really quite dark." She went to the side of the mantel, and touched the button of the electric bell. "I must ring for Beaton — for the lights."

"What is it?" he demanded in amazement.

"What is what, Jack?" she said, with a great air of ingenuousness.

"Why do you send me off in this way?" he demanded.

"What way?"

"Why — ringing for Beaton," he replied.

"I want the lights," she said, with the same tone of perfect candor.

"I don't understand at all — I —" and he advanced toward her.

"Hush!" she said. "There 's Beaton."

The servant entered, and proceeded to arrange the big lamp on the table in a remote corner.

"I will go," he said in a low tone; "I think — I don't know what I think."

"You 'll be here at eleven to-morrow morning," she asked, following him for a step or two.

"I believe not," he said uncertainly; and then, as if emboldened by his beginning, he went on more decidedly: "I am sure not. I can't. I 've got to go and look at a horse. But," he added, "I 'll be here in the afternoon."

"I am afraid I shall be out then," she responded coldly. "I have to go with Fanny —"

"Oh," he rejoined shortly, as he strode to the door and opened it, "we shall meet at the Kempshott dance, I hope, in the evening."

"Yes," she said stiffly; "I hope we shall meet at the Kempshott dance in the evening."

An hour later he hurriedly mounted the steps of the house he had so lately left, and impatiently pressed the button sunk in the great stone pilaster at the side of the broad doorway. He had not long to wait, for almost at once the heavy, elaborately carved door swung back, and Beaton appeared in the opening.

"Miss Amy —" said the old servant.

"Yes, yes," he interrupted, entering quickly; "I got the note."

The great hall was very dim, lighted as it was only with the group of low-turned lights high up in the paneled ceiling, and he did not see her as she sat in full dress on the top step of the first flight of the main stairs, just where they finished at the first landing that extended across the full width of the place, and before they turned, going up to the drawing-room where he had seen her in the afternoon. But she saw him, — indeed, she had been sitting there waiting for him for half an hour or more, — and had flown down half the steps before he had advanced half-way across the floor.

"Jack!" she said, as she cleared the last two steps with a jump, and landed lightly on the rug.

"What is it?" he asked apprehensively.

"Come in here," she said, leading him into a small reception-room on the right.

"You said in the note that was waiting for me at the club," he went on hurriedly, "that it was important; so I left a line for Uncle Dick, and came on here immediately."

"It is," she answered. "You see, Fanny and I were going to the play this evening with Jim and Reggie Mason; but now Jim can't go, and you must come."

"Certainly," he said blankly; "is that all?"

"I 'll be honest," she said, going closer to him. "I went to Jim, and told him he was not to go; that he was to go anywhere or do anything, but that I wanted his place for you."

"Oh!" he exclaimed.

"And, Jack," she went on more slowly, "I will be *honest*. I did n't know what to do after you went out; and — and I believe that I have been crying, and you know I never do that."

She held out both her hands to him, and these he promptly seized, gazing down into her eyes, which she rapidly winked, keeping back the tears she evidently feared might still overflow.

"And won't you forgive me?" she went on. "I really was in earnest; and I don't think it was altogether absurd."

"What — about your saying that you did n't want me to love you because I thought you were pretty?"

"I did n't say that exactly, did I?" she asked. "But never mind." And she took one hand out of his grasp, and caught the edge of his coat between her fingers. "And, Jack, I *will* be honest. I sent for you because I could n't live another minute without asking you something."

"What?" he demanded.

"Do you think Blanche Romeyn is really so very much prettier than I am?"

"No," he answered quickly; "I was only trying to prove to you —"

"Never mind," she interrupted. "Do you think she is *any* prettier?"

"No," he answered, with perfect conviction; "I think that you are the very prettiest woman in all the world; only this afternoon, with all that you were saying, I did n't dare tell you so."

"Jack," she said ecstatically, "it 's all right then, and it is such a relief. I had such a fright, and — and you may tell me so now."

George A. Hibbard.

BLACKMAIL AS A HERITAGE;

OR NEW YORK'S LEGACY FROM COLONIAL DAYS.

DURING the Senate investigation of the police department, a single avenue in the labyrinth of corruption known as the Corporation of the City of New York, there was one eminent citizen who maintained a philosophic calm. As the finger on the dial of guilt swung to and fro from ordinary depths to unexampled heights of infamy, he occasionally exonerated the political club and the municipal régime of which he was the indivisible head, by blaming it all on human nature. This theory of the responsibility for New York's sad preëminence was enunciated by the Tammany Grand-Sachem-and-Mayor, and was cautiously echoed by the orators and organs of public delusion in the service of Tammany Hall; and setting aside the question of the success or failure of that institution in satisfying the venal cravings of human nature, it must be admitted that they were more than half right.

So, human nature in New York is the culprit; but Tammany Hall, as a proxy, is standing in the pillory. On several occasions it has suffered the same obloquy for placing itself at the service of a community which has been in the habit of blowing warm on wide-spread corruption for a series of years, and then of taking the sudden whim to snap cold, like an unreasonable frost in the Tammany "Season of Flowers."

As human nature in Manhattan is composed of rival race elements, there has been a disposition to shift the responsibility from the whole to a part. This is true especially of the native stock, in itself blended of several races; for it has placed the rank condition of affairs to the credit of the yet unassimilated foreign elements of the population, forgetting that this charge does not balance its own debit of complicity and neglect. Much less does the charge free the native stock from the "iniquity of the fathers" that is visited "upon the children unto the third and fourth generation"; for the careful historian must delve in the records of the docile Dutch, or overlook the roots of some of the most luxuriant weeds in the Tammany garden of Popular Government.

Also, a special indictment has been framed against the Irish, as the dominating political element; but it will not bear close analysis, and it will never be forgotten that the second demon of reform in the recent Saturnalia of Decency is himself an unmitigated Irishman. It is true that the Irish have long been in possession of Tammany Hall, and consequently have been masters of the city's wealth and reputation; but they have given to New York the kind of government it has seemed grateful for on election day, and they will be found ready and able to provide a respectable administration when the electors demand it. Flying from poverty and oppression at home, the Irish brought to Manhattan something which was sorely needed — the courage and energy of a virile race. Prompted by a respect for public honors and influence, and for their money value, they won in the lists of manhood suffrage nearly every important place of power and profit. While they adopted ancient tribal rules for the regulation of their own oligarchy, in dealing with the servile population they, in a way, adhered to the local forms of law, as being admirably adapted to the enjoyment of thirty-four millions of city revenue. In some walks of executive duty they have made two kinds of blackmail grow where only one grew before, but in general they have merely cherished the time-honored swindles of the town.

When the Dutch came to Manhattan they had no thought of planting civilization like the English at Jamestown, nor were they looking for a good place to pray like the Puritans at Plymouth. Nor, to use the Tammany argot, were they "traveling for their health." Their sole aim was to exchange trinkets and rum for the peltries of the Indians, which they did for twenty years in a semi-organized way, before the first settlers arrived in 1623. Peter Minuit brought the first colonial administration in 1626. In name the traders and colonists were free citizens of the Dutch Republic, but in fact they were the despoiled and intimidated subjects of a venal ring. Under the company's mercantile charter its officers were able to elude the penalty for extortion and tyranny just as the Tammany leaders have found shelter in intrigues and combinations covered by a charter to foster "the Smile of Charity."

Even the dread name of "boss" is an inheritance from the Dutch period. It is derived from *baas*, meaning foreman or master. A hundred years after English became the official language, men of wealth and character, like "Boss" Walton of the famous Walton House in

Franklin Square, received the appellation from persons who wished to be deferential. And to-day a working-man may use the title in its original sense when addressing his employer or accosting a stranger. In its political significance "boss" is a Tammany product. As such it defines a vulgar usurper of public authority, who knows he would be squelched if he ventured to stand as a candidate himself, but who succeeds by caucus methods in forcing his puppet candidates on the electors, and in directing their official acts for his own selfish ends. On the other hand, a political "leader" is a man who influences the councils of a party by virtue of his ability to direct public affairs, and who appeals personally to the ballot-box for his commission to make laws and to execute them in the name of the people. Hence with unerring instinct the Tammany bosses call themselves "leaders"; but in Tammany Hall things always go by contraries; even the force of gravitation works toward the ceiling, causing vice to rise above decency, and those who have shortened human life to soar into prominence as guardians of the public weal.

THE FIRST MANHATTAN BOSS.

BEFORE the Manhattan settlement was ten years old it had hatched a boss of the true Tammany stripe. Though Cornelis Van Tienhoven never wore prison garb like some of the modern "leaders," during twenty-three years he climbed on stepping-stones of scandalous deeds from high to higher honors, and thwarted the efforts of the burghers to shake him off. In education and intellect he was qualified for leadership in the best sense, but in subtlety, craft, and venal purposes he was an exemplar as a boss, and thereby controlled the policy of the Dutch governors. Speaking the language of the Indians, he was all the more an adept in cheating them. Like the early members of the Tammany Society, he even masqueraded in Indian dress and manners. A remonstrance addressed to their "High Mightinesses" in Holland said of him: "He has run about like an Indian with little covering and a patch before him." In his Indian revels, as in his private life, he was shameless. Sketch portraits of this Manhattan worthy are preserved in the affidavits given at The Hague in 1652 by two Dutch women who were aiding injured innocence, as we shall see later on. In one of the depositions he appears as "a corpulent and thickset person, of red and bloated visage, and light hair"; and in the other as "a likely person of ruddy face, corpulent body, and having a little wen on the side of the cheek." But it is his moral wen that entitles him to a place in the Tammany gallery.

When he first appears in the annals of early Manhattan, Van Tienhoven was twenty years younger than the bloated Lothario of the portraits of 1652. It is supposed that he was in the employ of the Dutch West India Company during a part of Minuit's administration; but it is certain that when this governor locked horns with the patroons over the question of trading privileges, and Patroon Van Rensselaer's relative, Wouter Van Twiller, was appointed in his stead, the latter made Tienhoven "bookkeeper of wages" to the council. This was in 1633, and the office, in the Dutch called "Koopman," was analogous to a Tammany commissionership of public works, inasmuch as whatever sums dribbled to the hangers-on of the company were filtered through his itching palms. He was also receiver of dues. One way or another, everybody came in contact with his suavity; and it is said that those who failed to "water the pigeons"—a Dutch euphemism for gratuities and godfatherly gifts—were put off with promises that never matured.

As Wouter Van Twiller carried to the extreme the Tammany doctrine that a public trust should be administered for the benefit of the trustee, he got into trouble with Dincklagen, the honest fiscal, or sheriff-attorney, of the council,—no, the expostulating officer got into trouble with the governor, in much the same way that ex-Fire Commissioner Gray was forced to withdraw from his Tammany colleagues for presuming to notice that the public money was being wasted. Van Twiller investigated himself, and found himself spotless. Also in true modern fashion he adjudged the accuser to be the real malefactor, and sent him back to Holland without arrears of salary. Dincklagen laid his grievances before the home authorities, and despite a powerful attempt to shield Van Twiller, owing to a miscarriage of whitewash the director was dismissed. Yet he remained in the colony to enjoy expansive lands, including the present Governor's Island, and herds of cattle, which, owing to his official position, had in the short space of five years been turned into his account.

Tienhoven profited by the change inasmuch as William Kieft, the new director-general, who arrived in 1638, appointed him secretary of the colony. Kieft in his previous field of operations had been accused of embezzlement; so it is not surprising that, with Tienhoven's assistance, his new authority worked for public mischief. Under his predecessors the council had consisted of five members, who acted as magistrates. One councilor, having one vote, was enough for Kieft, who reserved the right of casting two votes; so like the "Leader" in the practical working of the Tammany coun-

cils, Kieft possessed in his own person a quorum and a "fair working majority." At Tienhoven's instigation, so it was claimed, Kieft laid a tax on the corn of the neighboring tribes. This was the beginning of lasting trouble, and in 1640 Tienhoven led seventy men in a massacre of Raritans south of Staten Island. By the next summer the situation had become grave, and Kieft invited the burghers to elect Twelve Men to represent the heads of families in taking counsel with him for the public defense.

THE DAWN OF MUGWUMPERY.

THIS first public assembly on Manhattan Island was held on August 29, 1641. But the Twelve Men, who, like a Tammany board or legislature, were of no use to the bosses except as "a cloak and a catspaw," made bold to ask for permanent representation in the council, and proffered advice which savored of interest in the proper conduct of local affairs. So Kieft ordered the venturesome Twelve "to hold no further meeting, as the same tends to a dangerous consequence." As he claimed despotic powers, he threatened them with corporal punishment in case they disobeyed; whereas a Tammany boss to the same end would have refused them renomination, or, if they were merchants, would have pestered them with police interference or perhaps even with special legislation.

This abrogation of the Twelve Men was "done in Fort Amsterdam, February 8, 1642." Yet a year later, on February 24, 1643, Kieft treated a petition for the privilege of committing an atrocious murder, signed by three of the Twelve, as an appeal from "the whole of the freemen." During eighteen months Kieft and the ring had been watching for a safe chance to terrorize the Indians. On the latter date word came that two parties of Indians, flying from the vengeance of other tribes, had come to the vicinity of the town for security. One party had camped at Pavonia on the Jersey side (the present site of the Erie ferry), and the other, crossing to Manhattan, had camped at Corlear's Hook, near the present site of the Grand street ferry. Both relied upon the good will of the Dutch. Tienhoven, as he was able to converse with them, was sent over to Pavonia to spy out the strength of the Indians. On his return, so it was charged, he himself drafted a petition, on behalf of "the whole of the freemen," for authority "to attack the Indians as enemies, whilst God hath fully delivered them into our hands," which was signed by Kieft's crony, Maryn Andriensen, "an old freebooter"; Jan Jansen Damen, a trader, the stepfather of Tienhoven's wife; and Abraham Verplanck, Tienhoven's brother-in-law. No other members of the discarded Twelve signed the petition, nor were the burghers generally aware of Kieft's purpose. On the night of February 25–26, Captain Andriensen led a band of the company's "heelers" against the camp at Corlear's Hook, and a party of soldiers was sent to Pavonia. The double massacre of men, women, and children which ensued was more brutal, perhaps, than some of the murders whose heroes have been laureled by Tammany Hall. Even Vrouw Damen, Tienhoven's mother-in-law, joined in the family exultation by kicking a few Indian heads which were a part of the trophies.

Every honest burgher realized at once that the settlement which contained not above four hundred males, with the population so mixed that eighteen different languages were spoken, would suffer for such a revolting act of treachery. Strenuous objection was made to the pretense that the conspirators had acted for "the whole of the freemen." Kieft was made to feel the shame of his position, and sought to throw the blame on Andriensen and Tienhoven's relatives. War with the Indians followed; all outlying farms were devastated, and the miserable settlers, huddled about the fort, were brought to the verge of destruction. At this point a breach was opened between the authorities and the burghers which lasted for ten years; and although Tienhoven was known to be the real offender, like Tammany Hall in times of special disgrace, he managed to slip between his official scapegoat, Kieft, and the enraged though impotent people.

In September of that year (1643) Kieft felt the need of another "catspaw," so he invited the heads of families to elect Eight Men to represent the commonalty by giving counsel, as required. Forty-six citizens, nineteen of whom made their mark, agreed that Kieft and his council should nominate the Eight Men, but they reserved the right to reject any nominee who was objectionable. Twenty-eight, one half of whom made their mark, signed the certificate of election of Kieft's nominees. Among the chosen Eight was Jan Jansen Damen, the father-in-law of Tienhoven; but on account of the part he had played in the conspiracy of the double massacre, his colleagues refused to sit with him, and another was chosen.

Kieft squared accounts by ignoring the Eight Men. They were asked to give advice on November 4, 1643, but thereafter a suggestion from them brought no other response from the company's autocrat than "biting and scoffing taunts"; until for the second and last time he summoned them to his house in the fort on June 18, 1644. He was pressed for funds, and knowing there were not above two hundred Dutch on the island able to bear arms, he sought to gain their consent to new taxes and duties on the

threat of discharging the English contingent under Captain John Underhill. Though browbeaten into adopting Kieft's measures, the docile natures of the Eight were now aroused. On October 24, 1643, they had petitioned the States-General of the Netherlands for succor against the Indians, and in that paper had refrained from criticism of Kieft; but in a petition to the West India Company, dated October 28, 1644, they stated their grievances and the pitiable needs of the colony in plain words. The directors of the company at first decided to send Dincklagen back to Manhattan as director-general in Kieft's place, but his commission hung fire; and as Peter Stuyvesant was at hand, having returned to Holland from Curaçao owing to a wound which deprived him of a leg, it was determined in December, 1646, to confide New Netherland to his imperious nature, with Dincklagen as vice-director.

Kieft had made money by various means, including a brandy-still, and had rewarded his friends. About the time Jan Jansen Damen was repudiated by the Eight Men, who were the original Manhattan Mugwumps, Kieft granted to Damen the most valuable strip of land adjoining the town, lying between the present Wall street and Maiden Lane, and extending from river to river. At the same time Tienhoven received the second best, an adjoining slice included between Maiden Lane and the present Ann street, and extending from Broadway to the present Pearl street. Tienhoven built a stone mansion on an eminence which was located near the present corner of John and Cliff streets; in after times this mansion became a noted resort, called "The Orchard," and the locality was known as Golden Hill. When the Damen farm was plotted, a street running from the North River east to Pearl was named after Tienhoven. It is significant that the name was afterward changed to Crown, and finally to Liberty, street, a designation which remains as a sarcasm on certain great corporations of that vicinity who in our time have paid gigantic blackmail to the Tienhovens of Tammany Hall.

Peter Stuyvesant's paternal rule began on May 27, 1647. When his councilors ventured an adverse opinion they were "boobies, rascals, and bear-skinners," or "villains, scoundrels, and thieves." All of these varieties of people were about him, for a certainty, but the abuse did not always fall on the right people. He would even scarify the sea-captains who had been his aides in the West Indies; but there was one, it was said, named Paulus Lenaertse, who on small wages had been able to build the finest house on Manhattan Island; when this one began to get excited, Stuyvesant would grow silent, though he would endure a show of temper from no other person. This peculiarity gave rise to "divers unfavorable surmises" akin to those aroused by Sheriff Grant's godfatherly gift to "Leader" Croker's family.

Stuyvesant's espousal of the official rottenness left by Kieft spoke volumes for his varied experience as governor in Curaçao. Prominent burghers were quick to unveil Tienhoven's character to him, yet the crafty secretary who fleeced every one was retained in office, and gained such ascendancy that everything followed "his behest more than if he were president." A month after Stuyvesant's arrival, Kieft entered complaint against the Eight Men for the "libels and lies" contained in the letter of October 28, 1644, which the displeased directors had sent back to Kieft by Stuyvesant's hand. Two of the leading spirits of the Eight, Jochem Petersen Kuyter, the Harlem planter, and Cornelis Melyn, the patroon of Staten Island, were ordered to make written reply in forty-eight hours. Stuyvesant was quoted as saying: "These boorish brutes would hereafter endeavor to knock me over also, but I shall now manage it that they will have their bellies full in all time to come."

And so he did. Kieft's chief accusers, after trial before the council, were adjudged guilty of offenses "not to be tolerated or endured in a well ordered and governed republic." Stuyvesant sentenced Kuyter to banishment for three years, and Melyn for seven years, besides imposing fines. They took passage on August 16, 1647, in the *Princess*. Kieft was also on board, returning home with goodly hoard. Another trial by ordeal of shipwreck followed; for the *Princess* stranded on the Welsh coast, and Kieft was lost along with eighty-three others. Kuyter clung to a part of the wreck, and was washed ashore. Melyn, who lost a son, reached a sand-bank, from which he was rescued. Kuyter carried papers relating to the suit in a box, which was recovered by dragging in the shoals; but Kieft's papers, on which Kuyter and Melyn had been convicted, were lost. The States-General in the dallying course of time provided them with authority to enjoy their property in New Netherland pending appeal. They returned in the spring of 1648, and Kuyter ultimately made his peace with Stuyvesant, who even became a partner in the reëstablishment of Kuyter's Harlem "bouwerie." In these complex days of "pulls" it would be inferred that Kuyter had tempted the autocrat, who was awake to every good thing. For it was said: "The director is in, and carries on, all sorts of business all over the country, for he hath various stores of his own; he is a brewer, hath bouweries, is part owner of ships, a merchant and a trader both in lawful and contraband articles." Kuyter would have been sheriff in 1654 if an Indian had not anticipated the arrival of his commission by taking his scalp.

Melyn chose an aggressive course, and on his return went about airing his victory. He wanted justice with éclat. So he chose the occasion of a public assembly in the church within the fort as a happy moment for serving the mandamus on the governor, who flew into a rage at the "mutinous and insulting service," snatched the mandamus, damaged the seal of their "High Mightinesses," and tried to rend the parchment. On cooling down, he returned the document, but did not relent. Another year passed before Melyn secured attention to the suit; and then Stuyvesant, instead of responding in person, sent Tienhoven to The Hague as his attorney. Again Melyn won a virtual victory, but on returning, in 1650, Stuyvesant treated the authority of the States-General with contempt, on the ground that the company owned New Netherland, and could do as it pleased. Yet again Melyn voyaged to Holland for redress, but on his return home, in the ship *Fortuyn*, with settlers for his Staten Island lands, was arrested on a trumped-up charge of smuggling. Stuyvesant carried his animosity to the extreme of confiscating the ship and cargo, and until the English took possession of the country Melyn was in effect banished to his Staten Island domain.

A SMALL "COMMITTEE OF SEVENTY."

THESE events concern the birth of local self-government on Manhattan Island; or rather the outward form of it, since there was as little of the essence of self-government under the bosses of the West India Company as recently under the "leaders" of Tammany. While Melyn, as the representative of the Eight Men, was contending in Holland for the right of criticizing the Manhattan authorities, his friends at home were carrying on a campaign for permanent burgher representation. In order to facilitate the raising of new revenues Stuyvesant resorted again to an election in which the freemen chose eighteen burghers, of whom the governor named Nine Men to represent the commonalty. His idea of their duty was ratification of his will. But opposition was soon aroused, and the Nine Men, through their spokesman, Adrian Vanderdonck, prepared a statement of grievances, the rough draft of which Stuyvesant, by invading Vanderdonck's lodgings, personally seized, placing the writer under arrest for lese-majesty. A deputation of three, headed by Vanderdonck, was sent to Holland, where they presented the famous "Remonstrance" of July 28, 1649, whose object was to show how the company's "servants and the directors and their friends have fattened here from time to time, having played with their employers and the people as the cat plays with the mouse."

About the time the deputation embarked, Tienhoven sailed to defend the governor's decision against Melyn, and was also charged with the task of counteracting the Remonstrance. This mission was in all respects his masterpiece. No Tammany apologist ever excelled Cornelis Van Tienhoven's "Answer" in those expedients of crafty evasion and impudence to which the venal usurper under "free" institutions spontaneously turns for concealment. "Those who complain of Stuyvesant's haughtiness," he smoothly says, "are such, I think, as wish to live without government or order." And if Stuyvesant "hath made use of any harsh language, it must be that some profligate hath provoked him to it." Wherever the case will not safely bear even discussion, he clamors for proofs. This charge "remains to be proved"; that one "must be specified and proved." The arraignment of himself as a versatile scoundrel he blandly waves aside with this glittering generality: "All the other slanders and calumnies uttered against the rest of the officers ought to be proved." How like Mr. Croker's "Sudden Wealth" interview of December 17, 1893, in which, with affected ignorance, he begged for proofs of Tammany venality, while luxuriant blackmail was bursting into bloom around him! And yet it was as true then as it was when Vice-Director Dincklagen wrote to Vanderdonck of the increased oppression and rapacity of the director: "What stupid boors feel for, and grope after, the children on the street understand."

Tienhoven's answer was given on November 29, 1650, ten months after the directors of the West India Company, apparently with his assistance, had put in a similar answer containing this interesting evasion: "As regards the calumnies against Cornelis Van Tienhoven, he is prepared to answer the petitioners if their High Mightinesses consider it necessary." As for himself, he seems to have regarded his record as over-pure, considering his position and influence in the company. But he rectified that matter by corrupting the daughter of a basket-maker of Amsterdam, on a promise of marriage as soon as they should reach New Netherland, where, of course, he already had a family. He carried this confiding girl to The Hague, where two officers, discovering the nature of the friendship, blackmailed him to the amount of eighty-two rix-dollars, in modern style, besides which Tienhoven "provided some oysters and a drink for the two sheriffs."

Nevertheless, on the complaint of his landlady, a bailiff promised to investigate the relations of the pair, but Tienhoven "prevailed on him to desist from such investigation." We of the later Manhattan need not ask by what subtle argument the bailiff was satisfied. In March, 1651, the States-General summoned Tienho-

ven to appear before them for examination; but, on the plea of ill health, he remained in Amsterdam awaiting the sailing of the *Waterhont.* Late in April the States-General ordered the West India Company to detain him, and the skipper of the ship not to carry him, but Tienhoven sailed nevertheless with his paramour. In September of that year a burgher wrote to Vanderdonck, who was still pleading for redress in Holland: "That infernal swaggerer Tienhoven has returned here, and put the country in a blaze"; adding that the basket-maker's daughter, "finding he was already married, hath exposed his conduct even in the public court." His wife Rachel had disturbed Tienhoven's plans for a dual existence.

Governor Stuyvesant not long afterward appointed Tienhoven "fiscal," or sheriff-attorney, of the colony "to uphold his character." For the same reason Tammany mayors, in our day, have appointed malefactors to dispense justice and administer departments. And how like an incident of Tammany government is this criticism on the promotion: "In addition to the office of Fiscal he holds that of Secretary in fact, and Carel Van Brugge that of Secretary in name; for this Englishman is not qualified for it, and allows himself to be used by the director and Tienhoven as an instrument."

When the company in 1653 granted a form of burgher government Stuyvesant allowed Tienhoven to act as city schout, or sheriff. This was sanctioned by the directors on April 26, 1655, in a letter to Stuyvesant. They consented that Tienhoven as fiscal should provisionally perform the duties of schout, and confessed a knowledge of "the manifold and grave charges against him." Then, with a solicitude as amusing as some of the Tammany apologies for scandalous appointments, they said, "You must admonish him to treat the people well, and to endeavor to give satisfaction."

But his hour had struck. In the following year (1656) public revenues were traced to his pockets; he was dismissed from office and arrested, but still had the support of the director-general. One morning his hat and cane were found floating in the East River. Everybody said he had feigned suicide and fled. His brother, who also disappeared, was afterward seen in Barbados serving as a cook. When Tienhoven's light went out, Rachel was not in the dark. She insisted that her faithless spouse should be called dead, and administered his estate. No memorial tablet to this first Manhattan boss has yet been erected in Tammany Hall, but when one is it ought to testify to the fact that

Tienhoven's body lies a-moldering in the wave,
But his soul is marching on.

THE CORNER-STONE OF POLICE BLACKMAIL.

In Stuyvesant's time many abuses of power and assessment were grafted upon the eternal customs of the town. Shortly after his arrival he observed that "one full fourth part of the city of New Amsterdam have become bawdy houses for the sale of ardent spirits, of tobacco and beer": on some of the business streets this proportion still holds good. He inaugurated Sunday closing with the result, perpetuated to our time, of side-door opening. Fines were established for this, that, and the other infraction of regulations which afforded the constables a legal basis for making reprisals. In 1658 eight men were constituted the rattle-watch, and were authorized to take "lock-up money" and fees, which sums were to be brought into the house of the captain of the watch, and held for the benefit of the members, a "divvy," as it is now called, occurring four times a year.

Thus extortion was put, as it were, upon a basis of police discretion and right; but there was a rule against setting up a social club on the proceeds. So the habit of police collections, contracted as a pleasurable duty, has been handed down as a vast and secret "perquisite" of the guardians of the public peace; and it must not be overlooked that from those days to these the police of the city have been in the personnel a continuing body. It was as necessary then as now to admonish the police not to use violence upon peaceful burghers.

"Burgher right," after the Dutch custom, was granted by Stuyvesant to please the citizens, and prevailed as a trading and electoral qualification of "freemen" into our own century. Stuyvesant fixed the fee of "great burghers," from whom municipal officers were chosen, at fifty florins; and of "small burghers," qualified to pursue a trade or to keep shop, at twenty-five florins. Partly from this acorn has grown the Tammany oak of assessments and reprisals on merchants.

Followers of shady callings in the early days were the spoil of the autocratic authorities, just as they have been to-day of equally irresponsible blackmailers. Some of the earliest settlers were freebooters from the Spanish main. Smuggling was as common as Indian cheating, and Stuyvesant and other governors, English as well as Dutch, were openly charged with sharing in the profits of illicit trade. Subsequent to the Dutch governors piracy found in Manhattan its chief emporium. Even reputable merchants devised moral and legal quibbles for engaging in sea poaching, usually under the cover of so-called privateering. The great William Kidd was peculiarly a Manhattan pro-

duct. Governor Fletcher in 1696 admitted that he had exchanged "presents" with the notorious pirate Thomas Tew, but explained that his chief desire in seeking his "amusing conversation" was "to reclaim him from a vile habit of swearing"—which parallels the Tammany theory that a proper way to reclaim malefactors is to appoint them to public office. In 1698 the Earl of Bellomont, who had succeeded Fletcher as governor, complained to the English Lords of Trade that he had endeavored to place four merchantmen, about to clear for Madagascar, under bonds not to supply pirates at that notorious trysting-place with supplies, and bring their booty to Manhattan; "but the Council, some of them being concerned in these ships," he writes, "unanimously opposed this method, as not prescribed by Law, and because it was never practised here before, so I was forced to discharge the said ships."

A horde of doubtful money-getters have found the Island of Manhattan congenial headquarters, because it has always been easy to win the protection of the guardians of the law. Commercial evasion and official venality go hand in hand. The power to annoy and oppress honest merchants has been a fruitful means of extorting political contributions; but is any citizen so simple as to believe that rich merchants and powerful corporations would go on, year after year, paying blackmail to a political organization unless it purchased immunity from legal obligations, and secured to them an advantage over their fellow-citizens?

"Strikes," indeed, are usually aimed at vulnerable spots in the commercial armor. The first notable "strike" at a shady calling, if it is permissible in Manhattan to speak disrespectfully of the slave-trade, occurred under Stuyvesant. From the early days of the colony, the West India Company had used negro slaves as laborers, several of whom were manumitted by Director Kieft in 1644. From time to time, Dutch skippers had slipped into port with human cargoes; but the scruples of the company against an authorized traffic did not give way until 1652, when the "Commonalty at Manhattan" were graciously permitted to send vessels to the African coast, on the plea of a necessity to provide agricultural laborers. On the strength of this subterfuge, slaves were imported and resold for an advance in price to neighboring colonies. A tax of $6 a head went to the Dutch West India Company, of which Stuyvesant and his council received one fourth. In one purchase for himself, Stuyvesant let it be known that he was buying to obtain laborers for his private use, "and not for lucre"; but in 1664 he sold slaves at auction for the company's account, and was thankful for the proceeds as a resource in feeding the garrison. He acknowledged the safe arrival of the slaver *Gideon* with a "God be praised!" and deplored with becoming gravity that her cargo of three hundred was "a very poor assortment."

But let us not lose sight of the first "strike." In 1655, when the ship *White Horse*, one of the first authorized slavers, was in port, Manhattan was in a stew over a threatened invasion of the English. A sum was raised by contribution to strengthen the city's defenses. Petrus Stuyvesant led off with $60, Cornelis Van Tienhoven, the boss, followed with $40, and fifteen others were as liberal as he; two hundred and fourteen gave sums ranging from $2 to $32—with three notable exceptions: these were "the skipper of the *Speckled Cow*, $60"; the "skipper of the *New Amsterdam*, $60"; and the "skipper of the *White Horse*, $60." As well-known slavers dependent on the good will of the authorities, these skippers had been "seen," and had thought it prudent to "come in" to the extent of the director-general's "ante." Thus we see that transporters of human merchandise in floating hells helped to lay the foundations of a system which has adorned the Tammany Era with myriad acts of charity.

THE FIRST DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

ONE of the earliest of the appeals for negro slaves came from the English settlement at Gravesend, latterly known as John Y. McKane's principality, but then a little spot of earth made glorious by the courage of Captain John Underhill, who resided in the neighboring settlement of Flushing. In 1651—the year before slave-trading was authorized—the Gravesend Englishmen informed the Dutch company that they were "too much fatigued by work," and would be much obliged by an importation of "servant men," particularly of negroes, for whom they would pay "whatever price you will order." They made the special plea that in a new country new conditions excused departures from old-world morality. Give us slavery, they said, "for we are as a young tree or little sprout now, for the first time shooting forth to the world, which, if watered and nursed by your honors' liberality and attention, may hereafter grow up a blooming Republic." This prophecy of a "blooming Republic" at Gravesend was fully realized by John Y. McKane's recent Tammany-by-the-Sea.

It is worthy of note that two years after the Gravesend appeal for slaves, stout John Underhill issued the first Declaration of Independence on this continent, "in the name of as many of the Dutch and English as the matter concerns, which justly impels us to renounce the iniquitous government of Peter Stuyvesant over the inhabitants living and dwelling on Long Isl-

and." He began by denouncing Boss Tienhoven, in behalf of the neighboring Indians whom he had deceived, "as a rogue, a knave, and a liar"; then, article by article, he indicted Stuyvesant for confiscation, unjust taxes, violations of liberty of conscience, arbitrary imprisonment, conspiracy to murder the English settlers, monopoly, and cruelty, even to the beating of an old councilor with his cane. And worse still: "He hath imposed magistrates on freemen without election and voting. This great autocracy and tyranny is too grievous for any brave Englishman and good Christian any longer to tolerate." "The above grounds," he adds, "are sufficient for all honest hearts that seek the glory of God, and their own peace and prosperity, to throw off this tyrannical yoke." The doughty captain was so noisy in charging a conspiracy on the part of the Dutch with the Indians to murder the English settlers that Stuyvesant put him in jail, but soon released him without trial. Underhill was still unsatisfied when Stuyvesant's tyranny was supplanted by that of an English governor; for he was at heart no better than a modern Mugwump, and would have felt qualms if he could have seen, in the summer of 1893, Manhattan and Gravesend, welded together by three millions of population, under the autocratic, and almost automatic, "leadership" of Croker, McLaughlin, and McKane.

In their slave-trading the Dutch showed a reverential preference for Biblical names to designate their ships. Stuyvesant, as we have seen, received a cargo by the *Gideon;* the *Saint John* and the *King Solomon* plied from Manhattan; and the *Prophet Daniel* achieved distinction in municipal annals for the following reasons: In 1698 a sturdy youth of twenty sailed as supercargo of the slaver *Prophet Daniel,* which was seized by pirates or rival slavers on the African coast. On his return to Manhattan he throve as a merchant, and in 1712 was elected alderman, serving in that capacity for twenty-two successive years. Subsequently he was mayor for five years, and also a member of the Colonial Assembly. Though in his day slave-catching, and privateering on the high seas, were in Manhattan regarded as privileged pursuits, as a public officer he was useful to the community, and far above the privateering ashore which has distinguished the crew of the Tammany craft *Smile of Charity.*

No people of the mental acuteness of the Manhattanese can enjoy the profits of slave-trading and piracy for two hundred years, and escape an inherited partiality for buying and selling political as well as commercial rights and privileges. From the days of Stuyvesant down to the threshold of the Tweed régime, wealth was brought to Manhattan by the slave-trade, which ceased only when the civil war destroyed the great Southern market, the last slaver captured by the United States, in 1860, being the ship *Cora,* which was fitted out in New York.

No nationality of the colonial age surpassed the phlegmatic Dutch in surrounding the business with a spurious odor of "respectability." In the early days of Stuyvesant they ran their slaves mostly from the West African coast directly across to Brazil, which was a distributing point. There they were handled by jobbers, and even hypothecated, like paper securities. West Indians, as well as negroes, were sold in the Manhattan slave-market. White men as bond-servants were also to be had. These were of various nationalities: as for instance, in April, 1739, the ship *Charming Polly* offered several Palatine and Swiss servants "to be sold"; and the "Weekly Post Boy" for June 9, 1746, announced "To be sold. On board the ship *Jacob* . . . a parcel of young Men Servants, just imported." Slaves were hired out for day-labor at the public market established for that purpose at the foot of Wall street.

In 1740 the population of the city was about ten thousand, one fourth being West Indian and negro slaves, some of whom at that time started the custom of peddling "hot corn" on the streets, which to this day is an incident of the summer evening life of the metropolis. As late as 1788 the garbage of the city was removed by the negro servants, who, after nightfall, carried it in tubs upon their heads to the rivers, where it was dumped into the waters of the harbor, a ridiculous method which has been maintained until now, though indeed the dumping is done farther toward the sea, because Tammany has found profit in wasteful methods.

PERENNIAL PIRACY.

PIRACY was the twin sister of slave-trading from the early days of Manhattan, Captain Kidd himself being contemporaneous with the misfortunes of the *Prophet Daniel.* In fact his voyage in 1696 had for its original purpose the destruction of the pirates who were pouncing upon Manhattan slavers; and these latter often turned an ingenious penny by yielding like Kidd to the temptations of private war. Fifty years later there was as great a craze in Manhattan for privateering as in the last five years to become a member of the prize-crew of Tammany Hall. In September, 1744, it was "computed there will be before Winter 113 Sail of Privateers at Sea from the British American colonies; mostly stout vessels and well manned." The "Gazette" and the "Post Boy" abounded in such notices as this of October, 1743:

"To all Gentlemen Sailors and others, who have a mind to try their Fortunes on a cruizing Voyage against the enemy; that the Brig *Hester* and Sloop *Polly* are now fitting out at New York in the best manner. . . . The Owners of said Vessels being to find every thing necessary for such an undertaking. The Brig is a fine new single Deck vessel of 150 Tons, to mount 32 Guns, and to be mann'd with 120 Men; the Sloop is also new, Burthen 100 Tons, to mount 26 Guns, and be manned with 80 Men; being both prime Sailers, and are to go in Company. Whoever inclines to go in either of said Vessels, may see the articles at the house of Mr. Benjamin Kierstede, Tavern-Keeper on the New Dock."

The address to "Gentlemen Sailors and others" was the usual ingenious formula; and the privateers frequently sailed "in Company" for self-protection. In one instance a woman tried to palm herself off as a male cutthroat on one of the companion privateers *Castor* and *Pollux;* but the "Gentlemen Sailors," on discovering her sex, ducked her three times from the yard-arm, and "made their negroes tarr her all over from head to foot."

That these Manhattan pirates were up to the requisite gentleman standard for the business may further be seen from an item of the date of September 23, 1745, which reads: "Wednesday last Captain Bevan of the *Clinton* privateer Sloop gave a very handsome Treat of a Hogshead of Punch and an Ox roasted whole to his Sloop's Company in the Fields, near Dominie's Hook, in Consideration of their desisting, at his Desire, from plundering any of the Passengers, Officers or Sailors on board the Prize Ship lately brought in here by them."

This reads like a clam-bake given by a Tammany district leader to his heelers,—the leaders, like Captain Bevan, offering a treat as a means of expressing their gratitude at being allowed to control the plundering.

Another item of the same period refers to the capture of a Spanish sloop by the sloop *Polly*, mentioned above; and adds, "By what we can learn, the *Polly* has otherways made a pretty good cruize." One of the "otherways" is described in an item concerning the *Polly's* companion, the *Hester*. In April, 1747, word came from the West Indies that she "had lately met with a Danish vessel which had a Spanish merchant with 8000 pieces of 8 on board; Captain Troup thought proper to accept of the money, and paying the Dane his Freight, very civilly dismissed him." No silver-tongued Tammany orator could have described the transaction more neatly; and, curiously enough, the Spanish piece of 8 was the model on which the Dollar of Tammany politics was fashioned.

Between the years 1704 and 1815 there were about four hundred of these pseudo-pirates on record as hailing from Manhattan. Dutch, English, and Irish surnames figure as the skippers. Among the designations of pirate vessels such names as *St. Patrick* and the *Irish Hero* attract attention; but particularly shocking is the frankness of Captain Alexander Moore, who christened his privateer of six guns the *Irish Gimblet*.

A logical basis for the popularity of piracy under the name of privateering cannot be found without taking into account the profit derived by respectable merchants in disposing of the goods. They often owned the vessels which left port under the sanction of their good names, and brought home rich goods which were sold at low prices under the guarantee of their good names—the proceedings in between being known only to the "Gentlemen Sailors and others" who were interested in collecting the largest possible plunder in the shortest space of time. A grandson of one of the early Dutch aldermen, and progenitor of the orator at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Tammany Hall on July 4, 1867, advertised as follows in May, 1740: "To be sold for ready money by Gulian Verplanck, living in Wall Street, the following Prize goods just imported by Captain Samuel Bayard," etc. Bayard subsequently, for a time, commanded the *Hester* mentioned above. The Tammany "Prize goods," taken at elections usually more or less coercive, have been obtainable at the Tammany Exchange in Fourteenth street, and have consisted of about fifteen thousand offices and places under the city government, and a large assortment of contracts, refereeships, exemptions, immunities to publicans and sinners, receiverships, figurehead honors, complimentary appointments to public committees, and favors and indulgences of many kinds.

CONTINUOUS SURRENDER.

A VOLUME might be filled with an account of the political ills and venalities suffered by Manhattan under the Dutch, English, and Irish governors of the colonial period; but it will be sufficient for our purpose to note how the Dutch surrendered their nationality just as their modern mixed descendants have usually defaulted on their birthright. We have seen how the several elections of Twelve, Eight, and Nine Men under Kieft and Stuyvesant were the merest travesties of burgher representation in local affairs. And when in 1653, "to stop the mouth of all the world," the West India Company granted, by a sort of charter, a local magistracy, including a schout, two burgomasters, and five schepens, Stuyvesant either molded

them to his will by cane or by threats, or nullified their acts. In the first entry on the records of those magistrates there is a prayer which would serve well for a Tammany board of aldermen, for in part it reads: "We, thy wretched creatures, acknowledge that we are not worthy of this honor, and that we have neither strength nor sufficiency to discharge the trust committed to us."

England, the world's great claimant, had, as soon as the value of the territory was established, served notice on the Dutch that New Netherland belonged to her, first, because Cabot, a Venetian in English pay, had squinted at the whole American horizon from some point on the coast in 1497; and, secondly, because Hudson, in Dutch pay when he took possession in 1609, was by birth an Englishman. Notwithstanding the inconsistency of the double claim, she finally prevailed over the Dutch colonists as much by the tempting offer of English freedom as by her hearts of oak. In their squabbles with Stuyvesant the burghers had often reminded the home authorities of the privileges enjoyed by their New England and Virginia neighbors, as better suited to a republican community than the "thousand ways" in which the Dutch governors "sought to shear the sheep before the wool had grown." When, in 1654, Cromwell sent a fleet to New England, which was expected to descend upon New Amsterdam, Stuyvesant was unable to shut the mouths of some of the leading burghers, who openly counseled a pusillanimous surrender. The succeeding ten years of Stuyvesant were well calculated to convince them that it would be preferable to simmer gently in English tallow than to fry forever in their own fat. Lest Stuyvesant should take advantage of better means of resistance to be "more harsh and severe," they had refused money for improving the defenses. So when four English ships, and about five hundred men, in 1664 summoned Stuyvesant to surrender to the authority of the Duke of York, the mettlesome old governor tore up the letter of demand and sent a refusal; but his subjects declined to fire a gun, and Dutch "freemen" on Manhattan Island, who had never been more than lay figures, passed under the English yoke into the enjoyment of liberal institutions.

The key to Stuyvesant's conduct as governor lies in the fact that he regarded the colony more as the private property of the West India Company than as a public trust. When he assumed the duties of steward with military powers, he promised to govern the tenants on the estate "as a father governs his children," and he did. But they proved querulous and obstinate, and he was hot-tempered and indomitable. The wonder, perhaps, should be, that in such a medley of conflicting rights, selfish interests, and lawless practices, he was able to maintain himself as well as he did. Two years after the surrender he settled down on his estate and led the life of a genial private citizen until his death, at eighty, in 1672, an inheritor of fame as the most virile and picturesque figure in the colonial history of Manhattan.

Governor Nicolls, the new master of the settlement which then became New York, and which comprised only 1500 people, granted a charter under which Thomas Willet was appointed mayor, and six Dutchmen aldermen and sheriff. A Dutch fleet seized the defenseless town in 1673, but by the treaty of 1674 Manhattan regained an English heritage under Governor Andros. In 1683 the Duke of York, who had become the Catholic king James II., sent Thomas Dongan, an Irish Roman Catholic, to govern the province and the city, which then numbered about 4000 inhabitants below the Wall street defenses. Dongan, during the next three years, recognized "The People," with a big P, in both assembly and city board, established the office of recorder, the city court, the court of sessions and of oyer and terminer, and the chancery or supreme court, and provided a board of assistant aldermen, which was a feature of the city government until 1870.

BLACKMAIL AT THE BASE OF THE GREAT CHARTER.

DONGAN'S charter, handsomely engrossed on parchment, is still preserved in the City Hall as the Magna Charta of Manhattan's liberty and venality. That amiable governor was so well aware of its value to the burghers that he "struck" the Common Council, who were nearly all Dutchmen, for $1500 for himself and $120 for his secretary. James Graham, the first recorder, and Collector Santen complained of this action and a few other irregularities, such as sharing the plunder of pirates.

When the home authorities asked for explanations, Dongan admitted that he had taken the money from the aldermen, but offered the excruciating defense that the matter was trifling since he had "granted nothing more than what they had from my predecessors." This precedent for buying and selling rights and privileges has been followed so persistently by the aldermen and their bosses, that latterly the chief qualification required of these officers has seemed to be the ability to ask one of two questions, or both: "What is it worth to you?" "What is it worth to us?"

It is easy to draw superficial and unfair conclusions from the race factors involved in such sorry episodes of municipal progress. Dongan did not exact the bribe because he was Irish

and a Catholic; nor have the Tammany masters exacted tribute for similar reasons: they happened merely to be of the same moral development. No race and no religion have a monopoly of human weakness or of moral strength. Nor would it be just to say that Dongan's aldermen paid blackmail because Dutch blood flowed in their veins; or that to the same blended and diluted strain was due the craven tribute paid for so many years to Tammany Hall. We are all proud of the Dutch blood that may have been vouchsafed us; and the more, the prouder. To the sturdy Dutch character New York owes much of her large capacity for prosperity and happiness; and to the Dutch perception of human rights, coupled with the Dutch genius for realizing human equality before the law, the world is greatly indebted for the new era of human freedom.

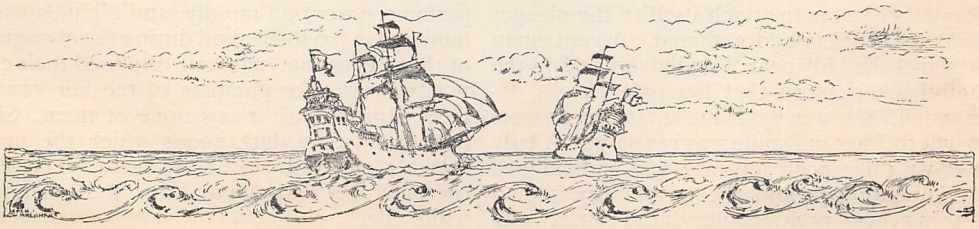
But let us confess that in the last fifty years Manhattan, with a commercially vigorous and prosperous native stock, has offered such a spectacle of civic cowardice as would be impossible in the chief city of any other civilized country. This is the Emporium of Freedom where men who think they are respectable have apologized for official crime; where professional men have been non-committal from fear of losing a moiety of their practice; where merchants under their breath have admitted that they would like to vindicate their manhood, but could not show their true colors without injuring their business; where corporations have trembled when the "Leader" stepped to the Tammany telephone, with wires stretching to every municipal office, to the legislature, and even to Congress, in fear that he would "ring the bell" on them.

Most memorable as a sign was the dinner given by a non-partizan club to Grand-Sachem-and-Mayor Gilroy ten days after he had elevated an assassin and minor malefactors to high honors and civic trusts. In response to the first toast, the Mayor with sublime aplomb rebuked all citizens who had criticized his action, and a certain Mugwump club in particular, for being so deficient in civic pride as "to slander the city itself, and try to make it appear a byword in the mouths of people of other municipalities." Applause followed this plaintive shifting of the responsibility for the moral stench of the appointments, because the high-toned and respectable gentlemen present knew they had been summoned to praise their thraldom, and not to pray for deliverance. Managers of great corporations were there to grace the triumph; for only a corporation manager could know how much was at stake when a Tammany Grand-Sachem-and-Mayor winked friendship or looked displeasure. Surely it could not have been a labor of love for those representatives of the intellectual vigor, education, and wealth of the native stock, to rise at such a specter feast, and garland with soft rhetoric, and sweet ridicule of the mayor's critics, that matchless insult to civic honor. And standing in the shadow cast on "human nature" and "commerce" by the Senate investigation, how can any citizen of New York resent the poet's sneer that

> Honor sinks where commerce long prevails?

Confession is good for the soul; and although "confession" is set down as the lowest and greatest sin in the Tammany decalogue of inverted morals, from the confessions before the Senate Committee the City of New York will derive a new and a nobler standard of civic duty and official honor. Commerce must bear the shame of the neglect of public honor in the past; but the Chamber of Commerce, by taking a leading part in the movement for a regenerated city, offers the surest guarantee that through commerce, the handmaid of learning and the arts, Manhattan will honorably fulfil her glorious destiny.

C. C. Buel.



THE HARD TRIGGER.

By the Author of "Two Runaways," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

THE news traveled fast. It swept like wildfire over a prairie, did this particular piece of news: Major Worthington's only sister, who ran away years before with a dissolute music-teacher, and was not again heard of until now, had sent him as a dying gift her child; instead of a babe, as supposed, the child proved to be a girl upon whom the graces of womanhood were beginning to fall; she had already mastered the free-and-easy customs at Woodhaven; and order reigned at last in that bachelor stronghold.

The rumors even entered the halls of that ponderous body, the Georgia legislature, and became a ruling theme with the younger members, who posed for the gallery when not thundering away for the country upon the vital topics of the day. It went the rounds that the lady was of rare beauty, form, and culture; that in her all the accomplishments Texas could afford, such as horsemanship, lasso-throwing, and shooting, were happily blended with the graces of a famous finishing-school in New Orleans; that she could speak four languages besides that of Texas, and play the piano with her eyes shut.

Such extravagant praise grew from doubtful facts, as those who know the unchangeable old world's methods may well understand. Some of it was traceable to an old negro body-servant belonging to Major Worthington, Isam by name, who was wont to come to town on sundry errands, and was much given to discoursing on the old Worthington family.

As may be imagined, the prospect of such an accession to the cultured society of Baldwin County created a lively interest; and the etiquette of mourning, which needs must be observed, only aggravated the situation. Gradually, however, more authentic and definite information began to attach itself to the meager facts that society had gathered. A gentleman had met the lady near Woodhaven, taking the horseback exercise that her pale cheeks demanded. She was "spirituelle," her eyes were "superb," her sad smile was ravishing. A lady met with like good fortune; and emboldened by superior age and the consciousness of a leading social position, introduced herself, and gained a few moments' conversation. She found her vivacious when aroused, and her voice was "as the music in the pines." A visitor who called to see Major Worthington, some six weeks later, caught a glimpse of a delicate foot pressed against the soft pedal of the old piano; it was exquisitely modeled, and the plaintive nocturne into which the fingers strayed was as "the rippling moonlit waters in a summer night." At the end of two months Milledgeville was prepared for anything.

One day, when noon had paralyzed action of every description from legislative to mercantile, and the doorways and shady corners were dark with idlers, the sound of hoofs smote the air, and hundreds of eyes caught the vision of a slender, flying bay mare bearing a girlish form. The close-fitting black habit reduced her figure to its minimum; into the pale cheeks had come a faint glow; the gloved hands were small. She sat her saddle so easily, so steadily, so nonchalantly, that the spirited animal seemed entirely uncontrolled as she passed. Behind her, upon the great roan recognized at once as Major Worthington's, was a little gray-headed negro incased in an old blue uniform that boasted a white heart front, and wearing a black chapeau of the present Knight Templar pattern. He held the taut reins with both hands, swinging far back in the saddle, to resist the holiday spirit imparted to the roan by the slender steed ahead; and when, with a slight motion, the young woman checked the latter in front of a dry-goods store, the old negro spent a few moments in the air during the roan's clumsy efforts to reduce his speed.

Milledgeville gasped, then started forward; but the lady had gathered her skirts from the saddle-horn, leaped lightly to the ground, passed the reins to her attendant, and, looking neither to the right nor to the left, disappeared within the store. Immediately within that particular store trade was resumed actively. Young legislators strolled in. Handkerchiefs, pins, and perfumery went off rapidly, and big bills were tendered in payment; and during the changing of these, eyes that only half disguised their curiosity sought for glimpses of the fair young face. But the visitor saw none of them. She bent over some dark goods which the awe-struck clerk exhibited, and to those behind her revealed only first one and then the other soft white cheek.

This was not to continue long. At the end of half an hour a gentleman entered upon a bona fide errand. He was tall and stately.

From under his soft black hat the whitest of locks drooped and curled against the ruddiness of his smoothly shaved face, to the right and left of which stood the great points of his immaculate collar, like guards of honor. His suit was of the softest blue broadcloth, his Prince Albert, buttoned at the waist, allowing the upper part to divide over a puffy shirt-front as white as the lint that falls from a cotton-gin. In his left hand he carried a ponderous gold-headed cane. He walked at once to where the clerk was displaying his goods, and asked him a question. He had not noticed the lithe little figure in black; but at that instant, as though responding to an indefinable something in the rich, courteous, sonorous voice, she turned, and met his glance.

"I beg pardon, miss," he began, lifting with an old-time grace the soft hat, and leaving the beautiful white locks visible. "I did not notice — " He stopped short; a puzzled look dwelt for an instant on his genial face, then its lines straightened. "Helen Worthington!" he said involuntarily, scarcely aloud, as though in answer to an unheard question. A wan, sweet smile crept over the girl's face.

"My mother," she said softly — "my mother, who is dead." He looked at her in confusion for a moment, then said hurriedly:

"Yes, my child; I remember, I remember. So your mother is dead!" He changed his hat to his other hand with some agitation, and, drawing out his handkerchief, swept his forehead. "Forgive me! I was one of her old friends,— one of your uncle's friends,— Dr. Huger Bailey. But I am delaying your purchases," he continued, changing abruptly. "Tell him, if you please, that I have just returned from Washington, and will see him very soon. And then I shall hope to renew Miss Helen's acquaintance." He smiled genially, and she gave him her hand.

For a few moments she stood watching the door. "Hujee Bailey!" she murmured. "Where have I heard that name? Why, the letter, to be sure! But that was not Hujee: it was Huger."

Dr. Bailey went to the hotel with somewhat hurried steps, his eyes upon the ground. As he entered the broad veranda he passed a group, one of whom, a heavy-set, black-browed man, was talking. An instant sooner or later, and there would have been no turning-point for this chronicle; the doctor would have passed him without pausing. But at that moment there fell upon his ear these words:

"Helen Worthington was never married; it is unfortunate for the girl."

Dr. Bailey broke through the circle, and stood in front of the speaker, his face now pale, his form tremulous with rage.

"You lying hound!" His heavy stick fell with a crash upon the other's head. The blow was half foiled by the column behind the speaker. There was a scuffle, a drawn pistol, quick action among the bystanders, and the principals were drawn apart. Speechless with rage, Dr. Bailey was forced into his room.

A few moments later one of the younger legislators was lazily causing the yellow billiard-balls to collide upon the moth-eaten cloth of the table belonging to the hotel, while his companion drew the foundations of a julep through a straw.

"What"— crash!— "do you suppose stirred up the old doctor so? I never saw a man get mad all over so quick." He sent the dark ball spinning around on the reverse English. "Dreadfully imprudent, this sort of weather, I should say. Your shot."

The other put aside his glass, and studied the situation of the balls with the utmost gravity as he chalked his cue.

"Friend of the family, I believe. Have heard that he was to have married the first Helen, but the music-teacher cheated him. If I make this shot, good-by to your money."

All this time the spirited mare champed her bit in front of the dry-goods store, tossing her head with impatience, and jerking the old negro's arms violently up and down. But the roan was no longer troublesome. He had already repented. So it was that the negro gave his undivided attention to the mare.

"Des look at 'er now!" he exclaimed indignantly, as the wind blew his chapeau to the ground before her, and she plunged so violently that the old Mexican uniform split between the shoulders. "Whar you f'om you ain' see nobody's hat blow off befo' — whoa, I tell yer! Ef I had my way, I 'd put yer ter er plow— carryin' on like sumpin' 'stracted!"

Isam had restored the chapeau to his head, and the mare seemed to have just discovered the queer effect of the Mexican combination. He had a grip upon the bit-reins with both hands, and she was pulling back with all her might, snorting violently. "'Spec' ef you 'd seen Gen'l Scott, you 'd er broke your fool neck. Hit 's des like dese Kintucky folks, puttin' off deir crazy, glass-eye stock on gemmen," he continued grumbling, though the mare had quieted down as suddenly as she had flared up.

"Dainjous sort er mare, Unc' Isam; ain' fittin' fer no lady ter ride."

Isam surveyed the speaker, a young hotel-waiter, with disdain.

"What you know erbout er horse? Better go 'long back 'bout yo' business, an' don' be stickin' yo' mouf inter er folk's 'fairs. Maybe dainjous to po' white trash what raise you, but don' bother young miss no more 'n er tame rabbit."

"Dat so! I see 'er come erlong des now, an', gemini! she rides!"

This tribute to Isam's mistress had its effect. "Ef you 'd er seen 'er de day dat de drover come erlong wi' dis hyah mare, I reckon you 'd er tort so, sho. All young miss say uz, 'Isam, put saddle on 'er, Isam'; an' me an' Black Bill an dat white man put de saddle on 'er. I been roun' mules er long time, but nuthin' tech dis mare for cavortin'. She uz des draggin' us all roun' de yard, an' hittin' out wid dem front foots er hern like er cat, when young miss bounce up in de saddle, an' say, 'Let go 'er head.' Well, fer 'bout fo' minutes de a'r uz fa'rly full er hoofses and heelses, an' de dus' flew. Den fus' t'ing yer know, young miss uz smoothin' down dat neck, an', bless goodness! the mare uz es tame es er houn' dog behine de stove."

"What did de major pay fer 'er?"

Isam swept his eyes over the fine points of the animal, and looked at his interrogator hard for a moment. His voice sank to confidential tones.

"Cheap! Dat mare win ninety-fo' races in Kintucky, an' jus' goin' on five years old. Money could n' tech 'er; but she done kill fo' men on de track, an' de jedges rule 'er off up deir. Marse Craffud give twelve hundred t'ousan' dollar fer 'er des as she stan'. Whar yer goin' ter, Pomp?"

"Gwine down ter de stable ter tell 'em dat Marse Ram Billin's ain' gwine ter want de horse he order up. Dr. Bailey done bus' Marse Ram's head open wid er stick."

"Oom-hoo!" Isam was all attention.

"Marse Ram say sumpin' 'bout de young lady what ride de mare, an' fus' t'ing you know —blip! an' Dr. Bailey's stick come down on es head."

"Hush! What 'e say 'bout young miss?"

"Dunno; but 'e did n' say hit ergin." Pomp grinned, and sprang aside as Helen came forth from the store. She handed Isam a small package, vaulted lightly into the saddle, and turned her mare's head homeward.

II.

"WHY 'n thunder don't you take the saddle off those horses, you lazy rascal!"

Major Crawford Worthington sat upon his broad back porch at Woodhaven, loading his pipe. His ample form filled the great open rocker to overflowing, and beneath his broad-brimmed hat his small eyes fairly glared.

Isam received the discharge, and passed it on. His voice was as nearly an echo of his master's as his lesser lungs would permit.

"You Bill, why 'n't you come git dese hyah horses? You goin' ter stan' out deir all day?"

"No; you, sir! Take 'em out yourself!"

This time the major roared, and hit the floor a thunderous blow with his ever-present stick.

"Now, uncle," — Helen held up her finger at him as she crossed the yard rapidly toward the porch,— "you were not to swear any more before me."

He struck a match, and as it flickered above his pipe he grumbled, "That trifling scoundrel would make anybody swear."

"No; Isam is perfectly right —"

"Oh, he is, is he?"

"Certainly. He has on his dress-suit, you see —"

"Ho! ho!"

"And naturally wants to preserve it. You ought to commend rather than blame him. Besides, it is Bill's business to attend to the horses."

"It is n't." The major drew in the corners of his mouth, and hit the floor again.

"Yes, it is." She was standing by him, stamping her foot. "You have spoiled them all by the absence of system. What 's nobody's business is everybody's business, and what 's everybody's business is nobody's business."

"You don't tell me!" He looked up in affected surprise.

"I do," she said, laughing, and kissing his cheek.

From the far end of the hall she called back: "Isam belongs to the house, and would lose caste by doing stable-work."

The eyes of the major twinkled as he struck another match. But they reassumed their glare at once. Isam was softly creeping up the steps, his cunning little eyes stealing sidelong glances at him. "You black rascal," he said in a low tone of voice, throwing in a genuine old-time anathema. But Isam merely let one of his genial, fleeting, complicated smiles flicker on his face, and followed his protectress inside. As he passed on to the foot of the steps he affected a dispirited look.

"Young miss," he called gently. Helen came to the door. The old man fixed his eyes upon the floor, and spoke hesitatingly. "Don' you set too much sto' by Marse Craffud when it come ter gittin' shet er his ole tricks. He goin' ter cuss des de same when you ain' roun'."

"Do you think so, Isam?" A shadow fell upon her face.

"Ain' I know hit? 'T ain' been two minutes since he stop me out deir, an' cuss tell I 'm 'bliged ter bre'k loose, an' lef' him."

"Why, I did n't hear him."

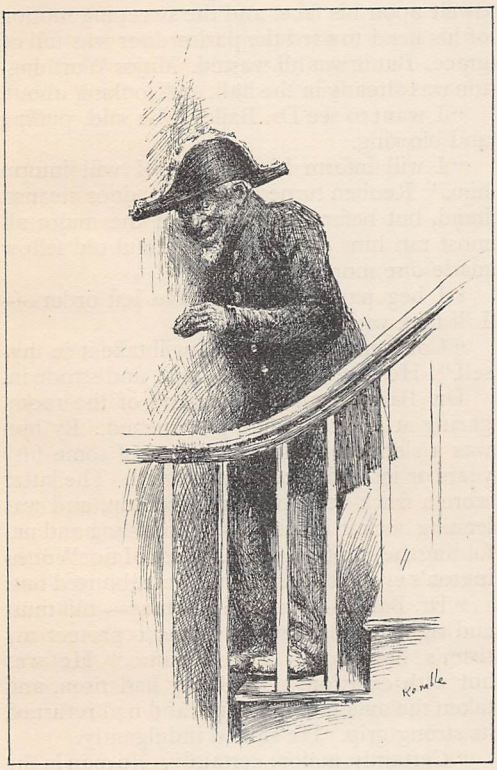
"No, marm,"—Isam laughed silently,—"he too smart fer dat; he git es voice 'way down. But 'e cuss des de same — des de same." Isam resumed his journey up-stairs; but seeing that she had returned to the porch, waited at the turn. He heard her voice in fine scorn.

"Indeed, Major Crawford Worthington!" There was silence for a moment. Isam knew exactly what sort of face the major was turning

toward her — eyes wide open, lips parted. He ducked his own head almost to the floor, and grasped the balusters in an ecstasy of delight.

"Oh, you don't understand; but you can promise your niece, upon the honor of a Worthington, that you will not curse my servants, and you do it when you think I cannot hear — lowering your voice — practising deception. Are n't you ashamed of yourself?"

He restored his pipe to his lips, and closed



ISAM ON THE STAIRS.

his teeth upon it. "No," he said, as he settled back in his chair. Presently, when she was gone, he shook silently as he recalled the situation.

"*My* servants!" he said. Nevertheless, he was glad to see signs of returning cheerfulness in her voice and manner, and he realized that her system had already worked wonders at Woodhaven. Instead of being ruled by Isam and the house women, he had only one to contend with. He fell to dreaming of the old times. "Just like her!" he said, and pulled his hat down farther over his eyes.

When Isam had returned his cherished uniform to its resting-place with the other Worthington plunder in the cedar chest in the garret, he returned to the back porch. For a few moments he stood silent, the shadowy smiles coming and going upon his black face. The major's stout figure was comfortably adjusted to the chair, and he was smoking straight ahead. Finally he took his pipe from his mouth, and burst out with:

"Well, why don't you talk?" His stick emphasized the explosion.

"Uncle! Uncle!" Helen's voice floated out from the house, and reassured Isam. He held an enormous silver watch in his hand.

"I was des er-sayin' ter merself, ef I had ertook my ole watch 'long ter town, an' Marse Craffud had er-gimme 'bout two dollars, 'spec' hit 'u'd be runnin' now es good es anybody's."

"Does you just as much good one way as another."

"How I goin' ter tell what time if hit ain' er-workin'?"

"You can't tell time when it is working."

"Don' you b'lieve er word er dat, Marse Craffud, don't you b'lieve er word er dat. Ole miss show me how forty years ergo."

The major took out his open-face gold watch, and held it in front of the negro. "I 'll give you two dollars if you will tell me what time it is."

Isam examined the watch critically. Then he stole a look at the sun. "Hit 's two o'clock."

The major laughed. "Twenty minutes to two," he said at length.

Isam put on his spectacles, and studied the figures again, and again he stole a glance at the sun. "Dat watch es wrong," he said — "'way yonder wrong. Hit 's des two o'clock."

He never knew why the major laughed so; but laugh he did until the tears ran down his cheeks, and he was seized with a coughing spell, and the delayed dinner-bell rang.

THE chances are that Major Worthington would have smoked himself asleep in the great oaken chair as usual that afternoon, and that life would have glided on in the same old way at Woodhaven, had not Isam sat down upon the back steps just at the critical moment, and after some time spent in reflection gave expression to the thoughts that were troubling him. He spoke in a low voice.

"Dey 's done had er pow'ful row in town — Dr. Bailey and Marse Ram Billin's."

"Ram Billings!"

"Yassah; dey 's had er pow'ful row."

Major Worthington squared himself with the speaker. "Well, go on!" Helen was slowly running over some old air on the piano; her warning call floated out again:

"Uncle!"

"An' Dr. Bailey bus' es head wide open wid er stick."

"Good! He ought to have done it."

"Would er killed him, mebbe, ef 'e had n' hit er pos' too, dey say."

"What was the fight about?"

"War n' no fight at all. Marse Ram 'e up an' say sumpin' 'bout young miss, an'—blip! down come de stick. Dat settle hit."

Over the florid face of the major swept a sudden pallor, and as though resuming the activity of twenty years ago, he stood up without an effort. His whole manner changed; his voice was grave and deliberate.

"What did he say, Isam?"

"Don' know, sah."

"Does *she* know anything about this?" He nodded his head toward the hall, and whispered the question. The next instant Helen stood in the doorway.

"Uncle," she said, remembering her commission, "I saw Dr. Bailey in town this morning, and he told me to say that he had just returned from Washington, and would come out to see you soon."

"Dr. Bailey! I must see him immediately. Get my horse, Isam!" He passed hurriedly to his room.

Something in his face and manner attracted the girl's attention.

"What is the matter with Uncle Crawford, Isam?"

"Ain' nuthin' matter wid 'im—"

"Isam, you—black rascal!"

"What I tell yer! Young miss, what I tell yer! Yassah, I 'm er-comin'." And he disappeared also.

"Don't you open your mouth about this matter while I am gone. Not a word; do you understand?" The major's face was red, and the purple veins in his neck were pronounced; but it may have been from the exertion of drawing on his boot.

"No, sah." If emphasis meant anything, Isam was pledged body and soul.

"I won't trust you—"

"Marse Craffud, I ain' gwine ter talk."

"Well, then!"

"Is there anything the matter?" Helen asked the question of Isam as he passed out.

"No, marm. Des one er Marse Craffud's notions. He wants ter see Dr. Bailey; an' when Marse Craffud wants anyt'in', 'e ain' gwine ter wait er minute—not er minute. Thought you done fine dat out long ergo, young miss." By this time he was out in the yard, and his easy laugh, floating back, quieted the suspicions of his hearer. As the major passed out, she asked:

"Uncle, does Dr. Hujee Bailey spell his first name H-u-g-e-r?" He looked at her without replying, and went down the steps.

The roan went back to Milledgeville at a pace that covered him with foam.

The legislature was sitting; but there were nevertheless many curious people to gaze upon the sweating roan and his portly rider, as they passed along the main street and, turning, halted in front of the Bailey residence. Major Worthington advanced as rapidly as possible up the graveled walk, oblivious of the well-trimmed boxwood hedges, the clustering roses, and the warbling catbirds. The servant who met him at the door was nearly a hundred years old. No king ever wore a crown with more dignity than Reuben his age and honors. Had he not known all the great men of Georgia for sixty years or more? He bowed low, a half-smile dwelt upon his face, and the sweeping motion of his head toward the parlor door was full of grace. But it was all wasted. Major Worthington was already in the hall, and looking about.

"I want to see Dr. Bailey," he said, puffing and blowing.

"I will inform him, major; I will inform him." Reuben turned toward a door near at hand, but before he reached it the major almost ran him down. The faithful old fellow made one more effort.

"I beg pardon, major. He left orders—I 'll take your name in—"

"Confound his orders! I will take it in myself." He threw the door open, and strode in.

Dr. Bailey sat at the far end of the room, gazing at a note he had just opened. By him was a slender, pallid gentleman of some fifty years or less, his face clean shaved. The latter wore a frock-coat, buttoned well up, and was leaning back in his chair, slowly folding and unfolding the empty envelop. When Major Worthington's eye fell upon this figure he blurted out:

"Dr. Bailey—Colonel Thomas—this must end right here. I am the one to protect my sister's honor, my niece's name." He was hot with exertion. Dr. Bailey had risen, and taken the outstretched hand, and had returned its strong grip. He smiled indulgently.

"Certainly, major; certainly. No man in the world is better able. But I have a separate quarrel now with Mr. Billings, and no one can take my place there—no one."

"Can't, hey! Well, who wants to, sir? Who wants to? But I claim that my grievance is older than your blow. What did he say about Helen? What was it, Bailey?"

"Crawford!"

"Don't Crawford me! Out with it!"

Dr. Bailey looked toward Colonel Thomas, questioning him with a glance. The latter had not moved from his seat; his long, white fingers were still folding and unfolding the envelop. He met the glance, and gravely nodded his head.

"Oh, well, Crawford, the fellow said that Helen Worthington—was—was—never—married—" He stopped short; the major's face was ashen. "Crawford, leave it to me."

"To *you!*" The explosion was frightful. "Leave the vindication of my sister's honor—

my niece—to you—and I alive!" But instantly, almost, he was calm. "Colonel Thomas, I claim your services." Colonel Thomas nodded; his eyes were still turned upon the envelop. "Go to the scoundrel, and tell him that I assume this quarrel; that as the blow was struck in the vindication of my family, I claim the right to assume the responsibility. Tell him anything! Tell him, if he refuses to meet me —"

"But, Crawford—" Dr. Bailey stepped to his side, and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"I will do it! Heavens, man! Have I got to quarrel with you?" Colonel Thomas arose; the envelop dropped upon the table.

"Gentlemen," he said,—his voice was as quiet as a doctor's in a sick-room — "as you have both asked me to represent you in this matter, perhaps you will let me settle this preliminary question."

But the major had grasped Colonel Thomas's hand:

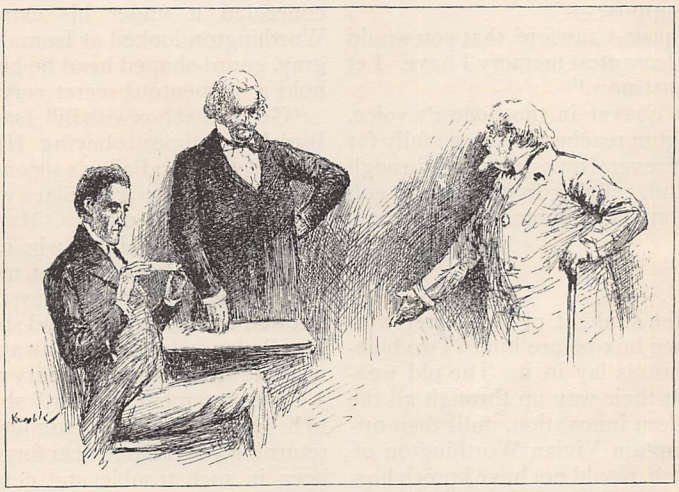
"I place myself at your disposal, colonel; only let there be no delay — not a moment."

"Then I am to understand — "

"Of course!" The major roared out the words, striking the floor with his stick. "And at once!"

Colonel Thomas understood. An authority upon dueling, he was generally consulted. When matters were left to him, a settlement or a duel at once followed.

After his second had departed, Major Worthington went over to the window. Dr. Bailey was standing there, his back turned, gazing into the beautiful Indian-summer day. The major turned him around gently, and in silence took his hand, pressed it, and would have departed, but Dr. Bailey detained him.



THE MEETING AT DR. BAILEY'S.

Both turned to him.

"Major Worthington is entirely correct," he said. "If he were to let any one carry on this quarrel, the origin of which was an insult to his family name, he would be impeached in his honor. In addition, the political preferment he seeks would be an impossibility. No man can defend the honor of another, except up to a certain point. Major Worthington must take the lead now; and if, he having rendered satisfaction for the blow, Ramsey should still demand it of you, Dr. Bailey, you would be obligated to respond."

Dr. Bailey turned aside. He knew his friend was in the right.

"I had hoped," he said, with his back turned toward them, and with an uncertain tone in his voice, "it would have been different. I risk nothing — nothing whatever. Major Worthington now risks a great deal."

"Crawford, I want to speak to you — about — Helen. You would not let me years ago. The time has come now." A look of surprise dwelt upon his friend's face. "You know that she was married in Macon. Did you ever learn the particulars? I witnessed her marriage."

"You!"

Dr. Bailey walked to a secretary near by, took from a drawer a document, and passed it to his companion. The major's hand trembled as he adjusted his glasses. He looked at the doctor apprehensively once or twice before he read. It was a duplicate of the marriage certificate issued for Charles Ridgewood and Catharine Helen Worthington. Attached was the name of Huger Bailey, witness.

"I met her there with Ridgewood. She frankly told me all. It is true that she had promised her hand to me, but it was the promise of a mere girl to a man of thirty-two; her heart could

not follow it. Well, it broke my heart; but she was right. I did all that I could for her, Crawford; I did all. I hurried them to the marriage. It was the best that could be done then. She might have been deceived."

A new light shone in Major Worthington's eyes; it was the glimmer of a half-formed tear, perhaps.

"No," he said gently, after a long pause, in a voice that none could have recognized; "that was not all. It must have been you who gave them money to start life in Texas. I might have done it — I ought; but it took a better man."

"Well, well, Crawford, you 'll make it up with the new Helen; you 'll make it up yet."

"So it was you, then? How much was it, Bailey? How much was it?"

"Crawford!"

"Don't Crawford me any more, 'Jee; don't do it. I am going to pay you that money. Why, did you suppose — "

"I did n't suppose, Crawford, that you would rob me of the pleasantest memory I have. Let it alone — at least now."

There was a quaver in the doctor's voice. Major Worthington reached unsuccessfully for his handkerchief several times, plunged through the doorway, and, rallying from a terrific collision with old Reuben, mounted the tired roan.

III.

Isam sat in the sunlight of the garret window with an open box before him. Two blue-steel-barreled pistols lay in it. The old weapons had fought their way up through all the changes of modern innovation, until their original owner, Captain Vivian Worthington of Washington's staff, would not have known how to fire them. First the cumbersome and uncertain flints were removed, a percussion-cap arrangement was substituted, and then they were sent to England to be rifled. Afterward the "saw-handles" were replaced with the round ones of this day, and double sights added. They had lain away in the old chest for full many a year; for the major's friends were all past the broiling age, and the new generation overlooked them. Once, in his silly boyhood, the major himself stood up before one of them and behind the other, on a June morning; and four white spots on his two fat legs still recorded the pathway of the compliments conferred by his antagonist.

"Dis hyah de ve'y pistol dat did de work," said Isam, picking up one of them. "Hyah de ve'y mark I scratch deir ter keep Marse Craffud f'om gittin' front er hit de nex' time." He tried the trigger; time had made it hard to move. It was while mentally commenting on this fact that a scheme began to shape itself under the whitening wool he thoughtfully scratched.

"Dr. Bailey mus' git dis pistol," he said finally; "he mus' git dis pistol. He shoot best wid er strong trigger. Take er man wid er fat finger, an' he ain' got no business foolin' wid one er dese touch-an'-go-bang guns." He picked the other up, and examined it critically. It, too, was hard. Isam studied the situation for a long time, and then went to work upon it. "Now," he continued, "Marse Ram Billin's he got er fat finger too, an' I 'spec' natchally er hard trigger erbout suit him; but Marse Ram ain' no frien' er dis fambly, an' dat settle hit."

Smiling, he went to work upon the second weapon, polishing its works until they were free from rust, and oiling them until the slightest touch would bring down the hammer. Then he packed the pistols in their case, and took them down-stairs. He found Black Bill with the old family carriage hitched up, and Dr. Bailey present. The latter took the case, and concealed it under his extra coat. Major Worthington looked at Isam doubtfully. That gray, gourd-shaped head he knew could never hold a momentous secret very long.

"Get on that box with Bill, Isam," he said; and Isam lost no time in obeying. His master was going to act as Dr. Bailey's second, and he would be present. He took his place with folded arms, the incarnation of dignity. Major Worthington kissed the brow of Helen, who came to the door.

"If I 'm not back to-night, my dear," he said, "I may be gone several days." She bade him farewell unsuspectingly, and shook hands with Dr. Bailey, who looked away from her face when he uttered the customary words of parting.

"One moment, doctor," she said, running to her room; "I have a letter for you. There," — returning, — "I came near forgetting it. I have been in such trouble and confusion of late." When his eye fell upon the handwriting, he quickly thrust the letter into his pocket. He looked at Helen, but she had turned aside.

The carriage bore them to the depot. The next morning they were at Sand Bar Ferry, opposite Augusta, in the State of South Carolina; and a few minutes later Ramsey Billings appeared with his young friend Albert Duncan, Esq., and a surgeon. While Dr. Bailey was conferring with the latter, and stepping off the ground, Isam availed himself of the coveted opportunity. He got close to Major Worthington, and touched his elbow.

"Marse Craffud, Marse Craffud, honey!" he whispered.

"Well?"

The negro's eyes assumed twice their usual proportions; he was on the threshold of a bloody tragedy, and of course all a-quiver with excitement.

"Listen ter me! listen ter me! Dat pistol — de one bored yo' legs — es de pistol you wanter

git fer Dr. Bailey. Hit 's hard on de trigger, an' he got er fat finger. T' other pistol go off ef yer tech de handle, 'mos'. Listen ter me, honey! I 'm er-tellin' yer now."

Major Worthington looked at him curiously. "Isam," he said in a voice and manner new to the negro, "sometimes — in their excitement, you know — men shoot wild. I may be hit — may be fatally hit. You must stick to the young mistress — do you understand, old fellow?"

Isam was ten feet away when he finished. "Goodness, Marse Craffud! Whar I gwine ter stan'? Ef dey 's gwine ter be shootin' wile, lemme git erway f'om hyah."

The major could not restrain a smile; but he availed himself of the opportunity to get rid of the old fellow, who was liable to become an uncertain factor if he found out the true state of affairs in time.

"You had better get over yonder by that bush," he said. "And remember, if you leave there, it will be at the risk of your life. Whatever you do, don't come near me."

As may be imagined, Isam lost no time in following the directions given. He took his position about forty yards to the right and rear, and awaited the end with growing excitement. He saw Major Worthington and Ramsey Billings take position opposite each other at fifteen paces, while Colonel Thomas and Mr. Duncan loaded the pistols. He could not understand why it was that his master had so little to do; but he did not fail to notice that Dr. Bailey stood beyond both, and he found infinite satisfaction in the reflection that it would take the wildest kind of shooting to put a bullet in the neighborhood of the bush. But presently, when Colonel Thomas stepped forward and took Major Worthington's hat and coat, and placed one of the pistols in his hand, Isam began to rub his eyes. Then for the first time it came to Isam that the fight was between his master and Ramsey Billings. With a cry of alarm, his eyes protruding from their sockets, he started to run around to where Dr. Bailey was standing. Just as he got well to the rear there rang out upon the crisp morning air the words:

"Gentlemen, are you ready? . . . Fire!" Instantly followed two reports in rapid succession, and he received a shock that sent him headlong to the ground. Had he been in a condition to observe anything further, he would have seen Ramsey Billings sink in a heap, also.

"Are you struck, major?" It was Dr. Bailey who put the query as, in great anxiety, he advanced. But Major Worthington dashed his weapon to the ground in rage.



"OH, LORDY! I 'M KILLED, I 'M KILLED!"

"The hair-trigger! Confound the meddlesome fool!"

"Keep your place, major," said Colonel Thomas, coldly. "Gentlemen, are you satisfied?" he asked the other group.

"My principal is disabled," said Mr. Duncan, rising and bowing. "The ball is through his instep."

At that moment there arose from behind the Worthington party a wail so long, so deep, so agonizing, as to chill the hot blood in their veins. Isam was rolling upon the ground, both hands clasped above his stomach.

"Oh, lordy! I 'm killed, I 'm killed, I 'm killed!" They hastened to his side, and Dr. Bailey raised his head.

"Where are you struck, my poor fellow? Move your hands."

Major Worthington was tremulous with excitement. "Where is it, Isam? Where is it — where is it?"

"Right hyah—right hyah! Oh, lordy! frough an' frough! Back broke, Marse Craffud; back broke, an' bofe legs!"

"Let me see the wound, Isam," said Dr. Bailey. "I can't do anything for you while you carry on like that." He tried to draw his hands away.

"No! no! doctor; 't ain't no use. Oh, lordy! oh, lordy! Deir ain' nuthin' but loose bones." Tears of mortal anguish were streaming down the poor old fellow's cheeks, and he was shaking as with swamp-ague.

"Isam, don't do that way. Let Dr. Bailey see your wound—"

"Nuthin' but loose bones, Marse Craffud! Dey 's all broke, doctor; all broke! I got my han's on 'em."

Weakened at last, they succeeded in pulling his hands aside. No blood-stains appeared. Then the black body was hurriedly exposed; but still no injury was perceptible. Dr. Bailey put his finger into the bullet-hole he had seen in the vest. Then he began to laugh silently, hope lighting up the faces of the others as they watched him. At this moment Mr. Duncan approached them, inquiring courteously:

"Your servant, major—is he much hurt?"

"Not at all. His old silver watch saved him," said Dr. Bailey, rising, and doing his best to bring his face into a condition befitting the scene before them; for Ramsey Billings was loudly swearing at everything while the last bandage was being fastened about the wounded foot. "You understand, Mr. Duncan, that circumstances prevented my offering your surgeon any assistance."

"Confound your assistance!" yelled the pain-racked duelist, who caught his words. "But for the hard trigger you would have had your hands full. I hope I got the nigger anyhow."

Mr. Duncan bowed stiffly. "I understand perfectly, doctor. I trust that you will take no notice of the words you have just heard. Mr. Billings is hardly responsible now."

Isam had assumed a sitting position, and drawn his old timepiece from his fob. It was indeed a hopeless wreck. Nothing could have created a reaction with him quicker than the discovery of the disaster to his cherished companion.

"Dat settle hit," he said sadly. It had suffered often before, but all its sufferings were as nothing compared with that. The flattened bullet was embedded among the wheels, and case, crystal, hands, and face were sunk into common ruin.

THE next day, as the major sat upon the back porch at Woodhaven, he handed the old fellow a new silver watch of modern construction.

"See if that keeps good time, you black rascal," he said, never looking toward him.

Words cannot describe the expression that came into Isam's face. He opened the watch, studied the figures intently for a while, and, stealing a glance at the sun, nodded his head. Then he broke into a low laugh, as he exclaimed:

"Lor'! Lor'! How dis hyah watch do run! Hit's des 'zactly nine minutes pas' eleven! 'Spec' dat julep oughter be er-julepin' 'bout now."

He laughed his little chuckle as he crossed the yard to get the mint, and at the garden gate he again took out the timepiece, studied it gravely for a moment, and, casting a sly glance back at the major, who was intently observing him from under his broad hat, called out:

"Dis watch knockin' off time like er nigger shuckin' corn. Hit 's des *fo'* minutes pas' eleven now."

There was a sudden explosion on the porch, and the fire flew out of the major's pipe as he let his merriment have full sway. And Helen, coming to the back door, laughed too to see him. But Isam passed around the corner with the watch, and examined it suspiciously. He found no fault there.

"Hit 's des some er Marse Craffud's foolishness," he said; and then he gathered the mint.

THREE facts in the letter which Dr. Bailey had received belong to this record.

First. The five thousand dollars sent to Helen Worthington by him were intercepted by her husband, part wasted, and part invested in cheap lands which had increased greatly in value.

Second. She had but recently gained from her husband, and upon his death-bed, her first information of the *loan*.

Third. She had by deed conveyed the land to Dr. Huger Bailey of Baldwin County, Georgia, in payment of the debt, leaving her daughter to her brother, Major Crawford Worthington, of the same place.

WHEN these two old fellows next met, Major Worthington bent his head, shuffled around suddenly until his back was turned, his hands in the mean time spasmodically exploring his coat-tails for the ever misplaced handkerchief. But Dr. Bailey, with his face brightened almost to beauty by the glow of some unutterable thought, threw an arm over his friend's shoulder, and drew him toward the window.

"I see you received my letter," he said. "What are we going to do for our Helen?"

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

PROEM TO A VICTORIAN ANTHOLOGY.

ENGLAND! since Shakspere died no loftier day
For thee than lights herewith a century's goal,—
Nor statelier exit of heroic soul
Conjoined with soul heroic,— nor a lay
Excelling theirs who made renowned thy sway
Even as they heard the billows which outroll
Thine ancient sea, and left their joy and dole
In song, and on the strand their mantles gray.
Star-rayed with fame thine Abbey windows loom
Above his dust, whom the Venetian barge
Bore to the main; who passed the twofold marge
To slumber in thy keeping: yet make room
For the great Laurifer, whose chanting large
And sweet shall last until our tongue's far doom.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Civic Self-Knowledge.

THE American cities which are beginning to take an interest in their own affairs will soon discover, among other things, how difficult it is to find out what it is necessary to know about the municipal business, on account of the absence of any proper municipal statistics.

The statisticians of Europe have a well-grounded contempt for American statistics. They make use of the statistics published by the General Government and by boards of trade and the like, to some extent; but our municipal statistics, as a rule, are ignored, excepting as to deaths in a few of the larger cities. The births are so defectively reported that no account at all is taken of them in foreign reports, there being in almost every municipal report in this country more deaths than births, which is, of course, preposterous, and shows the foreigner that the reports are false on their very face. Still further discredit is thrown upon the birth and marriage statistics by the sudden spurts, excited by threats of the authorities to enforce legal penalties, which sometimes force up the reports fifty per cent. from one week to another. These sudden and extreme variations, if unexplained, look like intentional and dishonest padding of reports.

Municipal statistical reports upon other subjects, as already stated, are for the most part ignored, as they bear every mark of careless and inaccurate compilation — one might almost say purposeless compilation — for they are thrown together in such a way that it is hard to extract any actual information from them. They give what nobody wants to know, and keep back or bury in a mass of chaff what people *do* want to know. They are not statistics at all, in the sense of facts scientifically arranged after a definite and orderly plan, but are mere figures put together in the way that entails the least labor and trouble.

In the city of New York the Board of Health is the best provided in this particular; but it is very difficult, indeed, to obtain statistics from many bureaus and departments in the city government. Some of them seem to keep no regular statistics at all, and supply them only when called for by going over their books and counting up items — a method which allows of no checks and counter-checks, and therefore gives untrustworthy results. Moreover, every department keeps its own tables in its own way; and therefore they cannot always, if ever, be brought into clear correspondence with one another. Many tables are kept and printed which have no statistical value at all, and especially for the outsiders who keep sending for statistics. Many differ in the times for which the tables are made up, or the same heading may include different items in different departments, rendering it almost impossible to compare one set of records with another — the courts, the police, and the correctional institutions, for example. In brief, the statistics that can at present be obtained in New York are for the most part so scattered and incomplete and badly classified, and so many facts that should be taken into account are entirely neglected, that it is fair to call our municipal statistics, taken all together, a chaos of figures.

In our opinion, this could all be remedied, at very slight expense, by the establishment of a municipal statistical office or bureau which should have authority to require reports of any kind it deemed desirable from any department of the city government. Its employees should be relieved of all other duties than statistical ones; for there is no occupation that requires more undivided and uninterrupted attention than the prepara-

tion of statistical tables that shall be free from errors. This bureau, in accordance with a general plan for its reports, annual or otherwise, which should insure uniformity and accuracy, should furnish its own blank forms to the several officers of the city government, to be properly filled out and returned to it at regular stated intervals. It should publish reports entirely uncolored and free from personal or partizan bias, consisting of well-classified, properly arranged, and thoroughly indexed tables, entirely free from text, excepting so far as it may be necessary to explain them.

Such a bureau would be of great value to the city in many ways — probably in ways not now thought of. The compilation of so many facts of different classes in one office might suggest measures of economy in methods and in clerical force that could not be got at in any other way. It might result in valuable discoveries in sanitation and in other important matters. It would, at any rate, give every citizen a chance to have his questions answered; for comparatively few people in this city know how or where to procure the information they need regarding subjects of public interest.

It would probably not require very much time or labor to get such an office started, although the original plans might require modification if unexpected difficulties arose. The duties might be assigned to the Commissioners of Accounts, or to the Board of Health, which at present seems to be the only branch of the city government with a distinct statistical service; or it might be made an entirely separate bureau, which would perhaps be better.

Such statistical bureaus exist already in many cities of Europe. Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Paris, and Milan publish annual statistical reports, prepared by special bureaus, which furnish very complete statistics regarding topography, meteorology, demography, hospital and ambulance service, police, fire, insurance, street traffic and travel, gas, slaughter-houses, markets and prices, street paving, lighting, and repairs, schools, correctional and eleemosynary institutions, water-supply, chemical and bacteriological analyses, etc. What might not such a publication do for New York?

During the labors of the Tenement-house Committee of 1894, although that body had full powers of subpœna and examination under oath, and although it met with hearty coöperation in various city departments, still it was with great difficulty that certain required statistical information was obtained from some branches of the city government. The figures furnished by the Health Department were of the very greatest service in the framing of proposed legislation. In the matter of fires, while every member of the department approached by the committee was most willing and helpful, still the kind and amount of information desired was obtained with the greatest difficulty. A private citizen, Mr. Simon Brentano, came to the relief of the committee: at his own expense he put an accountant at work upon the books, and produced a series of facts and figures which resulted in some of the most useful recommendations as to legislation made by the committee.

This is a striking example of the use of municipal statistics. We believe that the expense of such an office — and it need not be an expensive one — would be saved by the light it would throw upon means and methods, and the suggestions it would thereby afford in the direction of economy. But outside of any consideration of expense, such a bureau would have a tendency to clear up the situation; it would help the city to know itself; in the present emergency it would be of great and special use in the interest of good government. The direct suggestion of such a bureau was made by Mr. Jacob A. Riis in his testimony before the Tenement-house Committee, and it is one that, in our opinion, should be immediately acted upon.

The general argument as to the necessity of such a bureau in New York applies to every other community in the country. In smaller communities the time and expense devoted to such work would be proportionately less; but there is not a community in America that does not need to have better statistical knowledge of its own affairs.

The Cure for Municipal Corruption.

ELSEWHERE in this number of the magazine it is shown that the elaborate system of police and political blackmail uncovered by the Lexow Committee is to some extent a legacy from colonial days. Under the Dutch governors Manhattan Island was ruled as a commercial principality for the benefit of a trading company depending for its profits on a monopoly of traffic with the savages of a wild country. To overreach the natives and to coerce the settlers to respect the monopoly was the natural duty of the trading company's officers; and to overreach the company and get into favored relations with its officers was a natural resource against commercial restrictions, of the traders, freebooters, and slave-dealers who always flock to a semi-civilized emporium. These conditions corrupted the channels of authority and the town life of the colony, but fortunately had a less demoralizing effect on the actual settlers and landholders from whom have descended the makers of New York's prosperity and greatness.

The same conditions of illicit trade and official corruption were perpetuated under the English governors, and with less excuse, because New York was then sufficiently organized as a society to have a public conscience. And it should never be forgotten, as a means of keeping the public mind alive to a never-ceasing danger, that the charter granted by Governor Dongan — the corner-stone of New York's municipal rights and privileges — was used by that worthy as a means of extorting a mean bribe for himself and his secretary.

Under similar physical and trade conditions it is fair to assume, from the teachings of history, that any other race of people would have comported themselves as did the Dutch on Manhattan Island. In later colonial times the race responsibility was divided; and in our own times the equation of race, though more complicated in its elements, is very simple as to the responsibility, which rests primarily upon the blended native stock. In New York, as in the other large cities of the country, the foreign-born elements have shown a willingness to follow, when the natives were disposed to assume their obligation to lead; but when foreign elements of an inferior order have found leadership lying at their feet like a discarded bauble, they have wielded it, according to custom, with a tendency to err on the side of venality and oppression, which is the usual effect of putting political power into the hands of poor and ignorant men.

After two hundred years of trifling with the muni-

cipal problem, New York has at last accumulated enough recorded experience and disgrace to arrive at sound conclusions as to what human nature will do under conditions of civic neglect. As an exemplar of municipal cowardice, she has encouraged corruption in other large cities of the country; now, as an aroused community, she is pricking the consciences of the sister cities. If she takes the plain and obvious course to purify her own political life, and to keep it pure, the politics of the whole country will be lifted to a higher plane of honesty and honor.

As the causes of corruption in the large cities are primarily the same, so the cure must be the same. Those citizens who are most favorably situated as to the opportunities of education and property, in addition to carrying the heaviest end of the burden of taxation, must attend to the drudgery of politics, and show by an enlightened public spirit that the business affairs of a municipality are worthy of self-sacrifice.

Also it must be understood, and enforced by practice, that the poorest system of municipal administration will do more for the public good with an honest, self-dependent man at the head of it, than the best system with a depraved or ignorant tool of a political boss at the helm. An unworthy head at once devitalizes a municipal organization, no matter what the clime, race, confusion of races, or form of government.

Municipal corruption always spreads from the controlling official through his executive agents into the body of the people; and it is the merest sophistry — humorously offered, perhaps — for the ablest organ of Tammany Hall to claim that the police corruption was an infection from dishonest merchants who employed the art of bribery to prevent the enforcement of troublesome laws. It is no excuse for a police officer who falls, that bribers were lying in wait for him; he was commissioned to go forth in the name of the municipality to wage war on thieves and lawbreakers, and to nip the amateur malefactor in the bud. But how can he be expected to do his duty if he sees that the mayor at the top is a figurehead for a ring which in every attribute and act shows that it is organized and run for the spoils of office and the plunder to be got from extortion and blackmail? Woe to the city whose mayor is the product of its political slums; woe to the city whose mayor, though honest in himself, is the creature of the boss of its political slums.

And finally, the cure of municipal corruption depends upon the elimination of the irresponsible boss. No public officer can serve two masters; and there never was and never can be good government through boss rule. There will always be a dominating personality in every political organization — municipal, State, or national; and any citizen may laudably aspire to wield such an influence. But public sentiment should demand that the boss of a party shall assume through the ballot-box the highest official responsibility that his party is able to confer.

Suppose that the recent "leader," on coming into the dictatorship of Tammany Hall, had been forced by public sentiment to take his own nomination for mayor. Either he would have dwindled into a harmless suppliant for public favor, as when he was compelled by his own predecessor as boss to run for alderman; or he would have justified his right to govern New York. What he did do was to learn by sore experience that Mr. Hewitt was not the mayor to serve him rather than the public, and then to put forward one mayor more amenable to his behests than another, until he had piled on the city as much degradation as suited his personal ends, and more than had ever been known in the annals of municipal martyrdom.

The only way, then, to rid municipal life of political hirelings is to compel jobbing statesmen to vindicate their right to manage public affairs by a direct appeal to the ballot-box, which they shun as the devil does holy water.

OPEN LETTERS.

A Grave of Heroes at Chattanooga.

SOME time ago the writer and some friends were discussing an article in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," entitled, "The Locomotive Chase in Georgia," when one of the party remarked, "Those men deserve a monument!" Thereupon I told them of the monument to their memory as the story was told to me in June, 1891, by the officer in charge of the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, as follows:

J. J. Andrews and twenty-one others, one of whom was a civilian, entered upon their dangerous mission with every prospect of success, but the inclemency of the weather caused a postponement of the effort for one day, a delay which proved fatal to the result of the enterprise. The road was crowded with trains. The pursuit was vigorous and persistent. The expedition resulted in disaster and death. Sixteen were captured, and six escaped. Of the captured, eight, among whom was the leader of the party, were tried and convicted as spies. Some of these were executed at Chattanooga and some at Atlanta. The others were afterward exchanged. After the war had ended the bodies of those executed were removed to the National Cemetery at Chattanooga. When the body of Andrews was disinterred at Atlanta the shackles were still upon his limbs, and the rope with which he was hanged was around his neck.

The participants in the expedition were all from the State of Ohio, and years afterward — I think in 1889 — the legislature of that State appropriated $5000 for the purpose of erecting a monument to their memory. A pleasant spot in the cemetery was secured, and the monument was erected. It is of granite, and is surmounted by a miniature image in bronze of the "General," the stolen engine. The monument was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on Decoration Day, 1891. On one face of the monument is a history of the expedition; on another face are the names of those members of the party who were executed; on another, the names of those who were exchanged; and on the other, the names of those who escaped. Opposite each face of the monument are the graves of two of the dead.

There were present at the ceremonies two of the survivors of that desperate "race," and one or two of their captors. When the exercises were ended they met upon the platform and shook hands. It was the meeting of brave men. There were relatives of the dead from far-away States, among them two women who had come to

visit, for the first time, the grave of a brother. One of them, in an attempt to pluck some flowers from her brother's grave, was stopped by a guard, and immediately burst into tears. A word of explanation was given, and her hands were filled with roses.

The monument is located in one of the prettiest parts of the cemetery, and is one of the objects of interest to the visitor to that "city of the dead." Loving hands cover each grave with flowers. Surrounded by thousands of "unknown" comrades from distant battlefields, beneath the shadows of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, they "sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

George H. Fair.

Noah Brooks's References to Charles Sumner.

MR. NOAH BROOKS makes two statements concerning Charles Sumner in THE CENTURY for last November, p. 145, which I desire to challenge. The first is that Mr. Sumner, before delivering his speeches, read them before a glass, "studying the effect of his gestures by the light of lamps placed at each side of the mirror." This he does not pretend to have himself seen, or to have been so informed by any one who had seen it, but more than forty years afterward he first publishes it as reported to him by a "Mr. Gardner, the aged custodian of the house," long since dead, who was so told by "younger members of the family," who are unnamed and unidentified. One questions if any credence can be placed in American history for the last half-century if it is to be built on such foundations. If any one thing is unmistakable, it is that Washington gossip is not history.

Mr. Brooks's indifference to accurate statement is apparent in his quotation of a reference to such a habit of Mr. Sumner, which he attributes to "Senator Butler of South Carolina," who never made such a reference. One somewhat like it was made by Senator Douglas (though Mr. Brooks's quotation does not follow the "Congressional Globe") in the Senate, May 20, 1856. Mr. Sumner thought the absurdity of such a story so apparent on its face that he included it in his published works, Vol. IV, p. 249, as a part of Douglas's remarks, thus dismissing it with the silent contempt it deserved.

Mr. Sumner, it may be remarked, used no gestures which appeared to have been trained, and those he did use were the least attractive part of his public speaking. Edward Everett and Wendell Phillips were distinguished for their effective gestures, but not so with such orators as Mr. Sumner and Phillips Brooks.

Living persons who were witnesses of Mr. Sumner's home life, sleeping in his house or passing much of the day in it, never observed him doing what Mr. Brooks imputes to him. His secretaries (except E. J. Holmes, who was with him only a year) are all living, and are well known,—A. B. Johnson, chief clerk of the Lighthouse Board at Washington; Charles C. Beaman, of the New York bar; and Francis V. Balch and Moorfield Storey, both of the Boston bar. All these gentlemen, after an examination of Mr. Brooks's article, concur in the statement that he had no such practice. Mr. Beaman writes: "I never saw him do any such thing, nor ever heard of it, and do not believe he ever did it." Mr. Balch writes: "I certainly never saw such a thing, and I was with him at all hours and constantly." Mr. Storey, who lived in Mr. Sumner's house, writes: "The suggestion that he practised his gestures before a glass is, I am satisfied, without the least foundation." Mr. Johnson's denial of such a habit is equally explicit.

Mr. Brooks's other statement is that Mr. Sumner "would graciously receive and entertain men whose experience or mental acquisitions could be utilized, and when he had, as it were, squeezed dry his prize, he would toss it aside with delightful abandon"; and he gives as an illustration "Captain Bulkely, of the United States revenue marine service," who, as he states, supplied materials for Mr. Sumner's speech on Alaska in 1867, at which time he was "a favorite guest for a few days at the senator's house," but whom the senator "failed to recognize when they subsequently met." This story is against all probabilities, and will not bear scrutiny.

No person of the name of Bulkely has at any time been connected with the revenue marine, technically known as the revenue cutter service. I have before me the official certificate of the Treasury Department which says: "The records of the department fail to show that there was at any time an officer named Bulkely connected with the revenue cutter service." Mr. Brooks's fidelity as a narrator is again impeached.

After some search I have, as I suppose, identified the person referred to. Mr. Sumner, in his Alaska speech, mentions Captain Charles S. Bulkley as director of the Russian American Telegraph Company, not naming, however, any contributions from him, but emphasizing in the connection the important services of Major Kennicott, who accompanied the telegraph force in a different capacity. Mr. Sumner, in his difficult research for materials as to a territory then little known, sought information from all available sources, particularly from the Smithsonian Institution. I have in my possession several letters addressed to him on the subject, but no Captain Bulkely appears among the writers. Mr. Beaman was then Mr. Sumner's secretary, and under his direction was employed for some weeks in search of information on all points concerning the territory. He has still in his possession the half-sheet of paper containing the only notes which the senator used in his speech, and also the manuscript of the speech as finally written out. Such was his interest in the question that shortly afterward he published an article upon it in a magazine; but with all his intimate connection with Mr. Sumner's investigation, he recalls no such person as "Captain Bulkely" having had anything to do with it. The conclusion is that if any "Captain Bulkely" ever had a conference with Mr. Sumner on the subject, his service must have been very unimportant, except in his own estimation.

Mr. Brooks's statement that Bulkely was "a guest for a few days at the senator's house" is altogether improbable. It was the season—that of 1866-67—when Mr. Sumner occupied the Pomeroy House, which was filled by his own family.

The serious imputation of Mr. Brooks's article is that Mr. Sumner was altogether indifferent to the obligations of friendship, and treated ungratefully those who had rendered him valuable service. Such an imputation is contrary to his entire conduct from youth to age. His biography abounds in instances of his constant and lifelong devotion to friends. He had no quality of character which was more conspicuous. No house in

Washington, while he had one, was so open as his to all from early morning to midnight. Some *contretemps* might occur now and then (one is mentioned in his Memoirs, Vol. IV, p. 95) whereby his best friend might fail to be admitted to his study, or be passed unobserved in the street. That happens with all public men, and with many of humbler sphere; and is an incident of no account, where no explanation has been sought. Forney, who knew Washington as well as Mr. Brooks knew it, and Mr. Sumner much better, says in his "Anecdotes of Public Men": "For a busy man he [Mr. Sumner] was the most accessible I ever knew. I never knew a man less moved by selfish instincts." Mr. Balch writes: "The statements quoted from THE CENTURY seem to me contrary to the nature of the man. He was generous; I don't believe he had a mean fiber in him. He would have been certain, in my judgment, to give full credit for any assistance." Mr. Beaman writes: "In my experience with him, I never knew him to be rude or impolite to any one, and cannot think it possible that after he obtained information from a gentleman he should do anything else than to treat him afterward in a gentlemanly manner." Mr. Johnson writes: "I deny emphatically the charge that he was in the habit of 'squeezing' people, and giving them no credit. I assert that he gave abundant credit to every one from whom he got original data. That was his habit, and he carried it to a painful extent." Mr. Storey writes, and with his emphatic testimony I conclude: "So far from failing to recognize other men's labors, it always seemed to me that he was very generous in this matter. Certainly in the *Alabama* case he took very great pains to bring Mr. Bemis into prominence, and to give him credit for his great familiarity with that subject and his ability to deal with it. To me I know he was very generous; and I have always felt greatly indebted to him on that account. The idea that he would fail to recognize a person who stayed in his house from any intention is absurd. I know that he was singularly considerate of other people, and one of the kindest and most generous of men; and as unwilling wantonly to show any rudeness as any man I ever saw. If he ever failed to recognize a person, it was from cause; and if there is any foundation for the story, it must be that he passed the gentleman in question while he was busy thinking of other matters, and did not see him — an accident which happens to every man, and which is frequently misunderstood."

Edward L. Pierce.

Mr. Brooks's Rejoinder.

I CAN hardly believe that Mr. Pierce would willingly give the impression that certain of the personages referred to in my reminiscences of Senator Sumner are mythical, and their narratives mere figments of the imagination. Yet that is precisely the kind of impression which his letter (written in the fervor of his zeal for Mr. Sumner's fame) would be likely to make on the minds of men who do not know me or my work.

The person to whom Mr. Pierce slightingly refers as "a Mr. Gardner" is the man whom we find mentioned in Mr. Pierce's admirable book, "Memoirs and Letters of Charles Sumner," Vol. III, page 259, as follows: "Sumner's lodgings in Washington, engaged at a visit he made there in October for the purpose, were at D. A. Gardner's, New York Avenue, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, on the same floor with the street." This was in 1851; and, as I took pains to say in my paper in the November CENTURY, I subsequently succeeded Mr. Sumner as tenant in these rooms; and the excellent Mr. Gardner was wont to entertain my room-mate and myself with reminiscences of the great senator, whom he admired and respected. I should suppose that any reader (not very careless) would see at once that in my November CENTURY paper Mr. Gardner was my authority for the anecdote of Mr. Sumner's practice of rehearsing his speeches in his rooms. My room-mate, Mr. W. E. McArthur (now living in Brooklyn, at No. 19 Jefferson Avenue) authorizes me to say that his memory perfectly agrees with mine in this matter, and that Mr. Gardner, among other things told us of Mr. Sumner, said that the family knew, when the senator made a requisition for additional lamp-light, that he was preparing an important speech; and that his young daughters, "with a curiosity natural to youth," were accustomed to watch, from the rear windows of the apartment, the senator rehearsing before the pier-glass fixed between the windows in front, with a lamp on either side of him.

It was this entirely natural practice, as I then thought, and as I still think, which gave Mr. Sumner's enemies occasion to say that he "was in the habit of rehearsing his speeches before a looking-glass, with a nigger holding a lamp on each side of him." It was reserved for Senator Douglas, however, to refer to this very common but absurd report in a public speech. According to Mr. Pierce (see his book, Vol. III, page 453), Mr. Douglas said that Mr. Sumner was in the habit of "practising his speech every night before the glass, with a negro boy to hold the candle and watch the gestures," which is a very different statement from that which I have ascribed to Senator Butler of South Carolina. The main fact remains that Mr. D. A. Gardner, Mr. Sumner's landlord, told the story as I have told it in the November number of THE CENTURY.

Captain (sometimes called Colonel) Bulkely is also a real person, although he is not mentioned, so far as I know, in that admirable book, "Memoirs and Letters of Charles Sumner," by Edward L. Pierce. Colonel Bulkely, according to the best of my knowledge, was employed in the revenue marine service at the close of the war, and immediately before that period, with headquarters at San Francisco. My acquaintance with him began in 1865, and along there, while I was naval officer of the port. At one time Colonel Bulkely was, by direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, sent to Alaska in the revenue cutter *Shubrick*, Captain Scammon, to examine that coast and the Aleutian chain of islands, with the view of ascertaining the most feasible route for our international telegraph cable. It was on that expedition that he secured the information which he subsequently imparted to Mr. Sumner, as described in my paper in the November CENTURY. Colonel Bulkely was an honorable gentleman whom I knew well, and whose word was never doubted by any who knew him. Colonel Charles James, who was collector of the port of San Francisco when Colonel Bulkely was sent to Alaska, and who executed the orders of the Secretary of the Treasury in the detail of the *Shubrick*, is now living in Washington (at No.

518 South Carolina Avenue), and he authorizes me to say that his memory agrees with mine in every particular as regards the transactions above referred to, in which Colonel Bulkely had part.

Noah Brooks.

The Whipping-Post for Tramps.

BY THE MAYOR OF INDIANAPOLIS.

WHAT to do with tramps is a very serious question. The answer should be one of business, and not of sentiment, for the conditions are already alarming. Tramps have multiplied enormously during the last decade. Thousands of young men and boys are annually joining the ranks of the "sturdy beggars" rather than work. The time is ripe for some heroic action that will deter at least the youth of the land from launching upon a life of vagabondage. If the local authorities cannot stamp out this growing evil, then the National Government must come to the rescue. Every form of organized government owes it to the honest laboring classes to protect them and their families from these pests of society. Vagabondage has no right to claim an existence in this country. If it has no moral standing, then it should have no legal protection. The man of sound body who makes up his mind to sponge his way through life is an enemy to civilization and society.

As a punishment for trampism, Mr. Josiah Flynt, in his interesting letter published in your September number, suggests imprisonment in the workhouse and penitentiary. I cannot agree with him. Workhouses are comparatively few in most of the States. In many that do exist the authorities do not furnish the amount and kind of work to cure the average tramp of his mode of life. The penitentiary is intended for men of criminal instincts, who are dangerous to society — not for idlers. It is not a proper place to teach loafers habits of industry.

I would substitute the whipping-post for the prison. I know the sentimentalist will not agree with me, and I doubt whether very many persons of any class of society would at first approve a return to the lash as a punishment for crime of any kind. It has retained its place in one State for wife-beaters, however, and its preventive effect on that class of brutes is exceedingly efficacious. The tramp deserves no kindlier consideration than the wife-beater.

But will the States enact laws establishing the whipping-post for tramps? Perhaps few will do so at first. After observing the effect of a few practical tests, however, I do not believe the legislature of a single State would decline to sanction flogging as a punishment for cases of confirmed vagabondage. It cannot be said that public opinion has ever pronounced against the whipping-post as a punishment for trampism, for it was discarded long before the modern tramp was heard of. Besides, sentiment should not stand in the way of stamping out this growing evil. At the present rate of increase, the next generation will find trampism the greatest curse this country has ever known, with the possible exceptions of human slavery and alcoholism. To put an end to it by any method, therefore, will justify the means. The cat, well applied, will do it. I do not believe any other punishment that is likely to be adopted will.

We had a practical demonstration of the efficacy of the whip used upon the backs of roving bands of vagabonds in this city (Indianapolis) a few years ago. At the time referred to the writer presided in the police court, that being one of the mayor's duties under the old law. It was winter. Tramps headed this way from all directions. The city was overrun with them. Many were arrested and sent to the workhouse. It became crowded with them and other classes of offenders. Very little work was provided for the prisoners, so that the workhouse was just what the average tramp was seeking. I stopped sending them there, and, when brought before me, took promises from them to leave the city. Few such promises were kept. The tramps would beg lodging at the station-house, and, if refused, would trespass upon private property, most of them sleeping in freight-cars. The situation became serious. Something had to be done. The police were ready for anything. I asked them to quit arresting known tramps, and to drive them out of town, using any force necessary. They obeyed, and the barrel-hoop was freely used for a time. It took only a few days to rid the city of every tramp. They did not return, and no new ones came for many months. Indeed, Indianapolis remained almost free of tramps for some years thereafter. A few other Indiana cities followed our example, with like beneficial results. They had the force of an enlightened public sentiment behind the movement, which, for all practical purposes, was worth as much as a public statute. In fact, public sentiment and approval took the place of law. There were no "white-cap" methods employed. The floggings were administered openly.

The average tramp would rather spend a year in a station-house or jail than take one good flogging. I believe it is the best remedy so far discovered. While it may not cure all the old, hardened tramps of their indolent habits, it will deter the boys from being coaxed "on the road" by them. That is the main thing to be accomplished. If every community had a public whipping-post for tramps, or if the industrious men and women in every city and town would back up the local constabulary in the free use of cowhides on these worthless vagabonds, I do not believe there would be left a tramp of the present American type at the ushering in of the twentieth century.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1894. *C. S. Denny.*

P. S. Since the foregoing letter was written, the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has taken action looking to the enactment of a law providing for corporal punishment of wife-beaters and other like offenders. According to recent accounts in the New York press, such a bill is now in course of preparation. Some of the leading journals of the city have recently approved the general sentiment now taking form on that subject. I have not seen, so far, any specific reference to tramps in connection with the whipping-post discussion. A bill similar to the one being prepared in New York will likely be presented to the Indiana legislature at the present session. If so, an effort will be made to include trampism in the list of offenses thus to be punished.

INDIANAPOLIS, January 15, 1895. *C. S. D.*

What has the United States done with Alaska?

ON October 18, 1867, all the Russian possessions in North America were formally transferred to the

United States. In the following July there was paid to the Czar $7,200,000 for this vast territory, which Charles Sumner named Alaska. The coast was known and surveyed and occupied by a few trading-posts, but the interior was an unknown wilderness.

United States troops replaced the Russian garrisons, and a first bill to provide a form of government for the new territory was presented to Congress. Thirty other bills were presented before this object was accomplished sixteen years later. It was Secretary Seward's idea to divide Alaska into six separate territories, and to offer unusual inducements to settlers. In 1877 the War Department withdrew all troops from Alaska, and the country existed only as a customs district: whereupon the natives of the Sitkan region, who had so long been held in check by severest measures, indulged in the wildest license. For two years Sitka was at their mercy, and no appeal to Washington secured any attention. The citizens finally sought protection from the British authorities at Victoria, and H. B. M. S. *Osprey* reached Sitka in time to prevent a general massacre of the whites, and to frighten off the war canoes that were assembling there. The grateful citizens drew up a petition for a British protectorate over the abandoned country, and were raising the British flag on the parade-ground when Michael Travers, an ex-soldier, prevented the act. After this incident, a naval ship was ordered to guard-duty in the Sitkan region, and for several years the commander of the man-of-war at Sitka was virtually naval governor of Alaska.

This anomalous and un-American situation was resented by the citizens, and only the establishment of civil government in 1884 prevented the Russian-born citizens petitioning the Czar to call the United States to account for violation of the treaty in which it promised these people "all the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States," and to "maintain and protect them in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion."

During the period of no-government succeeding military abandonment, it was suggested to attach Alaska as a county of Washington Territory, and to make it a penal colony — an American Siberia. The Secretary of the Treasury recommended that it be discontinued as a customs district, and General McDowell, commanding the Department of the Pacific, recommended that it be given away, or thrown away. Yet during a discussion in the Canadian Parliament at this very time, one member said: "Let the House see what a mistake Canada made during the Crimean war in not laying hold of the country. It [Alaska] was the best investment the United States ever made."

In 1871 gold was discovered near Sitka, and in 1880 richer deposits were uncovered near Juneau, and the latter camp soon became an El Dorado for renegades from all the upper coast. The common report of "no law in Alaska" gathered such a community that a local vigilance committee was organized to assert and maintain order. The direct efforts of influential Juneau mine-owners, in 1884, induced Congress to pass the bill which gave a skeleton form of civil government to "the district of Alaska," extending the mining laws, but distinctly withholding the general land laws; giving it a governor, courts, and commissioners, but not providing for any representation at Washington, nor any popular assemblage elected by its own citizens. The general laws of the State of Oregon were imposed "so far as applicable, and *not in conflict with* . . . the laws of the United States."

No geological or topographical survey of the country has been made by the government, but, independently, miners and scientists have now explored and exploited every part of Alaska. At this moment hundreds of miners are encamped along the Yukon River, free from all restraints or protection. There is not a military post in the territory, no telegraphic communication with the rest of the world, and only one light-house on the whole coast. As land can neither be bought nor preëmpted, immigration is virtually prohibited, and the population is kept down; and as no lumber can be exported, mining and fishing are the only industries permitted. Yet Alaska stands alone among our "bloodless acquisitions" in having yielded a revenue from the beginning. The lease of the tiny Seal Islands has yielded four per cent. interest on the sum originally paid for the whole territory, which in the end has returned an equal sum to the treasury. For more than ten years the gold mines have been adding an average of $1,000,000 a year to the wealth of the world; and for six years — 1884-90 — the salmon canneries and other fisheries yielded an annual product valued at another $1,000,000.

The salmon fisheries have not been leased, or taxed, or protected by laws or regulations, as in British Columbia, and many streams have been exhausted. The reckless and unhindered seining destroys more fish than the canners use, and has seriously threatened the natives' food-supplies; but their protests against such invasions and seizures of tribal and hereditary fishing-grounds were not regarded, and the civil authorities threatened the natives with punishment if they interfered with the canners. Thus this important industry drains the country of its natural wealth without making any return to general or territorial government; and contract-labor methods and alien landlordism have here their fullest play — the canners taking all their workmen and supplies from "below" — either Puget Sound or San Francisco — in the spring, and sending them back in September.

Alaska has virtually no voice at Washington. Its sketchy outline of a government is administered by alien office-holders, who too often echo in their hearts the sentiment of the court chamberlain Resanof in 1805: "We live in Sitka only with the hope of leaving it." Alaska citizens are earnest for home rule, resenting this importation of stranger officials every four years. They bitterly denounce Congress for its hostility, ignorance, or neglect; for denying them the rights and citizenship enjoyed in all the other territories. Beyond granting the incomplete and inadequate form of civil government in 1884, nothing has been done for Alaska in this quarter-century of United States ownership.

The Tlinkit, the Aleut, and the Esquimaux, the salmon, the seal, and the reindeer, of Alaska have been considered, and legislated for: the white citizen patiently awaits his turn. The seating of the Alaska delegates at the Chicago and Minneapolis conventions of 1892 is the only ray of light that has pierced his despair.

Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Woman Question Once More.

THERE are the Indian question, and the negro question, and the Chinese question,— and there is the woman question. But has anybody ever heard of a man question, and can any one give a more valid reason for the existence of the one than of the other? When God made man and pronounced his work good, did he leave the woman to be arbitrated upon by the coming race, and, if found worthy, to be stamped with its approval? What is the woman question, and why are we talking about it *ad sudorem?*

Clearly, the woman question must have a real existence: our magazines and journals are filled with its discussion, and our editors do not indulge a propensity for chimeras. Here we have women in law, women before the law, women and social reforms, women and wages, women and Christianity, the higher education of woman, woman in politics, in medicine, in theology — in short, the woman question has resolved itself into a separate question as to woman in every phase of her worth and work. There is no point of observation from which she is not questioned; there is no voice or language where the note of interrogation is not heard.

Now, if we look closely into the mass of all that is written and said on this subject, we find that it gathers itself under two main heads, and may be broadly stated thus: first, the question as to woman's right to live in the world on the same terms as a man does — to work as he works, to be paid as he is paid, to govern as he governs — to use the world, in short, as he uses it, and to be treated by it as it treats him; and, second, the question as to woman's competence to do so.

As to the first question, it would seem that where discussion begins, the question is begged at once. We do not discuss a right. We only assume it. Assertion weakens; nobody insists upon an axiom. It rests not with women to show why they should have all these rights, but with man to show why they should not. "The burden of proof," says Mill, "is supposed to be with those who are against liberty; who contend for any restriction or prohibition, either any limitation of the general freedom of human action, or any disqualification or disparity of privilege, affecting one person or kind of persons, as compared with others. The *a priori* presumption is in favor of freedom and impartiality."

As to the second question,— that of competence,— I beg leave humbly to suggest that this must be settled, not from the outside by talking about it, either in affirmation or denial, but from the inside, by the working of the same law of natural selection and the application of the same practical tests that settle this question for men. The only proof of competence is performance. The world has belonged to those who have taken it, women as well as men.

What have we been talking about all this time, then —a nonentity, a creature of the imagination? Precisely. The woman question is the modern Mrs. Harris, and I am Betsey Prig. "I don't believe there 's no sich a thing." That there is an artificial something, made up of much assertion and many denials, and denominated the woman question, of course I do not deny. But it has a very ghost-like and precarious existence. Stop talking about it, and it will disappear. If I read my history aright, it did not exist in the early development of the race. Mill to the contrary notwithstanding, we are not warranted in supposing that the early condition of woman was one of bondage. In the earliest historical records we find that it was the woman, and not the man, who was the head of the family; from her descent was reckoned, from her honors and inheritance came. In Egypt, at the most brilliant period of its history, woman sat upon the throne and held the office of priestess. Colleges were founded for women, and the medical profession belonged to them. Among the Greeks, the intellectual women possessed absolute freedom, and taught the wise men of their day. The Romans made women their priestesses,— as, indeed, did all pagan nations,— and their civil laws for wives and mothers were most liberal. With the striking picture before us which Tacitus gives of the equal privileges of the men and women of the Germanic nations, of their mutual love and confidence, and of the deep respect shown to the women by the men, one can scarcely believe that the woman question troubled that day. Biblical evidence corroborates that of history — it was the woman, and not the man, who first ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

But as civilization advanced, and refined away the primitive rude strength of the race, woman was seen to weaken more rapidly than man. She grew introspective, doubting, hesitant. One day she failed to meet man's might with equal might. Then was born the "woman question."

Strange as it may seem that there has been occasion for so much warring discussion over a matter logically so simple, it is stranger still that most of the discussion has been offered by women themselves. One would suppose that to the task of convincing mankind of her equal rights and competence, she would scarcely need to add that of first convincing herself. Perhaps the suggestion is not out of place that, since the individual woman has but a given amount of nervous energy, and since, after all, women must come back to be governed by the same natural laws — and iron ones, too — that rule the other sex, it would be wiser to conserve the nervous force expended in hammering assertions of equality of strength and privilege, to be transformed into the higher force of competence. That is the key that unlocks all doors to success. Success in anything she wishes she may have, from poultices to politics; but woman must first be ready to offer for it what man does — the patience, faithfulness, and steady effort that go to make up actual and unquestioned competence.

There may be room also for the second suggestion that, if there is anything left to be wished for in the advancement of this much talked of portion of the human race, since progress is usually found to be not in the line of direct force, but the resultant of several indirect forces, the real impetus to woman's advancement will be given, not by those women who insist on keeping the woman question alive by talking about it, but by those steady, quiet workers who have no convictions of duty to their sex, but only to their work, and who, if asked their opinion on the woman question, would probably have to reply in mild perplexity, as did one to me not long ago: "I have been so busy with my work that I really did n't know there was a woman question."

Helen Watterson.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Chan Tow, the Highrob.

WITH PICTURES BY A CHINESE ARTIST.

BEFORE me sits the Chinese — my friend who, when the hurlyburly 's done, spins me out the hours with narratives of ancient Yellow-land. His name is Fuey Fong, and he speaks to me thus:

"Missa Gordon, whatta is Chrisinjin Indevil Shoshiety?"

I explain to him as best a journalist may the purpose of the Society for Christian Endeavor.

"We', dissa morning I go down to lailload station. Shee vay many peoples getta on tlain. Assa conductor, 'Whatta is?' Conductor tole me: 'You can't go. You a *heeffen*. Dissa *Chrisinjin* Indevil Shoshiety.'

"Dissa mek me vay tire'. 'Me'ican peoples fink ole China heeffen. Fink doan' know about Gaw of heffen. Dissa 'Me'icans doan' know whatta is. China peoples benieve Olemighty Gaw semma lika you."

Fuey endures in meditation several moments. Then he says:

"Missa Gordon, I tay you how about Gaw convert China clilimal?"

"How God converted a Chinese criminal?"

"Yeh. I tay you. Dissa case somma lika dis:

"One tem was China highrob. His nem was Chan Tow. Live by rob on pubnic highway evely one he can. Dissa highrob live in place call Kan Suh. We', one tem was merchan', nem Jan Han Sun, getta lich in Kan Suh; say hisse'f: 'I getta lich; now mus' go home Tsan Ran Foo, shee my de-ah fadder-mudder-in-'aw an' my de-ah wife.' So med determine to go home nex' day.

"Kan Suh to Tsan Ran Foo about dousands miles distant, and dissa parts China no lailload, no canal. So dissa trivveler declude to ride in horse-carry-chair."

"What is a horse-carry-chair?"

"We', I tay you. Somma lika dis: Two horse — one befront, one inhine. Two long stick, and carry-chair in minnle. Usa roop somma lika harness. Dissa way trivvle long distance ole ove' China.

"We', nex' day Missa Jan start out faw Tsan Ran Foo in horse-carry-chair. Hed big backage of go' an' sivver. Bye-bye —, trivvle long tem — was pass high tree. Up high tree was Chan Tow — dissa highrob — was vay bad man! Chan Tow up tree to watch to stea' whatta he can, semma lika vutture."

"Like a *vutture?*"

"Like a vutture — big bird — eat dead beas' ole he can.

"Chan Tow look down on load, and shee horse-carry-chair wif Missa Jan feet stick out. Nen dissa highrob say hisse'f: 'Vay nice feet; lich man. I go fonnow him. Maybe can stea' from him.' So fonnow 'long Missa Jan by day, by night, severow day — doan' lose sight ole dissa tem. Bye-bye Missa Jan was trivvle ole night, and leach hotel early morning. He tole hotel-kipper: 'You giva me loom. I slip ole day.' Nen tek his backage go' an' sivver, an' tek to bed wif him. Chan Tow come 'long; say: 'Giva me loom nex' my de-ah frien' jussa come in horse-carry-chair.' Hotel-kipper look him, an' say, 'Whatta your nem is?' Chan Tow say, 'My nem Chow Ying Hoo.' Dissa nem, transnate Ingernish, mean Brev Tiger."

"And what does Chan Tow mean?"

"Oh, Chan Tow mean ole semma bad faminy.

"We', dissa highrob slip nex' loom Missa Jan; but no can fine how to rob him ole dissa tem. Getta vay much disgussion; but nex' day he fonnow long inhine dissa lich man jussa semma befaw. Somma tem eat at semma tabuh wif Jan; but Jan getta begin to suspicious, an' ole tem getta his go' an' sivver unnerneaf him when he shet down to tabuh. Chan Tow say hisse'f: 'You fink I doan' know how to shucshess to stea' yo' money. Maybe I big foo' you.'

"We', bye-bye was mont' go by. Dissa merchan' reach his netive sheety. Firs' he go immedinity to respec' his fadder-mudder-in-'aw, becose his fadder-mudder dead. Dey vay gnad to shee him — vay denight. Dey assa him vay many quishuns; but he tole dem: 'I mus' go to my de-ah wife. I not sheen her so long tem.' Nen he smi' hisse'f, an' tole horse-carry-chair-man run wif him quick to fine his de-ah wife. When he allive ne' his house, say to man: 'Goo'-by! I go ressa way on feetsteps.' Nen go vay quier on his tip-toe, and lock vay soft at his daw."

Here pauses the Chinese, and looks at me. Shortly he says:

"We'?"

"Well?" I echo.

"We', dissa last tem dissa merchan' Jan Han Sun was sheen annibe!"

"Does the highrob follow him and kill him?"

"No one shee any highrob. No one shee any horse-carry-chair-man. No one shee any Jan. No maw!

"Nex' morning come fadder-mudder-in-'aw to congratchnate dissa daughter. Said, 'We vay denight, vay gnad, yo' husban' come home. Where he is dissa morning? Daughter look vay supp'ise'. Said, 'When you shee my husban' come home?' Parents said: 'Why, my de-ah daughter, yo' husban' pass by my daw las' night. We hev vay short convisition begedder, an' he say bling home glate many go' an' sivver — mek you habby. Nen left us come shee you.'

"Nen, vay suddenity, dissa daughter say: 'I fink you ki' my husban', so you can rob! I hev you arres'.'

"An' she go to magistrate an' mek petition. Say her fadder-mudder to ki' her husban'. Her fadder-mudder bofe vay indignant; but was putta in jai'.

"Magistrate examine case, assa many quishuns, search bofe dissa house — but can't fine who mudder dissa merchan'. Fadder-mudder-in-'aw say, 'We innocent.' Daughter say, 'You liars!' Her parents med declaration, 'I doan' hed mudder to any person.' Two mont's go by. Can't fine who mudder. Nen daughter petition to supere court; say dissa magistrate doan' know how fine who mudder. Supere court send word, 'You doan' fine who mudder in six mont's — deglade yo' lank.' Dissa China way to mek law.

"We', dissa magistrate, whatta he do? Doan' like getta deglade; dissa spoi' his whole life. Say hisse'f: 'I vay detest to get deglade. Mus' go mek detectif — fine who mudder.' Nex' day left his court, and go mek long trivvle — ole dress up like a fortune-tayer."

"Like a fortune-teller?"

"Yeh; fortune-tayer. Vay low common in China. Go roun' wif ole kine bad peoples.

"Magistrate look jussa semma somma poh fortune-tayer. Nen go out on load an' trivvle — trivvle vay far. Eve'y tem shee a man look lika somma bad man, try mek frien's wif him. But no can fine who mudder. Long tem trivvle — 'way intehuh China; but no can fine any one knows about dissa case. Say hisse'f: 'Pitty soon I getta much discoulagement. Two mont's maw, getta deglade, getta disglace! I doan' know I ki' hisse'f!'

"One day was stag' 'long load; getta 'mos' exhaus'. Bofe sides load was high heels, no house. Kep' on, on; semma heels; semma no house; mus' lie down in load wifout any subber, wifout any dlink. Dissa magistrate begin getta desplate. Nen he fink, 'I play to Gaw an' my ancestors.' So begin play lika diss: 'O Gaw, O my ancestors, givva me res'; givva me foo'; givva me wadder! Nen I kip on fawever fine who ki' Jan Han Sun.' Nen magistrate stag' 'long few steps, an' dlop down on big lock. No *can* any fudder.

"Pitty soon look roun'; shee litty light shine from winnidow. Dissa was littyoshantyhouse — vay poh look —"

"Littyoshantyhouse?"

"Litty — ole — shanty — house!

"We', magistrate go lock at daw. Come to daw littyoneddy —"

"Little old what?"

"Litty — ole — neddy!

"Dissa oneddy she was vay ole, vay febble. He tole her: 'Please, oneddy, you givva me kunderness let me go slip in yo' house to-night! I 'mos' died. No subber, no wadder —'mos' exhaus'!' Oneddy tole him: 'Walks in; walks in! But you mus' kip vay quier, my de-ah sir; as quier as can be! My son is dreffel differcut man. His profussion was highrob. He getta home minnernight; an' you doan' kip quier, I fred he to strike you!' But magistrate say: 'I too tire' to getta scare'. You nedda me stay wif you.'

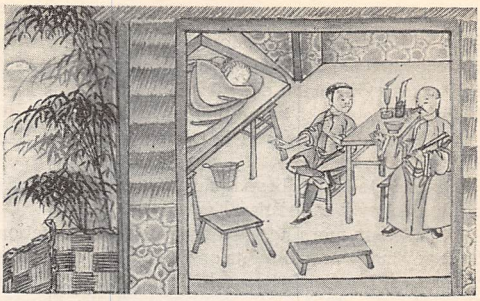
"So oneddy giva him to eat, an' show him to go slip unner tabuh in katchen. Nen he lie down, an' play once more his ancestors an' Gaw: 'You he'p me oleleddy; I kip plomise. You he'p me somma maw — I fine who mudder.' Nen go slip.

"Bye-bye was dleam 'bout gleen moudens, gleen wadder. Hear' spi'its say, 'I wi' assist you.' Ole dissa vay good sign. Suddinity was wek up from his slip, and shaw oneddy stand befaw him — ole in dark. She say: 'My son come home in vay good humors. Say laka mek yo' acquaintenance.' Dissa tem was minnernight. Magistrate craw' out from unner tabuh, an' fonnow oneddy in nex' loom. Heah was Chan Tow, dissa highrob. Was fee' in vay good tempiniment to-night — hedda jus' rob litty gir' her earlings."

"It made him very happy to have stolen earrings from a little girl?"

"Oh, yeh. Earlings med jay-stone.

"We', Chan Tow he vay denight to shee dissa fortune-tayer. Mek put hisse'f down to tabuh, eat subbah wif him, an' mek oneddy hop 'long getta ole bes' was in oshantyhouse. Chan Tow say: 'My de-ah sir, I am exceediny denight to shee you. We bofe about sem profussions: you fortune-tayer; I was highrob.' Nen bofe eat, dlink long tem, an' Chan Tow tay ole about his shucshess in binniziz."



"NEN TWO MEN STAY AN' SMOKE PIPE."

"You mean business?"

"Yeh; binniziz.

"Tay ole about his binniziz. Tay how stea' watch from 'Me'ican missiolary man. Tay how —"

"How did he steal the watch from the American missionary?"

"We', somma lika dis: Chan Tow was vay stlong man, but vay litty meat on his boles. One day shee missiolary man come 'long load. Hedda watch-chain hang out. Chan Tow lie down in load, an' begin kick an' scleam ole semma sick white woman. Missiolary man was vay sympafy, an' tole him, 'Whatta is?' Chan Tow say: 'Mucha vay sick! Mucha vay sick! You no he'p me home I getta died! You tekka me home I mek good Chrisinjin boy!' Missiolary man vay good man; say hisse'f: 'Gaw sen' me dissa man mek convict to Chrisinjanity. I he'p him!' So tek up Chan Tow in his arm to tek home. Chan Tow kep' gloan, gloan,— an' ole dissa tem was put his han' in missiolary his pocket an' stea' dissa watch! Nen Chan Tow kep' hang on missiolary his neck an' say hisse'f: 'I lika dissa to ride better I lika to walk. I letta dissa missiolary man ca'y me jusso far he can.' So missiolary man stag' long tem 'long load, an' kep' sweat, sweat — semma lika glass ice-wadder; an' Chan Tow kep' gloan semma like ole barn daw."

"Chan Tow kept groaning like an old barn door, and the missionary man kept perspiring like a glass of ice-water?"

"Oh, no! Missiolary man sweat. Bye-bye, hedda ca'y dissa highrob two miles — 'way down vanney, 'way up heel. Nen missiolary man lose ole his breffs, an' begin to gaps. He say, 'Mus' res'; mus' putta you down!' Chan Tow kep' gloan, an' say: 'You putta me down I doan' know I die. Mus' getta home!' Missiolary man say: 'Can't he'p — I 'mos' exhaus'.' Nen dissa highrob jump down vay well, an' say: 'We', I mus' getta home. I walk ressa way — leave you to res'. Goo'-by!' Nen run fas' he can down dissa heel.

"Missiolary man stay look him run, an' kep' fink ole tem. Nen say hisse'f: 'I fink dissa man inshinsherity. I lose ole dissa tem wif him! Whatta tem it is?' Nen he search his watch. 'Oh, my! No watch; no convict! Dissa vay bad day!"

The Chinese grins with the greatest pleasure.

"We', magistrate an' highrob kep' tay ole 'bout expelunces in binniziz."

"*Business!*"

"Yeh; *binniziz.*

"Kep' tay ole about binniziz. Bye-bye pea-oil light go out. Oneddy craw' up on bed an' go slip. Nen two men stay an' smoke pipe — ole dark. Magistrate closs his legs an' say, ole lika he doan' care: 'Missa Highrob, dissa light go out mek me remin' whatta habben Tsan Ran Foo. You heard about dissa case? Man nem Jan Han Sun go home his wife — no can fine who mudder.' Chan Tow smi' vay plou', an' say: 'Oh, my de-ah brudder, I know ole 'bout dissa case. I was to shee dissa man getta ki' in his own houses.'

"Magistrate dlaw glate big breff frough his pipe. Swallow smoke clea' down his stomach! Mek big cough — nearny cough his top head off! — an' wek oneddy! Nen he say: 'We', we'! You good dea' maw wise dissa magistrate Tsan Ran Foo. I hea' he was deglade his rank. Cannot fine who mudder!'

"Chan Tow say: 'Dissa magistrate mus' come fine me. No one ess can tay him. I tay you ole about dissa mudder. You lika hea'?' Magistrate say: 'We', I vay tire'. But lika hea' you talk better I lika go slip, my de-ah sir!' Dissa mek highrob vay plou', an' he begin lika dis:

"'One day shaw horse-carry-chair trivvle 'long load. Shaw feet stick out — vay nice feet; mus' be lich man. So fonnow him. He hev big backage go' an' sivver, but eve'y tem go subbah mus' oleways shet hisse'f on top dissa backage. Fonnow him long tem — severow weeks. But cannot stea' from him. Bye-bye he reach his home Tsan Ran Foo, an' go to respec' his mudder-fadder-in-'aw; nen go fine his wife. Dissa tem was minnernight — vay dark. Fink was good tem to stea' from him, an' getta his go' an' sivver. So kep' fonnow 'long load. When he getta his house he lock long tem at his daw, but was no answer. Nen say, vay loud: "De-ah wife, letta me in! I am yo' de-ah husban' come home." So bye-bye was daw open, an' his wife come say: "O my de-ah husban'! so denight to shee you!" Nen ole dark.

"'Nen I go roun' back his house. Getta long bamboo po', an' putta dissa po' up 'gainst house to shin up dissa loof. Nen cut with knife a litty roun' ho' frough loof, an' look down into dissa house. Can look down into loom, an' shee ole whatta was habben.

"'Vay soon Jan examine tabuh; say: "O my de-ah wife, whatta faw you setta dissa tabuh for two peoples? You have compaly?" Wife say: "O my de-ah husban', eve'y tem since you go 'way I setta dissa tabuh faw two peoples — you and me — jussa semma you heah!" Jan smi' vay plou', an' say, "You are shinsherny my de-ah wife!" — was mak fee' vay good.

"'Nen his wife tole him: "Now we hev jubinee; eat, dlink — mek me'y tem!" So I lie on top dissa loof, vay dly, vay hunger; an' ole tem shee her husban' eat subbah an' kip dlink, dlink, an' kiss his wife, an' dlink, an' getta maw an' maw intoshcate. Bye-bye was so intoshcate mus' go slip. Nen his wife he'p him go bed, an' he begin snow.'"

"How 's that?"

"Begin snow — snowul — snole! Begin snole!"

"It began to snow?"

"Oh, no; I tay you. Dissa merchan' begin mekka lika dis." Fuey makes a sound that is unmistakable.

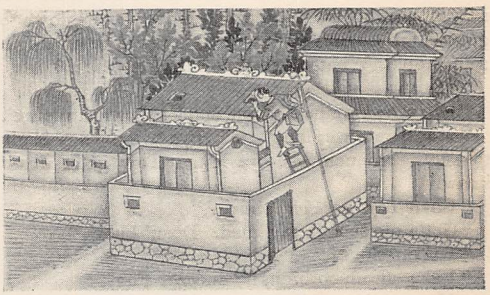
"'We', nen look shee whatta dissa woman go do. She go to hooks on wa', an' tek down lot her dresses. Nen I shee man step out. Dissa woman whisper to him: "Shee my husban' slip. He bling back glate many go' and sivver! You love me, you tekka dissa sharp knife and ki' him. Nen we getta marry begedder to-morrow, an' mek habby tem."

"'Her beau say: "Oh, no. I fred ki' him. Fred I get behead." An' nen dissa woman getta vay mad wif him, an' say: "You doan' ki' him, I tekka dissa knife an' chot op yo' head op, instamentty!" Nen he begin tek off his mine —'"

"Took off his mind?"

"Yeh," says Fuey; "I do' know dissa word — semma you tek off yo' clo's."

"Changed his mind?"



"I WAS TO SHEE DISSA MAN GETTA KI' IN HIS OWN HOUSES."

"Yeh."

"'Begin to tek off — chenge his mine — an' say: "How I ki' him?" Woman say: "You tekka dissa sharp knife."

"'Nen he clep' up to dissa bed, his eye ole stick out from his head. When he getta where dissa merchan' slip, an' snow, snow, ole semma hev good dleam, dissa beau mek lika was to chenge his mine 'gain; but dissa woman whisper: "Quick! Quick!" — an' nen ole sudden dissa beau stlike. Nen Jan Han Sun was died — instamentty!

"'Dissa woman begin rip up flaw. Her beau he'p her ole he can, an' work vay hard, fas' — fred somebody come. Kep' look roun'. An' eve'y tem pea-oil light flicker, look roun' to shee who was. Ole tem stop to hol' his ear on flaw — shee who come. Flaw rip up; nen go getta shover an' dig big long ho' in earf, unnerneaf dissa bed. Nen vay quick shover back ole dissa earf, fix flaw, an' blow out light.

"'Ole tem I stay up dissa loof. Vay hunger — no wadder; an' cannot rob dissa merchan' becose he dead! Getta vay disgussion. Light go out, I hang foot ove' side dissa loof, an' begin fink. Maw I fink, maw getta disgussion. Bye-bye getta *vay, vay* disgussion. Nen tek dissa bamboo po' to shove frough dissa ho' in loof — vay quier. When he shove frough, nen I ole suddenity begin push, jab, shove — quick — ole semma churn budder. Down below woman an' her beau begin squea', squea', ole semma rat! 'Mos' scare' to def! Nen I shin down loof — run 'way.'"

Fuey draws a long breath, and smiles at me his calm, celestial smile.

"We', Chan Tow finis' his sto'y. Magistrate was ole tem smoke big clou's smoke, an' mek loom look

lika was on fire. Mek oneddy wek up an' open daw. When Chan Tow finis', magistrate say: 'My de-ah brudder de highrob, yo' sto'y vay intinesse, vay intinesse! I fink I go slip.' So ole thlee was lie down to go slip, an' Chan Tow was tek his opi' pipe an' begin smoke opi'. Whatta you say — hurt de pipe?"



"CONVERT — TO BEHEAD — BY HEV DEY HEADS CUT OFF — TILL DEY DEAD!"

"Hit the pipe."

"Oh, yeh; hit pipe. I doan' spe'k Ingernish vay we'.

"Magistrate wet long tem. Bye-bye oneddy begin to snow, an' nen bye-bye Chan Tow getta doan' know."

"Chan Tow got *don't know?*"

"Getta ole semma was died. Doan' know."

"Unconscious?"

"Yeh; uh-uh-coshious!" sneezes Fuey.

"Nen magistrate begin craw' 'long on his stomach — inchy — inchy — cross flaw — out daw. Nen run fas' he can towards Tsan Ran Foo.

"One mont' go by, an' magistrate sit up in his high chair in his court. Befront him dissa woman an' her beau,— ole cover wif mark dissa bamboo po',— an' dissa fadder-mudder-in-'aw, an' dissa highrob. Magistrate say, vay slow — ole semma idol talk: '*Dissa — woman — her lover — are convert — to behead — by hev dey heads cut off — till dey dead!* What you fink, woman?' Woman say: 'Yo' Excennency, I vay gnad to be behead wif my de-ah lover. I vay satisfaction we behead be-gedder. Our spi'its begedder habby fo'ever.' Nen she turn kiss her beau; but he too scare to spe'k. An' bofe was tek out to behead — dissa woman ole tem to mek to kiss her beau.

"Magistrate say to highrob: 'You know me? Who eata subbah wif you sucha-sucha night?' Chan Tow say, 'O yo' Excennency, I doan' know who was!' Magistrate say: 'I was dissa man. I glate t'anks faw you. Awso dissa fadder-mudder-in-'aw dissa dead man. Gaw sen' me to yo' house to mek you instlument to convert dissa mudderers. I give you good position; awso money.'"

"And that was how these criminals were *converted?*" I say, remembering the promise of the story.

"Yeh; convert to behead. Dissa case," concluded Fuey, "show how Gaw can convert clilimal when he wish; show how Gaw is glate. I tay you China peo-ples not heeffen. China 'ligion teach to try to affection one anudder; respec' yo' parents; an' charity an' pure moral. If people do right I fink he shall be saved."

Chester Bailey Fernald.

An Angler's Wish in Town.

WHEN tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air
  Go wandering down the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long, unlovely row
Of westward houses seems to go
  Toward sunset skies that rest the eyes,
And hills beyond, where green trees grow,

Then weary is the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade:
  I 'm only wishing to go a-fishing;
For this the month of May was made.

* * *

I guess the pussy-willows now
Are creeping out on every bough
  Along the brook; and robins look
For early worms behind the plough.

The yellow-birds have changed their dun
For yellow coats to match the sun;
  And in the same array of flame
The Dandelion Show 's begun.

The flocks of young anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees:
  Who can help wishing to go a-fishing
In days as full of joy as these?

* * *

I think the meadow-lark's clear sound
Leaks upward slowly from the ground,
  While on the wing the bluebirds ring
Their wedding-bells to woods around.

The flirting chewink calls his dear
Behind the bush; and very near,
  Where water flows, where green grass grows,
Song-sparrows gently sing, "Good cheer."

And, best of all, through twilight's calm
The hermit-thrush repeats his psalm:
  How much I 'm wishing to go a-fishing
In days so sweet with music's balm!

* * *

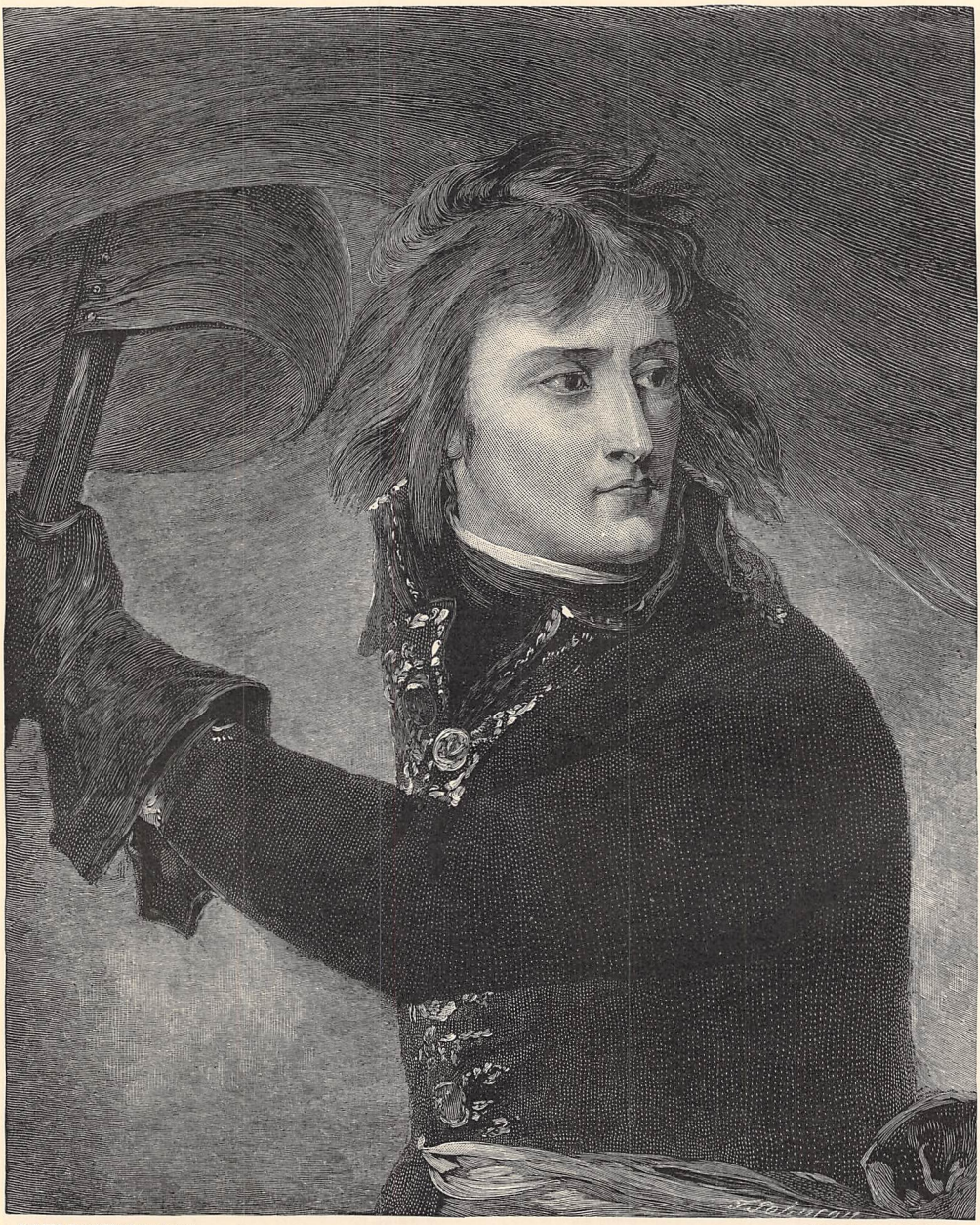
'T is not a proud desire of mine;
I ask for nothing superfine;
  No heavy weight, no salmon great,
To break the record, or my line.

Only an idle little stream
Whose amber waters softly gleam;
  Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream.

Only a trout or two, to dart
From foaming pools, and try my art:
  No more I 'm wishing — old-fashioned fishing,
And just a day on Nature's heart.

Henry van Dyke.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



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BONAPARTE AT ARCOLE.

THIS PORTRAIT WAS PAINTED BY GROS IN ITALY IN 1797, AT THE SOLICITATION OF JOSEPHINE. BONAPARTE SAT FOR IT. IT WAS PRESENTED TO THE LOUVRE IN 1883 BY MME. MILLIET. IT IS NOT THE PAINTING FROM WHICH THE LONGHI ENGRAVING WAS MADE, BUT MOST PROBABLY THE SKETCH MADE FROM LIFE FOR THE PAINTING.

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LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

THE RISE OF THE CONQUEROR.

EUROPE AND THE DIRECTORY—BONAPARTE ON A STAGE PROPORTIONATE TO HIS POWERS—THE CONQUEST OF PIEDMONT AND THE MILANESE—AN INSUBORDINATE EMANCIPATOR—MILITARY DIPLOMACY IN CENTRAL ITALY—THE STRUGGLE FOR MANTUA—ARCOLE.



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

BONAPARTE IN THE UNIFORM OF GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF ITALY, 1796.

EUROPE AND THE DIRECTORY.

THE great European coalition against France which had been formed in 1793 had in it little centripetal force. In 1795 Prussia, Spain, and Tuscany withdrew for reasons already indicated, and made their peace on terms as advantageous as they could secure. Holland was conquered by France in the winter of 1794–5, and to this day the illustrated school-books recall to every child of the French republic how a Dutch fleet was captured by French hussars. The severity of the cold was long remembered as phenomenal, and the frozen harbors rendered naval resistance impossible while cavalry could manœuver with safety on the thick ice. The Batavian Free State, as the Dutch commonwealth was now called, was really an appanage of the French republic. But England and Austria, though deserted by their stronger allies, were still redoubtable enemies. The policy of the former had been to command the seas and destroy the commerce of France on the one hand, on the other to foment disturbance in the country itself by subsidizing the royalists. In both plans she had been successful: her fleets were ubiquitous, the Chouan and Vendean uprisings were perennial, and the emigrant aristocrats menaced every frontier. Austria, on the other hand, had once been soundly thrashed. Since Frederick the Great had wrested Silesia from her, and thereby set Protestant Prussia among the great powers, she had felt that the balance of power was disturbed, and had sought everywhere for some territorial acquisition to restore her importance. The present emperor, Francis II., and his adroit minister, Thugut, were equally stubborn in their determination to draw something worth while from the seething caldron before the fires of war were extinguished. They thought of Bavaria, of Poland, of Turkey, and

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DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

BONAPARTE ON THE ROAD FROM PARIS TO NICE.

It was said that at almost every change of horses Bonaparte wrote a letter to Josephine.



FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY RAFFET, IN THE POSSESSION OF ATHERTON CURTIS.

"ORDER OF THE DAY: THE BATTALION OF THE LOWER LOIRE HAS BEHAVED ITSELF SO WELL BEFORE THE ENEMY, THAT THERE WILL BE GIVEN TO EACH MAN A PAIR OF SABOTS."

"Their soldiers were badly fed, badly armed, and badly clothed." (See below.)

of Italy; in the last especially it seemed as if the term of life had been reached for Venice, and that at her impending demise her fair domains on the mainland would amply replace Silesia. Russia saw her own advantage in the weakening either of Turkey or of the central European powers, and became the silent ally of Austria in this policy.

The great armies of the French republic had been created by Carnot, with the aid of his able lieutenant, Dubois de Crancé; they were organized and directed by the unassisted genius of the former. Being the first national armies which Europe had known, they were animated as no others had been by that form of patriotism which rests not merely on animal instinct, but on a principle. They had fought with joyous alacrity for the assertion, confirmation, and extension of the rights of man. In the march of events their patriotism, grounded in Rousseau's doctrines, had brought into prominence his conception of natural boundaries. There was but one opinion in the entire nation concerning its frontiers, to wit: that Nice, Savoy, and the western Rhine border were all by nature a part of France. As to what was beyond, opinion was divided, some feeling that they should continue fighting in order to impose their own system wherever possible, while others — and they by far the largest number — were either indifferent, or else maintained that the nation should fight only for its natural frontier. To the support of the latter sentiment came the general longing for peace which was gradually overpowering the whole country.

No people ever made such sacrifices for liberty as the French had made. Through years of famine they had starved with a grim determination, and the leanness of the race was a byword for more than a generation. They had been for more than a century the victims of a system abhorrent to their intelligence and their character — a system of absolutism which had subsisted on foreign wars and on successful appeals to the national vainglory. Now at last they were to all appearances exhausted, their treasury was bankrupt, their paper money was worthless, their agriculture and industries were paralyzed, their foreign commerce was ruined. But their liberties were secure. Their soldiers were badly fed, badly armed, and badly clothed; but they were freemen under such discipline as is alone possible among freemen. Why should not their success in the arts of peace be as great as in the glorious and successful wars they had carried on? There was, therefore, both in the country and in the government a considerable party which demanded a general peace, but only with the "natural" frontier, and a small one which felt peace to be impera-



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-FRANÇOIS DESORIA, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

CHARLES-LOUIS-FRANÇOIS-HONORÉ LETOURNEUR, MEMBER OF THE DIRECTORY.



FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY RAFFET.

THE TEMPTATION.

tive even if the nation should be confined within its old boundaries.

But such a reasonable and moderate policy was impossible on two accounts. In consequence of the 13 Vendémiaire, the radical party still survived and controlled the machinery of government; and, in spite of the seeming supremacy of moderate ideas, the royalists were still irreconcilable. Intestine disturbances, therefore, could be kept in some measure of control only by an aggressive foreign policy which should deceive the insurgent elements as to the resources of the government. Thus far, by hook or by crook, the armies, so far as they had been clothed and paid and fed at all, had been fed and paid and clothed by the administration at Paris. If the armies should still march and fight, the nation would be impressed by the strength of the Directory.

The Directory was by no means a homogeneous body. It is doubtful whether Barras was a sincere republican, or sincere in anything except to keep himself afloat on the tide of the times. It has been believed by many that he hoped for the restoration of monarchy through the disgust of the nation with such intolerable disorders as they would soon associate with the name of republic. His friendship for General Bonaparte was a mixed quantity; for while he undoubtedly wished to secure for the state in any future crisis the support of so able a man, he had at the same time used him as a sort of social scapegoat. His strength lay in three facts: he had been Danton's follower; he had been a naval officer, and was appointed for that reason commanding general against the Paris wards, having thus enjoyed the prestige of Bonaparte's success; and in the new society of the capital he was magnificent, extravagant, and licentious, the only representative in the Directory of the newly aroused passion for life and pleasure: all of his colleagues were severe, unostentatious, and economical republicans.

Barras's main support in the government was Rewbell, a vigorous Alsatian and a bluff democrat, enthusiastic for the Revolution and its extension. He was no Frenchman himself, but a German, and thought that the German lands — Holland, Switzerland, Germany itself — should



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

LOUIS-MARIE DE LAREVELLIÈRE-LÉPEAUX, MEMBER OF THE DIRECTORY.

be brought into the great movement. Like Barras, who needed disorder for his Orleanist schemes and for the supply of his Fortunatus purse, Rewbell despised the new constitution· but for a different reason. To him it appeared a flimsy, theoretical document, so subdividing the exercise of power as to destroy it altogether. His rôle was in the world of finance, and he was always suspected, though unjustly, of unholy alliances with army contractors and stock manipulators. Larevellière was another doctrinaire, but, in comparison with Rewbell, a bigot. He had been a Girondist, a good citizen, and active in the formation of the new constitution; but he lacked practical common sense, and hated the Church with as much narrow bitterness as the most rancorous modern agnostic,— seeking, however, not merely its destruction, but, like Robespierre, to substitute for it a cult of reason and humanity. The fourth member of the Directory, Letourneur, was a plain soldier, an officer in the engineers. With abundant common sense and a hard head, he, too, was a sincere republican, but a tolerant one—a real moderate like his friend Carnot, with whom, as time passed by and there was gradually developed an irreconcilable split in the Directory, he always voted in a minority of two against the other three.

At first the notorious Abbé Sieyès had been chosen a member of the executive. He was a deep, dark man like Bonaparte, to whom he later rendered valuable services. His ever famous pamphlet, which in 1789 triumphantly proved that the Third Estate was neither more nor less than the French nation, had made many think him a radical. As years passed by he became the oracle of his time, and as such acquired an enormous influence even in the days of the Terror, which he was helpless to avert, and which he viewed with horror and disgust. Whatever may have been his original ideas, he appears to have been for some time after the 13 Vendémiaire an Orleanist, the head of a party which would have no more strict hereditary and absolute monarchy, but thought that in the son of Philippe Égalité they had a useful prince to preside over a constitutional kingdom. Perhaps for this reason, perhaps for the one he gave, which was that the new constitution was not yet the right one, he flatly refused the membership in the Directory which was offered to him.

It was as a substitute for this dangerous visionary that Carnot was made a director. He was now in his forty-third year, and at the height of his powers. In him was embodied all that was moderate and sound, consequently all that was enduring, in the French Revolution; he was a thorough scholar, and his treatise on the metaphysics of the calculus forms an important chapter in the history of mathematical physics. As an officer in the engineers he had attained the highest distinction, while as minister of war he had shown himself an organizer and strategist of the first order. But his highest aim was to be a model French citizen. In his family relations as son, husband, and father, he was held by his neighbors to be a pattern; in his public life he strove with equal sincerity of purpose to illustrate the highest ideals of the eighteenth century. Such was the ardor of his republicanism that no man nor party in France was so repugnant but that he would use either one or both, if necessary, for his country's welfare, although he was like Chatham in his lofty scorn for parties. To him as a patriot, therefore, France, as against the outer world, was first, no matter what her government might be; but the France he yearned for was a land regenerated by the gospel of humanity, awakened to the highest activity by the equality of all before the law, refined by that self-abnegation of every man which makes all men brothers, and destroys the menace of the law.

And yet he was no dreamer. While a member of the National Assembly he had displayed such practical common sense in his chosen field of military science, that in 1793 he was intrusted by the Committee of Public Safety with the control of the war. The standard of rank and command was no longer birth nor seniority nor influence, but merit. The wild and ignorant hordes of men which the conscription law had brought into the field were something hitherto unknown in Europe. It was Carnot who organized, clothed, fed, and drilled them. It was he who devised the new tactics and evolved the new and comprehensive plans which made his fourteen armies the power they became. It was in Carnot's administration that the young generals first came to the fore. It was by his favor that almost every man of that galaxy of modern warriors, who so long dazzled Europe by their feats of arms, first appeared as a candidate for advancement. Moreau, Macdonald, Jourdan, Bernadotte, Kléber, Mortier, Ney, Pichegru, Desaix, Berthier, Augereau, and Bonaparte himself,—each one of these was the product of Carnot's system. He was the creator of the armies which for a time made all Europe tributary to France.

Throughout an epoch which laid bare the meanness of most natures, his character was unsmirched. He began life under the ancient régime by writing and publishing a eulogy on Vauban, who had been disgraced for his plain speaking to Louis XIV. When called to a share in the government he was the advocate of a strong nationality, of a just administration within, and of a fearless front to the world. While minister of war he on one occasion actually left

his post and hastened to Maubeuge, where defeat was threatening Jourdan; devised and put into operation a new plan; led in person the victorious assault; and then returned to Paris to inspire the country and the army with news of the victory: all this he did as if it were commonplace duty, without advertising himself by parade or ceremony. Even Robespierre had trembled before his biting irony, and yet dared not, as he wished, include him among his victims. After the events of Thermidor, when it was proposed to execute all those who had authorized the bloody deeds of the Terror, excepting Carnot, he prevented the sweeping measure by standing in his place to say that he too had acted with the rest, had shared with them the conviction that the country could not otherwise be saved, and that therefore he must share their fate.

In the milder light of the new constitution the dark blot on his record thus frankly confessed grew less repulsive as the continued dignity and sincerity of his nature asserted themselves in a tolerance which he believed to be as needful now as ruthless severity once had been. For a year the glory of French arms had been eclipsed: his dominant idea was first to restore their splendor, then to make peace with honor and give the new life of his country an opportunity for expansion in a mild and firm administration of the new laws. If he had been dictator in the crisis, no doubt his plan, arduous as was the task, might have been realized; but, with Letourneur in a minority of two, against an unprincipled adventurer leading two bigots, it was hopeless to secure the executive unity necessary for success.

At the opening of the year 1796, therefore, the situation of France was quite as distracting as ever, and the foundation of her institutions more than ever unstable. There was hopeless division in the executive, and no coördination under the constitution between it and the other branches of the government, while the legislature did not represent the people. The treasury was empty, famine was as wide-spread as ever, administration virtually non-existent. The army was unsuccessful, dispirited, and unpaid. Hunger knows little discipline, and with temporary loss of discipline the morals of the troops had been undermined. To save the constitution public opinion must be diverted from internal affairs, and conciliated. To that end the German emperor must be forced to yield the Rhine frontier, and money must be found at least for the most pressing necessities of the army and of the government. If the republic could secure for France her natural borders, and command a peace by land, it might hope for eventual success in the conflict with England.

BONAPARTE ON A STAGE PROPORTIONATE TO HIS POWERS.

THE struggle which was imminent was for nothing less than a new lease of national life. It dawned on many minds that in such a combat changes of a revolutionary nature — as regarded not merely the provisioning and management of armies, as regarded not merely the grand strategy to be adopted and carried out by France, but as regarded the very structure and relations of other European nations — would be justifiable. But to be justifiable they must be adequate; and to be adequate they must be unexpected and thorough. What should they be? The Œdipus who solves this riddle for France is the man of the hour. He was found in Bonaparte. What mean these ringing words from the headquarters at Nice, which, on March 27, 1796, fell on the ears of a hungry, eager soldiery and a startled world? "Soldiers, you are naked, badly fed. The government owes you much; it can give you nothing. Your long-suffering, the courage you show among these crags, are splendid, but they bring you no glory; not a ray is reflected upon you. I wish to lead you into the most fertile plains of the world. Rich provinces, great towns, will be in your power; there you will find honor, glory, and riches. Soldiers of Italy, can you be found lacking in honor, courage, or constancy?"

Such language has but one meaning. By a previous understanding with the Directory, the French army was to be paid, the French treasury to be replenished, at the expense of the lands which were the seat of war. Corsicans in the French service had long been suspected of sometimes serving their own interests to the detriment of their adopted country. Bonaparte was no exception, and sometimes felt the need of justification. For example, he had carefully explained that his marriage bound him to the republic by still another tie. Yet it appears that his promotion, his engagement with the directors, and his devotion to the republic were all concerned primarily with personal ambition, though secondarily and incidentally with the perpetuation of a government professedly based on the Revolution. From the outset of Napoleon's independent career something of the future dictator appears. This implied promise that pillage, plunder, and rapine should henceforth go unpunished in order that his soldiers might line their pockets, is the indication of a settled policy which was more definitely expressed in each successive proclamation as it issued from his pen. It was repeated whenever new energy was to be inspired into faltering columns, whenever some unparalleled effort in a dark design was to be demanded from the rank and file of the army, until at last a point-

blank promise was made that every man should return to France with money in his pocket to become a landowner.

There was magic in the new spell; the charm always worked; and with that first call from Nice began the transformation of the French army, fighting now no longer for principle, but for glory, victory, and booty. Its leader, if successful, would be no longer a constitutional general, but a despotic conqueror. Outwardly gracious, and with no irritating condescension; considerate wherever mercy would strengthen his reputation; fully aware of the influence a dramatic situation or a pregnant aphorism has upon the common mind, and using both with mastery; appealing as a climax to the powerful motive of greed in every heart, Bonaparte was soon to be not alone the general of consummate genius, not alone the organizing lawgiver of conquered lands and peoples, but, what was essential to his whole career, the idol of an army which was not, as of old, the servant of a great nation, but, as the new era had transformed it, the nation itself.

The peculiar relation of Bonaparte to Italy, to Corsica, and to the Convention had made him, as early as 1794, while yet but chief of artillery, the real director of the Army of Italy. He had no personal share in the victorious campaign of that year, but its victories, as he justly claimed, were due to his plans. During the unsuccessful Corsican expedition of the following winter, for which he was but indirectly responsible, the Austro-Sardinians in Piedmont had taken advantage of the absence of so many French troops to undo all that had so far been accomplished. During the summer of 1795 Spain and Prussia had made peace with France. In consequence all northern Europe had been declared neutral, and the field of operations on the Rhine had been confined to the central zone of Germany, while at the same time the French soldiers which had formed the Army of the Pyrenees had been transferred to the Maritime Alps. In 1796, therefore, the great question was whether the Army of the Rhine or that of Italy was to be the chief arm of offense against Austria.

Divided interests and warped convictions quickly created two opinions in the French nation, each of which was held with intensity and bitterness by its supporters. So far the Army of the Rhine was much the stronger, and the emperor had concentrated his strength to oppose it. But the wisest heads saw that Austria might be flanked by way of Italy. The gate to Lombardy between the Alps and the sea was guarded by the sturdy little army of Victor Amadeus, assisted by a small Austrian force. If the house of Savoy, which was said to wear at its girdle the keys of the Alps, could be conquered and brought to make a separate peace, the Austrian army could be overwhelmed, and a highway to Vienna opened first through the plains of Lombardy, then by the Austrian Tyrol, or else by the Venetian Alps. Strangely enough, the plainest and most forcible exposition of this plan was made by an emigrant in London — one Dutheil — for the benefit of England and Austria. But the Allies were deaf to his warnings, while in the mean time Bonaparte enforced the same idea upon the French authorities, and secured their acceptance of it. Both he and they were the more inclined to the scheme because once already it had been successfully initiated, because the general, having studied Italy and its people, thoroughly understood what contributions might be levied on them, because the Army of the Rhine was radically republican and knew its own strength, because therefore the personal ambitions of Bonaparte, and in fact the very existence of the Directory, alike depended on success elsewhere than in central Europe.

Having been for centuries the battle-field of rival dynasties, Italy, though a geographical unit with natural frontiers more marked than those of any other land, and with inhabitants fairly homogeneous in birth, speech, and institutions, was neither a nation nor a family of kindred nations, but a congeries of heterogeneous states. Some of these, like Venice and Genoa, boasted the proud title of republics; they were in reality narrow, commercial, even piratical oligarchies, destitute of any vigorous political life. The Pope, like other petty rulers, was but a temporal prince, despotic, and not even enlightened, as was the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Naples and the Milanese both groaned under the yoke of foreign rulers, and the only passable government in the length and breadth of the land was that of the house of Savoy in Piedmont and Sardinia, lands where the revolutionary spirit of liberty was most extended and active. The petty courts, like those of Parma and Modena, were nests of intrigue and corruption. There was, of course, in every place that saving remnant of high-minded men which is always providentially left as a seed; but the people as a whole were ignorant and enervated. The accumulations of ages, gained by an extensive and lucrative commerce, or by the tilling of a generous soil, had not been altogether dissipated by misrule, and there was even yet rich store of money in many of the venerable and still splendid cities. Nowhere in the ancient seats of the Roman commonwealth, whose memory was now the cherished fashion in France, could anything more than a reflection of French revolutionary principles be discerned; the rights of man and republican doctrine were attractive subjects of debate in

many cities throughout the peninsula, but there was little of that fierce devotion to their realization so prevalent beyond the Alps.

The sagacity of Bonaparte saw his account in these conditions. Being a professed republican, he could announce himself as the regenerator of society, and the liberator of a people. If, as has been supposed, he already dreamed of a throne, where could one be so easily founded with the certainty of its endurance? As a conqueror he would have a divided, helpless, and wealthy people at his feet. If the old flame of Corsican ambition were not yet extinguished, he felt perhaps that he could wreak the vengeance of a defeated and angry people upon Genoa, their oppressor for ages.

His preparations began as early as the autumn of 1795, when, with Carnot's assistance, the united Pyrenean and Italian armies were directed to the old task of opening the roads through the mountains and by the sea-shore into Lombardy and central Italy. They won the battle of Loano, which secured the Maritime Alps once more; but a long winter amid these inclement peaks had left the army wretched and destitute of every necessity. It had been difficult throughout that winter to maintain even the Army of the Interior in the heart of France; the only chance for that of Italy was movement. A completed plan of action was forwarded from Paris in January. But Schérer, the commanding general, and his staff were outraged, refusing to consider its suggestions, either those for supplying their necessities in Lombardy, or those for the daring and venturesome operations necessary to reach that goal.

Bonaparte, who could invent such schemes, alone could realize them; and the task was intrusted to him. For the next ten weeks no sort of preparation was neglected. The nearly empty chest of the Directory was swept clean: from that source the new commander received 47,500 francs in cash, and drafts for 20,000 more; forced loans for considerable sums were made in Toulon and Marseilles; and Salicetti levied contributions of grain and forage in Genoa according to the plan which had been preconcerted between them in their Jacobin days. The army which Bonaparte finally set in motion was therefore a fine engine of war. Its immediate necessities relieved, the veterans warmed to their work, and that notable promise of booty worked them to the pitch of genuine enthusiasm. The young commander, moreover, was as circumspect as a man of the first ability alone could be when about to make the venture of his life and play for the stake of a world. His generals of division were themselves men of mark — personages no less than Masséna, Augereau, Laharpe, and Sérurier. But what was to be done was done with such smoothness and skill that even they could find no ground for carping; and though at first cold and reticent, before long they yielded to the influences which filled the very air they breathed with excitement.

At this moment, besides the National Guard, France had an army and navy the effective fighting force of which numbered upward of half a million. Nominally divided by Carnot into nine armies, there were henceforth in reality but seven; and of these four were of minor importance: a small and skeleton Army of the Interior, a double force of somewhat greater solidity in the West under Hoche, a fairly strong one in the North under Macdonald, and a similar one in the Alps under Kellermann, with Berthier and Vaubois as lieutenants, which soon became a part of Bonaparte's force. These were, if possible, to preserve internal order and to watch England, while three great active organizations were to combine for the overthrow of Austria. On the Rhine were two of the active armies — one near Dusseldorf under Jourdan, another near Strasburg under Moreau. At the portals of Italy was Bonaparte, with a third, soon to be the most active of all. At the outset he had, all told, about 45,000 men; but the campaign which he conducted had before its close assumed such dimensions that in spite of its losses the Army of Italy numbered nearly double that number of men ready for the field, besides the garrison troops and invalids. The numbers on the records of the war department were always much greater; but an enormous percentage, sometimes as high as a third, was always in the hospitals, while often as many as 20,000 were left behind to hold various fortresses. Bonaparte, for evident reasons, always represented his effective as smaller than it was, and stunned the ears of the Directory with ever reiterated demands for reinforcement. A dispassionate estimate would put the number of his troops in the field at any one time during these operations not lower than 35,000 nor much higher than 80,000.

Another element of the utmost importance entered into the coming campaign. The old vicious system by which a vigilant democracy had jealously prescribed to its generals every step to be taken was swept away by Bonaparte, who as Robespierre's "man" had been thoroughly familiar with its workings from the other end. He was now commander-in-chief, and he insisted on the absolute unity of command as essential to the economy of time. This being granted, his equipment was complete. It will be remembered that in 1794 he had explained to his patrons how warfare in the field was like a siege: by directing all one's force to a single point a breach might be made, and the equilibrium of opposition destroyed. To this conception of


NORTHERN ITALY
ILLUSTRATING
THE CAMPAIGNS OF
1796 AND 1797
STATUTE MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50 60
SWITZERLAND
THE ALPS
AUSTRIA
TYROL
Chiavenna
Belinzona
Adda
Neumarkt
Trent
Belluno
Udine
Campo-Formio
Primolano
Conegliano
Bassano
Treviso
Roveredo
Mte. Baldo
L. Como
L. Maggiore
Como
Bergamo
Brescia
Corona
Rivoli
Vicenza
Montebello
Verona
Lonato
Desenzano
Peschiera
Castiglione
Solferino
Borghetto
Valeggio
Caldiero
Lonigo
Padua
Ronco
Arcole
d'Anghiari
Legnago
Mantua
Cremona
Rovigo
Adria
VENICE
GULF OF VENICE
ADRIATIC SEA
Biella
Novara
Vercelli
Mortara
Lodi
Pizzighettone
Pavia
Casale
Valenza
Piacenza
TURIN
SARDINIA
LOMBARDY
MILAN
Legnano
Magenta
Melegnano
Borghetto
Alessandria
Tortona
Marengo
Asti
Alba
Acqui
Novi
Bobbio
PARMA
Guastalla
Reggio
Ferrara
MODENA
Bologna
Ravenna
Faenza
Rimini
S. Marino
Pesaro
Cherasco
Ceva
Mondovi
Cuneo
Dego
Montenotte
Cairo
Savona
Millesimo
Albenga
Oneglia
Ventimiglia
Monaco
Nice
GENOA
RIVIERE DI PONENTE
RIVIERE DI LEVANTE
GULF OF GENOA
Spezia
LUCCA
Lucca
FLORENCE
Leghorn
TUSCANY
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
APENNINES
THE APENNINES
MARITIME ALPS
Col di Tenda
Pass of Tenda
FRANCE
Po
R. Po
Tanaro
Dora Baltea
Dora Riparia
Sesia
Ticino
Adda
Oglio
Mella
Chiese
Adige
Brenta
Piave
Livenza
Tagliamento
Taro
Parma
Enza
Secchia
Panaro
Reno
Serchio
R. Arno
c. Gorzone
Pellice
Maira
Stura
Orba
Scrivia
Bormida
Varo
Roya
Nervia
G.W. Colton N.Y.

concentration for attack he had, in concert with the Directory, added another, that of expansion in a given territory for sustenance. He had still a third, that war must be made as intense and awful as possible in order to make it short, and thus to diminish its horrors. Trite and simple as these aphorisms now appear, they were all original and absolutely new, at least in the quick, fierce application of them made by Bonaparte. The traditions of chivalry, the incessant warfare of two centuries and a half, the humane conceptions of the Church, the regard for human life, the difficulty of communications, the scarcity of munitions and arms,—all these and other elements had combined to make war under mediocre generals a stately ceremonial, and to diminish the number of actual battles, which took place, when they did, only after careful preparation, as an unpleasant necessity, by a sort of common agreement, and with all the ceremony of a duel.

Turenne, Marlborough, and Frederick, all men of cold-blooded temperament, had been the greatest generals of their respective ages, and were successful much in proportion to their lack of sentiment and disregard of conventionalities. Their notions and their conduct displayed the same instincts as those of Bonaparte, being enlarged and invigorated by the same study of great campaigns which had also fed his inchoate genius and made possible his consummate achievement. He had much the same apparatus for warfare as they. The men of Europe had not materially changed in stature, weight, education, or morals since the closing years of the Thirty Years' War. The roads were somewhat better, the conformation of mountains, hills, and valleys was better known, and like his great predecessors, though unlike his contemporaries, Bonaparte knew the use of a map; but in the main little was changed in the conditions for moving and manœuvering troops. News traveled slowly, for the fastest couriers rode from Nice to Paris or from Paris to Berlin in seven days. Muskets and small firearms of every description were little improved. Prussia actually claimed that she had been forced to negotiate for peace because France controlled the production of gun-flints. There had been some improvement in the forging of cannon, and the artillery arm was on the whole more efficient. In France there had been considerable change for the better in the manual and in tactics; the rest of Europe followed the old and more formal ways. Outside the republic, ceremony still held sway in court and camp; youthful energy was stifled in routine; and the generals opposed to Bonaparte were for the most part men advanced in years, wedded to tradition, and incapable of quickly adapting their ideas to meet advances and attacks based on conceptions radically different from their own. It was at times a positive misery to the new conqueror that his opponents were such inefficient fossils. Young and at the same time capable; using the natural advantages of his territory to support the bravery of his troops; with a mind which was not only accurate and decisive, but comprehensive in its observations; unhampered by control or by principle; opposed to generals who could not think of a boy of twenty-seven as their equal; with the best army and the finest theater of war in Europe; finally, with a genius independently developed, and with conceptions of his profession which summarized the experience of his greatest predecessors, Napoleon performed feats which seemed miraculous even when compared with those of Hoche, Jourdan, or Moreau, which had already so astounded the world.

Within eleven days the Austrians and Sardinians were separated, the latter defeated and forced to sign an armistice. After a rest of two days, a fortnight saw him victorious in Lombardy, and entering Milan as a conqueror. Two weeks elapsed, and again he set forth to reduce to his sway in less than a month the most of central Italy. Against an enemy now desperate and at bay his operations fell into four divisions, each resulting in an advance—the first, of nine days, against Wurmser and Quasdanowich; a second, of sixteen days, against Wurmser; a third, of twelve days, against Alvinczy; and a fourth, of thirty days, until he captured Mantua and opened the mountain-passes to his army. Within fifteen days after opening hostilities against the Pope, he forced him to sign the treaty of Tolentino; and within thirty-six days of their setting foot on the road from Mantua to Vienna, the French were at Leoben, distant only ninety miles from the Austrian capital, and dictating terms to the empire. In the year between March 27, 1796, and April 7, 1797, Bonaparte humbled the most haughty dynasty in Europe, toppled the central European state system, and initiated the process which has given a predominance apparently final to Prussia, then considered but as a parvenu.

It is impossible to estimate the enormous sums of money which he exacted for the conduct of a war that he chose to say was carried on to emancipate Italy. The soldiers of his army were well dressed, well fed, and well equipped from the day of their entry into Milan; the arrears of their pay were not only settled, but they were given license to prey on the country until a point was reached which seemed to jeopardize success, when common pillage was promptly stopped by the severest examples. The treasury of the Directory was not filled as were those of the conquering officers, but it was no longer empty. In short,

France reached the apex of her revolutionary greatness; and as she was now the foremost power on the Continent, the shaky monarchies in neighboring lands were forced to consider again questions which in 1795 they had hoped were settled. As Bonaparte foresaw, the destinies of Europe had indeed hung on the fate of Italy.

Europe had grown accustomed to military surprises in the few preceding years. The armies of the French republic, fired by devotion to their principles and their nation, had accomplished marvels. But nothing in the least foreshadowing this had been wrought even by them. Then, as now, curiosity was inflamed, and the most careful study was expended in analyzing the process by which such miracles had been performed. The investigators and their readers were so overpowered by the spectacle and its results that they were prevented by a sort of awe-stricken credulity from recognizing the truth; and even yet the notion of a supernatural influence fighting on Bonaparte's side has not entirely disappeared. But the facts as we know them reveal cleverness dealing with incapacity, energy such as had not yet been seen fighting with languor, an embodied principle of great vitality warring with a lifeless, vanishing system. The consequences were startling, but logical; the details sound like a romance from the land of Eblis.

THE CONQUEST OF PIEDMONT AND THE MILANESE.

VICTOR AMADEUS of Sardinia was not unaccustomed to the loss of territory in the north, because from immemorial times his house had relinquished picturesque but unfruitful lands beyond the Alps to gain fertile fields below them. It was a hard blow, to be sure, that Savoy, which gave name to his family, and Nice, with its beautiful and commanding site, should have been lost to his crown. But so far, in every general European convulsion some substantial morsels had fallen to the lot of his predecessors, who had looked on Italy "as an artichoke to be eaten leaf by leaf"; and it was probable that a slice of Lombardy would be his own prize at the next pacification. He had spent his reign in strengthening his army, and as the foremost military power in Italy this young and vigorous people were, with the help of Austria, defending the passes into their territory. The road from their capital to Savona on the sea wound by Ceva and Millesimo over the main ridge of the Apennines, at the summit of which it was joined by the highway through Dego and Cairo leading southwestward from Milan through Alessandria. The Piedmontese, under Colli, were guarding the approach to their own capital; the Austrians, under Beaulieu, that to Milan. Collectively their numbers were about equal to those of the French; but the two armies were separated.

Beaulieu began operations on April 10 by ordering an attack on the French division of Laharpe, which had been thrown forward to Voltri. The Austrians under Argenteau were to fall on its rear from Montenotte, a village to the north of Savona, with the idea of driving that wing of Bonaparte's army back along the shore road, on which it was hoped they would fall under the fire of Nelson's guns. Laharpe, however, retreated to Savona in perfect safety; for the English fleet was not near. Thereupon Bonaparte, suddenly revealing the new formation of his army in a north and south line, assumed the offensive. Argenteau, having been held temporarily in check by the desperate resistance of a handful of French soldiers under Colonel Rampon, was surprised and overwhelmed at Montenotte on the twelfth by a force much larger than his own. Next day Masséna and Augereau drove back toward Dego an Austrian division which had reached Millesimo on its way to join Colli; and on the fifteenth, at that place, Bonaparte himself destroyed the remnant of Argenteau's corps. On the sixteenth Beaulieu abandoned the mountains to make a stand at Acqui in the plain. Thus the whole Austrian force was not only driven back, but was entirely separated from the Piedmontese.

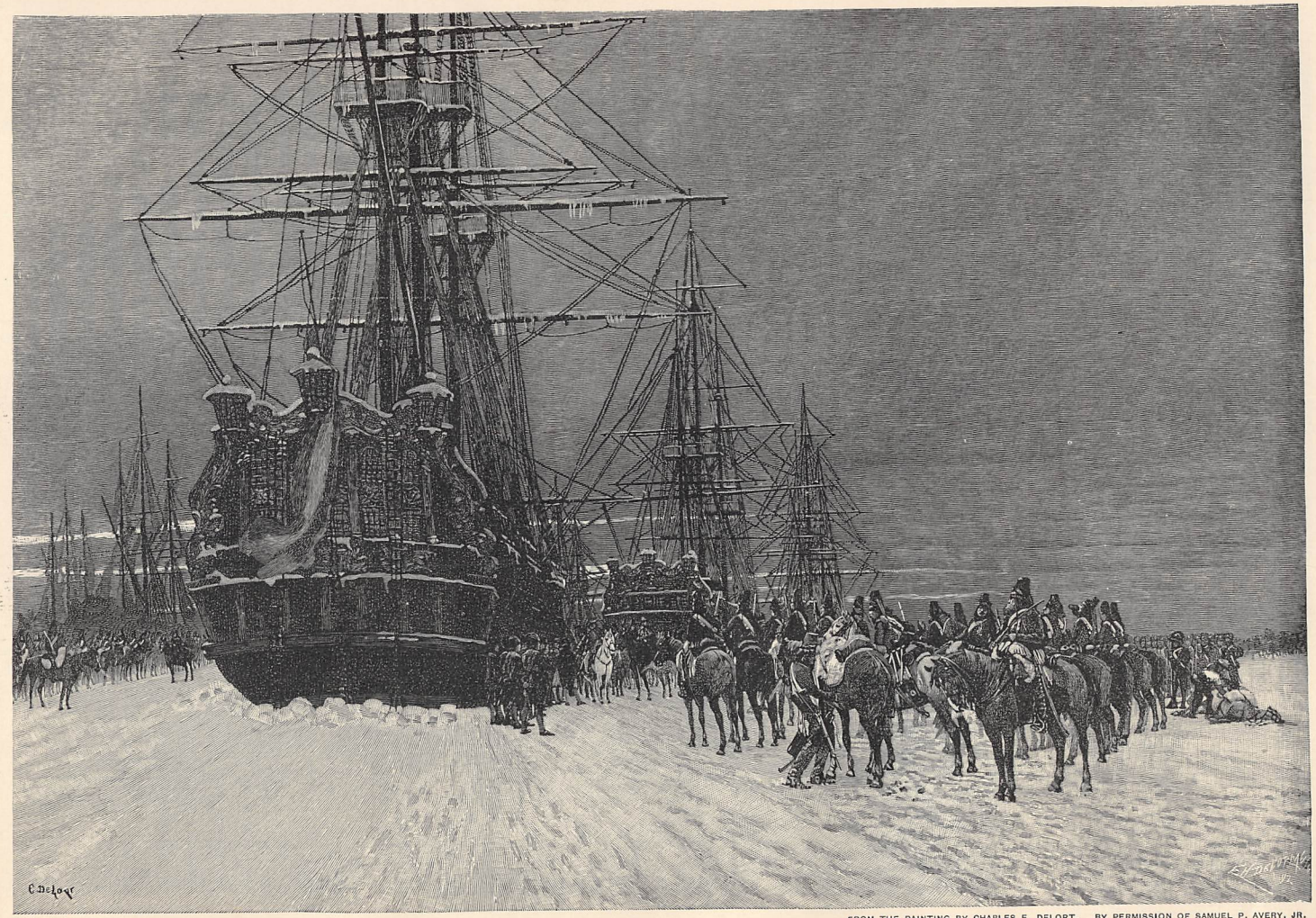
Bonaparte had a foolish plan in his pocket, which had been furnished by the Directory in a temporary reversion to official tradition, ordering him to advance into Lombardy, leaving behind the hostile Piedmontese on his left, and the uncertain Genoese on his right. He disregarded it, apparently without hesitation, and throwing his force northwestward toward Ceva, where the Piedmontese were posted, terrified them into a retreat. They were overtaken, however, at Mondovi on April 22, and utterly routed, losing not only their best troops, but their field-pieces and baggage train. Three days later Bonaparte pushed onward and occupied Cherasco, which was distant from Turin, the Piedmontese capital, but twenty-five miles by a short, easy, and now open road. On the twenty-seventh the Sardinians, isolated in a mountain amphitheater, and with no prospect of relief from their discomfited ally, made overtures for an armistice preliminary to peace. These were readily accepted by Bonaparte, without a thought of possible displeasure on the part of the French government; and although he had no authorization from them to perform such functions, he was defiantly careless of instructions in this as in every subsequent step he took. The negotiation — during which the French stipulated for the surrender to them of Coni and

Tortona, the famous "keys of the Alps," with other strongholds of minor importance, demanding also the right to cross and recross Piedmontese territory at will — was completed on the twenty-eighth. Amadeus being safe, Bonaparte was free to deal with Beaulieu.

This short campaign was in some respects insignificant, especially when compared as to numbers and results with what was to follow. But the names of Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, Mondovi, and Cherasco were ever dear to Bonaparte, and stand in a high place on his monuments. Amadeus was the father-in-law of Louis XVIII., and his court had been a nest of plotting emigrants. The loss of his fortresses robbed him of his power. By the terms of the treaty he was to banish the French royalists from his lands. Stripped thus of both force and prestige, he did not long survive the disgrace, and died, leaving to Charles Emmanuel, his son, no real dominion but that of Sardinia. Moreover, for Bonaparte, a military and political aspirant in his first independence, everything, absolutely everything, was at stake in those earliest engagements: on the event hung his career. They passed — those spring days — like a marvel. Success was in the air — not the success of accident, but the resultant of forethought and careful combination. The generals, infected by their leader's spirit, vied with each other in daring and gallantry. For happy desperation Rampon's famous stand remains unsurpassed in the annals of war.

From the heights of Ceva the leader of conquering and now devoted soldiers could show to them and their equally enthusiastic officers the fertile and well-watered land into which he had promised to lead them — the historic fields of Lombardy. Nothing comparable to that inexhaustible storehouse can be found in France, generous as is her soil. Walled in on the north and west by the majestic masses of the Alps, and to the south by the smaller but still mighty bastions of the Apennines, these plains owe to the mountains not only their fertility and prosperity, but their very existence. Numberless rills which rise amid the icy summits of the great chain, or the lower peaks of the minor one, combine into ever growing streams of pleasant waters which finally unite in the sluggish but impressive Po. Melting snows and torrential rains fill these watercourses with the rich detritus of the hills, which renews from year to year the soil it originally created. A genial climate and a grateful soil return to the industrious inhabitants an ample reward for their labors. In the fiercest heats of summer the pausing traveler will hear the soft sounds of slow-running waters in the irrigation sluices which on every side supply any lack of rain. Wheat, barley, and rice, maize, fruit, and wine, are but a few of the staples. Great farmsteads, with barns whose mighty lofts and groaning mows attest the importance of Lombard agriculture, are grouped into hamlets which abound at the shortest intervals. And to the vision of one who sees them first from a mountain-top through the dim haze of a sunny day, towns and cities seem strewn as if they were grain from the hand of a sower. The measure of bewilderment is full when memory recalls that this garden of Italy has been the prize for which from remotest antiquity the nations of Europe have fought, and that the record of the ages is indelibly written in the walls and ornaments of the myriad structures — theaters, palaces, and churches — which lie so quietly below. Surely the dullest sansculotte in Bonaparte's army must have been roused to new sensations by the sight. What rosy visions took shape in the mind of their leader we can only imagine.

Piedmont having submitted, the promised descent into these rich plains was not an instant deferred. "Hannibal," said the commanding general to his staff, "took the Alps by storm. We have turned their flank." Pausing only to announce his feats to the Directory in modest phrase, and to recommend for preferment those who, like Lannes and Lanusse, had earned distinction, he set forth on May 30. Neither Genoa, Tuscany, nor Venice was to be given time for arming; Beaulieu must be met while his men were still dispirited, and before the arrival of reinforcements: for a great army of 30,000 men was immediately to be despatched under Wurmser to maintain the power of Austria in Italy. Beaulieu was a typical Austrian general, seventy-one years old, but still hale, a stickler for precedent, and looking to experience as his only guide. Relying on the principles of strategy as he had learned them, he had taken up what he considered a strong position for the defense of Milan, his line stretching northeasterly beyond the Ticino from Valenza, the spot where rumors, diligently spread by Bonaparte, likewise declared that the French would attempt to force a passage. Confirmed in his own judgment by these reports, the old and wary Austrian commander stood brave and expectant, while the young and daring adventurer opposed to him marched swiftly by on the right bank fifty miles onward to Piacenza, and made his crossing on May 7 in common ferry-boats and by a pontoon bridge, meeting with little or no resistance from the few Austrian cavalry who had been sent out merely to reconnoiter the line. The outwitted army was virtually outflanked, and in the greatest danger. Beaulieu had barely time to break camp and march in hot haste northeasterly to Lodi, where, behind the swift current of the Adda, he made a final stand for the defense of Milan, the



ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES E. DELORT. BY PERMISSION OF SAMUEL P. AVERY, JR.

CAPTURE OF A DUTCH FLEET BY HUSSARS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, JANUARY, 1795. (SEE PAGE 803.)



AFTER THE PAINTING BY ANTOINE-JEAN GROS, IN THE POSSESSION OF MOREAU CHASLON. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

MARSHAL ANDRÉ MASSÉNA, DUKE OF RIVOLI, PRINCE OF ESSLING.

seat of Austrian government. In fact, his movements were so hurried that the advance-guards of both armies met by accident at Fombio on May 8, where a sharp engagement resulted in a victory for the French. Laharpe, who had shown his usual courage in this fight, was killed a few hours later, through a mistake of his own soldiers, in a mêlée with the pickets of a second Austrian corps. On the ninth the dukes of Parma and of Piacenza both made their submission in treaties dictated by the French commander, and simultaneously the reigning archduke quitted Milan. Next day the pursuing army was at Lodi.

Bonaparte wrote to the Directory that he had expected the passage of the Po would prove the most bold and difficult manœuver of the campaign. But it was no sooner accomplished than he again showed a perfect mastery of his art by so manœuvering as to avoid an engagement while the great river was still immediately in his rear. He was then summoned to meet a third emergency of equal consequence. The Adda is fordable in some places at certain times, but not easily; and at Lodi a wooden bridge about two hundred yards in length then occupied the site of the present solid structure of masonry and iron. The approaches to this bridge



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

RAMPON'S SOLDIERS TAKING THE OATH NEVER TO SURRENDER.

Rampon, with 1500 soldiers, was charged with the defense of a redoubt at Montenotte (see page 815), which was attacked by an Austrian corps. He made his soldiers swear to perish rather than surrender, and repulsed three attacks of the Austrians, who were overwhelmed on the following day by superior forces.

Beaulieu had seized and fortified. Northwestward was Milan; to the east lay the almost impregnable fortress of Mantua. Beaten at Lodi, the Austrians might still retreat, and make a stand under the walls of either town with some hope of victory: it was Bonaparte's intention so to disorganize his enemy's army that neither would be possible. Accordingly on May 10 the French forces were concentrated for the advance, and marched so swiftly that they overtook the Austrian rear-guard before it could withdraw behind the old Gothic walls of the town, and close the gates. Driving them onward, the French fought as they marched. A decisive conflict cleared the streets; and after a stubborn resistance the brave defenders retreated over the bridge to the eastern bank of what was now their last rampart — the river. With cool and desperate courage Beaulieu then brought into action the Austrian artillery, and with it he swept the wooden roadway.

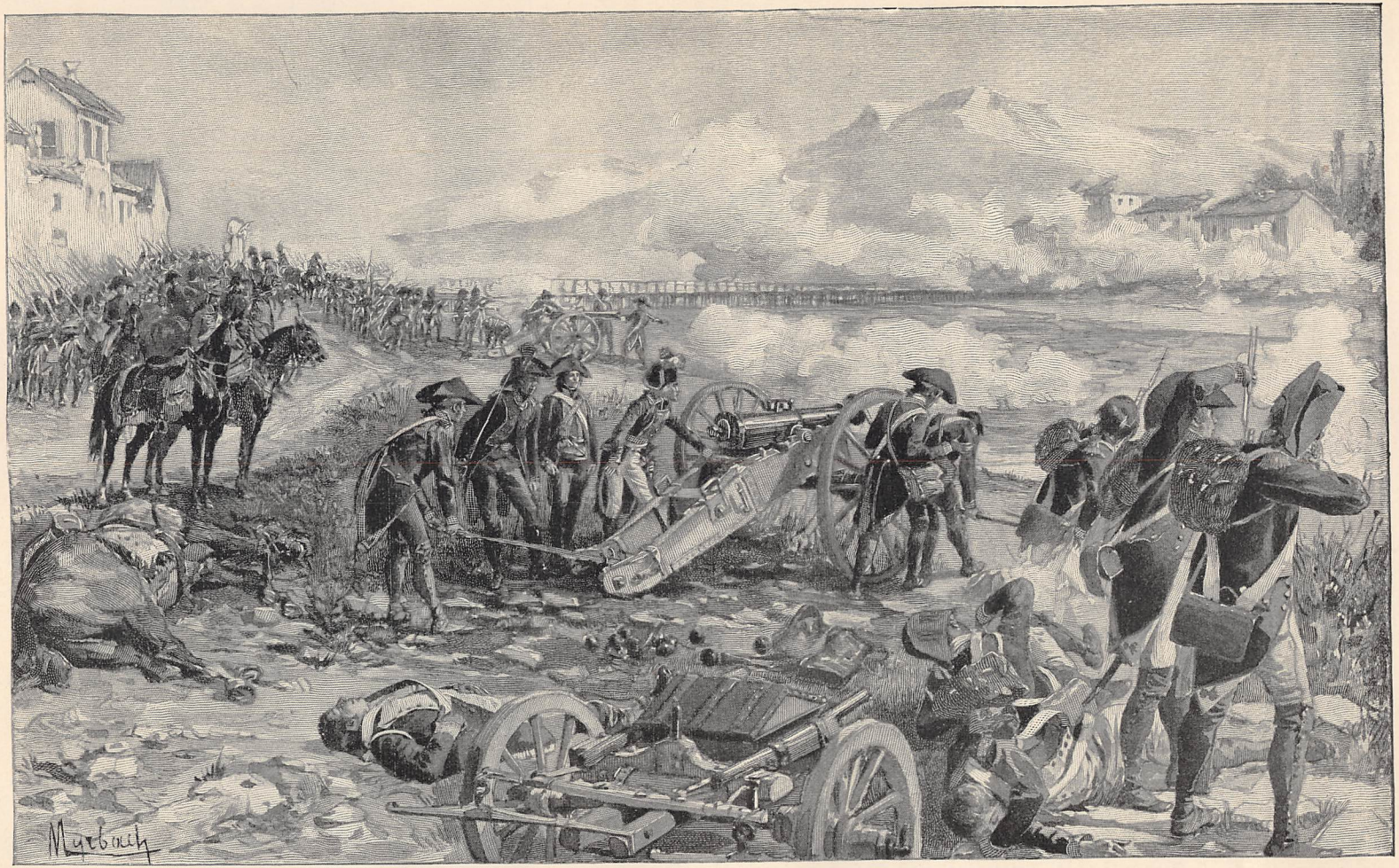
In a short time the bridge would no doubt have been in flames; and it was uncertain whether the shifting and gravelly bottom of the stream above or below would either yield a ford or permit a crossing by any other means. Under Bonaparte's personal supervision, and therefore with miraculous speed, the French batteries were placed and began an answering thunder. In an access of personal zeal, the commander even threw himself for an instant into the whirling hail of shot and shrapnel, in order the better to aim two guns which in the hurry had been misdirected. Under this terrible fire and counterfire it was impossible for the Austrians to apply a torch to any portion of the structure. Behind were three thousand French grenadiers waiting for a signal. Soon the crisis came. A troop of French cavalry had found the nearest ford a few hundred yards above the bridge, and were seen, amid the smoke, turning the right flank of the Austrian infantry, which had been posted a safe distance behind the artillery on the opposite shore. Quick as thought, in the very nick of opportunity, Bonaparte gave the word of command, and the grenadiers dashed for the bridge. Eyewitnesses declared that the fire of the Austrian artillery was now redoubled, while from houses on the opposite side soldiers hitherto concealed poured volley after volley of musket-balls upon the advancing column. For one single fateful moment it faltered. Berthier and Masséna, with others equally devoted, rushed to its head and rallied the lines. In a few moments the deed was accomplished, the bridge was won, the batteries were silenced, and the enemy was in full retreat.

Scattered, stunned, and terrified, the disheartened Austrians felt that no human power could prevail against such a foe. Beaulieu could make no further stand behind the Adda; but, retiring in haste to the Mincio, the next parallel tributary of the Po, he violated Venetian neutrality by the seizure of Peschiera, at the head of that stream, and spread his line behind the river from the Venetian town on the north as far as the casemates of Mantua, the farthest eastern outpost of Austria, thus thwarting one — and that not the least important — of Bonaparte's plans. As to the Italians, they seemed bereft of sense, and for the most part yielded dumbly to what was required. There were occasional outbursts of resistance to the fierce policy of levying contributions. One was threatened in Milan itself, but they were all put down with a high hand. Pavia, which rebelled outright, and unbolted its gates only under compulsion, was delivered to the soldiery as their booty.

The moral effect of the action at Lodi was incalculable. Bonaparte's reputation as a strategist had already been established, but his personal courage had never been tried. The actual battle-field also was something quite different from the great theater of war, and men wondered whether he had the same mastery of the former as of the latter. Hitherto he had been untried either as to his tactics or his intrepidity. In both respects Lodi elevated him literally to the stars. No doubt the risk he took was awful, and the loss of life terrible. Critics, too, have pointed out safer ways which they believe would have led to the same result; but in no other way could the same dramatic effect have been produced. France went wild with joy. The peoples of Italy bowed before the prodigy which thus both paralyzed and fascinated them all. Austria was dispirited, and her armies were awe-stricken. When, five days later, amid silent but friendly throngs of wondering men, Bonaparte entered Milan as the liberator of Lombardy, at the head of his veteran columns, there was already about his brows a mild effulgence of supernatural light, which presaged to the growing band of his followers the full glory in which he was later to shine on the imagination of millions. It was after Lodi that his adoring soldiers gave him the name of "Little Corporal," by which they ever after knew him. He himself confessed that after Lodi some conception of his high destiny arose in his mind for the first time.

AN INSUBORDINATE EMANCIPATOR.

When the news of the successes in Piedmont reached Paris, public festivals were decreed and celebrated; but the democratic spirit of the directors could brook neither the contemptuous disregard of their plan which Bonaparte had shown, nor his arrogant assumption of diplomatic plenipotence. Knowing how



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

BATTLE OF LODI — BONAPARTE AIMS THE CANNON.



DRAWN BY H. CHARTIER. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

AT THE BRIDGE OF LODI AFTER THE FRENCH TROOPERS HAD FOUND THE FORD.

thoroughly their doctrine had permeated Piedmont, they had intended to make it a republic. It was exasperating, therefore, that through Bonaparte's meddling they found themselves still compelled to negotiate peace with a monarchy. The treaty with the King of Sardinia was finally signed by them on May 15; but they had previously determined to clip the wings of their dangerous falcon by assigning Kellermann to share with Bonaparte the command of the conquering army, and by confirming Salicetti as their diplomatic plenipotentiary to accompany it. This news reached their general at Lodi on the eve of his triumphal entry into Milan. "As things now are," he promptly replied to the Directory, "you must have a general who possesses your entire confidence. If I must refer every step to government commissioners, if they have the right to change my movements, to withdraw or send troops, expect nothing good hereafter." To Carnot he wrote at the same time: "I believe one bad general to be worth two good ones. . . . War is like government, a matter of tact. . . . I do not wish to be hampered. I have begun with some glory; I wish to continue worthy of you." Aware probably that his own republican virtue could not long withstand the temptations opening before him, he began the latter missive, as if to excuse himself and anticipate possible accusations: "I swear I have nothing in view but the country. You will always find me on the straight road. I owe to the republic the sacrifice of all my own notions. If people seek to set me wrong in your esteem, my answer is in my heart and in my conscience." It is of course needless to add that the Directory yielded, not only as to the unity of command, but also in the fatal and vital matter of intrusting all diplomatic negotiations to his hands.

In taking this last step the executive virtually surrendered its identity. Such, however, was the exultation of the Parisian populace and of the soldiery, that the degradation or even the forced resignation of the conquering dictator would have at once assured the fall of the directors. They could not even protest when, soon after, there came from Bonaparte a despatch announcing that the articles of "the glorious peace which you have concluded with the King of Sardinia" had reached "us," and significantly adding in a later paragraph that the troops were content, having received half their pay in coin. Voices in Paris declared that for such language the writer should be shot. Perhaps those who put the worst interpretation on the apparently harmless words were correct in their instinct. In reality the Directory had been wholly dependent on the army since the previous October; and while such an offensive insinuation of the fact would be, if intentional, most unpalatable, yet those who had profited by the fact dared not resent a remote reference to it.

The farce was continued for some time longer, Bonaparte playing his part with singular ability. He sent to Kellermann in Savoy, without the

form of transmitting it through government channels, a subsidy of 1,200,000 francs. As long as he was unhampered, his despatches to Paris were soldierly and straightforward, although after the passage of the Po they began to be somewhat bombastic, and to abound in his old-fashioned, curious, and sometimes incorrect classical or literary allusions. But if he were crossed in the least, if reinforcements did not arrive, or if there were any sign of independence in Paris, they became petulant, talking of ill health, threatening resignation, and requesting that numbers of men be sent out to replace him in the multiform functions which in his single person he was performing. Of course these tirades often failed of immediate effect, but at least no effort was made to put an effective check on the writer's career. Read a century later in a cold and critical light, Bonaparte's proclamations of the same period seem stilted, jerky, and theatrical.[1] In them, however, there may still be found a sort of interstitial sentimentality, and in an age of romantic devotion to ideals the quality of vague suggestiveness passed for genuine coin. Whatever else was lacking in those compositions, they had the one supreme merit of accomplishing their end, for they roused the French soldiers to frenzied enthusiasm.



FROM THE BUST BY LE COMTE IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

AMÉDÉE-EMMANUEL LAHARPE.

In fact, if the Directory stood on the army, the army belonged henceforth to Bonaparte. When Marmont, on the very day that Milan was entered, heard from his leader's lips the memorable words, "Fortune is a woman; the more she does for me, the more I shall exact from her. . . . In our day no one has conceived anything great; it falls to me to give the example," he certainly did not fail to communicate them to his associates. "From this moment," wrote the same chronicler, a few months later, "the chief part of the pay and salaries was in coin. This led to a great change in the situation of the officers, and to a certain

1 "You have flung yourselves like a torrent from the heights of the Apennines," runs that of May 20, which at the time was considered very fine; "you have thrown back and scattered whatever opposed your advance. Piedmont is redeemed to its natural feelings for peace and friendship with France. Milan is yours, and the banner of the republic floats over all Lombardy. The army which so proudly menaced you is now without any defense against your valor. Your mothers, sisters, wives rejoice in your success, and are proud that you are theirs. Yes, soldiers, you have done much; but does nothing remain for you to do? Shall it be said that, having won battles, we could make no use of our victories? Shall posterity reproach us with having found a Capua in Lombardy? Nay, I see you rush again to arms — a base repose is wearisome to you. Days lost to glory are lost to your happiness. Well, let us be off; we have still forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to pluck, injuries to avenge.

"Let those tremble who have sharpened the dagger of civil war in France, who have basely assassinated our ministers, and burned our ships at Toulon! The hour of vengeance has struck.

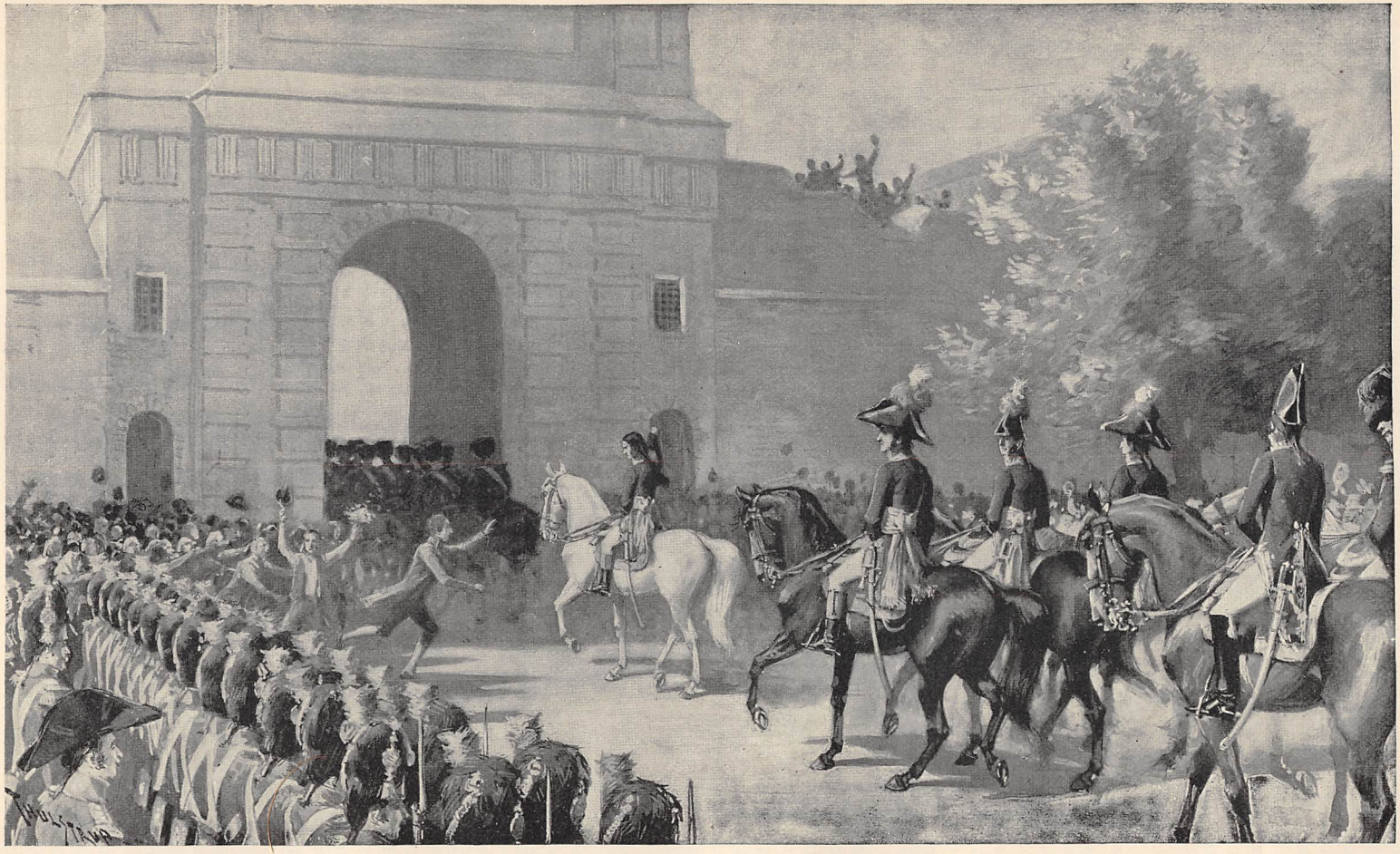
"But let the peoples be calm. We are the friends of the people, and more especially of the descendants of the Brutuses, the Scipios, and the great men we have taken as our examples. To rebuild the Capitol, to place in honor there the statues of the heroes who made themselves famous, to rouse the Roman people stupefied by many centuries of bondage,— such shall be the fruit of our victories. They will mark an epoch in the minds of posterity. Yours will be the immortal glory of changing the face of the most beautiful part of Europe."

This proclamation was long considered a work of art. It is easily the finest of those issued during the Italian campaign. And yet the imagery which compared his army to a devastating torrent, and the allusion which recalled Hannibal's disasters along with his successes, were certainly of doubtful expediency, to say nothing of threatened vengeance on a portion of the French people and the contemptuous allusion to the Italians.

extent in their habits." Bonaparte was incorruptible: when Salicetti slyly suggested that the general should enrich himself at the expense of the Duke of Modena, he was met with a withering scorn. But similar propositions were made by the commander-in-chief to his subordinates, and they with less prudence fell into the trap, taking all they could lay hands upon, and thus becoming the bond-slaves of their virtuous leader. There were stories at the time that some of the generals, not daring to send their ill-gotten money to France, and having no opportunity for investing it elsewhere, actually carried hundreds of thousands of francs in their baggage. But this prostitution of his generals was only part of a system. Twenty million francs was approximately the sum total of all contributions announced to the Directory, and in their destitution it seemed enormous. Was this paltry four million dollars the whole of what was derived from the sequestrations of princely domains and the secularization of ecclesiastical estates? By no means. The army chest, of which none knew the contents but Bonaparte, was as inexhaustible as the widow's cruse. At the opening of the campaign in Piedmont, empty wagons had been ostentatiously displayed as representing the military funds at the general's disposal: these same vehicles now groaned under a weight of treasure, and were kept in a safe obscurity. Well might he say as he did in June to Miot: "The commissioners of the Directory have no concern with my policy."

With the entry into Milan, therefore, begins a new epoch in the remarkable development we are seeking to outline. The military genius of him who had been the Corsican patriot and the Jacobin republican had finally asserted dominion over all his other qualities. In the inconsistency of human nature, these former characters now and then showed themselves as still existent, but they were henceforth subordinate. The conquered Milanese was by a magical touch provided with a provisional government, ready, after the tardy assent of the Directory, to be changed into the Transpadane Republic, under French protection. Every detail of administration, every official and his functions, came under Bonaparte's direction. He knew the land and its resources, the people and their capacities, the mutual relations of the surrounding states, and the idiosyncrasies of their rulers. Such laborious analysis as his despatches display, such grasp both of outline and detail, such absence of confusion and clearness of vision, such lack of hesitance and definition of plan, seem to prove that either a hero or a demon is again on earth. All the capacity this man had hitherto shown, great as it was, sinks into insignificance when compared with the Olympian powers he now displays, and will continue to display for years to come. His sinews are iron, his nerves are steel, his eyes need no sleep, and his brain no rest. What a captured Hungarian veteran said of him at Lodi is as true of his political activity as of his military restlessness: "He knows nothing of the regular rules of war: he is sometimes on our front, sometimes on the flank, sometimes in the rear. There is no supporting such a gross violation of rules." His senses and his reason were indeed untrammeled by human limitations; they worked on front, rear, and flank, often simultaneously, and always without confusion.

Was it astonishing that the French nation, just recovering from a debauch of irreligion and anarchy, should begin insensibly to yield to the charms of a wooer so seductive? For some time past the soldiers, as the Milan newspapers declared, had been a pack of tatterdemalions ever flying before the arms of His Majesty the Emperor; now they were victors, led by a second Cæsar or Alexander, clothed, fed, and paid at the cost of the conquered. To ardent French republicans, and to the peoples of Italy, this phenomenal personage proclaimed that he had come to break the chains of captives, while almost in the same hour, and, as it were, with his other hand, he wrote to the Directory that he was levying 20,000,000 francs on the country, which, though exhausted by five years of war, was then the richest in the civilized universe. Nor was the self-esteem of France nor the Parisian passion for adornment forgotten. There began a course of plunder, if not in a direction at least in a measure hitherto unknown to the modern world — the plunder of scientific specimens, of manuscripts, of pictures, statues, and other works of art. It is difficult to fix the responsibility for this policy. In the previous year a few art works had been taken from Holland and Belgium, and formal orders were given again and again by the Directory for stripping the Pope's galleries; but there is a persistent belief, founded, no doubt, in an inherent probability, that the whole scheme of art spoliation was suggested by Bonaparte, and prearranged between himself and the executive before his departure. At any rate, he asked and easily obtained from the government a commission of scholars and experts to scour the Italian cities; and soon untold treasures of art, letters, and science began to pour into the galleries, cabinets, and libraries of Paris. A few brave voices among the artists protested against the desecration, but the nation at large was tipsy with delight, and would not listen. Raphael, Leonardo, and Michelangelo, Correggio, Giorgione, and Paul Veronese, with all the lesser masters, were jolted in tumbrils northward over the Alps toward the new Rome; while Monge and Berthollet ransacked the scientific collec-



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

THE ENTRY INTO MILAN.

(SEE PAGE 820.)

tions of Milan and Parma for their rarest specimens. Science, in fact, was to flourish on the banks of the Seine as never before or elsewhere; and the great investigators of Italy, forgetful of their native land, were to find a new citizenship in the world of knowledge at the capital of European liberties. Words like these, addressed to the astronomer Oriani, indicate that on Bonaparte's mind had dawned the notion of a universal federated state, to which national republics would be subordinate.

MILITARY DIPLOMACY IN CENTRAL ITALY.

ITALIAN rebellion having been subdued, the French nation roused to enthusiasm, independent funds provided, and the Directory put in its place, Bonaparte was free to unfold and consummate his further plans. Before him was the territory of Venice, once vigorous and terrible, but now an enfeebled and gentle ruler as far as the country populations were concerned. With quick decision a French corps of observation was sent to seize Brescia and watch the Tyrolean passes. It was, of course, to the Austrian advantage that Venetian neutrality should not be violated, except by themselves. But the French, having made a bold beginning of formal defiance, were quick to go further. Beaulieu had not hesitated on false pretenses to seize Peschiera, another Venetian town, which by its situation, at the outlet of Lake Garda was of the utmost strategic value. He now stood confronting his pursuers on a strong line established, without reference to territorial boundaries, behind the whole course of the Mincio. Such was the situation to the north and east of the French army. Southeastward, on the swampy banks of the same river, near its junction with the Po, was Mantua. This city, which even under ordinary circumstances was an almost impregnable fortress, was now occupied by an extraordinary garrison, while the surrounding lowlands were artificially inundated as a supreme measure of safety. Bonaparte intended to hurl Beaulieu back, and seize the line of the Adige, far stronger than that of the Mincio for repelling an Austrian invasion from the north. What to him were the neutrality of a weak government, or the precepts of international law with no sanction but a moral one? Austria according to treaty had the right to move its troops over two great military roads within Venetian jurisdiction, and her defeated armies had just used one of them for retreat. The victorious commander could scarcely be expected to pause in his pursuit for lack of a few lines of writing on a piece of stamped paper. Accordingly, by a simple feint the Austrians were led to believe that his object was the seizure of Peschiera and the passes above Lake Garda; and in consequence they massed themselves at that place to meet his attack. Then with a swift, forced march the French were concentrated not on the enemy's strong right, but on his weak center at Borghetto. Bonaparte's cavalry, hitherto badly mounted and timid, but now reorganized, were thrown forward for their easy task. Under Murat's command they dashed through, and, encouraged by their own brilliant successes, were thenceforward famous for efficiency. Bonaparte, with the main army, then hurried past Mantua as it lay behind its bulwarks of swamp-fever, and the Austrian force was cut in two. The right wing fled to the mountains; the left was virtually in a trap. Without any declaration of war against Venice, the French immediately occupied Verona, and Legnago a few days later; Peschiera was fortified, and Pizzighettone occupied as Brescia had been, while contributions of every sort were levied more ruthlessly even than on the Milanese, and without formality of any kind. The mastery of these new positions isolated Mantua more completely than a formal investment would have done; but it was, nevertheless, considered wise a few weeks later to leave no loophole, and an army of eight thousand Frenchmen sat down in force before its gates.

It was certain that within a few weeks a powerful Austrian force would pour out from the Alpine passes to the north. Further advance into Venetian lands would therefore be ruin for the French. There was nothing left but the slow hours of a siege, for Mantua had become the decisive point. In the heats of summer this interval might well have been devoted to ease; but it was almost the busiest period of Bonaparte's life. According to the Directory's rejected plan for a division of command in Italy, Kellermann's mission was to organize a republic in Piedmont and in the Milanese, and then to defend the Tyrolese passes against an Austrian advance from the north. Bonaparte was to have moved southward along the shore to revolutionize Genoa, Tuscany, the Papal States, and Naples successively. The whole idea having been scornfully rejected by Bonaparte, the Directory had been forced by the brilliant successes of their general not merely to condone his disobedience, but actually to approve his policy. He now had the opportunity for justifying his foresight. Understanding, as the government did not, that Austria was their only redoubtable foe by land, and the real bulwark of the whole Italian system, he had first shattered her power, at least for the time. The prop having been removed, the structure was toppling, and during this interval of waiting, it fell. His opportunity was made, his resolution ripe.

In front, Venice was at his mercy; behind him, guerrilla bands of so-called Barbets, formed



ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON, FROM THE PAINTING BY DETAILLE.

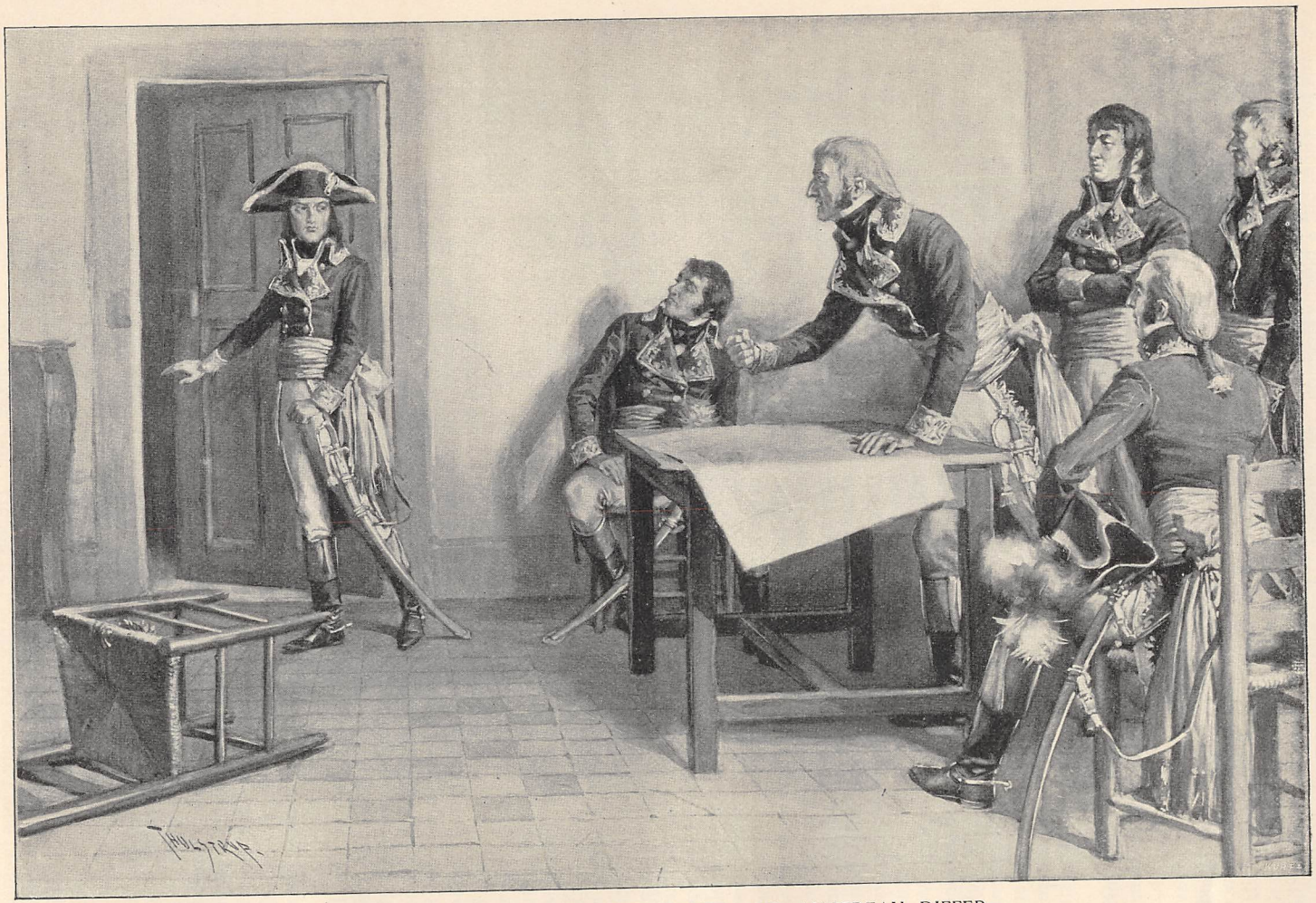
PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

BONAPARTE IN ITALY.

in Genoese territory and equipped by disaffected fugitives, were threatening the lately conquered gateway from France where the Ligurian Alps and the Apennines meet. Bonaparte's first step was to impose a new arrangement upon the submissive Piedmont, whereby, to make assurance doubly sure, Alessandria was added to the list of fortresses in French hands; then, as his second measure, Murat and Lannes appeared before Genoa at the head of an armed force, with instructions first to seize and shoot the many offenders who had taken refuge in her territory after the risings in Lombardy, and then to threaten the Senate with further retaliatory measures, and command the instant dismissal of the imperial Austrian plenipotentiary. From Paris came orders to drive the English fleet out of the harbor of Leghorn, where, in spite of the treaty between Tuscany and France, there still were hostile arsenals and ships. It was done. Naples did not wait to see her territories invaded, but sued for mercy and was humbled, being forced to withdraw her navy from that of the coalition, and her cavalry from the Austrian army. For the moment the city of Rome was left in peace. The strength of papal dominion lay in Bologna, and the other legations beyond the Apennines, comprising many of the finest districts in Italy; and there a master-stroke was to be made.

On the throne of Modena was an Austrian archduke: his government was remorsely shattered and virtually destroyed. The ransom was fixed at 10,000,000 francs and twenty of the best pictures in the principality. But on that of Parma was a Spanish prince with whose house France had made one treaty and hoped to make a better one. The grand duke, therefore, was graciously allowed to purchase an armistice by an enormous but possible contribution of two millions in money together with provisions and horses in quantity. The famous St. Jerome of Correggio was among the twenty paintings seized in Modena. The archduke repeatedly offered to ransom it for 1,000,000 francs, the amount at which its value was estimated, but his request was not granted. Next came Bologna and its surrounding territory. Such had been the tyranny of ecclesiastical control that the subjects of the Pope in that most ancient and famous seat of learning welcomed the French with unfeigned joy; and the fairest portion of the Papal States passed by its own desire from under the old yoke. The successor of St. Peter was glad to ransom his capital by a payment nominally of 21,000,000 francs. In reality it was far more; for his galleries, like those of Modena, were stripped of their gems, while the funds seized in government offices, and levied in irregular ways, raised the total value forwarded to Paris to nearly double the nominal contribution. All this, Bonaparte explained, was but a beginning, the idleness of summer heats. "This armistice," he wrote to Paris on June 21, 1796, "being concluded with the dog-star rather than with the papal army, my opinion is that you should be in no haste to make peace, so that in September, if all goes well in Germany and northern Italy, we can take possession of Rome."

In fact, this ingenious man was really practising moderation, as both he and the terrified Italians, considering their relative situations, understood it. Whatever had been the original arrangement with the directors, there was nothing they did not now expect and demand from Italy: they wrote requiring, in addition to all that had hitherto been mentioned, plunder of every kind from Leghorn; masts, cordage, and ship supplies from Genoa; horses, provisions, and forage from Milan; and contributions of jewels and precious stones from the reigning princes. As for the papal power, the French radicals would gladly have destroyed it. They had not forgotten that a diplomatic agent of the republic had been killed in the streets of Rome, and that no reparation had been made either by the punishment of the assassin or otherwise. The Pope, they declared, had been the real author of the terrible civil war fomented by the unyielding clergy, and waged with such fury in France. Moreover, the whole sentimental and philosophical movement of the century in France and elsewhere considered the ecclesiastical centralization and hierarchical tyranny of the papacy as a dangerous survival of absolutism. But Bonaparte was wise in his generation. The contributions he levied throughout Italy were terrible; but they were such as she could bear, and still recuperate for further service in the same direction. The liberalism of Italy was, moreover, not the radicalism of France; and a submissive papacy was of incalculably greater value both there and elsewhere in Europe than an irreconcilable and fugitive one. The Pope, too, though weakened and humiliated as a temporal prince, was spared for further usefulness to his conqueror as a spiritual dignitary. Beyond all this was the enormous moral influence of a temperate and apparently impersonal policy. Bonaparte, though personally and by nature a passionate and self-indulgent man, as the representative of a great movement took pains to live simply, dress plainly, almost shabbily, and continued by calm calculation to refuse the enormous bribes which began and continued to be offered to him personally by the rulers of Italy. His generals and the fiscal agents of the nation were all in his power, because by his connivance they had grown enormously rich, while he himself remained comparatively poor,



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR—BONAPARTE AND AUGEREAU DIFFER.

(SEE PAGE 832.)

and for his station almost destitute. The army was his devoted servant; Italy and the world should see how different was his moderation from the rapacity of the republic and its tools, vandals like the commissioners Gareau and Salicetti.

Such was the "leisure" of one who to all outward appearance was but a man, and a very ordinary one. In the medals struck to commemorate this first portion of the Italian campaign, he is still the same slim youth, with lanky hair, that he was on his arrival in Paris the year previous. It was observed, however, that the old indifferent manner was somewhat emphasized, and consequently artificial; that the gaze was at least as direct and the eye as penetrating as ever; and that there was, half intentionally, half unconsciously, disseminated all about an atmosphere of peremptory command—but that was all. The incarnation of ambition was long since complete; its attendant imperious manner was suffered to develop but slowly. In Bonaparte was already perceptible the outline of Napoleon.[1]

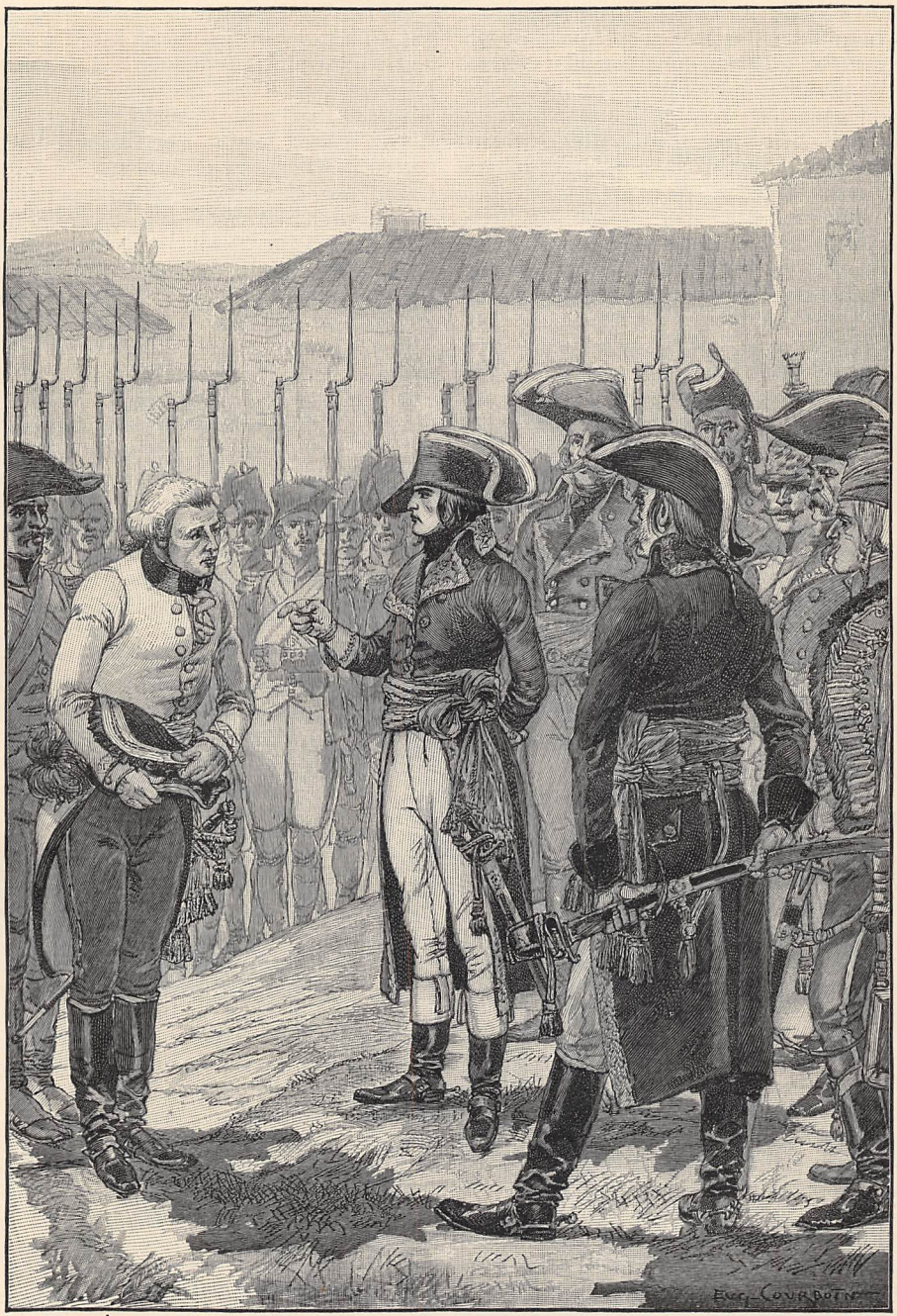
THE STRUGGLE FOR MANTUA.

MEANTIME the end of July had come. Wurmser, considered by Austria her greatest general, had been recalled to Vienna from the Rhine, and sent at the head of 30,000 fresh troops to collect the columns of Beaulieu's army, which was scattered in the Tyrol; thereupon he was to assume the chief command, and advance to the relief of Mantua. Under the direction of the Aulic Council of the empire, and in pursuance of the same hitherto universal but vicious system of cabinet campaigning which Bonaparte had just thrown off, he was moving down from the Alps in three columns with a total force of about 53,000 men, excluding some 15,000 in the garrison of Mantua. Bonaparte was much weaker, having only 42,000, and of these some 8000 were occupied in the siege of that place. Wurmser was a master of the old school, working like an automaton under the hand of monarch, court, and ministers; commanding well-equipped battalions, every soldier of which was a recruit so costly that destructive battles were made as infrequent as possible, because to fight many meant financial ruin. In consequence, like all the best generals of his class, he made war as far as possible a series of manœuvers. Opposed to him was an emancipated genius with neither directors nor public council to hamper him. In the tradition of the Revolution, as in the mind of Frederick the Great, war was no game, but a bloody decision, and the quicker the conclusion was tried the better. The national conscription, under the hands of Dubois de Crancé, had secured men in unlimited numbers at the least expense; while Carnot's organization had made possible the quick handling of troops in large mass by simplifying the machinery. Bonaparte was about to show what could be done in the way of using the weapon which had been put into his hands.

The possession of Mantua was decisive of Italian destiny, for its holder could command a kind of overlordship in every little Italian state. If Bonaparte should take and keep it, Austria would be virtually banished from Italy, and her prestige destroyed. She must, therefore, relieve it, or lose not only her power in the peninsula, but her rank in Europe. To this end, and according to the established rules of strategy, the Austrians advanced from the mountains in three divisions against the French line, which stretched from Brescia past Peschiera, at the head of the Mincio, and through Verona to Legnago on the Adige. Two of these armies were to march respectively down the east and west banks of Lake Garda, and, flanking the inferior forces of the French on both sides, surround and capture them. The other division was on the Adige in front of Verona, ready to relieve Mantua. Between that river and the lake rises the stately mass of Monte Baldo, abrupt on its eastern, more gentle on its western, slope. This latter, as affording some space for manœuvers, was really the key to the passage. Such was the first onset of the Austrians down this line that the French outposts at Lonato and Rivoli were driven in, and for a time it seemed as if there would be a general rout. But the French stood firm, and checked any farther advance. For a day Bonaparte and Wurmser stood confronting each other. In the mean time, however, the left Austrian column was pouring down toward Verona, while the right, under Quasdanowich, had already captured Brescia, seized the highway to Milan, and cut off the French retreat. This move in Wurmser's plan was so far entirely successful, and for a moment it seemed as if the sequel would be equally so. The situation of his opponents was desperate.

In this crisis occurred the first of those curious scenes which recur at intervals in Bonaparte's life. Some—and those eye-witnesses—have attributed them to genuine panic. Having ordered the siege of Mantua to be raised, and his own siege-guns to be spiked, he at once despatched the division thus rendered available for field operations toward Brescia. But its numbers were so few as scarcely to relieve the situation. Accordingly a council of war was summoned to decide whether the army should stand and fight or retreat. The commander-in-

[1] Victor Hugo, in Sainte-Beuve's "Portraits Contemporains," I. 384.



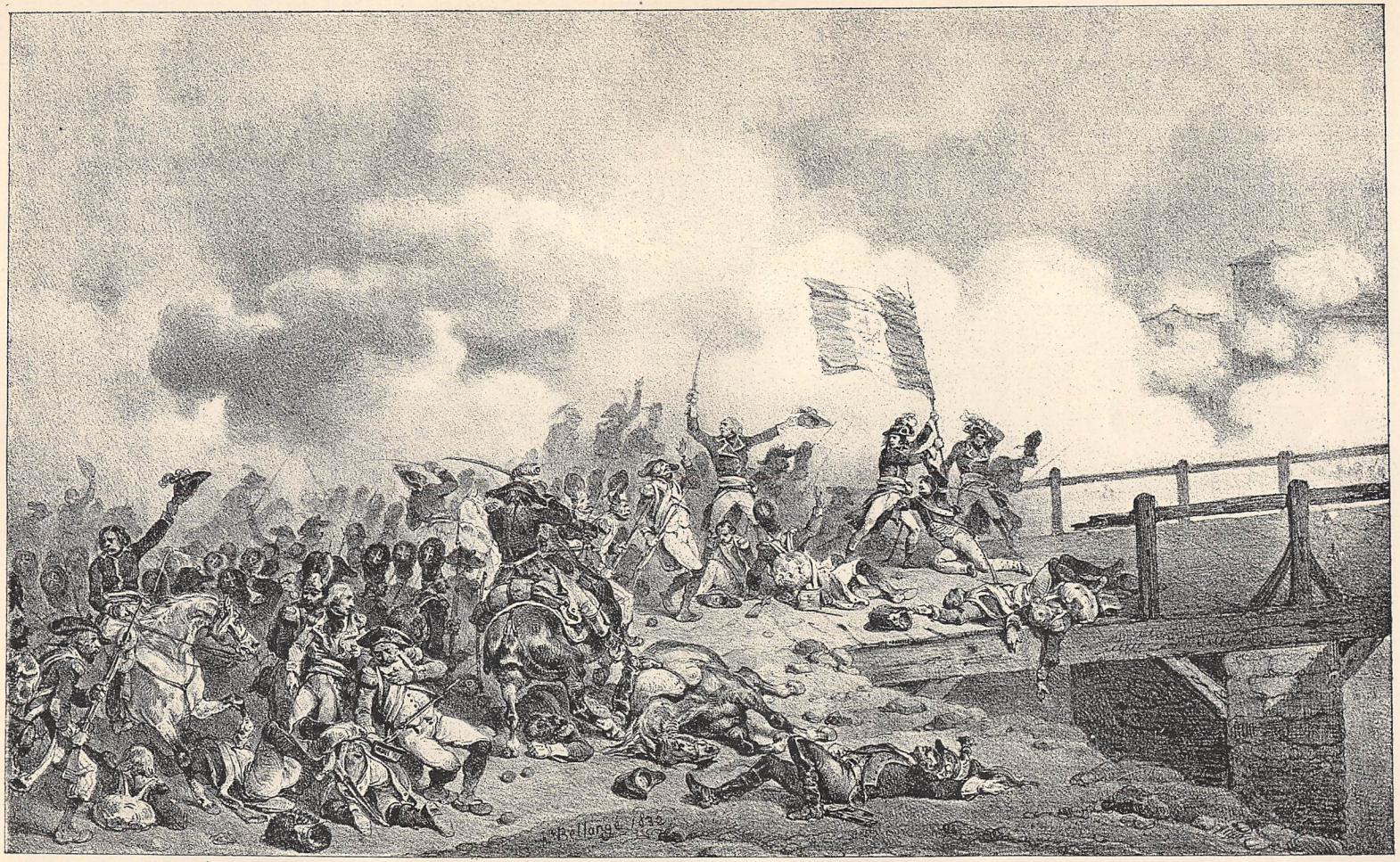
DRAWN BY EUGÈNE COURBOIN. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

BONAPARTE, SURPRISED AT LONATO WITH HIS STAFF AND 1200 MEN, COMPELS 4000 AUSTRIANS TO SURRENDER.

(SEE PAGE 832.)

chief was apparently much excited, and advised the latter course. The enemy being between the French and the Adda, no other line was open but that southward through the low country, over the Po; and to follow that implied something akin to a disorderly rout. Nevertheless all the generals were in favor of this suggestion except one,—Augereau,—who disdained the notion of retreat on any line, and flung out of the room in scorn. Bonaparte walked the floor until late in the small hours; finally he appeared to have accepted Augereau's advice, and gave orders for battle. But the opening movements were badly executed. Bonaparte seemed to feel that the omens were unfavorable, and again the generals were summoned. Augereau opened the meeting with a theatrical and declamatory but earnest speech, encouraging his comrades and urging the expediency of a battle. This time it was Bonaparte who fled, apparently in despair, leaving the chief command, and with it the responsibility, to the daring Augereau, by whose enthusiasm, as he no doubt saw, the other generals had been affected. The hazardous enterprise succeeded, and on the very plan already adopted. Augereau gave the orders, and with swift concentration every available man was hurled against Quasdanowich at Lonato. The result was an easy victory, the enemy was driven back to a safe distance, and Brescia was evacuated on August 4, the defeated columns retreating behind Lake Garda to join Wurmser on the other side. Like the regular return of the pendulum, the French moved back again, and confronted the Austrian center that very night, but now with every company in line and Bonaparte at their head. A portion of the enemy, about twenty-five thousand in number, had reached Lonato, hastening to the support of Quasdanowich. Wurmser had lost a day before Mantua. A second time the hurrying French engaged their foe almost on the same field. A second time they were easily victorious. In fact so terrible was this second defeat that the scattered bands of Austrians wandered aimlessly about in ignorance of their way. One of them, four thousand strong, reaching Lonato, found it almost abandoned by the French, Bonaparte and his staff with but twelve hundred men being left behind. A herald, blindfolded, as was then the custom, was at once despatched to summon the French commander to surrender to the superior Austrian force. The available remnant of the victorious army quickly gathered, and the messenger was introduced in the midst of them. As the bandage was taken from his eyes, dazzled by the light falling on hundreds of brilliant uniforms, the imperious voice of his great enemy was heard commanding him to return and say to his leader that it was a personal insult to speak of surrender to the French army, and that it was he who must immediately yield himself and his division. The bold scheme was successful, and to the ten thousand previously killed, wounded, and captured by the conquerors, four thousand prisoners were added. Next morning Wurmser advanced, and with his right resting on Lake Garda offered battle. The decisive fight occurred in the center of his long, weak line at Castiglione. Before evening the desperate struggle was over, and the Austrians were in full retreat toward the Tyrol. Had the great risks of these few days been determined against the French, who would have been to blame but the madcap Augereau? As things turned out, whose was the glory but Bonaparte's? This panic, at least, appears to have been carefully calculated and cleverly feigned. A week later the French lines were again closed before Mantua, which, though not invested, was at least blockaded. The fortress had been revictualed and regarrisoned while the besiegers had destroyed their own train. But France was mistress of the Mincio and the Adige, with a total loss of about ten thousand men; while Austria had lost forty thousand, and was standing by a forlorn hope. Both armies were exhausted; as yet the great stake was not won.

In the shortest possible period new troops were under way both from Vienna and from Paris. With those from the Austrian capital came positive instructions to Wurmser that in any case he should again advance toward Mantua. In obedience to this command of the emperor, a division of the army, twenty thousand strong, under Davidowich, was left in the Austrian Tyrol at Roveredo, near Trent, to stop the advance of the French, who, with their reinforcements, were pressing forward through the pass as if to join Moreau in Munich. The main Austrian army, under Wurmser, moved over into the valley of the Brenta, and advanced toward Mantua. Should he turn westward against the French, the reserve would descend the valley of the Adige to his assistance. But Bonaparte did not intend either to pass by and leave open the way southward, or to be shut up in the valleys of the Tyrol. With a quick surge Davidowich was first defeated at Roveredo, and then driven far behind Trent into the higher valleys. The victor delayed only to issue a proclamation giving autonomy to the Tyrolese, under French protection. The ungrateful peasantry preferred the autonomy they already enjoyed, and fortified their precipitous passes for resistance. Turning quickly into the Brenta valley, the French, by a forced march of two days, overtook the advance-guard of Wurmser unawares at Primolano, and captured it. The next day, September 8, his main army was thoroughly beaten at Bassano. There was no-



FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY BELLANGÉ.

THE CHARGE AT ARCOLE.

thing left for the veteran general but to retreat, and, if possible, throw himself into Mantua. Part of his army had already retreated from Bassano into Friuli, toward Vienna. With the remnants under his own command, 16,000 men in all, he forced a way, by a series of most brilliant movements, past the flank of the blockading French lines, and found a refuge in the famous fortress.

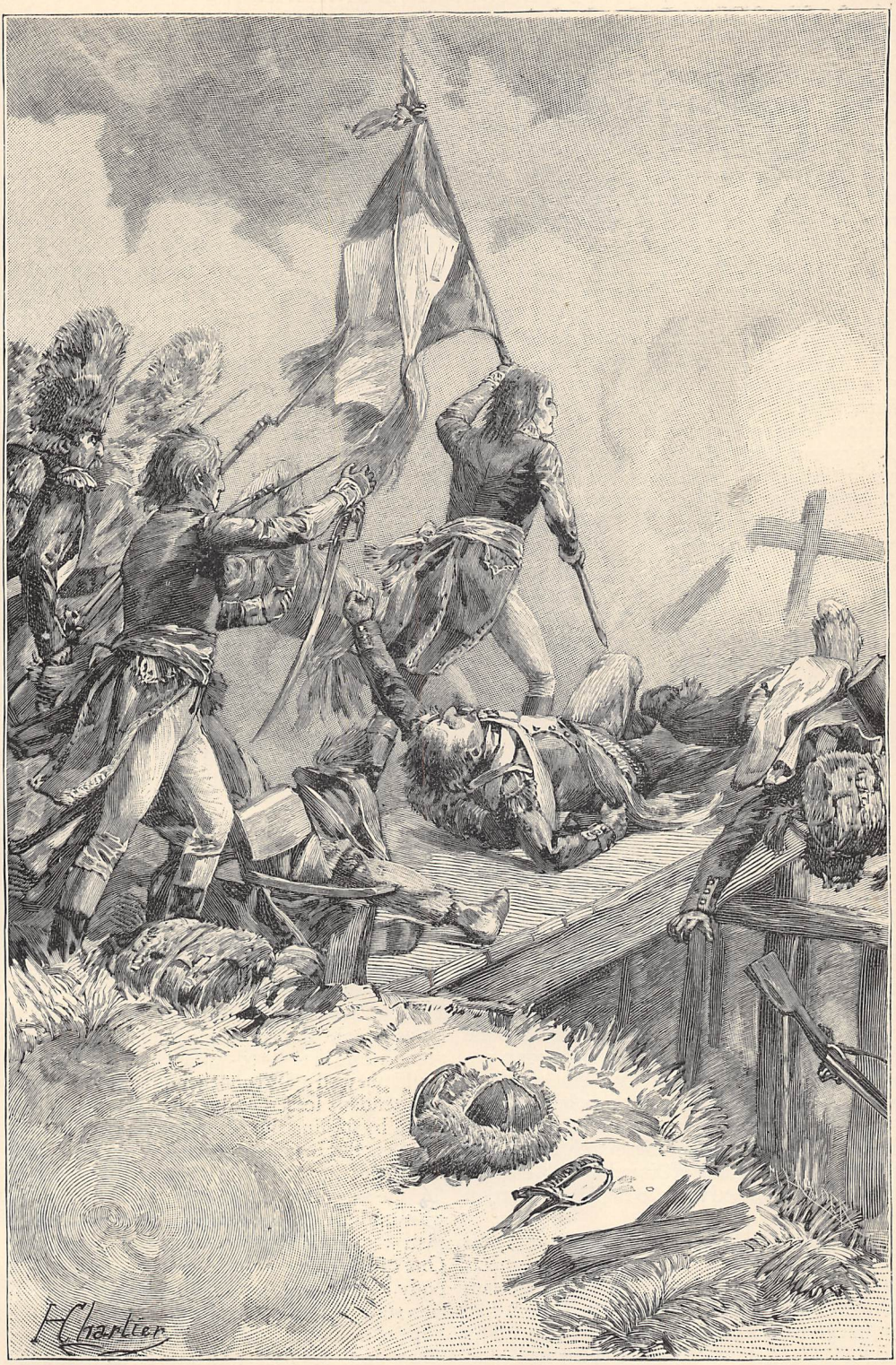
The lightning-like rapidity of these operations completed the demoralization of the Austrian troops. The fortified defiles and cliffs which they had held in the Tyrol fell before the French attacks as easily as their breastworks in the plains. Wurmser had 26,000 men in Mantua; but from fear and fever half of them were in the hospitals.

Meanwhile, disaster had overtaken the French arms in the North. Jourdan had crossed the Rhine at Dusseldorf, as Moreau had at Kehl. They had each about 75,000 men, while the army under the archduke Charles had been reduced by Wurmser's departure for Italy to a number far less. According to the plan of the Directory, these two French armies were to advance in parallel lines south of the neutral zone into the heart of Germany, and to join Bonaparte across the Tyrol for the advance to Vienna. Moreau defeated the Austrians, and reached Munich without a check. Würtemberg and Baden made peace with the French republic on its own terms, and Saxony, recalling its forces from the coalition, declared itself neutral, as likewise did Prussia. But Jourdan, having seized Würzburg and won the battle of Altenkirchen, was met on his way to Ratisbon at Neumarkt, and thoroughly beaten, by the same young archduke Charles, who had acquired experience and learned wisdom in his defeat by Moreau. Both French armies were thus thrown back upon the Rhine, and there could be no further hope of carrying out the original plan by their union across the Tyrol with the army of Bonaparte for an advance to the Austrian capital. In this way the attention of the world was concentrated on the victorious Army of Italy and its young commander, whose importance was further enhanced by the fulfilment of his own prophecy that the fate of Europe hung on the decision of his campaign in Italy.

ARCOLE.

THE glory of the imperial arms had been brilliantly vindicated in the North; was it impossible to relieve Mantua, and restore it in the South? Every effort was to be made. The Tyrolese sharp-shooters were called out, large numbers of raw recruits were gathered in Illyria and Croatia, while a few veterans were taken from the forces of the archduke Charles. When these were collected, Quasdanowich found himself in Friuli with upward of 35,000 men, while Davidowich in the Tyrol had 18,000. The chief command of both armies was assigned to Alvinczy, an experienced but aged general, one of the same stock as that to which Wurmser belonged. About October 1 the two forces moved simultaneously, one down the Adige, the other down the Piave, to unite before Vicenza, and proceed to the relief of Mantua. For the fourth time Bonaparte was to fight the same battle, on the same field, for the same object, with the same inferiority of numbers. His situation, however, was a trifle better than it had been, for several veteran battalions which were no longer needed in Vendée had arrived from the Army of the West; his own soldiers were also well equipped and enthusiastic. He wrote to the Directory on October 1 that he had 30,000 effectives; but he probably had more, for it is scarcely possible that, as he said, 18,000 were in the hospitals. The populations around and behind him were, moreover, losing faith in Austria, and growing well disposed toward France. Many of his garrisons were, therefore, called in; and deducting 8000 men destined for the siege of Mantua, he still had nearly 40,000 men to meet the Austrians.

And yet this fourth division of the campaign opened with disaster. To prevent the union of his enemy's two armies, Bonaparte ordered Vaubois, who had been left above Trent to guard the French conquests in the Tyrol, to attack Davidowich. The result was a rout, and Vaubois was compelled to abandon one strong position after another,—first Trent, then Roveredo, —until finally he felt able to make a stand on the right bank of the Adige at Rivoli, which commands the southern slopes of Monte Baldo. The other bank was in Austrian hands, and Davidowich could have debouched safely into the plain. This result was largely due to the clever mountain warfare of the Tyrolese militia. Meantime Masséna had advanced from Bassano up the Piave to observe Alvinczy. Augereau was at Verona. On November 4 Alvinczy advanced, occupied Bassano, and Masséna was compelled to retreat before a superior force. Bonaparte, determined not to permit a junction of the two Austrian armies, moved with Augereau's division to reinforce Masséna and drive Alvinczy back into the valley of the Piave. Augereau fought all day on the sixth at Bassano, Masséna at Citadella. This first encounter was indecisive; but news of Vaubois's defeat having arrived, the French thought it best to retreat on the following day. There was not now a single obstacle to the union of the two Austrian armies; and on November 9 Alvinczy started for Verona, where the French had halted on the eighth. It looked as if Bonaparte would be at-



DRAWN BY H. CHARTIER. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

BONAPARTE AT ARCOLE.

tacked on both flanks at once, and thus overwhelmed.

Verona lies on both banks of the river Adige, which is spanned by several bridges; but the heart of the town is on the right. The remains of Vaubois's army having been rallied at Rivoli, some miles further up on that bank, Bonaparte made all possible use of the stream as a natural fortification, and concentrated the remainder of his forces on the same side. Alvinczy came up and occupied Caldiero, situated on a gentle rise of the other shore to the south of east; but Davidowich, checked by the French division at Rivoli, which had been made by Bonaparte to feel thoroughly ashamed, and was now thirsty for revenge, remained some distance farther back to the north, where it was expected he would cross and come down on the left bank. To prevent this a fierce onslaught was made against Alvinczy's position on November 12 by Masséna's corps. It was entirely unsuccessful, and the French were repulsed with the serious loss of three thousand men. Bonaparte's position was now even more critical than it had been at Castiglione, with the two new Austrian armies on either flank, and Wurmser with a third ready to sally out of Mantua in his rear. If there should be even partial coöperation between the Austrian leaders, he must retreat. But he felt sure there would be no coöperation whatsoever. From the force in Verona and that before Mantua 20,000 men were gathered to descend the course of the Adige into the swampy lands about Ronco, where a crossing was to be made and Alvinczy caught, if possible, at Villanova, on his left flank. The manœuver, though highly dangerous, was fairly successful, and is considered by critics among the finest in this or any other of Bonaparte's campaigns. Nowhere so completely as amid these swamps, ditches, and dikes were the methodical Austrians brought into such disadvantage before the new tactics of swift movement in open columns, which were difficult to assail, while themselves striking at and carrying strong positions by one fierce onset. By a feint of retreat to the westward the French army had left Verona without attracting attention, but after a short time by a swift countermarch it reached Ronco on the morning of November 15, crossed in safety, and turned back to flank the Austrian position.

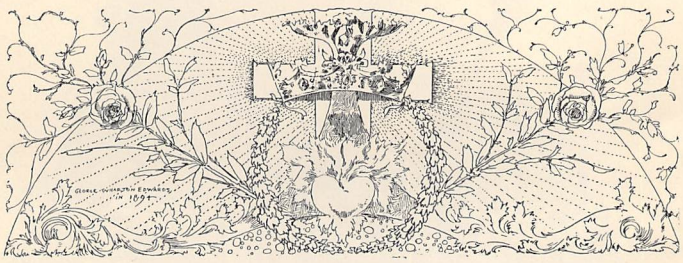
The first stand of the enemy was made at Arcole, where a short, narrow bridge connects the high dikes which regulate the sluggish stream of the little river Alpon, a tributary of the Adige on its left bank. This bridge was defended by two battalions of Croatian recruits, whose commander, Colonel Brigido, had placed a pair of field-pieces so as to enfilade it. The French had been advancing in three columns by as many causeways, the central one of which led to the bridge. The first attempt to cross was repulsed by the deadly fire which the Croats poured in from their sheltered position. Augereau, with his picked corps, fared no better in a second charge, led by himself bearing the standard; and in a third disastrous rush, Bonaparte, who had caught up the standard and planted it on the bridge with his own hand, was himself swept back into a quagmire, where he would have perished but for a fourth return of the grenadiers, who drove back the pursuing Austrians, and pulled their commander from the swamp. Fired by his undaunted courage, the gallant lines were formed once more. At that moment another French corps passed over lower down by a ferry, and the Austrians becoming disorganized, in spite of the large reinforcements which had come up under Alvinczy, the last charge on the bridge was successful. With the capture of Arcole the French turned their enemy's rear, and cut off not only his artillery, but his reserves in the valley of the Brenta. The advantage, however, was completely destroyed by the masterly retreat of Alvinczy from his position at Caldiero, effected by other causeways and another bridge further north, which the French had not been able to secure in time.

Bonaparte quickly withdrew to Ronco, and recrossed the Adige to meet an attack which he supposed Davidowich, having possibly forced Vaubois's position, would then certainly make. But that general was still in his old place, and gave no signs of activity. This movement misled Alvinczy, who, thinking the French had started from Mantua, returned by way of Arcole to pursue them. Again the French commander led his forces across the Adige into the swampy lowlands. His enemy had not forgotten the desperate fight at the bridge, and was timid; and besides, in his close formation he was on such ground no match for the open ranks of the French. Retiring without any real resistance as far as Arcole, the Austrians made their stand a second time in that red-walled burg. Bonaparte could not well afford another direct attack, with its attendant losses, and strove to turn the position by fording the Alpon where it flows into the Adige. He failed, and withdrew once more to Ronco, the second day remaining indecisive. On the morning of the seventeenth, however, with undiminished fertility of resource, a new plan was adopted and successfully carried out. One of the pontoons on the Adige sank, and a body of the Austrians charged the small division stationed on the left bank to guard it, in the hope of destroying the remainder of the bridge. They were repulsed and driven back toward the marshes with which they meant to cover their flank. The garrisons of both Arcole and Porcil, a neighboring hamlet, were seriously

weakened by the detention of this force. Two French divisions were promptly despatched to make use of that advantage, while at the same time an ambuscade was laid among the pollard willows which lined the ditches beyond the retreating Austrians. At an opportune moment the ambuscade unmasked, and by a terrible fire drove three thousand of the Croatian recruits into the marsh, where most of them were drowned or shot. Advancing then beyond the Alpon by a bridge built during the previous night, Bonaparte on the high ground gave battle to his enemy, whose numbers were now, as he calculated, reduced to a comparative equality with his own. The Austrians made a vigorous resistance; but such was their credulity as to anything their enemy might do, that a simple stratagem of the French made them believe that their left was turned by a division, when in reality but twenty-five men had been sent to ride around behind the swamps and blow their bugles. Being simultaneously attacked on the front of the same wing by Augereau, they drew off at last in good order toward Montebello. Thence Alvinczy slowly retreated into the valley of the Brenta. The French returned to Verona. Davidowich, ignorant of all that had occurred, now finally dislodged Vaubois; but, finding before him Masséna with his division where he had expected Alvinczy and a great Austrian army, he discreetly withdrew into the Tyrol. It was not until November 23, long after the departure of both his colleagues, that Wurmser made a brilliant but of course ineffectual sally from Mantua. The French were so exhausted, and the Austrians so decimated and scattered, that by tacit consent hostilities were intermitted for nearly two months.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.



RESURRECTION.

TRUST gives sweet peace to every living thing:
The wavering robin that in space has flown
Finds its safe nest; the germ of roses sown
Waits, sure in darkness, for the touch of spring;
The tendrils of the ivy blindly cling,
Stretching their brown threads toward the wall unknown,
To find a place secure, where, spite the moan
Of rushing winds, they hang till soft airs sing.

We who love life fear most the mystic death,
Yet we in death the selfsame life shall live,—
This very life we know,—but glorified;
And the fair temple which now holds our breath
Shall simply take the glory seraphs give,—
Renew its joys, and say, "I have not died!"

Maurice Francis Egan.



DRAWN BY CHR. KROHG. PRINTED IN "JULEAFTEN." PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH HJALMAR BIGLER, CHRISTIANIA.

MME. RÉJANE.

MADAME RÉJANE.

IT is scarcely surprising that those who think of Gabrielle Réjane think of her, instinctively and enthusiastically, as *Madame Sans-Gêne*. Those who have followed her career with any care can, of course, place upon the walls of their mind's gallery a series of exquisite images. One will insist that she was most attractive, most wayward, most winsome, in that "Vie à Deux" which tempted Miss Rehan to rival her with "Love in Tandem." Another will insist that the artist was never more enchanting than in the fair effronteries of "Ma Cousine." A third will esteem her most excellent as an Aristophanic Athenian, while a fourth will insist that she is the truest interpreter of Ibsen, and succeeded with *Nora* of the "Doll's Home" where others failed. But it is more than probable that each of these champions of some particular creation of the many that belong to Madame Réjane's fantastic history would admit that their thoughts first turn, when they hear her name, to her conception of *Madame Sans-Gêne* as her greatest triumph, her rarest achievement, the chief of all those enterprises in dainty insolence, in impertinence, in captivating womanhood, which are so intimately associated with her genius.

The reason for this is simple enough. *Madame Sans-Gêne* is not merely the latest, but it also happens to be the best, of Madame Réjane's experiments. It is also one of the most difficult. "Madame Sans-Gêne," the play, is one of the worst, as it is one of the most recent, examples of the stage mechanics of Sardou, which consist in snatching an advantage from a fashion or a fancy of the hour, and making a particular part written for a particular actress stand out against a series of venerable situations and perverted history. If M. Sardou ever had in any serious sense a formula of the drama, the wind has carried it away long ago. No question of art is associated with such plays as "Thermidor," "Gismonda," or "Madame Sans-Gêne."

Madame Réjane triumphs in spite of, not because of, the play. The mysterious Napoleonic revival which has interested two worlds is having some admirable results in history and in art. If it has produced much that is good, it has happily produced little that is so poor as "Madame Sans-Gêne." But the genius of Madame Réjane is great enough to overcome the ineptitudes of the piece. The obviousness of its evolution, the ostentation of its machinery, were forgotten, and so far forgiven, in the rapture aroused by this artist's adorable presentation.

Madame Réjane is an actress endowed with many qualities: she has charm, vivacity, grace — even the grace to be ungracious; she can dominate a very marked personality, and keep it in subservience to the part which she creates; she has playfulness, pathos, tenderness, humor — she has even a degree of passion compatible with the ascendancy of the playful, the pathetic, the tender, and the humorous qualities. Just as much of the tragic tone as it is permitted to the Comic Muse to mingle with her mood of laughter and her mood of tears — just so much Madame Réjane may claim to include among her gifts.

But to my mind, if I were to cast about for a word to characterize this artist's most conspicuous quality, I should say that her greatest merit and her greatest gift is her wit. One associates perhaps too persistently the idea of wit with the spoken word, with the written phrase: but there is a wit, too, in the histrionic art (though, indeed, it is none too often to be found among its professors); and with that wit Madame Réjane is rarely and richly endowed. The quality which we find in the letters of a Madame de Sévigné, in the recorded phrases of a Lady Holland or a Mrs. Thrale, finds its expression with Madame Réjane in a certain subtlety of simplicity, a certain discretion of daring, a certain airiness, daintiness, lightly soaring insolence, which is to the acted part what wit is to the well-turned phrase. It is this quality which is essentially the charm of her *Madame Sans-Gêne;* it is this quality which allies itself to all her other fine and varied talents as an actress, and makes her what she is — a woman, in her own way of work, without a superior, and almost without a peer.

Justin Huntly M'Carthy.





DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

"FIRE AND SLEET AND CANDLE-LIGHT,
AND CHRIST RECEIVE THY SOUL."

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

XXI.

IN those days the "Trovatore" was not an old-fashioned opera. It was not "threshed out," to borrow the vigorous German phrase. Wagner had not eclipsed melody with "tone-poetry," nor made men feel more than they could hear. Many of the great things of this century-ending had not been done then, nor even dreamed of; and even musicians listened to the "Trovatore" with pleasure, not dreaming of the untried strength that lay waiting in Verdi's vast reserve. It was then the music of youth. To us it seems but the music of childhood. Many of us cannot listen to *Manrico's* death-song from the tower without hearing the grind-organ upon which its passion has grown so pathetically poor. But one could understand that music. The mere statement that it was comprehensible raises a smile to-day. It appealed to simple feelings. We are no longer satisfied with such simplicity, and even long for powers that do not appeal but twist us with something stronger than our hardened selves, until we ourselves appeal to the unknown in a sort of despairing ecstasy of unsatisfied delight, asking of possibility to stretch itself out to the impossible. We are in a strange phase of development. We see the elaborately artificial world-scape painted by Science on the curtain close before our eyes, but our restless hands are thrust through it and beyond, opening eagerly and shutting on nothing, though we know that something is there.

Angelo Reanda was passionately fond of what was called music in Italy more than thirty years ago. He had the true ear and the facile memory for melody common to Italians, who are a singing people if not a musical race, and which constituted a talent for music when music was considered to be a succession of sounds rather than a series of sensuous impressions. He could listen to an opera, understand it without thought, enjoy it simply, and remember it without difficulty, like thousands of other Romans. Most of us would willingly go back to such childlike amusements if we could. A few possess the power even now, and are looked upon with friendly contempt by their more cultured, and therefore more tortured, musical acquaintances, whose dream it is to be torn to very rags in the delirium of orchestral passion.

Reanda went to the Apollo Theater in search of merely pleasurable sensations, and he got exactly what he wanted. The old house was brilliant even in those days—less with light than with jewels, it is true; but perhaps that illumination was as good as any other. The Roman ladies and the ladies of the great embassies used then to sit through the whole evening in their boxes, and it was the privilege, as it is still in Rome, of the men in the stalls and pit to stand up between the acts and admire them and their diamonds as much as they pleased. The light was dim enough compared with what we have nowadays; for gas was but just introduced in a few of the principal streets, and the lamps in the huge chandelier at the Apollo, and in the brackets around the house, were filled with the olive-oil which to-day dresses the world's salad. But it was a soft, warm light, with rich yellow in it, which penetrated the shadows and beautified all it touched.

Reanda, like the others, stood up and looked about him after the first act. His eyes were instantly arrested by Gloria's splendid hair, which caught the light from above. She was seated in the front of a box on the third tier, the second row of boxes being almost exclusively reserved in those days. Dalrymple was beside his daughter, and the dark, still face of Paul Griggs was just visible in the shadow.

Gloria saw the artist almost immediately, for he could not help looking at her curiously, comparing her face with the mad sketch he had made on the wall. She nodded to him, and then spoke to her father, evidently calling his attention to Reanda, for Dalrymple looked down at once, and also nodded, while Griggs leaned forward a little and stared vacantly into the pit.

"It is an obsession to-day," said Reanda to himself, reflecting that though the girl lived in Rome, he had never noticed her before, and had now seen her twice on the same day.

He mentally added the reflection that she must have good nerves, and that most young girls would be at home with a headache after such a narrow escape as hers. She was quite as handsome as he had thought, however, and

even more so, now that he saw her in her girlish evening gown, which was just a little open at the throat, and without even the simplest of ornaments. The white material, and the shadow around and behind her, threw her head into strong relief.

The curtain went up again, and Reanda sat down and watched the performance, and listened to the simple, stirring melodies. But he was uncomfortably aware that Gloria was looking at the back of his head from her box. Nervous people know the unpleasant sensation which such a delusion can produce. Reanda moved uneasily in his seat, and looked round more than once, just far enough to catch sight of Gloria's hair without looking up into her eyes.

His thoughts were disturbed, and he recalled vividly the face of the dead nun which he had seen long ago. The resemblance was certainly strong. Maria Addolorata had sometimes had a strange expression which was quite her own, and which he had not yet seen in Gloria. But he felt that he should see it some day. He was sure of it — so sure that he had thrown its full force into the sketch on the wall, knowing that it would startle Donna Francesca. It was not possible that two women should be so much alike, and yet that one of them should never have that look. Perhaps Gloria had it now, and was staring at the back of his head.

An unaccountable nervousness took possession of the sensitive man, and he suffered as he sat there. After the curtain dropped he rose and left the theater without looking up, and crossed the narrow street to a little coffee-shop familiar to him for many years. He drank a cup of coffee, broke off the end of a thin black Roman cigar, and smoked for a few minutes before he returned.

Gloria had not moved, but Griggs was either gone or had retired farther back into the shadow. Dalrymple was leaning back in his chair, bony and haggard, one of his great hands hanging listlessly over the front of the box. Reanda sat down again, and determined that he would not turn round before the end of the act. But it was of no use. He irritated his neighbors on each side by his restlessness, and his forehead was moist, as though he were suffering great pain. Again he faced about and stared upward at the box. Gloria, to his surprise, was not looking at him; but in the shadow he met the inscrutable eyes of Paul Griggs fixed upon him as though they would never look away. But he cared very little whether Griggs looked at him or not. He faced the stage again, and was more quiet.

It was a good performance, and he began to be glad that he had come. The singers were young, the audience was inclined to applaud, and everything went smoothly. Reanda thought the soprano rather weak in the great tower scene.

Calpesta il mio cadavere, ma salva il Trovator!

she sang in great ascending intervals.

Reanda sighed, for she made no impression on him, and he remembered that he had been deeply impressed, even thrilled, when he had first heard the phrase. He had realized the situation then, and had felt with *Leonora*. Perhaps he had grown too old to feel that sort of young emotion any more. He sighed regretfully as he rose from his seat. Looking up once more, he saw that Gloria was putting on her cloak, her back turned to the theater. He waited a moment, and then moved on with the crowd to get his coat from the cloak-room.

He went out, and walked slowly up the Via di Tordinona. It was a dark and narrow street in those days. The great old-fashioned lanterns were swung up, with their oil-lamps in them, by long levers held in place by chains locked to the wall. Here and there over a low door a red light showed that wine was sold in a basement which was almost a cellar. The crowd from the theater hurried along close by the walls, in constant danger from the big coaches that dashed past, bringing the Roman ladies home; for all had to pass through that narrow street. Landaus were not yet invented, and the heavy carriages rumbled loudly through the darkness, over the small paving-stones. But the people on foot were used to them, and stood pressed against the walls as they went by, or grouped for a moment on the low door-steps of the dark houses.

Reanda went with the rest. He might have gone the other way, by the Banchi Vecchi, from the bridge of Sant' Angelo, and it would have been nearer; but he had a curious fancy that the Dalrymples might walk home, and that he might see Gloria again. Though it was not yet winter, the night was bright and cold, and it was pleasant to walk. The regular season at the Apollo Theater did not begin until Christmas, but there were often good companies there at other times of the year.

The artist walked on, glancing at the groups he passed in the dim street, but neither pausing nor hurrying. He meant to let fate have her own way with him that night.

Fate was not far off. He had gone on some distance, and the crowd had dispersed in various directions, till he was almost alone as he emerged into the open space where the Via del Clementino intersects the Ripetta. At that moment he heard a wild and thrilling burst of song.

Calpesta il mio cadavere, ma salva il Trovator!

The great soprano rang out upon the midnight silence, like the voice of a despairing archangel, and there was nothing more.

"Hush!" exclaimed a man's voice energetically.

Two or three windows were opened high up, for no one had ever heard such a woman's voice in the streets before. Reanda peered before him through the gloom, saw three people standing at the next corner, and hastened his long steps. An instinct he could not explain told him that Gloria had sung the short strain, which had left him cold and indifferent when he had heard it in the theater. He was neither now, and he was possessed by the desire to be sure that it had been she.

He was not mistaken. Griggs had recognized him first, and they had waited for him at the corner.

"It is an unexpected pleasure to meet twice in the same day," said Reanda.

"The pleasure is ours," answered Dalrymple, in the correct phrase, but with his peculiar accent. "I suppose you heard my daughter's screams," he added dryly. "She was explaining to us how a particular phrase should be sung."

"Was I not right?" asked Gloria, quickly appealing to Reanda with the certainty of support.

"A thousand times right," he answered. "How could one be wrong with such a voice?"

Gloria was pleased, and they all walked on together till they reached the door of Dalrymple's lodging.

"Come in and have supper with us," said the Scotchman, who seemed to be less gloomy than usual. "I suppose you live in our neighborhood?"

"No. In the Palazzetto Borgia, where I work."

"This is not exactly on your way home, then," observed Gloria. "You may as well rest and refresh yourself."

Reanda accepted the invitation, wondering inwardly at the assurance of the foreign girl. With her Italian speech she should have had Italian manners, he thought. The three men all carried tapers, as was then customary, and they all lighted them before they ascended the dark staircase.

"This is an illumination," said Dalrymple, looking back as he led the way.

Gloria stopped suddenly, and looked round. She was following her father, and Reanda came after her, Griggs being the last.

"One, two, three," she counted, and her eyes met Reanda's.

Without the slightest hesitation she blew out the taper he held in his hand. But, for one instant, he had seen in her face the expression of the dead nun, distinct in the clear light, and close to his eyes.

"Why did you do that?" asked Dalrymple, who had turned his head again, as the taper was extinguished.

"Three lights mean death," said Gloria, promptly; and she laughed as she went quickly up the steps.

"It is true," answered Reanda, in a low voice, as he followed her; and it occurred to him that in a flash he had seen death written in the brilliant young face.

Ten minutes later they were seated around the table in the Dalrymples' small dining-room. Reanda noticed that everything he saw there evidently belonged to the hired lodging, from the old-fashioned Italian silver forks, battered and crooked at the prongs, to the heavy cut-glass decanters, stained with age and use at the neck and between the diamond-shaped cuttings. There was supper enough for half a dozen people, however, and an extraordinary quantity of wine. Dalrymple swallowed a big tumbler of it before he ate anything. Paul Griggs filled his glass to the brim, and looked at it. He had hardly spoken since Reanda had joined the party.

The artist made an effort to be agreeable, feeling that the invitation had been a very friendly one, considering the slight acquaintance he had with the Dalrymples—an acquaintance not yet twenty-four hours old. Presently he asked Gloria if she had felt no ill effects from her extraordinary accident in the afternoon.

"I had not thought about it again," she answered. "I have thought of nothing but your painting all the evening, until that woman sang that phrase as though she were asking the *Conte di Luna* for more strawberries and cream."

She laughed, but her eyes were fixed on his face.

Un altro po' di fravole, e dammi crema ancor,

she sang softly, in the Roman dialect.

Then she laughed again, and Reanda smiled at the absurd words—"A few more strawberries, and give me some more cream." But even the few notes, a lazy parody of the prima donna's singing of the phrase, charmed his simple love of melody.

"Don't look so grim, papa," she said in English. "Nobody can hear me here, you know."

"I should not think anybody would wish to," answered the Scotchman; but he spoke in

Italian, in consideration of his guest, who did not understand English.

"I do not know why you are always so angry if I sing anything foolish," said the young girl, going back to Italian. "One cannot be always serious. But I was talking about your frescos, Signor Reanda. I have thought of nothing else."

Again her eyes met the artist's, but fell before his. He was too great a painter not to know the value of such flattering speeches in general, and in a way he was inclined to resent the girl's boldness. But, at the same time, it was hard to believe that she was not really in earnest; for she had that power of sudden gravity which lends great weight to little speeches. In spite of himself, and perhaps rightly, he believed her. Paul Griggs did not, and he watched her curiously.

"Why do you look at me like that?" she asked, turning upon him with a little show of temper.

"If your father will allow me to say so, you are the object most worth looking at in the room," answered the young man, calmly.

"You will make her vain with your pretty speeches, Griggs," said Dalrymple.

"I doubt that," answered Griggs.

He relapsed into silence, and drained a big tumbler of wine. Reanda suspected, with a shrewd intuition, that the American admired Gloria, but that she did not like him much.

"Miss Dalrymple is doing her best to make me vain with her praise," said Reanda.

"I never flattered any one in my life," answered Gloria. "Signor Reanda is the greatest painter in Italy. Everybody says so. It would be foolish of me even to pretend that after seeing him at work I had thought of anything else. We have all said this evening that the frescos were wonderful, and that no one — not even Raphael, who did the same thing — has ever had a more beautiful idea of the story of Cupid and Psyche. Why should we not tell the truth, just because he happens to be here? How illogical you are!"

"I believe I excepted Raphael," said Dalrymple, with his national accuracy. "But Signor Reanda will not quarrel with me on that account, I am sure."

"But I did not except Raphael, nor any one," persisted Gloria, before Reanda could speak.

"Really, Signorina, though I am mortal and susceptible, you go a little too far. Flattery is not appreciation, you know."

"It is not flattery," she answered; and the color rose in her face. "I am quite in earnest. Nobody ever painted anything better than your Cupid and Psyche. Raphael's is dull and uninteresting compared with it."

"I blush, but I cannot accept so much," said the Italian, smiling politely, but still trying to discover whether she meant what she said or not.

In spite of himself, as before, he continued to believe her, though his judgment told him that hers could not be worth much. But he was pleased to have made such an impression, and by quick degrees his prejudice against her began to disappear. What had seemed like boldness in her no longer shocked him, and he described it to himself as the innocent frankness of a foreign girl. It was not possible that any one so like the dead Maria Braccio could be vulgar or bold. From that moment he began to rank Gloria as belonging to the higher sphere from which his birth excluded him. It was a curious and quick transition, and he would not have admitted that it was due to her exaggerated praise of his work. Strange as it must seem to those not familiar with the almost impassable barriers of old Italian society, Reanda had that evening, for the first time in his life, the sensation of being liked, admired, and talked with by a woman of Francesca Campodonico's class; stranger still, it was one of the most delicious sensations he had ever experienced. Yet the woman in question was but a girl not yet seventeen years old. Before he rose to go home, he unconsciously resented Griggs's silent admiration for Gloria. To the average Italian such silence is a sign that a man is in love; and Reanda was the more attracted to Gloria because she treated Griggs with such perfect indifference.

It was nearly one o'clock when he lighted his taper to descend the stairs. Griggs was also ready to go. It was a relief to know that he was not going to stay behind and talk with Gloria. They went down in silence.

"I wanted to ask you a question," said the American, as they came out upon the street and blew out their tapers. "We live in opposite directions, so I must ask it now. Should you mind if I wrote an article on your frescos for a London paper?"

"Mind!" exclaimed the artist, with a sudden revulsion of feeling in favor of the journalist. "I should be delighted — flattered."

"No," said Griggs, coldly. "I shall not write as Miss Dalrymple talks. But I shall try and do you justice, and that is a good deal when one is a serious artist, as you are."

Reanda was struck by the cool moderation of the words, which expressed his own modest judgment of himself almost too exactly to be agreeable after Gloria's unlimited praise. He thanked Griggs warmly, however, and they shook hands before they parted.

XXII.

THREE months passed, and Reanda was intimate with the Dalrymples. It was natural

enough, considering the circumstances. They lived much alone, and Reanda was like them in this respect, for he rarely went where he was obliged to talk. During the day he saw much of Donna Francesca, but when it grew dark in the early afternoons of midwinter, the artist was thrown upon his own resources. In former years he had now and then done as many of the other artists did, and had sometimes for a month or two spent most of his evenings at the eating-house where he dined, in company with half a dozen others who frequented the same establishment. Each dropped in, at any hour that chanced to suit him, ate his supper, pushed back his chair, and joined in the general conversation, smoking and drinking coffee, or a little wine, until it was time to go home. There were gray-haired painters who had hardly been absent more than a few days in five and twenty years from their accustomed tables at such places as the Falcone, the Gabbione, or the Genio. But Reanda had never joined in any of these little circles for longer than a month or two, by which time he had exhausted the stock of his companions' ideas, and returned to solitude and his own thoughts. For he had something which they had not, besides his greater talent, his broader intelligence, and his deeper artistic insight. Donna Francesca's refining influence exerted itself continually upon him, and made much of the common conversation tiresome or disagreeable to him. A man whose existence is penetrated by the presence of a rarely refined woman seldom cares much for the daily society of men. He prefers to be alone when he cannot be with her.

Reanda believed that what he felt for Francesca was a devoted and almost devout friendship. The fact that before many weeks had passed after his first meeting with Gloria he was perceptibly in love with the girl, while he felt not the smallest change in his relations with Donna Francesca, satisfactorily proved to him that he was right. It would not have been like an Italian and a Latin to compare his feelings for the two women by imaginary tests — as, for instance, by asking himself for which of the two he would make the greatest sacrifice. He took it for granted that the one sentiment was friendship, and the other love, and he acted accordingly.

He was distrustful, indeed, and very suspicious, but not of himself. Gloria treated him too well. Her eyes told him more than he felt able to believe. It was not natural that a girl so young and fresh and beautiful, with the world before her, should fall in love with a man of his age. That, at least, was what he thought. But the fact that it was unnatural did not prevent it from taking place.

Reanda ignored certain points of great importance. In the first place, Gloria had not really the whole world before her. Her little sphere was closely limited by her father's morose selfishness, which led him to keep her in Rome because he liked the place himself, and to keep away from his countrymen, whom he detested as heartily as Britons living abroad sometimes do. On the other hand, a vague dread lest the story of his marriage might some day come to the light kept him away from Roman society. He had fallen back upon artistic Bohemia for such company as he wanted, which was little enough; and as his child grew up he had not understood that she was developing early, and coming to womanhood while she was still under the care of the governess he had provided. He had not even made any plans for her future, for he did not love her, though he indulged her as a selfish and easy means of fulfilling his paternal obligations. It was to get rid of her importunity that he began to take her to the houses of some of the married artists when she was only sixteen years old, though she looked at least two years older.

But in such society as that Reanda was easily first, apart from the talent which placed him at the head of the whole artistic profession. He had been brought up, taught, and educated among gentlemen, sons of one of the oldest and most fastidious aristocracies in Europe; and he had their manners, their speech, their quiet air of superiority, and especially that exterior gentleness and modesty of demeanor which most touches some women. In Gloria's opinion he even had much of their appearance, being tall, thin, and dark. Accustomed as she was to living with her father, who was gloomy and morose, and to seeing much of Paul Griggs, whose powers of silence were phenomenal at that time, Reanda's easy grace of conversation charmed and flattered her. He was, by many degrees, the superior in talent, in charm, in learning, to any one she had ever met; and it must not be forgotten that although he was twenty years older than she, he was not yet forty, and that, as he had not a gray hair in his head, he could still pass for a young man, though his grave disposition made him feel older than he was. Of the three melancholic men in whose society she chiefly lived, her father was selfish and morose; Griggs was gentle, but silent and incomprehensible, though he exerted an undoubted influence over her; Reanda alone, though naturally melancholy, was at once gentle, companionable, and talkative with her.

Dalrymple accepted the intimacy with indifference, and even with a certain satisfaction. In his reflections he characterized Reanda as a rare combination of the great artist and the gentleman. Since Gloria had known him she

had grown more quiet. She admired him and imitated his manner. It was a good thing. He was glad, too, that Reanda was not married; for it would have been a nuisance, thought Dalrymple, to have the man's wife always about and expecting to be amused.

It began to occur to him that Reanda might be falling in love with Gloria, and he did not resent the idea. In fact, though at first sight it should have seemed strange to an Englishman, he looked upon the idea with favor. He wished to live out his life in Italy, for he had got that fierce affection for the country which has overcome and bound many Northern men, from Sir John Hawkwood to Landor and Browning. Though he did not love Gloria, he was attached to her in his own way, and did not wish to lose sight of her altogether. But in consequence of his own irregular marriage, he could not marry her to a man of his own rank in Rome, who would not fail to make inquiries about her mother. It was most natural that he should look upon such a man as Reanda with favor. Reanda had many good qualities. Dalrymple's judgment was generally keen enough about people, and he had understood that such a woman as Donna Francesca Campodonico would certainly not make a personal friend of a painter, and allow him to occupy rooms in her palace, unless his character were altogether above suspicion.

Gloria was, of course, too young to be married yet, though she seemed to be so entirely grown up and altogether a woman. In this respect Dalrymple was not prejudiced. His own mother had been married at the age of seventeen; and he had lived long in Italy, where early marriages were common enough. There could certainly be no serious objection to the match on that score, when another year should have passed.

Dalrymple's only anxiety about his daughter concerned her strong inclination to be a public singer. The prejudice was by no means extraordinary, and as a Scotchman it had even more weight with him than it could have had, for instance, with an Italian. Reanda entirely agreed with him on this point, and when Gloria spoke of it he never failed to draw a lively picture of the drawbacks attending stage life. The artist spoke very strongly, for one of Gloria's earliest and chiefest attractions in his eyes had been the certainty he felt that she belonged to Francesca's class. For that reason her flattering admiration had brought with it a peculiar savor especially delightful to the taste of a man of humble origin. Dalrymple did not understand that, but he knew that if Gloria married the great painter, the latter would effectually keep her from the stage.

As for Griggs, the Scotchman was well aware that the poor young journalist might easily fall in love with the beautiful girl. But this did not deter him at all from having Griggs constantly at the house. Griggs was the only man he had ever met who did not bore him, who could be silent for an hour at a time, who could swallow as much strong wine as he without the slightest apparent effect upon his manner, who understood all he said, though sometimes saying things which he could not understand,—in short, Griggs was a necessity to him. The young man was perhaps aware of the fact, and he found Dalrymple congenial to his own temper; but he was as excessively proud as he was extremely poor at that time, and he managed to refuse the greater part of the hospitality offered to him, simply because he could not return it. It was very rarely that he accepted an invitation to a meal, though he now generally came in the evening, besides meeting Dalrymple almost every morning when they went to the bookseller's together.

He puzzled the Scotchman strangely. He was an odd combination of thinker and athlete, half literary man, half gladiator. The common phrase 'an old head on young shoulders' described him as well as any phrase could. The shoulders were perhaps the more remarkable, but the head was not to be despised. A man who could break a horseshoe and tear in two a pack of cards, and who spent his spare time in studying Hegel and Kant, when he was not writing political correspondence for newspapers, deserved to be considered an exception. He seemed to have no material wants, and yet he had the animal power of enjoying material things even in excess, which is rare. He had a couple of rooms in the Via della Frezza, between the Corso and the Ripetta, where he lived in a rather mysterious way, though he made no secret about it. Occasionally an acquaintance climbed the steep stairs, but no one ever got him to open the door, nor to give any sign that he was at home, if he were within. Down-stairs a one-eyed cobbler acted as porter from morning till night, astride upon his bench, and ever at work, with an ill-savored old pipe in his mouth.

"You may try," he would answer, when any one asked for Griggs. "Who knows? Perhaps Sor Paolo will open. Try a little, if you have patience."

Patience being exhausted, the visitor would come down the five flights again, and remonstrate with the cobbler.

"I did not say anything," he would reply, in a cloud of smoke. "Many have tried. I told you to try. Am I to tell you that no one has ever got in? Why? To disoblige you? If you want anything of Sor Paolo, say it to me. Or come again."

"But he will not open," the visitor would object.

"Oh, that is true," would return the man of one eye. "But if you wish to try, I am not here to hinder you. This is the truth."

Now and then some one more inquisitive would suggest that there might be a lady in the question. The one eye would then fix itself in a vacant stare.

"Females?" the cobbler would exclaim. "Not even cats. What passes through your head? He is alone always. If you do not believe me, you can try. I do not say Sor Paolo will not open the door. A door is a door, to be opened."

"But since I have tried!"

"And I — what can I do? You have come, you have seen, you have knocked, and no one has opened. May the Madonna accompany you! I can do nothing."

So even the most importunate of visitors would depart at last. But Griggs had taken Dalrymple up to his lodgings more than once, and they had sat there for an hour talking over books. Dalrymple observed, indeed, that Griggs was more inclined to talk in his own rooms than anywhere else, and that his manner then changed so much as to make him almost seem to be a different man. There was a look of interest in the stony mask, and there was a light in the deep-set eyes which neither wine nor wit could bring there at other times. The man wore his armor against the world, as it were,—a tough shell made up of a poor man's pride, and solid with that sense of absolute physical superiority which is an element in the character of strong men, and which the Scotchman understood. He himself had been of the strong, but not always the strongest. Paul Griggs had never yet been matched by any man since he had first got his growth. He was the equal of many in intellect, but his bodily strength was not equaled by any in his youth and manhood. The secret of his one well-hidden vanity lay in that. His moral power showed itself in his assumed modesty about it; for it was almost impossible to prevail upon him to make exhibition of it. Gloria alone seemed able to induce him, for her especial amusement, to break a silver dollar with his fingers, or tear a pack of cards, and then only in the presence of her father or Reanda, but never before other people.

"You are the strongest man in the world, are you not?" she asked him once.

"Yes," he answered. "I probably am, if it is I. I am vain of it, but not proud of it. That makes me think sometimes that I am two men in one. That might account for it, you know."

"What nonsense!" Gloria laughed.

"Is it? I daresay it is." And he relapsed into indifference, so far as she could see.

"What is the other man like?" she asked. "Not the strong man of the two, but the other?"

"He is a good man. The strong man is bad. They fight, and the result is insignificance. Some day one of the two will get the better of the other."

"What will happen then?" she asked lightly, and still inclined to laugh.

"One or the other, or both, will die, I suppose," he answered.

"How very unpleasant!"

She did not at all understand what he meant. At the same time she could not help feeling that he was eminently a man to whom she would turn in danger or trouble. Girl though she was, she could not mistake his great admiration of her; and by degrees, as the winter wore on, she trusted him more, though he still repelled her a little, for his saturnine calm was opposed to her violent vitality, as a black rock to a tawny torrent. Griggs had neither the manner nor the temper which wins women's hearts, as a rule. Such men are sometimes loved by women when their sorrow has chained them to the rock of horror, and grief insatiable tears out their broken hearts. But in their strength they are not loved. They cannot give themselves yet, for their strength hinders them, and women think them miserly of words and of love's little coin of change. If they get love at last, it is as the pity which the unhurt weak feel for the ruined strong.

Gloria was not above irritating Griggs occasionally, when the fancy took her to seek amusement in that way. She knew how to do it, and he rarely turned upon her, even in the most gentle way.

"We are good friends, are we not?" she asked one day, when it was raining and he was alone with her, waiting for her father to come in.

"I hope so," he answered, turning his impassive face slowly toward her.

"Then you ought to be much nicer to me," she said.

"I am as nice as I know how to be," replied Griggs, with fixed eyes. "What shall I do?"

"That is it. You ought to know. You could talk and say pleasant things, for instance. Don't you admit that you are very dull to-day?"

"I admit it. I regret it, and I wish I were not."

"You need not be. I am sure you can talk very well when you please. You are not exactly funny at any time, but to-day you are funereal. You remind me of those big black horses they use for hearses, you know."

"Thank you, thank you," said Griggs, quietly, repeating the words without emphasis.

"I don't like you!" she exclaimed petulantly, but with a little laugh.

"I know that," he answered. "But I like

you very much. We were probably meant to differ."

"Then you might amuse me. It 's awfully dull when it rains. Pull the house down, or tear up silver scudi, or something."

"I am not Samson, and I am not a clown," observed Griggs, coldly.

"I shall never like you if you are so disagreeable," said Gloria, taking up a book, and settling herself to read.

"I am afraid you never will," answered Griggs, following her example.

A few minutes passed in silence. Then Gloria looked up suddenly.

"Mr. Griggs!"

"Yes."

"I did not mean to be horrid."

"No; of course not."

"Because if I were ever in trouble, you know, I should come straight to you."

"Thank you," he answered very gently. "But I hope you will never be in trouble. If you ever should be —" he stopped.

"Well?"

"I do not think you would find anybody who would try harder to help you," he said simply.

She wished that his voice would tremble, or that he would put out his hand toward her, or show something a little more like emotion. But she had to be satisfied.

"Would it be the good man or the bad man that would help me?" she asked, remembering the former conversation.

"Both," answered Griggs, without hesitation.

"I am not sure that I might not like the bad man better," said Gloria, almost to herself.

"Is Reanda a bad man?" inquired Griggs, slowly, and looking for the blush in her face.

"Why?" But she blushed, as he expected.

"Because you like him better than me."

"You are quite different. It is of no use to talk about it, and I want to read."

She turned from him, and buried herself in her book; but she moved restlessly two or three times, and it was some minutes before the heightened color disappeared from her face.

She was very girlish still, and when she had irritated Griggs as far as such a man was capable of irritation, she preferred to refuse battle rather than deal with the difficulty she had created. But Griggs understood, and amongst his still, small sufferings he often felt the little dull, hopeless pang which tells a man that he is unlovable.

XXIII.

VERY late one night in the carnival season, Paul Griggs was walking the streets alone. His sufferings were no longer so small as they had been, and the bitterness of solitude was congenial to him.

He had been at the house of a Spanish artist, where there had been dancing and music, and supper and improvised tableaux. Gloria and her father and Reanda had all been there, too; and something had happened which had stirred the depths of the young man's slow temper. He hated to make an exhibition of himself, and, much against his will, he had been exhibited, as it were, to help the gaiety of the entertainment. Cotogni, the great sculptor, had suggested that Griggs should appear as Samson, asleep with his head on Dalilah's knee, and bound by her with cords which he should seem to break as the Philistines rushed in. He had refused flatly, again and again, till all the noisy party caught the idea and forced him to it.

They had dressed him in silk draperies, his mighty arms bare almost to the shoulder, and they had given him a long dark, theatrical wig. They had bound his arms and chest with cords, and had made him lie down and pretend to be asleep at the feet of the artist's beautiful wife. They had made slipping knots in the cords, so that he could easily wrench them loose. Then the curtain had been drawn aside, and there had been a pause as the tableau was shown. All at once a mob of artists, draped hastily in anything they could lay their hands upon, and with all manner of helmets on their heads from the Spaniard's collection, had rushed in.

"The Philistines are upon thee!" cried Dalilah, in a piercing voice.

He sprang to his feet, his legs being free, and he struggled with the cords. The knots would not slip as they were meant to do. The situation lasted several seconds and was ridiculous enough.

People began to laugh.

"Cut off his hair," cried one.

"Of what use was the wig?" laughed another; and every one tittered.

Griggs could hear Gloria's clear, high laugh above the rest. His blood slowly rose in his throat. But no one pulled the curtain across. The Philistines, young artists, mad with carnival, improvised a very eccentric dance of triumph, and the laughter increased.

Griggs looked at the cords. Then his mask-like face turned slowly to the audience. Only the great veins swelled suddenly at his temples, while every one watched him in the general amusement. Suddenly his eyes flashed, and he drew a deep breath, for he was angry. In an instant there was dead silence in the room. A moment later one of the cords, drawn tight round his chest, over the silk robe, snapped like a thread, then another, and then a third. Then, in a sort of frenzy of anger, he savagely

broke the whole cord into pieces with his hands, tossing the bits contemptuously upon the floor. His face was as white as a dead man's.

A roar of applause broke the silence when the guests realized what he had done. The artists seized him and carried him high in procession round the room, the women threw flowers at him, and some one struck up a triumphal march on the piano. It was an ovation. Half an hour later, dressed again in his ordinary clothes, he found himself next to Gloria.

"You told me the other day that you were not Samson," she said. "You see you can be when you choose."

"No," answered Griggs, coldly; "I am a clown."

What she had said was natural enough, but somehow the satisfaction of his bodily vanity had stung his moral pride beyond endurance. It seemed a despicable thing to be as vain as he was of a gift for which he had not paid any price. Deep down, too, he felt bitterly that he had never received the slightest praise for any thought of his which he had written down and sent to that caldron of the English daily press in which all individual right to distinction disappears, with all claim to praise, from written matter, however good it be. He worked, he read, he studied, he wrote late and rose early to observe. But his natural gift was to be a mountebank, a clown, a circus Hercules. By stiffening one of his senseless arms he could bring down roars of applause. By years of bitter labor with his pen he earned the barest living. The muscle that a porter might have, offered him opulence, because it was tougher by a few degrees than the flesh of other men. The knowledge he had striven for just kept him above absolute want.

He slipped away from the gay party as soon as he could. His last glance around the room showed him Angelo Reanda and Gloria sitting in a corner apart. The girl's face was grave. There was a gentle and happy light in the artist's eyes which Griggs had never seen. That also was the strong man's portion.

Wrathfully he strode away from the house, under the dim oil-lamps, an unlighted cigar between his teeth, his soft felt hat drawn over his eyes. He crossed the city toward the Pantheon and the Piazza Navona, his cigar still unlighted.

The streets were alive, though it was very late. There was more freedom to be gay, and more hope of being simply happy, in those days. Many men and women wandered about in bands of ten or a dozen, singing in soft voices, above which now and then rose a few ringing tenor notes. There was laughter everywhere in the air; tambourines drummed and thumped and jingled, guitars twanged, and mandolins tinkled and quavered. From a dark lane somewhere off the broader thoroughfare, a single voice sang out in serenade. The Corso was bright with unusual lights, and strewn with the bird-seed and plaster-of-Paris "confetti," with yellow sand and sprigs of box-leaves and withering flowers, and there was about all the neighborhood that peculiar smell of plaster and crushed flower-stalks which belonged then to the street carnival of Rome. Further on, in the dim quarters by the Tiber, the wine-shops were all crowded, and men stood and drank outside on the pavement, and paid, and went laughing on, laughing and singing, singing and laughing, through the night.

Griggs felt the penetrating loneliness of him who cannot laugh amidst laughter, and it was congenial to him. He had always been alone, and he felt that the world held no companion for him. There was satisfaction in knowing that no one could ever guess what went on between his heart and his head.

He wandered on with the same even, untiring stride for a long time, through the dark and winding ways, from the Pantheon through the old city, through Piazza Paganica and Costaguti to Piazza Montanara, where the carters and carriers congregate from the country. There, in the middle of the three-cornered open space, a flag in the paving marked the spot on which men used to be put to death. To-night even the carriers were making merry. Griggs was thirsty, and paused at the door of a wine-shop. Though it was winter, men were sitting outside; for there was no more room within. A flaring torch of pitched rope was stuck in an iron ring, and shed an uncertain, smoky light upon the men's faces. A drawer in an apron brought Griggs a glass, and he drank standing.

"It makes no difference," said a rough voice in the little crowd. "They may cut off my head there on the paving-stone. They would do me a favor. If I find him, I kill him. An evil death on him and all his house!"

Griggs looked at the speaker without surprise, for he had often heard such things said. He saw an iron-gray man in good peasant's clothes of dark blue with broad silver buttons: a man with a true Roman face, a small aquiline nose, and keen, dark eyes. He turned away, and began to retrace his steps.

In half an hour he was at the door of the old Falcone inn, gone now like many relics of that day. It stood in the Piazza of Saint Eustace, near the Pantheon, and in its time was the best of the old-fashioned eating-houses. Griggs felt suddenly hungry. He had walked seven or eight miles since he had left the party. He entered, and passed through the crowded rooms

below, and up the narrow steps to a small upper chamber, where he hoped to be alone. But there, also, every seat was taken.

To his surprise Dalrymple and Reanda were at the table farthest from him, in earnest conversation, with a measure of wine between them. Griggs had never seen the Italian there before; but the latter caught sight of him as he stood in the door, and rose to his feet, making a sign which meant that he was going away, and that the chair was vacant. Griggs came forward, and looked into his face as they met. There was the same gentle and happy light in Reanda's eyes which had been there when he was sitting with Gloria in the corner of the Spanish artist's drawing-room. Then Griggs understood and knew the truth, and guessed the meaning of the unaccustomed pressure of the hand as Reanda greeted him without speaking, and hurriedly went out.

Dalrymple had seen Griggs coming, and was already calling to a man in a spotless white jacket for another glass and more wine. The Scotchman's bony face was haggard, but there was a little color in his cheeks, and he seemed pleased.

"Sit down, Griggs," he said. "There are no more chairs, so we can keep the table to ourselves. I hope you are half as thirsty as I am."

"Rather more than half," answered the other; and he drank eagerly. "Give me some more, please," he said, holding out his glass.

"I see that you are in the right humor to hear good news," said the Scot. "Reanda is to marry my daughter in the summer."

"I congratulate you all three," said Griggs, slowly; for he had known what was coming. "Let us drink the health of the couple."

"By all means," answered Dalrymple, filling again. "By all means let us drink. I could not swallow that sweet stuff at Mendoza's. This is better. By all means let us drink as much as we can."

"That might mean a good deal," said Griggs, quickly; and he drained a third glass. "Were you ever drunk, Dalrymple?" he inquired gravely.

"No; I never was," answered the Scotchman.

"Nor I. This seems a fitting occasion for trying an experiment. We might try to get drunk."

"By all means let us try," replied Dalrymple. "I have my doubts about the possibility of the thing, however."

"So have I."

They sat opposite to each other in silence for some minutes, each satisfied that the other was in earnest. Dalrymple solemnly filled the glasses, and then leaned back in his chair.

"You did not seem much surprised by what I told you," he observed at last. "I suppose you expected it."

"Yes. It seemed natural enough, though it is not always the natural things that happen."

"I think they are suited to marry. Of course Reanda is very much older, but he is comparatively a young man still."

"Comparatively. He will make a better husband for having had experience, I daresay."

"That depends on what experience he has had. When I first saw him, I thought he was in love with Donna Francesca. It would have been like an artist. They are mostly fools. But I was mistaken. He worships at a distance."

"And she preserves the distance," Griggs remarked. "You are not drinking fair. My glass is empty."

Dalrymple finished his, and refilled both.

"I have been here some time," he observed, half apologetically. "But as I was saying,— or rather as you were saying,— Donna Francesca preserves the distance. These Italians do that admirably. They know the difference between intimacy and familiarity."

"That is a nice distinction," said Griggs. "I will use it in my next letter. No; Donna Francesca could never be familiar with any one. They learn it when they are young, I suppose, and it becomes a race characteristic."

"What?" asked Dalrymple, abruptly.

"A certain graceful loftiness," answered the younger man.

The Scotchman's wrinkled eyelids contracted, and he was silent for a few moments.

"A certain graceful loftiness," he repeated slowly. "Yes; perhaps so. A certain graceful loftiness."

"You seem struck by the expression," said Griggs.

"I am. Drink, man, drink!" added Dalrymple, suddenly, in a different tone. "There 's no time to be lost if we mean to drink enough to hurt us before those beggars go to bed."

"Never fear. They will be up all night. Not that it is a reason for wasting time, as you say."

He drank his glass, and watched Dalrymple as the latter did likewise, with that deliberate intention which few but Scotchmen can maintain on such occasions. The wine might have been poured into a quicksand, for any effect it had as yet produced.

"Those race characteristics of families are very curious," continued Griggs, thoughtfully.

"Are they?" Dalrymple looked at him suspiciously.

"Very. Especially voices. They run in families, like resemblance of features."

"So they do," answered the other, thoughtfully. "So they do."

He had of late years got into the habit of

often repeating such short phrases, in an absent-minded way.

"Yes," said Griggs. "I noticed Donna Francesca's voice the first time I ever heard it. It is one of those voices which must be inherited. I am sure that all her family have spoken as she does. It reminds me of something — of some one —"

Dalrymple raised his eyes suddenly again, as though he were irritated.

"I say," he began, interrupting his companion; "do you feel anything? Anything queer in your head?"

"No; why?"

"You are talking rather disconnectedly, that is all."

"Am I? It did not strike me that I was incoherent. Probably one half of me was asleep while the other was talking." He laughed dryly, and drank again. "No," he said thoughtfully, as he set down his glass, "I feel nothing unusual in my head. It would be odd if I did, considering that we have only just begun."

"So I thought," answered Dalrymple.

He ordered more wine, and relapsed into silence. Neither spoke again for a long time.

"There goes another bottle," said Dalrymple at last, as he drained the last drops from the flagon measure. "Drink a little faster. This is slow work. We know the old road well enough."

"You are not inclined to give up the attempt, are you?" inquired Griggs, whose still face showed no change. "Is it fair to eat? I am hungry."

"Certainly. Eat as much as you like."

Griggs ordered something which was brought after considerable delay, and he began to eat.

"We are not loquacious over our cups," remarked Dalrymple. "Should you mind telling me why you are anxious to get drunk to-night for the first time in your life?"

"I might ask you the same question," answered Griggs, cautiously.

"Merely because you proposed it. It struck me as a perfectly new idea. I have not much to amuse me, you know; and I shall have less when my daughter leaves me. It would be an amusement to lose one's head in some way."

"In such a way as to be able to get it back, you mean. I was walking this evening after the party, and I came to the Piazza Montanara. There is a big flagstone there, on which people used to leave their heads for good."

"Yes; I have seen it. You cannot tell me much about Rome which I do not know."

"There were a lot of carriers drinking close by. It was rather grim, I thought. An old fellow there had a spite against somebody. You know how they talk. 'They may cut off my head there on the paving-stone,' the man said. 'If I find him, I kill him. An evil death on him and all his house!' You have heard that sort of thing. But the fellow seemed to be very much in earnest."

"He will probably kill his man," said Dalrymple.

Suddenly his big, loose shoulders shook a little, and he shivered. He glanced toward the window, suspecting that it might be open.

"Are you cold?" asked Griggs, carelessly.

"Cold? No. Some one was walking over my grave, as they say. If we varied the entertainment with something stronger, we should get on faster, though."

"No," said Griggs. "I refuse to mix things. This may be the longer way, but it is the safer."

And he drank again.

"He was a man from Tivoli, or Subiaco," he remarked presently. "He spoke with that accent."

"I daresay," answered Dalrymple, who looked down into his glass at that moment, so that his face was in shadow.

Just then four men who had occupied a table near the door rose and went out. It was late, even for a night in Carnival.

"I hope they are not going to leave us all to ourselves," said Dalrymple. "The place will be shut up, and we need at least two hours more."

"At least," assented Paul Griggs. "But they expect to be open all night. I think there is time."

The men at the other tables showed no signs of moving. They sat quietly in their places, drinking steadily by sips. Some of them were eating roasted chestnuts, and all were talking more or less in low tones. Occasionally one voice or another rose above the rest in an exclamation, but instantly subsided again. Italians of that class are rarely noisy; for, though the Romans drink deep, they generally have strong heads, and would be ashamed of growing excited over their wine.

The air was heavy, for several men were smoking strong cigars. The vaulted chamber was lighted by a single large oil-lamp, with a reflector, hung by a cord from the intersection of the cross-arches. The floor was of glazed white tiles, and the single window had curtains of Turkey red. It was all very clean and respectable and well kept, even at that crowded season; but the air was heavy with wine and tobacco, and the smell of cooked food — a peculiar atmosphere in which the old-fashioned Roman delighted to sit for hours on holidays.

Dalrymple looked about him, moving his pale-blue eyes without turning his head. The color had deepened a little on his prominent cheek-bones, and his eyes were less bright than usual. But his red hair, growing sandy with

gray, was brushed smoothly back, and his evening dress was unruffled. He and Griggs were so evidently gentlemen that some of the Italians at the other tables glanced at them occasionally in quiet surprise, not that they should be there, but that they should remain so long and so constantly renew their order for another bottle of wine.

Giulio, the stout, dark drawer, in a spotless jacket, moved about silently and quickly. One of the Italians glanced at Griggs and Dalrymple and then at the waiter, who also glanced at them quickly, and then shrugged his shoulders almost imperceptibly. Dalrymple saw both glances, and his eyes lighted up.

"I believe that fellow is laughing at us," he said to Griggs.

"There is nothing to laugh at," answered the latter, unmoved. "But of course, if you think so, throw him down-stairs."

Dalrymple laughed dryly.

"There is a certain calmness about the suggestion," he said. "It has a good, old-fashioned ring to it. You are not a very civilized young man, considering your intellectual attainments."

"I grew up at sea, and before the mast. That may account for it."

"You seem to have crammed a good deal into a short life," observed Dalrymple. "It must have been a classic ship where they taught Greek and Latin."

"The captain used to call her his Ship of Fools. As a matter of fact, it was rather classic, as you say. The old man taught us navigation and Greek verse by turns for five years. He was a university man with a passion for literature, but I never knew a better sailor. He put me ashore when I was seventeen, with pretty nearly the whole of my five years' pay in my pocket; and he made me promise that I would go to college and stay as long as my money held out. I got through somehow, but I am not sure that I bless him. He is afloat still, and I write to him now and then."

"An Englishman, I suppose?"

"No; an American."

"What strange people you Americans are!" exclaimed Dalrymple; and he drank again. "You take up a profession, and you wear it for a bit, like a coat, and then change it for another," he added, setting down his empty glass.

"Very much like you Scotch," answered Griggs. "I have heard you say that you were a doctor once."

"A doctor — yes — in a way, for the sake of being a man of science, or believing myself to be one. My family was opposed to it," he continued thoughtfully. "My father told me it was his sincere belief that science did not stand in need of any help from me. He said I was more likely to need the help of science, like other lunatics. I will not say that he was not right."

He laughed a little, and filled his glass.

"Poor Dalrymple!" he exclaimed softly, still smiling.

Paul Griggs raised his slow eyes to his companion's face.

"It never struck me that you were much to be pitied," he observed.

"No, no. Perhaps not. But I will venture to say that the point is debatable, and could be argued. 'To be, or not to be' is a question admirably calculated to draw out the resources of the intellect in argument, if you are inclined for that sort of diversion. It is a very good thing, a very good thing; for a man to consider and weigh that question while he is young. Before he goes to sleep, you know, Griggs, before he goes to sleep."

"'For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come—'" Griggs quoted, and stopped.

"'When we have shuffled off this mortal coil.' You do not know your Shakspere, young man."

"'Must give us pause,'" continued Griggs. "I was thinking of the dreams, not of the rest."

"Dreams? Yes. There will be dreams there. Dreams, and other things—'this ae night of all.' Not that my reason admits that they can be more than dreams, you know, Griggs. Reason says 'to sleep—no more.' And fancy says 'perchance to dream.' Well, well, it will be a long dream, that 's all."

"Yes. We shall be dead a long time. Better drink now." And Griggs drank.

> "Fire and sleet and candle-light,
> And Christ receive thy soul,"

said Dalrymple, with a far-away look in his pale eyes. "Do you know the Lyke-Wake Dirge, Griggs? It is a grand dirge. Hark to the swing of it:

> "This ae night, this ae night,
> Every night and all,
> Fire and sleet and candle-light,
> And Christ receive thy soul."

He repeated the strange words in a dull, matter-of-fact way, with a Scotch accent rarely perceptible in his conversation. Griggs listened. He had heard the dirge before, with all its many stanzas, and it had always had an odd fascination for him. He said nothing.

"It bodes no good to be singing a dirge at a betrothal," said the Scotchman, suddenly. "Drink, man, drink! Drink till the blue devils fly away! Drink —

> "Till a' the seas gang dry, my love,
> Till a' the seas gang dry."

Not that it is in the disposition of the Italian innkeeper to give us time for that," he added dryly. "As I was saying, I am of a melancholic temper. Not that I take you for a gay man yourself, Griggs. Drink a little more. It is my opinion that a little more will produce an agreeable impression upon you, my young friend. Drink a little more. You are too grave for so very young a man. I should not wish to be indiscreet, but I might almost take you for a man in love, if I did not know you better. Were you ever in love, Griggs?"

"Yes," answered Griggs, quietly. "And you, Dalrymple? Were you never in love?"

Dalrymple's loosely hung shoulders started suddenly, and his pale blue eyes set themselves steadily to look at Griggs. The red brows were shaggy, and there was a bright red spot on each cheek-bone. He did not answer his companion's question, though his lips moved once or twice as though he were about to speak. They seemed unable to form words, and no sound came from them.

His anger was near, perhaps, and with another man it might have broken out. But the pale and stony face opposite him, and the deep, still eyes, exercised a quieting influence, and whatever words rose to his lips were never spoken. Griggs understood that he had touched the dead body of a great passion, sacred in its death as it must have been overwhelming in its life. He struck another subject immediately, and pretended not to have noticed Dalrymple's expression.

"I like your queer old Scotch ballads," he said, humoring the man's previous tendency to quote poetry.

"There 's a lot of life in them still," answered Dalrymple, absently twisting his empty glass.

Griggs filled it for him, and they both drank. Little by little the Italians had begun to go away. Giulio, the fat, white-jacketed drawer, sat nodding in a corner, and the light from the high lamp gleamed on his smooth black hair as his head fell forward.

"There is a sincere vitality in our Scotch poets," said Dalrymple, as though not satisfied with the short answer he had given. "There is a very notable power of active living exhibited in their somewhat irregular versification, and in the concatenation of their ratiocinations regarding the three principal actions of the early Scottish life, which I take to have been birth, stealing, and a violent death."

"'But of these three charity is the greatest,'" observed Griggs, with something like a laugh; for he saw that Dalrymple was beginning to make long sentences, which is a bad sign for a Scotchman's sobriety.

"No," answered Dalrymple, with much gravity. "There I venture — indeed, I claim the right — to differ with you. For the Scotchman is hospitable, but not charitable. The process of the Scotch mind is unitary, if you will allow me to coin a word for which I will pay with my glass."

And he forthwith fulfilled the obligation in a deep draught. Setting down the tumbler, he leaned back in his chair, and looked slowly round the room. His lips moved. Griggs could just distinguish the last lines of another old ballad.

> "Night and day on me she cries,
> And I am weary of the skies
> Since —"

He broke off, and shook himself nervously, and looked at Griggs, as though wondering whether the latter had heard.

"This wine is good," he said, rousing himself. "Let us have some more. Giulio!"

The fat waiter awoke instantly at the call, looked, nodded, went out, and returned immediately with another bottle.

"Is this the sixth or the seventh?" asked Dalrymple, slowly.

"Eight with Signor Reanda's," answered the man. "But Signor Reanda paid for his as he went out. You have therefore seven. It might be enough." Giulio smiled.

"Bring seven more, Giulio," said the Scotchman, gravely. "It will save you six journeys."

"Does the Signore speak in earnest?" asked the servant, and he glanced at Griggs, who was impassive as marble.

"You flatter yourself," said Dalrymple, impressively, to the man, "if you imagine that I would make even a bad joke to amuse you. Bring seven bottles." Giulio departed.

"That is a Homeric order," observed Griggs.

"I think — in fact, I am almost sure — that seven bottles more will produce an impression upon one of us. But I have a decidedly melancholic disposition, and I accustomed myself to Italian wine when I was very young. Melancholy people can drink more than others. Besides, what does such a bottle hold? I will show you. A tumbler to you, and one to me. Drink. You shall see."

He emptied his glass, and poured the remainder of the bottle into it.

"Do you see? Half a tumbler. Two and a half are a bottle. Seven bottles are seventeen and a half glasses. What is that for you or me in a long evening? My blue devils are large. It would take an ocean to float them all. I insist upon going to bed in a good humor to-night, for once, in honor of my daughter's engagement. By the by, Griggs, what do you think of Reanda?"

"He is a first-rate artist. I like him very well."

"A good man, eh? Well, well — from the point of view of discretion, Griggs, I am doing right. But then, as you may very wisely object, discretion is only a point of view. The important thing is the view, and not the point. Here comes Ganymede with the seven vials of wrath! Put them on the table, Giulio," he said, as the fat waiter came noiselessly up, carrying the bottles by the necks between his fingers, three in one hand and four in the other. "They make a fine show, all together," he observed thoughtfully, with his bony head a little on one side.

"And may God bless you!" said Giulio, solemnly. "If you do not die to-night, you will never die again."

"I regard it as improbable that we shall die more than once," answered Dalrymple. "I believe," he said, turning to Griggs, "that when men are drunk they make mistakes about money. We will pay now, while we are sober."

Griggs insisted on paying his share. They settled, and Giulio went away happy.

The two strong men sat opposite to each other, under the high lamp in the small room, drinking on and on. There was something terrifying in the Scotchman's determination to lose his senses; something grimly horrible in the younger man's marble impassiveness, as he swallowed glass for glass in time with his companion. His face grew paler still, and colder, but there was a far-off gleaming in the shadowy eyes, like the glimmer of a light over a lonely plain through the dark. Dalrymple's spirits did not rise, but he talked more and more, and his sentences became long and involved, and sometimes had no conclusion. The wine was telling on him at last. He had never been as strong as Griggs, at his best, and he was no match for him now. The younger man's strangely dual nature seemed to place his head beyond anything which could affect his senses.

Dalrymple talked on and on, rambling from one subject to another, and not waiting for any answer when he asked a question. He quoted long ballads, and long passages from Shakspere, and then turned suddenly off upon a scientific subject, until some word of his own suggested another quotation.

Griggs sat quietly in his seat, drinking as steadily, but paying little attention now to what the Scotchman said. Something had got hold of his heart, and was grinding it like grain between the millstones, grinding it to dust and ashes. He knew that he could not sleep that night. He might as well drink, for it could not hurt him. Nothing material had power to hurt him, it seemed. He felt the pain of longing for the utterly unattainable, knowing that it was beyond him forever. The widowhood of the unsatisfied is hell, compared with the bereavement of complete possession. He had not so much as told Gloria that he loved her. How could he, being but one degree above a beggar? The unspoken words burned furrows in his heart, as molten metal scores smoking channels in living flesh. Gloria would laugh if she knew. The torture made his face white. There was the scorn of himself with it, because a mere child could hurt him almost to death, and that made it worse. A mere child, barely out of the school-room, petulant, spoiled, selfish!

But she had the glory of heaven in her voice, and in her face the fatal beauty of her dead mother's deadly sin. He need not have despised himself for loving her. Her whole being appealed to that in man to which no woman ever appealed in vain, since the first Adam sold heaven to Satan for woman's love.

Dalrymple, leaning on his elbow, one hand in his streaked beard, the other grasping his glass, talked on, and quoted more and more.

> "The flame took fast upon her cheek,
> Took fast upon her chin,
> Took fast upon her fair body,
> Because of her deadly sin."

His voice dropped to a hoarse whisper at the last words, and suddenly, regardless of his companion, his hand covered his eyes, and his long fingers strained desperately on his bony forehead. Griggs watched him, thinking that he was drunk at last.

"'Because of her deadly sin,'" he repeated slowly, and the tone changed. "There is no sin in it!" he cried suddenly, in a low voice that had a distant, ghostly ring in it.

He looked up, and his eyes were changed, and Griggs knew that they no longer saw him.

"Stiff," he said softly. "Quite stiff. Dead two or three hours, I daresay. It stands up on its feet beside me — certainly dead two or three hours."

He nodded wisely to himself twice, and then spoke again in the same far-off tone, gazing past Griggs at the wall.

"The clothes-basket is a silly idea. Besides, I should lose the night. Rather carry it myself — wrap it up in the plaid. She 'll never know, when she has it on her head. Who cares?"

A long silence followed. One hand grasped the empty glass; the other lay motionless on the table. The blue eyes, with widely dilated pupils, stared at the wall, never blinking or turning. But in the face there was the drawn expression of a bodily effort. Presently Griggs saw the fine beads of perspiration on the great forehead. Then the voice spoke again, but in Italian this time.

"You had better look away while I go by.

It is not a pretty sight. No," he continued, changing to English, "not at all a pretty sight. Stiff as a board still."

The unwinking eyes dilated. The bright color was gone from the cheek-bones.

"It burns very well," he said again in Italian. The whole face quivered, and the hard lips softened and kissed the air. "It is golden — I can see it in the dark — but I must cover it, darling. Quick — this way. At last! No — you cannot see the fire; but it is burning well, I am sure. Hold on! Hold the pommel of the saddle with both hands — so!"

The voice ceased. Griggs began to understand. He touched Dalrymple's sleeve, leaning across the table.

"I say!" he called softly. "Dalrymple!"

The Scotchman started violently, and the pupils of his eyes contracted. The empty glass in his right hand rattled on the hard wood. Then he smiled vaguely at Griggs.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed in his natural voice, "I think I must have been napping — 'Sleep'ry Sim of the Lamb-hill, and snoring Jock of Suport-mill!' By Jove, Griggs, we have got near the point at last. One bottle left, eh? The seventh.

> "Then up and gat the seventh o' them,
> And never a word spake he;
> But he has striped his bright brown brand —

The rest has no bearing upon the subject," he concluded, filling both glasses. "Griggs," he said, before he drank, "I am afraid this settles the matter."

"I am afraid it does," said Griggs.

"Yes. I had hopes a little while ago, which appeared well founded. But that unfortunate little nap has sent me back to the starting-point. I should have to begin all over again. It is very late, I fancy. Let us drink this last glass to our own two selves, and then give it up."

Something had certainly sobered the Scotchman again, or at least cleared his head, for he had not been drunk in the ordinary sense of the word.

"It cannot be said that we have not given the thing a fair trial," said Griggs, gloomily. "I shall certainly not take the trouble to try it again."

Nevertheless, he looked at his companion curiously as they both rose to their feet together. Dalrymple doubled his long arms as he stood up, and stretched them out.

"It is curious," he said. "I feel as though I had been carrying a heavy weight in my arms. I did once, for some distance," he added thoughtfully; "and I remember the sensation."

"Very odd," said Griggs, lighting a cigar.

Giulio, sitting outside half asleep, woke up as he heard the steady tread of the two strong men go by.

"If you do not die to-night, you will never die again!" he said half aloud, as he rose to go in and clear the room where the guests had been sitting.

(To be continued.)

F. Marion Crawford.

A SEARCH FOR AN ANCESTOR.



FROM a reasonable point of view Mrs. Eugene St. Clair might justly have considered herself a fortunate woman. Given youth, health, a devoted husband, and an attractive home, what more could she covet? "Hosts of friends" are usually included in measuring the contents of a full cup of happiness. These she had yet to win. She was, to a singular degree, a stranger in New York; but in the few months of her life in the city she had been too busy and too happy to think of society. Sometimes, after her visits to the fascinating shops, as she lightly ran up the steps of her mansion, she glanced at the rows of brownstone houses, and wondered who lived in them. She had even gone to the length, one rainy afternoon, of peeping through her lace curtains at the smart equipages rolling up to the pavement of her opposite neighbor on one of Mrs. Van Twiller-Jones's days at home, and thinking that some day perhaps she might be invited to trip across the street and meet these fine people.

It is unusual that a young woman owning her own house in Fifth Avenue, and married to a promising physician, should be absolutely a stranger to all the world about her. The generation that precedes her, her own and her husband's friends, her old schoolmates, usually form at least a nucleus for her social life. But Mrs. St. Clair had spent her sweet and wholesome girlhood at the quietest of New England farmhouses, under the care of a childless aunt whose sun rose and set in the motherless girl. Her father, "old Dick Divver," had made his money in leather, in the region known in New York as "the Swamp." He had retired soon after her birth, which had cost him the life of his wife,

and had since lived alone in lodgings far down-town, investing from time to time in real estate, and content to hear regularly that Nelly, his only child, was "growing fine and hearty" to inherit the result of his prudence.

Had his daughter been poor, she would most certainly have been culled early by the brown hand of some honest farmer, and would have spent her life with no wider ambitions than are included in the thrift of a New England farm-house; but as she had "expectations," it was decided by her uncle that she must be sent to Miss Primer's finishing-school, "to learn the graces and make friends with the gentlefolks."

He little knew the class distinctions of a fashionable boarding-school. It so happened that girls from Boston and Philadephia were in force during the term allotted to our heroine for her "finishing." They looked askance at Nelly Divver, and ignored her possible participation in their discussions about family and family trees, manor-houses, the *Mayflower*, and Watson's "Annals." Poor Nelly! The only Mayflower of which she knew anything was the hidden treasure of her own spring woods. And as to family trees! To the day of her death her cheeks will tingle at her first *faux pas*. Upon seeing Miss Primer's own genealogical tree, and reading aloud, in the fruit thereon, "John Primer, Bart., Peter Primer, Bart.," and other "Barts." growing on either side of the respectable stem, she had naïvely asked, "What kind of apple is the 'Bart.'?" to be answered by a shout of derisive laughter, and the prompt reply from Miss Primer herself: "An apple that flourishes better, it seems, in old England than in New England."

This little incident fixed upon her the sobriquet of "Ingénue"; and, trifling as it was, colored her school life—indeed the next years of her life. She never forgot it. She was sensitively aware of inferiority to the high-born maidens around her. She imagined in them an air of distinction which she could never possess. Although their garments were of fashion and fabric similar to her own, she felt that they wore those garments "with a difference." To be sure, her associates were not positively unkind. They even bent, occasionally, under the lubricating influence of the clover-scented butter and home-made cakes from "Ingénue's farm-house," springing back into rigid erectness the moment the home box was despatched.

Thus, so far as friendship with gentlefolks was concerned, her school life was a failure. She was not a favorite with the girls; and her crowning disgrace occurred at the Harvard commencement ball, where Miss Primer proudly chaperoned her own graduating class, and where nothing could prevent Nelly Divver's being the belle of the ball. She won to her standard all of the best men: the young giant Middleton, the "center rush of the eleven"; the superb "swell" Percy; the aristocratic Van Ness; and St. Clair, the first honor-man of the medical class.

Not very long afterward she married St. Clair, her father coming up to the wedding and quietly putting into her hand the key of a handsome house on Fifth Avenue, fully furnished from attic to wine-cellar, of which, after a wedding tour to Charleston, they took possession. But although her father thus decided the future of the young couple, he was not inclined to interfere in their affairs. He was content to come regularly once a month to dine, bringing with him a bank check for a goodly sum as a present to his daughter, sitting uneasily upon the edge of the crimson satin divan which filled the center of the gilt drawing-room, and escaping as soon as possible to his den down-town, where he was living like a hermit.

Of course no life is without untoward events — even the life of a rich young bride, unmolested by a mother-in-law or by society ambitions. There were long rainy days when the doctor was at the Charity Hospital, and there were lonely evenings when he was occupied in his office, studying big books or bottling up dreadful things upon which his wife dared not even look. Also her white-and-gold china was sometimes marred by little chips,— those tiny teeth which do so gnaw at one's heart-strings,— or a slight tracery of dust appeared upon the mirror-like surface of her furniture, or the embroidered initials of her table-linen were pressed too flat in the ironing. But she summoned all her strength to meet such griefs, and thought well of herself for her fortitude.

Yet it was not within the range of possibility that a healthy young woman should forever bound her horizon by the routine of her house, however much she might love its every corner. And she did love it, from roof to foundation, from the butler's pantry to the gilt name in the window announcing to a suffering humanity that relief for its woes might be found within. Worst of all the rainy days were the rainy Sundays. After she had gone to church, and had read her "Thomas à Kempis," and had written perhaps to Susan Dick, who lived in San Francisco, and to Jenny Wolf, who lived in Seattle (she always borrowed her husband's crested ring to seal those letters), there was nothing in the world for her to do.

So she bought all the Sunday papers, and fell under the fascination of the society stories. She devoured the society columns, especially that one which chronicles the incomings and outgoings, uprisings and downsittings, of twenty New York families with such intimate acquaintanceship and unfailing loyalty as almost to warrant a suggestion of editorial influence through some one of the twenty. She sub-

scribed to an English society paper, and to half a dozen society journals printed in New York. These led her to purchase and study the best authority upon "manners and social customs." Having instructed herself, she longed to verify the printed pictures by actual, visible presence, and dragged the doctor forth to theaters and the spring horse-show and flower-show. He was loath to waste precious time sacred to study, but he realized that something was due to his lonely young wife. With this thought he arranged with a friend for two weeks' care of his patients, and took one of the earliest trains to the Chicago Exposition.

"I SHALL have to bestow you somewhere today, Nelly," said her husband, one morning near the end of the fortnight. "I am to meet some men at ten in the Liberal Arts. Could you amuse yourself in the writing-room an hour or two?"

"You might leave me at the Woman's Building," said his wife. "I am really tired, and I shall be glad of the rest."

Since coming to Chicago Mrs. St. Clair's mind had been growing, like young corn under a midsummer sky, jointing off in new directions, and fruiting and tasseling with new ideas. She had made discoveries: some painful, others pleasant. First of all, she had awakened to a full perception of the hideousness of the home furnished by her father. The remembered outlines of the crimson satin divan caused a sensation of faintness; the gimp-edged, stiffly lined crimson lambrequins at the windows stifled her. How was she ever again to endure those ponderous square blocks of French walnut, ebonized wood, and gilded cocobolo! She fairly hated the whole house, from the hat-rack combination of seat, mirror, and coat-hooks at the entrance, to the tambour curtains which shut out the clothes-line in the back yard. Oh, for some ancient pieces of St. Domingo mahogany, or of inlaid woods with seductive curvings, or dim bits of tapestry, or soft folds of door and window drapery!

Some of these she could and would purchase; but how would they accord with the impertinent vulgarity of the rest? And even if she did buy them, who would ever come to look at them? She had learned that one class dominated society in New York. Nobody outside was worth considering. Even the magazines had recognized it. The weekly journals had dilated upon it. The newspapers forever affirmed it. Through articles frankly signed by a high priest of fashion she perceived that a chosen few, elected from the beginning, dwelt in high places — upon a sort of sacred eminence. To these all the world looked up from below, longing, striving, praying for an outstretched hand whereby they might be lifted to a place upon the pinnacle. The high priest had declared that some were taken and others left. None, however, were chosen without some distinction — family, wealth, taste, or beauty.

Now Mrs. St. Clair communed with herself upon these things, and weighed, sifted, and measured. Family? Probably she had none, but she meant to inquire. Nor requisite wealth! Taste? There was her home in evidence. Beauty? Well, here she might pause. She had found out since coming to the Exposition that she was "stunning." She had overheard that word scores of times. The flower-girls had looked it as they tendered their violets. The Bedouins had passed their hands over their faces and drawled a murmured "ni-i-ce" whenever she appeared. She had always supposed herself to be fairly good-looking — she now knew that she was more. Those mirrors she was forever passing reflected a tall young woman, exquisitely formed, with a proud, distinguished carriage, beautiful face, brown hair, wide, fawn-like eyes, and perfect complexion. She was conscious of a curious sense of injustice that she had never realized all this, and its value, before.

Arrived at the Woman's Building on the morning of her husband's engagement with his scientific friends, she found a room hung with the banners and insignia of women's societies: King's Daughters, college alumnæ, clubs, Daughters of the American Revolution, temperance unions, and all sorts of refuges and rests.

She had taken a seat behind some palms in one of the alcoves, where she could see without being seen, when three young men sauntered up and paused. She was immediately thrilled into keen attention upon overhearing a voice which she was sure she had heard somewhere before: "We 'd better move on, Percy. Nothing interesting here!"

"I beg your pardon, Middleton. As sure as you live, that was Nell Divver who came in just before us! She was with little St. Clair! Did n't you see her, Van Ness?"

"I did," answered one of the men.

"So she still has St. Clair on her string!" said Middleton.

"'Until death do us part,'" said Van Ness. "They were married last winter at her aunt's in Connecticut."

"What!" exclaimed both the men.

"Certainly," replied Van Ness. "You young fellows go off skylarking and yachting, and what not, all around the world, and expect when you come home to find the prettiest girls waiting for you. St. Clair stayed at home, you see, hived his queen-bee, and is comfortably settled for life; while you —"

"I wonder what she saw in little St. Clair," murmured Middleton.

"Women," said Van Ness, "like remnants and short lengths. And women are ambitious. You know the story of the Scotch girl who 'married a farm with a bit mannie to it'? Well, Miss Divver married a big name with a small appendage. And a clever fellow he is, too. He is going to get along with the women."

"They live in New York?" drawled Percy.

"At six hundred and something Fifth Avenue," said Van Ness. "Old Divver set them up handsomely. They don't know anybody. Never sent cards. I get my information from Mrs. Van Twiller-Jones. She lives opposite, and has her eye on Mrs. St. Clair."

"The unassisted 'eye' will hardly discover 'family' there!" sneered Percy. "However, Divvers easily become St. Clairs these days in New York."

"I must contrive," said Middleton, "to run against St. Clair, and get an invitation. He was well in for honors when I was on 'the eleven.' He was always very civil to me."

"Naturally!" said Percy, dryly. "As for me, I 'll take my chances with Nell herself." He smiled as he recalled his Continental methods. "My constitutional leads me by her door every day. I 'll wager she is country girl enough to look out of her windows! Surprised start, recognition, a smile, and I dash up the steps with all the ardor of an old friend!"

"To find a cool woman of the world quite capable of making you know your place," said Van Ness, grimly. "These American women grow into anything in a day, from a kitchen cap to a coronet. Your best plan would be to cultivate Mrs. Van Twiller-Jones and get her to help you."

"Whe-e-w!" whistled Percy. "Not much! Not while I have memory! She 'll have to catch me first! I have not forgotten those dreary afternoons of hers. Tea, a sandwich, a song, and then a long paper upon the colonial history of New York. She keeps them up still, I suppose."

"Just the same," said Van Ness. "My last invitation was to meet the Colonial Dames. It was charmingly literary, but I was about the only man present. It was rather embarrassing to overhear myself explained to the dames as 'Van Ness, my dear. Lineal descendant of Marcia Van Ness, you know.'"

The young men laughed and passed on, leaving Mrs. St. Clair a wiser woman. But not a sadder! All her fatigue was gone in a sense of exultation. Here was an opening. Mrs. Van Twiller-Jones, the unapproachable, had observed and admired her, and talked about her to her friends. As to the young men — though she felt the sting of Percy's sneer, they did not signify. She was content with her husband. He belonged to a fine old South Carolina family. Moreover, she remembered, he had ranked these flippant fellows at college. They were evidently sore and jealous. Oh, it was too delicious! If only she could play her cards wisely!

For one thing she was profoundly thankful. She knew nobody. She had no entangling alliances, no queer-looking people to come informally to dinner or tea, and haunt her footsteps when she appeared in public. She could begin from the beginning, and she meant to begin aright.

But she wanted time to think; and so, when the fortnight's holiday was over, she surprised her husband by declining a trip to Narragansett, proposing to remain at home with him during the months of June and July, and then to run down to some neighboring Long Island resort for August.

"I am not afraid of your being ill, Nelly," said Dr. St. Clair. "New York is perfectly healthy this summer. I only fear you will be lonely. What will you do?"

"I shall spend a good part of my time at the Astor Library," she replied. "I am interested in history and pottery and household decoration, and ever so many things."

THE morning after her return home Mrs. St. Clair set forth for an early visit to her father in his rooms. He had already left them; but the smiling janitress, who admired his daughter beyond everything short of the chromo of the Virgin which hung in her little parlor, said she was sure that "Misther Divver" was taking his breakfast at a neighboring restaurant. And there his daughter found him.

He was engaged with a substantial breakfast of bacon, eggs fried on both sides, coffee, and griddle-cakes — all of which flavored the hearty kiss he bestowed upon his daughter.

"What 's up?" he asked, with some anxiety. "Anybody sick?"

"Why, no," she answered. "I am just home from Chicago. You ought to go. It is lovely."

"I guess you 'll tell me about it," said he, comfortably, as he buttered his cakes, and tipped the dish for a spoonful of bacon gravy. "I suppose you bought things?" he asked kindly. It was his delight to have her spend his money.

"Eugene made me a little present or two," said his daughter; "not much. Look! I brought you a meerschaum pipe. Such a beauty!"

The old man was radiant. "Made expressly for me too!" he exclaimed, putting on his glasses and turning it around. "'R. D.,' and a thistle on the bowl! Well, I was born in London, at the sign of the Thistle."

"I remembered that," she replied. "Now, you are not to color this pipe too fast, you know. You are to put the case in your pocket when you come to see Eugene, and he will tell you exactly how to do it."

"All right!" said her father, in great glee.

Then she asked him abruptly, "Papa, have I any family?"

His face sobered. Resting his knife and fork upon the table, his jaw dropped as he gazed at her over his spectacles.

"Pshaw!" said she, flushing. "I mean had I ancestors, and where did they live?"

"Of course you had," he replied. "They lived in London, I suppose. I was born there, at the sign of the Thistle."

His daughter sighed. She was aware of this much. She had heard it often before. "Think, papa," she persisted. "Did you never hear of others — from country-seats and manor-houses in old, old times?"

"I am afraid not. You see, I have no relations in this country that I know of. I have heard that a man of my name — Robert Divver — is a professor at Oxford. I came over early; and a good thing for you, Nell! I don't remember any of my folks. I brought out my sister Ellen with my first money. Poor lass! Hard to lose her just after you were married! I wish she could have lived to see you in your own house, Nell. No; I can't justly say much about any 'ancestors.' I was born in London, at—"

"So you can tell me no more, then, of the Divvers, papa. But my mother's people?"

"Smith," said the old man, gently; "her name was Hannah Smith. She came from the Smiths of Long Island — good old family. They set some store by the first ones — old Barentse Smith and his brother, Dirck Smith. Dirck was a great Indian fighter."

His daughter drew out her ivory tablets, and made notes: "Barentse Smith — Dirck Smith: Indian wars. Robert Divver, professor at Oxford."

"Were these Smiths very distinguished?" she asked.

"Powerful fighters," he replied. "I don't know much about them. They were Dutch folks, I believe. I don't take much stock in the Oxford man. He never made any money that I ever heard of."

Clearly there was no more to be learned; and, with a renewed invitation for the evening, she left her father to his bacon and eggs.

THE three clerks who receive orders for books at the Astor Library are men of experience, which enables them, at a glance, to divine the literary taste of fashionable young women.

Before Mrs. St. Clair had made her comprehensive, though timid, request for "all books about English families," an assistant had taken from the shelves Burke's "Peerage" and Fairbairn's "Crests." In nine cases out of ten these books were desired to suggest crests for note-paper. An ascetic-looking old gentleman gave Mrs. St. Clair a sarcastic glance as he passed with a yellow manuscript in his hand. This was that embodiment of genealogical craft — the secretary; and in the despair of the clerks at the vague nature of her wishes she was directed to him.

She made bold to say: "Can you tell me, sir, where I can find a family history here?"

"Possibly in 'Appletons' Cyclopedia' — provided the family be of note," he answered, without raising his eyes from his manuscript.

"Could I have it searched out and copied here?" she asked.

"I think," said he, dryly, "the person can do that best who is the most interested. It takes time."

"Give me also 'Appletons' Cyclopedia,'" she said, humbly; and, followed by two boys whose chins rested upon long piles of volumes, she retired to one of the little tables provided for the searchers after truth.

As she took her seat, she felt very lonely and forlorn. It was a pathetic necessity which laid upon her young shoulders the burden of her family history and family honor. Girls' fathers and mothers usually took care of these matters. Some things were so easy for some people! Here she was — not only alone in a great library, but pretty much alone in the world — looking for a race of whose names, even, she knew nothing, and who, when found, might turn out to be anything but creditable.

The boys deposited her books upon the table, with some sheets of coarse paper and a pencil, and left her to her fate.

The room was utterly silent, except that ghostly whispers echoed around the alcoves, where serious-looking men noiselessly handled books, referring to memoranda. The muffled sounds from the street, mingled with the dimly heard chimes of Grace Church, seemed like murmurs from a far-off world. At the next table two young women, in black alpaca gowns, were copying illustrations from an architectural work. They too were silent.

Mrs. St. Clair felt awed and depressed as she removed her gloves and opened "Fairbairn" — that consoling volume over which so many heads have been bent, searching for the ducal coronet, or garb, or pheon, or mullet, whereby scented note-paper might be ennobled and adorned. She soon discovered that the Divvers had no place therein, and that the Smiths were as the sands of the sea for multitude. She must see her father again before she could even begin to find her own Smiths.

Had he not said they were Dutch? Clearly the Holland Society would be the place to investigate those Smiths. But now that she was here, it would interest her to verify some of the shields of which her schoolmates had talked so learnedly. To be sure! Here were Dorothy Quincy's seven mascles, and Susie Shippen's chevron and oak leaves, and that Saltonstall girl's sable eagles! Oh, it was maddening! Her soul sank within her.

Women have an instinctive love for heraldic bearings. How many delicate fingers have patiently polished the rust from old shields, or embroidered their devices into tapestries! Nothing equals a woman's reverence for arms, crests, and mottos. Drawn once within their magic influence, a passionate, intense interest in them possesses her, like a midsummer madness. As Mrs. St. Clair read on and on, the values of all things earthly seemed changed. She found herself in an enchanted land, in which her spirit, like some errant maiden of feudal times, wandered from castle to castle in search of her own. Oh, to have the right to claim some emblem won and worn by those gallant fellows of the Conquest or the Crusades!

Thus the time passed, until at last she was politely reminded that the hour for closing the library was come. Hurrying out, faint from her long fast, she hastened to catch the first uptown car.

Her father arrived at six, and she had half an hour before dinner to talk with him. She had an instinctive desire to keep her researches a secret from her husband. In Charleston, on their bridal trip, they had visited one of his aunts, and the stately old lady had not failed to impress the position of the St. Clairs upon the young bride. She perceived that her husband had protected her. "Spare us your genealogies, Aunt Letty," he had said; and a shrewd twinkle in the old lady's eye showed that she understood. Then, and ever after, she had felt the same sense of inferiority which had so oppressed her at school. Nothing, nothing — unless she could know herself well born — could ever dispel it.

Now hurrying, lest her husband should appear, she said: "Papa, had our people any arms?"

"I 'll warrant ye!" he exclaimed, stretching out his own; "and strong ones, too! Never anything better in them than this, though, Nell!" and he pressed his daughter to his honest bosom.

"Oh, papa! I mean arms in heraldry — arms on carriage doors and tombstones."

"Now don't you go and be a fool, Nelly," said her father, gravely. "Get your carriage, and paint pictures on it afterward. Never think more of the platter than what 's in it. And as to tombstones! All I want on mine is 'Here lies honest Dick Divver. Erected by his loving daughter.'"

"Ill luck, and decidedly bad taste, to discuss tombstones in a doctor's house!" exclaimed his host, as he entered. "Trust yourself to me, Mr. Divver. I thought we were to smoke the new meerschaum! The stonecutters will have to wait for you many a long year, I think."

MRS. ST. CLAIR spent many of the lovely June days at the Astor Library. Her studies became progressive. From Burke and Fairbairn she advanced to the books of the "Herald's Visitations." She grew fastidious, intolerant of shams and pretenses, and contemptuous of modern quarterings. She also purchased books on heraldry. She bought Fuller's "Worthies of England," and in her quest for the Divvers read every sheriff's name from Berkshire to Yorkshire. How charming was the story of Juliana Barnes, who "flourished" in 1460, and who wrote a book on heraldry! "Say not," declared old Thomas Fuller, "that the needle is the most proper pen for a woman, and that she ought to meddle with the making of no coats save such as Dorcas made for the widows." This was precisely what Mrs. St. Clair thought; and thereafter she sat at the feet of the venerable divine as he delivered himself of his seventeenth-century notions upon the "fairness" of various tinctures and the disgracefulness of many quarterings. "The plainer the ancienter — *arma primo nuda sine ornatu*," said old Thomas Fuller.

All this time she was suffering the pangs of Tantalus: she was no nearer, save for an obscure note in Lodge's "Peerage," to her own satisfying draught of the coveted waters. She had now become one of the habitués of the Astor Library. She had passed from the ranks of the "temporaries," and had come to be regarded as a "permanency."

"She 's in earnest — that one," said one of the old officers to his visitor, a member of a Southern historical society. The latter had been struck by Mrs. St. Clair's appearance, and had inquired her name. "What and who is she?" he had asked. "Not a bookish woman, I take it."

"I 'll tell you what I think," said the officer, impressively. "I judge she is hunting for a missing link."

"She 'll likely never find it," said the other. "Poor girl! Madness lies that way!"

"I know it! I know it!" replied the old man. "You are too young to remember Colonel Chester of Virginia? Poor fellow! He pleaded that he could not die satisfied until he

had cleared the direct descent of Washington. But the insatiate archer claimed him."

"I know about Colonel Chester," said the historical-society man. "His inspired efforts only destroyed previously accepted theories."

"Poor Chester! He was hot on the scent when I last saw him," said his companion. "He had a John Washington as an English ancestor. The links would have been golden, but, alas! he never could identify his prize with Major John, the emigrant's ancestor. I myself was one of those who helped him to examine. But all was fruitless. We never found a scrap of writing, or any sign manual, of pre-pater John."

"But others have — have n't they?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, maybe — maybe! They say so; I do not know it," replied the old gentleman, testily. "It will not do poor Chester any good unless he can know of it. Poor Chester!" he repeated, shaking his head. "I judge he is an uneasy spirit in the final haven,— restless until the writing, the missing link, be found."

They had wandered far away from pretty Mrs. St. Clair, who looked uncommonly charming in her light drapery upon this particularly warm summer morning.

"Writing a book, do you think?" whispered one of the *jeunesse dorée*, who had found it convenient to select a table near Mrs. St. Clair for the study of authorities on the game of golf.

"I guess," said his companion — also a "gilded youth" — "she is hunting up crests and things so she can snub some other woman in her set. *She* does n't need 'em! She has good looks enough without 'em."

The little gamin who opened the door of her coupé also had his theories.

"She 's a high-stepper," he confided to his pal; "comes here every day, an' a nickel for me reg'lar. Oh, she 's a daisy!"

"Wot 's her name?" asked number two. The other creased his weather-beaten little face into a knowing wink.

"Oh, she 's the wife o' one o' them rich ole blokes wot lives in one o' them big boardin'-houses. He 's a-stayin' to home, see! an' takin' it aisy — an' a-sendin' of her down-town to 'tend to his business. She 's a whole team, she is!"

QUITE unaware of having become an object of general interest, Mrs. St. Clair came and went, absorbed in her new pursuit. Meanwhile her neighbors had closed their houses. Through a crevice in her lace curtains she had seen an express-wagon loaded with Mrs. Van Twiller-Jones's trunks, bundles, and steamer-chair. She recognized Mr. Van Ness as he had entered a carriage with that lady and her maid, to escort his friend to the steamship.

"Never mind!" thought the watcher. "Before they return *I* shall be somebody." She had faith in her future, her star, herself.

Then she sat down and wrote two letters. The first was addressed to "Mr. Divver, Rathdowney, Ireland." Of this gentleman she knew nothing except his probable existence; but she imagined him to be a person of distinction, living upon his own estate — possibly in a baronial castle with battlements and ivy-clad turrets! The note in Lodge's pedigrees had stated, apropos of a noble family: "A member of this house married in the family of Divver, and resides at Rathdowney in Ireland." This was the straw to which she clung.

The letter read:

MY DEAR MR. DIVVER: I have just learned of your residence at Rathdowney, and venture to hope I may make some inquiries of you. I wish to discover the link between myself and my English ancestry. I hope I shall some day have an opportunity of visiting the cradle of my ancestors. For any information you can give me of the family of Divver, I shall be deeply grateful. I need not say that I shall be only too happy to pay all expenses of copying wills or deeds, or any other costs you may incur in my behalf.

Yours very sincerely, E. DIVVER.

She had decided to sign her own and not her husband's name; but in her excitement she forgot to enlighten her correspondent as to whether she was man or woman, maid or matron.

The second letter was of similar substance, and was addressed to "Professor Robert Divver, Oxford, England."

Mrs. St. Clair almost succumbed to the heat and mental strain of having even a small secret from her husband. The intense desire to be equal with him, to be of his kind, grew within her. And yet she could hardly think of her desperate venture in addressing two strangers in a foreign land without feverish excitement. She was but newly transplanted to the soil where dissimulation and desperate ventures have been known to thrive and prosper.

She had one supreme wish — to get favorable answers from England, and to follow them up to a glorious result. The steaming-hot days of July were upon her, and she was far from well; but to every hint from her husband that she ought to leave town, she returned so feverish and impatient an answer that he resolved to arrange at once for some country residence for the heated term. Her evident aversion to being separated from him (as he thought) determined him to place her at some pleasant spot nearer New York than the Long Island

Hamptons,— some place to which he could go every evening, returning for his office hours next day.

A little over a fortnight after the letter was despatched to Rathdowney, the wondering hall-boy presented to his mistress, upon his silver tray, a most unwholesome-looking epistle addressed to "E. Divver." Her heart stood still. Fortunately she was alone as she read:

DEAR ONCLE. i am glad i hev foun you. You ar the man i hev bin lookin for.

Dear oncle sir i Am Alive an well i am livin at The ole Place i liv with me muther an i suppote Her on the Frutes of me industri. sure an she has got the cradle. i can bring It when I cum to ameriky no more at Presen from yores til deth

john divver.

Mrs. St. Clair turned cold. She was too much stunned for words, or indeed for feeling. For the next week she wandered about the house as if she were walking in a dream. At any moment she might be awakened by falling from a dreadful precipice. From this she passed into a painfully unreasonable state of nervous excitement. She started at every ring of the door-bell. She shuddered at every strange foot-fall. Her hearing became abnormally acute. No tramp could interview her cook at her grated door unheard by her mistress in the library above.

Events rapidly ripened. Ten days after the arrival of the first letter came another with the dreaded Rathdowney post-mark:

DEAR ONCLE i hev now berried me muther an I am cummin rite Out to you. Sure an I wont fergit the cradle no more to part til deth.

yore fond nevu john divver.

Mrs. St. Clair was frantic. "Buried his mother! Heavens! Can he have murdered her!" She was in agony. But for the urgent necessity for action, she would probably have had a fit of screaming hysterics. There was no time to lose. Seizing her pen, she wrote:

SIR: You are not the man to whom my letter was addressed. I do not know you. I do not intend to know you. If you come to America I shall not receive you. Any further writing from you will be an unpardonable impertinence.

E. DIVVER.

Thenceforth the very genius of unrest possessed Mrs. St. Clair. She lost all appetite. Her eyes assumed a hunted expression. She watched the street apprehensively. She dared not leave her house. Often she dreamed of a dreadful apparition, an uncouth figure with a bundle on his shoulder and a grimy peasant's cradle under his arm. She would awake in a fit of shuddering, just as he was about to embrace her.

Of course her husband became anxious. Finally he refused to listen to her remonstrances, and packed her off, willy-nilly, to the Hotel-by-the-Sea on the Jersey coast.

Here she found herself like the penitent in the Calvinistic hymn, "upon a narrow neck of land," and in a state of mind hardly less despairing than his own. There was still another letter to be heard from. What if her husband should read it! In her excited condition she could not reflect how easily this letter could be explained. The Oxford professor was, of course, a gentleman. If worst came to worst, there was surely no great harm in having written to him.

There is nothing like the sea for a tempest-tossed soul. This her husband perceived as she grew more serene. "I think we have hit it exactly, Nell!" he said. "Here on the ocean side you can imagine yourself at Long Branch. And if you prefer Lake George, why, here it is in the rear—still water, green islets and hills. When you look over the sea, remember there is nothing between you and Spain. Maybe with a strong glass you can see your own château."

"I am perfectly satisfied with my own country," replied his wife, wearily.

"All right! Then your patriotic feelings may gather around the Navesink Highlands. See the flag there, near the old lighthouse? A Daughter of the American Revolution raised that flag, you know. And you are going to find your appetite here. Such steamed clams and soft-shell crabs! All the roses will be coming back in those cheeks pretty soon." So he cheered and encouraged her.

As the days passed she grew calmer, especially as they brought nothing more from Rathdowney. A large envelop at length appeared, addressed to Miss E. Divver. Letters still came occasionally from Susan Dick and Jenny Wolf, who were traveling abroad and had not yet heard of her marriage, and so this missive was forwarded with the rest. She turned the envelop over, and found an imposing seal,—three stags ("bucks trippant"),— and, underneath, the legend in German characters, "Coll. Jesu. Oxon." Within, she read:

MY DEAR MISS DIVVER: Although my name is Divver, I am sorry to say that I cannot at the present moment give you any assistance, especially as you do not seem to have any information as to the part of England from which your ancestry is derived.

I fear my family has no records; and as Divver is a wide-spread name, it is difficult to arrive at a special fact concerning a special branch.

You may, perhaps, be interested in a tradition

which claims that the name of Divver was originally "De Vere," a tradition which may have been the more easily credited because of the eminence of the house of De Vere.

Regretting that I have no trustworthy information of the kind you are seeking, I remain

Yours very respectfully,

ROBERT DIVVER.

This letter was to Mrs. St. Clair as strong drink to the perishing. Hope once more returned and sustained her fainting spirit. That night she surprised her husband by announcing that she would accompany him to the city the next day. "I shall so enjoy the sail," she said, "and I want a number of trifles — hairpins and the like."

"To say nothing of the Astor Library?" he asked archly.

She wished to weave no more of the tangled web than was absolutely necessary. "I may drop in at the library," she said.

When she did "drop in," and when she mentioned the name of De Vere, books were given her which promised great things, transcending her loftiest dreams.

She read of Alberic de Vere, England's great high chamberlain and progenitor of the earls of Oxford and the lords of Adington Magna; and how they came in direct line from Hugh Capet of France, the dukes of Normandie,— "Sans peur" and "Longue-épée,"— and from Roynvald the Mighty; how they "bore the simplest shield, quarterly Gu. and or, and well deserved their motto — *Vero nil verius;* how the head of the house, fighting in the Holy Land, had seen a star fall from heaven and alight upon his shield, and had "henceforth borne a mullet arg." upon his escutcheon; how this shield, with its silver star, was among those which bordered the Magna Charta when England's twenty-five barons rose in their might, and digged deep and laid foundations for the liberties of the English-speaking world! How Henry de Vere, the eighteenth Earl of Oxford, had come to court one day "with a milk-white feather about his hat, which then was unusual, save that a person of his merit might make a fashion"; how one of the lords had sneered at the "fair feather"; and how this earl, who would not bow to court compliances, had answered: "True, my lord, my plume is white; and, mark you, there 's ne'er a taint in it!"

Running her eyes down the long line, Mrs. St. Clair noted the names of their women: Adelheid, queen of Italy, and the countesses Adela, Beatrix, Margaret, Adeliza, Lucia, Diana, Isabella, Eléne — Hold! Eléne? This was her own name, surely! Eléne de Vere! It was merely a difference of accent. How easy, in the careless life of a new country, for Eléne de Vere to have become Ellen Divver!

"What scholar knoweth not," she read from her old writer, "that Zeus, the Greek for Jupiter, is spelt in ten different ways? And the honourable name of Villiers hath fourteen different spellings; and the name of Roper is changed from Musard to Rubra Spatha — thence to Rospear, Rousper, Rooper, Roper." She had heard of altered names in later years. Taliaferro had become Toliver; Ap-Rhys had changed into Rice or Price; D'Aubigné into Dabney. Once a dry-goods clerk, in taking her address, had remarked that she lived opposite one of his best customers — Mrs. Vantler-Jones!

By the time she reached the Hotel-by-the-Sea she was a changed woman. She had not the slightest doubt of her right to the name of Eléne de Vere. She ceased to reason. All the probabilities had been swept aside to make room for a solid rank of certainties. She had only to fill her place. And she meant to do it.

She remembered with exultation the men's names too! All along the line were Robert de Veres and Richard de Veres. Ah, that professor was a modest fellow! He had known it all the time. Literary men care so little for titles — for nothing really but their musty old books. But she cared! Over and over she whispered to herself, "Eléne de Vere," as a woman will pass her fingers again and again over velvet.

THE passengers in the cars which during the Monmouth racing-season rush madly past the Hotel-by-the-Sea, miss a most attractive feature in the landscape — the picturesque crowd at the little station at six o'clock in the afternoon: handsome young women in fresh toilets, with their pretty children, to meet the tired men returning from Wall street and the great importing-houses; the assiduous bell-boys standing in front to grasp the satchels of the new-comers; in the rear the seller of sweet-grass baskets, and the swarthy Armenian dealer in drawn-work and gold embroidery. A soothing picture this in times of Wall-street crises, or of despairing reliance upon the leisurely deliberations of an uncertain Senate!

Mrs. St. Clair was always in place to meet the doctor; but one afternoon late in August she received, instead of himself, a telegram from him saying that he should be detained for several days in the city. The letter which followed explained that Mrs. Van Twiller-Jones had arrived from Europe, was ill, "and *faute de mieux* has called me in," said the modest doctor. Later he reported his patient convalescent, and added:

But she positively must not remain in the city. Could you get good quarters for her at our hotel? And could you — *would* you, Nell, write her a lit-

tle note of encouragement about the place? She is alone and nervous — very reluctant to leave home again. A word from you would help me — and you can write such charming notes.

Mrs. St. Clair was surprised at herself. Three months ago the event would have put her into a state of delightful flutter. Now, she seemed ages away from Mrs. Van Twiller-Jones and her exclusive set.

She had sailed into high seas and peaceful waters. Every day she had grown more serene in spirit, more stately in bearing. She was steadily molding herself after her own ideals, and these were not of latter-day society ladies.

Of course she would do what was right and gracious. She found it easy to write her letter, but was it to be "Dear Mrs. Jones," or "Dear Mrs. Van Twiller-Jones"? Who were the Van Twillers, anyway? So it ran thus:

MY DEAR MRS. JONES: My husband tells me he has been so fortunate as to render you some small service; and he desires me to aid him in perfecting that service by telling you of the advantages an invalid may hope to derive from a short sojourn at this place.

I venture to present my own experience. I came here very ill indeed. I am now perfectly well, and although not yet looking as robust as I should, I am certainly less like a heraldic lion than I was in the early summer.

Should you make the experiment, I think I can at least promise you quiet and reasonable comfort. Very sincerely yours,

ELÉNE DE VERE ST. CLAIR.

Let none adjudge her, in this signature, insincere or untruthful. She was neither. She believed all that she assumed. Has it not been demonstrated that no man, having candidly used all means for enlightenment, is responsible for his belief? She had conscientiously searched for the truth, and just as conscientiously was she persuaded that she had found it. One of Miss Primer's favorite maxims had been "Be what you wish to seem to be." This she was putting to its truest test. Harassed by no doubts, conscious only of a superb sense of superiority which was hers through the divine right of inheritance, there could be small danger from future questioning. Her own conviction would bear down all cavil.

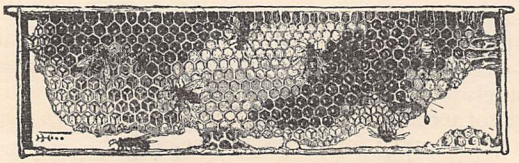
And so it proved. If Mrs. Van Twiller-Jones expected to indulge her favorite pastime of patronage, she found herself at fault. She arrived only to lower her colors to this calm, splendid creature who listened with such indifference to the colonial history of the Van Twillers; who even went to the length of politely discouraging a suggestion of membership in the Society of Colonial Dames, upon the unusual plea of being "too new in this country for eligibility in that society"; who never boasted of anything, or claimed anything, or told of the people she knew. "She has the true bearing of noble blood," thought Mrs. Van Twiller-Jones.

When they returned to town and visits were exchanged, Mrs. St. Clair found her neighbor's house a dream of beauty, with its Chippendale and Sheraton furniture; family portraits of low-necked beauties and ruffled old-time Knickerbockers; invaluable bits of ancient blue-and-white china; dim, antique colors in cushions, tapestries, and draperies. Among these her aristocratic hostess, enjoying her own again, found her most fitting setting. But her visitor made no apology for her own home beyond a hint of perfect intelligence in an amused, affectionate toleration of the taste of "poor dear papa."

Finally she accepted an invitation to dinner from Mrs. Van Twiller-Jones, and passed the test of introduction to other grand dames — and also to Mr. Van Ness! She received him with calm graciousness, but not one quiver of an eyelid betrayed unusual interest in him. There was one perilous moment when he ventured a whispered comment to his hostess upon her guest's "Lady Clara Vere de Verish manners," to which Mrs. Van Twiller-Jones calmly replied: "I should like to know who has a better right!"

Before the season fairly opened Mrs. St. Clair's lists were full of invitations. Before it closes we may mark her further development. We leave her in her beautiful dinner dress, standing before an Empire cheval-glass. As she looks at the fair image reflected therein, and recalls the triumphs of the evening, an expression of reverential gratitude passes over her face, and she murmurs: "It was my race that called me! They knew I was Eléne de Vere!"

Sara Agnes Pryor.



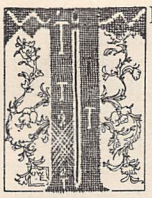
LINCOLN'S REËLECTION.

BY NOAH BROOKS,

Author of "Abraham Lincoln: A Biography for Young People," "American Statesmen," etc.

THE BEGINNING OF LINCOLN'S SECOND TERM — THE PRESIDENT'S SHREWDNESS AT HAMPTON ROADS — LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURATION.

THE BEGINNING OF LINCOLN'S SECOND TERM.



HE day of the presidential election in November, 1864, was gloomy and rainy. About noon I called on President Lincoln, and to my surprise found him entirely alone, as if by common consent everybody had avoided the White House. It was "cabinet day," and at the meeting, which had been held earlier, only two members of the cabinet were present. Stanton was at his home, sick with chills and fever; Seward, Usher, and Dennison had returned to their own States to vote; and Fessenden was closeted with New York financiers in conference over ways and means to place the new loan. So Secretary Welles and Attorney-General Bates were left to "run the machine," and very little time had been occupied by them at their session with the President. Lincoln took no pains to conceal his anxious interest in the result of the election then going on all over the country, and said: 'I am just enough of a politician to know that there was not much doubt about the result of the Baltimore convention; but about this thing I am very far from being certain. I wish I were certain." I spent nearly all the afternoon with the President, who apparently found it difficult to put his mind on any of the routine work of his office, and entreated me to stay with him. In the course of the afternoon he told an amusing story about a pet turkey of his boy "Tad." It appears that Jack, the turkey, whose life had been spared the year before, at Tad's earnest request, had mingled with the "Bucktail" soldiers from Pennsylvania, quartered in the grounds on the river front of the White House. The soldiers were voting under the direction of a commission sent on from their State, as was the custom in several States in the Union, and Tad, bursting into his father's office, had besought the President to come to the window and see the soldiers who were "voting for Lincoln and Johnson." Noticing the turkey regarding the proceedings with evident interest, Lincoln asked the lad what business the turkey had stalking about the polls in that way. "Does he vote?" "No," was the quick reply of the boy; "he is not of age." The good President dearly loved the boy, and for days thereafter he took great pride in relating this anecdote illustrative of Tad's quick-wittedness.

Late in the evening I returned to the White House, and found that the only returns then received were from Indiana, which showed that a gain of 1500 had been made in Indianapolis for the Republican ticket. Later on we went over to the War Department, and there heard good news from Baltimore, that city having sent in a majority of more than 10,000. Other reports soon came in, but not very rapidly, as a rain-storm had interfered with the transmission of news over the telegraph wires. There was a long lull about ten o'clock in the evening, during which the President amused the little company in the War Office with entertaining reminiscences and anecdotes naturally suggested by the political intelligence that dropped in from time to time. For instance, when New Jersey broke the calm by announcing a gain of one congressman for the Union, but with a fair prospect of the State going for McClellan, Lincoln had an amusing story to tell about that particular congressman, Dr. Newell, who had long been a family friend of the Lincolns. A despatch from New York city, claiming the State by 10,000, was received by the chief magistrate with much incredulity; and when Greeley telegraphed that the State would probably give 4,000 majority for Lincoln, he said that that was much more reasonable than the absurd statement of a bigger majority. By midnight Pennsylvania, the New England States, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin were tolerably certain for Lincoln; but the President was greatly disappointed that neither Illinois nor Iowa was heard from. The wires continued to work badly on account of the long storm, and it was not until two days later that satisfactory returns were had from Illinois or any of the States beyond the Mississippi.

About midnight of the day of the election it

was certain that Lincoln had been reëlected, and the few gentlemen left in the office congratulated him very warmly on the result. Lincoln took the matter very calmly, showing not the least elation or excitement, but said that he would admit that he was glad to be relieved of all suspense, and that he was grateful that the verdict of the people was likely to be so full, clear, and unmistakable that there could be no dispute. About two o'clock in the morning a messenger came over from the White House with the news that a crowd of Pennsylvanians were serenading his empty chamber, whereupon he went home; and, in answer to repeated calls, made a happy little speech full of good feeling and cheerfulness. He wound up his remarks by saying, "If I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of any one opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one, but I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

Next day, in private conversation, he said: "Being only mortal, after all, I should have been a little mortified if I had been beaten in this canvass before the people; but the sting would have been more than compensated by the thought that the people had notified me that my official responsibilities were soon to be lifted off my back." Dr. A. G. Henry of Washington Territory, whose name has frequently been mentioned in these papers as an old friend of the President, had been promised that he should receive a despatch from Mr. Lincoln when the result of the presidential election of that year should be definitely ascertained. Accordingly, on this day, which was November 9, President Lincoln dictated a despatch, the terms of which were as follows: "With returns and States of which we are confident, the reëlection of the President is considered certain, while it is not certain that McClellan has carried any State, though the chances are that he has carried New Jersey and Kentucky." When I had written the despatch at the President's dictation, I passed it to him for his signature; but he declined to "blow his own horn," as he expressed it, and said: "You sign the message, and I will send it." A day or two later, when Delaware, whose vote had been uncertain, declared for McClellan, Lincoln sent a second despatch in order to give his friend on the far-off Pacific coast a clear and exact idea of what had happened, explaining that he took it for granted that Dr. Henry would hear all the news, but might think it odd that the President should leave him without clearing up the situation thus left somewhat undecided in the uncertainties of the election returns.

On the day mentioned, Lincoln narrated an incident the particulars of which I wrote out and printed directly after. These are his own words, as nearly as they could then be recalled: "It was just after my election in 1860, when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day and there had been a great 'hurrah, boys,' so that I was well tired out, and went home to rest, throwing myself down on a lounge in my chamber. Opposite where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it" (and here he got up and placed furniture to illustrate the position), "and looking in that glass I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had *two* separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler — say five shades — than the other. I got up, and the thing melted away, and I went off, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it — nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a little pang as if something uncomfortable had happened. When I went home that night I told my wife about it, and a few days afterward I made the experiment again, when" (with a laugh), "sure enough! the thing came again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was somewhat worried about it. She thought it was a 'sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term." This is a very remarkable story,— a coincidence, we may say, to which some significance was given by the cruel death of the President soon after the beginning of his second term. I told Mrs. Lincoln the story, and asked her if she remembered its details. She expressed surprise that Mr. Lincoln was willing to say anything about it, as he had up to that time refrained from mentioning the incident to anybody; and as she was firm in her belief that the optical illusion (which it certainly was) was a warning, I never again referred to the subject to either the President or his wife. Subsequently, Lincoln's version of the story was confirmed by Private Secretary John Hay, who, however, was of the opinion that the illusion had been seen on the day of Lincoln's first nomination, and not, as I have said, on the day of his first election. Commenting on the result of the election of the day before, Lincoln said, with great solemnity: "I should

be the veriest shallow and self-conceited blockhead upon the footstool, if in my discharge of the duties that are put upon me in this place, I should hope to get along without the wisdom that comes from God, and not from men."

On the night of November 10 an impromptu procession, gay with banners and resplendent with lanterns and transparencies, marched up to the White House, and a vast crowd surged around the main entrance, filling the entire space within the grounds as far as the eye could reach from the house. Martial music, the cheers of people, and the roar of cannon, shook the sky. Tad, who was flying around from window to window arranging a small illumination on his own private account, was delighted and excited by the occasional shivering of the large panes of glass by the concussion of the air produced when the cannon in the driveway went off with tremendous noise. The President wrote out his little speech, and his appearance at "the historic window" over the doorway in the portico was the signal for the maddest cheers from the crowd, and it was many minutes before the deafening racket permitted him to speak. The same procession marched around to the houses of some of the members of the cabinet, among others to that of Secretary Seward, who had returned from his visit to New York.

The Secretary of State was in an exceedingly jocose frame of mind, and after congratulating the crowd on the result of the election, made a funny speech substantially as follows: "I advise you to go and see Mr. Fessenden, for if he gets discouraged we shall all come to grief; also be good enough to poke up Mr. Stanton; he needs poking up, for he has been seriously sick, I hear, for several days past. You cannot do better also than to call upon my excellent friend Gideon Welles, and ask him if he cannot make the blockade off Wilmington more stringent, so that I shall not need to have so much trouble with my foreign relations." To say that the crowd was delighted with this comical little speech is faintly to describe the frame of mind in which the Secretary's jocose remarks were received.

THE PRESIDENT'S SHREWDNESS AT HAMPTON ROADS.

GREAT was the excitement in Washington when, at the close of the next January (1865), it was noised abroad that negotiations looking for peace were to be opened between the Federal administration and the rebel president. Francis P. Blair, Sr., had returned from the second of his fruitless missions to Richmond, bringing to the President the information that Jefferson Davis was "ready to enter into conference with a view to secure peace to the two countries." The general tenor of Blair's verbal account of what he saw and heard in Richmond, more than anything else, perhaps, encouraged Mr. Lincoln in the belief that peace might be obtained by negotiation, and the Union be restored upon terms which would be acceptable to the country. I say "perhaps" because there is probably no living man who knew exactly what was Mr. Lincoln's opinion concerning the possibility of securing terms of peace at that time on any basis that would be acceptable to himself and to the whole country. But in any case we may be sure that he determined to exhaust every means within his reach to satisfy the country whether peace with honor could or could not be obtained by negotiation. My own belief then (which was strengthened by one or two conversations with Mr. Lincoln) was that after the failure of the Niagara Falls conference in July, 1864, he had no faith whatever in any proposition pretending to look in the direction of peace which might come from the Confederate authorities.

But when it was found that not only had Secretary Seward gone to Hampton Roads to meet the so-called rebel commissioners, Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter, but that the President of the United States had actually followed him, the perturbation in Washington was something which cannot be readily described. The Peace Democrats went about the corridors of the hotels and the Capitol, saying that Lincoln had at last come to their way of thinking, and had gone to Hampton Roads to open peace negotiations. The radicals were in a fury of rage. They bitterly complained that the President was about to give up the political fruits which had been already gathered from the long and exhausting military struggle. It was complained that the policy of confiscation and emancipation was to be abandoned, and that as a further concession to the "returning prodigal," the abolition of slavery by the action of States yet to be taken was to be blocked then and there. There were, however, not a few moderate, and I may say conservative, Republicans whose faith in the sagacity and patriotism of Abraham Lincoln still remained unshaken; but these were in a minority, and it was apparently with feeble hope that they admonished radical Republicans and Copperhead Democrats to wait until Lincoln had returned from Hampton Roads and was ready to tell his story. Among the bitterest to denounce the course of Lincoln was Thaddeus Stevens, who, a few days before, had said in his place in the House of Representatives that if the country were to vote over again for President of the United States, Benjamin F. Butler, and not Abraham

Lincoln, would be their choice. Others of the same uncompromising and unreasonable stripe actually hinted at impeachment and trial. Colonel John W. Forney unwittingly added fuel to the flames by publishing in the "Washington Chronicle" a series of editorial articles ablaze with all the clap-trap of double leads and typographical ingenuity, in which it was sought to prepare the public mind for the sacrifice of something vaguely dreadful and dreadfully vague. These articles counseled popular acquiescence in the repeal of the confiscation law and other kindred measures as a condition of peace, and were telegraphed all over the country, and indorsed by thoughtless men as the outgivings of President Lincoln. They were read by astonished and indignant thousands, were flouted and scouted by the followers of Wade and Davis, and filled with alarm and dejection the minds of multitudes of readers not conversant with the facts. It must be remembered that the war upon President Lincoln for his alleged slowness in regard to the slavery question having no longer an excuse, the ultra-radicals had flown to negro suffrage and a more vigorous system of retaliation upon rebel prisoners as convenient weapons of a new aggressiveness; and when it was confidently stated that Lincoln had gone to Hampton Roads because he feared that Seward would not make his terms "liberal enough," the excitement in and around the Capitol rose to fever heat.

When the President and the Secretary of State returned to Washington after their conference on board the steamer *River Queen* at Hampton Roads, the tenseness of political feeling in Congress was slightly relaxed. The radicals grudgingly admitted that Lincoln and Seward had not yet compromised away the substantial fruits of four years of war and legislation. But with common consent everybody agreed that the President must at once enlighten Congress as to the doings of himself and Secretary Seward and the rebel commissioners at Hampton Roads. On February 8 culminated a long and acrimonious quarrel which had been brewing in the Senate between some of the conservative and radical members of that body. Sumner introduced a resolution calling on the President for information concerning the Hampton Roads conference. To this Senator Doolittle of Wisconsin objected. He urged that such a request, at such a time, was an indirect censure of the President, and would be construed as a senatorial demand for him to give an account of himself. Mr. Doolittle was somewhat anxious to be regarded as the special champion of Lincoln and his administration. Sumner made a thrust at Doolittle, saying that the Wisconsin senator had made that speech before in the Senate, and that he (Sumner) would caution him not to "jump before he got to the stile." Irritated by this and other gibes at his alleged superserviceableness, Doolittle replied that he classed Senator Powell of Kentucky, and Senator Wade of Ohio, together; for although, as he said, they were acting from different motives, they were attempting a common aim. Both, he said, were opposed to the readmission of the States lately in rebellion where the Federal authority had been partially restored — Louisiana at that time being the bone of contention. Senator Wade soon got the floor, and replied to Doolittle's speech with great bitterness, losing his temper, and referring to Doolittle's position as "poor, mean, miserable, and demagogical." He frankly said that he bore the senator from Wisconsin "no malice and very little good will," and he added that the President was certainly in a bad way if he was reduced to having "such a poor prop" as Doolittle. Senator Wade exhibited great violence of temper, and Doolittle did not appear to advantage in his attempt to parry the violent thrusts of the angry senator from Ohio. The upshot of this painful business was that the resolution calling on the President for information concerning the Hampton Roads conference was adopted.

On the same day the House, without much ado, passed a resolution of similar import; but it was not until two days later (February 10) that the message and accompanying documents came in. Meanwhile, on the morning of the President's return from Fort Monroe, Fernando Wood made in the House an extraordinary speech, which in the minds of some people was designed to injure Lincoln with his own party by its fulsome praises of the President's patriotic action in going to Hampton Roads to participate in the now historic conference with the rebel commissioners. Among other things, Wood said: "If it be true that the President of the United States and the Secretary of State have gone personally to meet ambassadors, or representatives, or commissioners, as you may please to call them, from Richmond, I think that instead of this proceeding being obnoxious to the censure which I have heard bestowed upon it, they but follow the precedent of Washington and Hamilton, who in a similar emergency went (the one President and the other Secretary of the Treasury) to treat with rebels who were engaged in the whisky insurrection in Pennsylvania in 1796. If, therefore, it be true that the President of the United States has made an honest effort to stop this shedding of blood, this exhaustion of the energies of our great country; if it be true that, realizing his responsibility to his country and his God, he

has thus risen superior to partizanship and the unfortunate influences that have surrounded him, I say all thanks to him, and God speed him in the work of mercy and justice and right." Even at this late day one can imagine the effect of remarks like these falling from the lips of one of the most notorious of the Northern Copperheads, eulogistic of the chief magistrate, who, as Wood would have had us believe, had taken a tedious journey to a point near the rebel lines in order to reopen those peace negotiations which the Democratic National Convention of the previous summer had declared necessary. On the same day, however, Wood offered a resolution declaring as the sense of the House that it was the duty of the President to proffer and accept only such negotiations as should imply the continued integrity and indissolubility of the Federal government.

The House, as seen from the reporters' gallery, when the President's message and accompanying documents relating to the Hampton Roads conference came in, was a curious and interesting study. There had been a call of the House on the previous evening, and a great number of absentees had been brought up with a round turn at the bar to make such excuses as they could for their non-appearance at the previous session. These proceedings were going on when the message from the President was announced. Instantly, by unanimous consent, all other business was suspended, and the communication from the President was ordered to be read. The reading began in absolute silence. Looking over the hall, one might say that the hundreds seated or standing within the limits of the great room had been suddenly turned to stone. The auditors who strained their attention were not merely interested to know what was the story to be unfolded: they were apparently fascinated by the importance and mysteriousness of the possible outcome of this extraordinary incident. It is no exaggeration to say that for a little space at least no man so much as stirred his hand. Even the hurrying pages, who usually bustled about the aisles waiting upon the members, were struck silent and motionless. The preliminary paragraphs of the message recited the facts relating to F. P. Blair, Sr.'s, two journeys to Richmond, and, without the slightest appearance of argument, cleared the way for the departure of Secretary Seward to meet the commissioners at Fort Monroe. Then came the three indispensable terms given in the instructions to the Secretary, on which alone could any conference looking to peace be held. These were:

1. The restoration of the national authority throughout all the States.

2. No receding, by the executive of the United States, on the slavery question, from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message to Congress and in preceding documents.

3. No cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war and the disbanding of all forces hostile to the government.

When the clerk read the words at the close of the instructions to Seward, "you will not assume to definitely consummate anything," there ran a ripple of mirth throughout the great assembly of congressmen; and the tenseness with which men had listened to the reading was for the first time relaxed, although there had been a subdued rumble of applause when the clerk read in the instructions to Mr. Blair that the President would be always ready to receive any agent whom Davis, or other influential person, should send to him with a view of securing peace to the people of "our one common country." As the reading of the message and documents went on, the change which took place in the moral atmosphere of the hall of the House was marked and obvious. The appearance of grave intentness passed away, and members smilingly exchanged glances as they began to appreciate the unfolding of Lincoln's sagacious plan for unmasking the craftiness of the rebel leaders; or they laughed gleefully at the occasional hard hits with which the wise President demolished the pretensions of those whose fine-spun logic he had so ruthlessly swept aside in the now famous interview. Of course the details of that interview were not then spread before the country, but enough was given in the document submitted by the President to Congress to show the subtle wisdom with which his mission had been conducted and concluded. When the reading was over, and the name of the writer at the end of the communication was read by the clerk with a certain grandiloquence, there was an instant and irrepressible storm of applause, begun by the members on the floor, and taken up by the people in the gallery. It was instantaneous, involuntary, and irrepressible, and the Speaker only perfunctorily attempted to quell it. It was like a burst of refreshing rain after a long and heartbreaking drought.

In the midst of the great inspiration of satisfaction which followed the conclusion of the reading of the message, Representative James Brooks, of New York, made a partizan speech in which he expressed his regret that negotiations with "the separate States" had not been opened by the President; and from this he went on to the usual phrases of "effusion of blood," "fratricidal strife," and "enormous debt," and endeavored to break the force of the President's communication, which for a

time at least had made every Unionist in that House a friend of every other, regardless of the titles of "conservative" and "radical" which had heretofore divided them. Thaddeus Stevens, who had been among the most acrid of Lincoln's critics during the period of doubt which intervened while the true intent and purpose of the visit to Hampton Roads were not understood, replied to Brooks briefly and pungently, and paid a high tribute to the sagacity, wisdom, and patriotism of President Lincoln. S. S. Cox was another speaker who praised the President. He said that the chief magistrate deserved the thanks of the country for his noble course in disregarding "mere politicians," and in looking over their heads to the people for indorsement and approval.

In a few days all of the material details of the Hampton Roads conference were spread before the country. The President's reply to the Senate's call for information chiefly consisted of a despatch prepared at the State Department for transmission to Mr. Adams, the United States minister to England, in which the whole story was told with some degree of detail. Those censorious critics of Lincoln's policy who had pretended to believe that the President's visit to Fort Monroe was prompted by his desire to second Secretary Seward's eagerness and to stimulate his desire for peaceable negotiations, were greatly chagrined when they ascertained that it was General Grant, the idol of the hour, who had influenced Lincoln to take that step. It was Grant's message, in which he deplored the failure of the commissioners to see the President, that had impelled him to go to Fort Monroe. Although General Grant recognized the difficulties in the way of receiving the commissioners, and probably had no faith in any substantial gain to be secured thereby, he did say that he was sorry that the errand of the three men would be bootless. He regarded only the moral effect of the mission on both sides of the lines.

Lincoln was in his grave before all the facts relating to this remarkable conference were made public by those who participated in it; and when those details did come out, the heroic attitude of Abraham Lincoln as he sturdily stood up for all the results of the long contest which had then been secured in the interests of the Federal Union and the rights of man, was defined with exceeding clearness. The wisdom and sagacity with which he conducted the delicate business then in hand were acknowledged by friend and foe alike, when the session of the House broke up after his remarkable communication had been read to it; and, years later, those who had heard that message read recalled with a thrill of pride the exposition of shrewdness contained in the document. But among the various incidents of the conference the world will probably longest remember that recorded by Alexander H. Stephens, one of the three commissioners, who, afterward writing of the event, said that Mr. Hunter made a long reply to the President's refusal to recognize another government inside of that of which he alone was President by receiving ambassadors to treat for peace. "Mr. Hunter," says Stephens, "referred to the correspondence between King Charles I. and his parliament as a trustworthy precedent of a constitutional ruler treating with rebels. Mr. Lincoln's face then wore that indescribable expression which generally preceded his hardest hits, and he remarked: 'Upon questions of history I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I do not pretend to be bright. My only distinct recollection of the matter is that Charles lost his head.' That settled Mr. Hunter for a while."

LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURATION.

THE day of Lincoln's second inauguration, March 4, 1865, was as dark and drizzly as the November day of his second election. When the hour of noon arrived, great crowds of men and women streamed around the Capitol building in most wretched plight. The mud in the city of Washington on that day certainly excelled all the other varieties I have ever seen before or since, and the greatest test of feminine heroism — the spoiling of their clothes — was amply to the credit of the women who were so bedraggled and drenched on that memorable day. The only entrance to the Senate wing, where the preliminary ceremonies were held, was by the main or eastern portico, the other entrances being used only by privileged persons. From the reporters' gallery one could see that the senators were all massed on one side of their chamber, the other side being left for the members of the House and the few notables who should come in later. When the doors of the gallery were opened, and the crowd of women had finally been admitted, the sight was a beautiful one. Senator Foote of Vermont was in the chair, and was greatly discomfited to find that the fair ladies in the gallery had not the slightest idea that they were invading a session of the Senate. They chattered and clattered like a bevy of zephyrs among the reeds of a water-side. The presiding officer in vain tapped with his ivory mallet. The gay people in the galleries talked on just as though there was no Senate in session in the United States; but when the attention of the fair mob was diverted by the arrival of eminent personages, something like a calm prevailed, and there was silent gazing. There was Hooker,

handsome, rosy, and gorgeous in full uniform; "the dear old Admiral," as the women used to call Farragut; Mrs. Lincoln in the diplomatic gallery, attended by gallant Senator Anthony; a gorgeous array of foreign ministers in full court costume; and a considerable group of military and naval officers, brilliant in gold lace and epaulets. There was a buzz when the justices of the Supreme Court came in, attired in their robes of office, Chief Justice Chase looking very young and also very queer, carrying a "stove-pipe" hat and wearing his long black silk gown. The foreign ministers occupied seats at the right of the chair behind the Supreme Court justices; and behind these were the members of the House. The cabinet ministers had front seats at the left of the chair, Seward at the head, followed by Stanton, Welles, Speed, and Dennison. Usher was detained by illness, and Fessenden occupied his old seat in the Senate. Lincoln sat in the middle of the front row.

All eyes were turned to the main entrance, where, precisely on the stroke of twelve, appeared Andrew Johnson, Vice-President elect, arm in arm with Hannibal Hamlin, whose term of office was now expiring. They took seats together on the dais of the presiding officer, and Hamlin made a brief and sensible speech, and Andrew Johnson, whose face was extraordinarily red, was presented to take the oath. It is needless to say here that the unfortunate gentleman, who had been very ill, was not altogether sober at this most important moment of his life. In order to strengthen himself for the physical and mental ordeal through which he was about to pass, he had taken a stiff drink of whisky in the room of the Vice-President, and the warmth of the senate-chamber, with possibly other physical conditions, had sent the fiery liquor to his brain. He was evidently intoxicated. As he went on with his speech, he turned upon the cabinet officers and addressed them as "Mr. Stanton," "Mr. Seward," etc., without the official handles to their names. Forgetting Mr. Welles's name, he said, "and you, too, Mr."—then leaning over to Colonel Forney, he said, "What is the name of the Secretary of the Navy?" and then continued as though nothing had happened. Once in a while, from the reporters' gallery, I could observe Hamlin nudging Johnson from behind, reminding him that the hour for the inauguration ceremony had passed. The speaker kept on, although President Lincoln sat before him, patiently waiting for his extraordinary harangue to be over.

The study of the faces below was interesting. Seward was as bland and serene as a summer day; Stanton appeared to be petrified; Welles's face was usually void of any expression; Speed sat with his eyes closed; Dennison was red and white by turns. Among the Union senators Henry Wilson's face was flushed; Sumner wore a saturnine and sarcastic smile; and most of the others turned and twisted in their senatorial chairs as if in long-drawn agony. Of the Supreme Bench, Judge Nelson only was apparently moved, his lower jaw being dropped clean down in blank horror. Chase was marble, adamant, granite in immobility until Johnson turned his back upon the Senate to take the oath, when he exchanged glances with Nelson, who then closed up his mouth. When Johnson had repeated inaudibly the oath of office, his hand upon the Book, he turned and took the Bible in his hand, and, facing the audience, said, with a loud, theatrical voice and gesture, "I kiss this Book in the face of my nation of the United States."

This painful incident being over, Colonel Forney, the secretary of the Senate, read the proclamation of the President convoking an extra session, and called the names of the members elect. Thereupon the newly chosen senators were sworn in, and the procession for the inauguration platform, which had been built on the east front of the Capitol, was formed. There was a sea of heads in the great plaza in front of the Capitol, as far as the eye could reach, and breaking in waves along its outer edges among the budding foliage of the grounds beyond. When the President and the procession of notables appeared, a tremendous shout, prolonged and loud, arose from the surging ocean of humanity around the Capitol building. Then the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, the historic Brown, arose and bowed, with his shining black hat in hand, in dumb-show before the crowd, which thereupon became still, and Abraham Lincoln, rising tall and gaunt among the groups about him, stepped forward and read his inaugural address, which was printed in two broad columns upon a single page of large paper. As he advanced from his seat, a roar of applause shook the air, and, again and again repeated, finally died far away on the outer fringe of the throng, like a sweeping wave upon the shore. Just at that moment the sun, which had been obscured all day, burst forth in its unclouded meridian splendor, and flooded the spectacle with glory and with light. Every heart beat quicker at the unexpected omen, and doubtless not a few mentally prayed that so might the darkness which had obscured the past four years be now dissipated by the sun of prosperity,

> Till danger's troubled night depart,
> And the star of peace return.

The inaugural address was received with almost profound silence. Every word was clear and audible as the somewhat shrill and ringing

tones of Lincoln's voice sounded over the vast concourse. There was applause, however, at the words, "both parties deprecated war, but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish"; and the cheer that followed these words lasted long enough to make a considerable pause before he added sententiously, "and the war came." There were occasionally spurts of applause, too, at other points along this wonderful address. Looking down into the faces of the people, illuminated by the bright rays of the sun, one could see moist eyes and even tearful cheeks as the good President pronounced these noble words: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." Among the memories of a lifetime, doubtless there are none more fondly cherished by those who were so fortunate as to stand near Lincoln at that historic moment than the recollection of the beautiful solemnity, the tender sympathy, of these inspired utterances, and the rapt silence of the thronging multitude.

There were many cheers and many tears as this noble address was concluded. Silence being restored, the President turned toward Chief Justice Chase, who, with his right hand uplifted, directed the Bible to be brought forward by the clerk of the Supreme Court. Then Lincoln, laying his right hand upon the open page, repeated the oath of office administered to him by the Chief Justice, after which, solemnly saying, "So help me God," he bent forward and reverently kissed the Book, then rose up inaugurated President of the United States for four years from March 4, 1865. A salvo of artillery boomed upon the air, cheer upon cheer rang out, and then, after turning and bowing to the assembled hosts, the President retired into the Capitol, and, emerging by a basement entrance, took his carriage and was escorted back to the White House by a great procession.

The Book was probably opened at a venture by the clerk. Chief Justice Chase noted the place where Lincoln's lips touched the page, and he afterward marked the spot with a pencil. The Book so marked was given by the Chief Justice to Mrs. Lincoln. The President had pressed his lips on the 27th and 28th verses of the fifth chapter of the Book of Isaiah, where were these words:

> None shall be weary nor stumble among them; none shall slumber nor sleep; neither shall the girdle of their loins be loosed, nor the latchet of their shoes be broken:
>
> Whose arrows are sharp, and all their bows bent, their horses' hoofs shall be counted like flint, their wheels like a whirlwind.

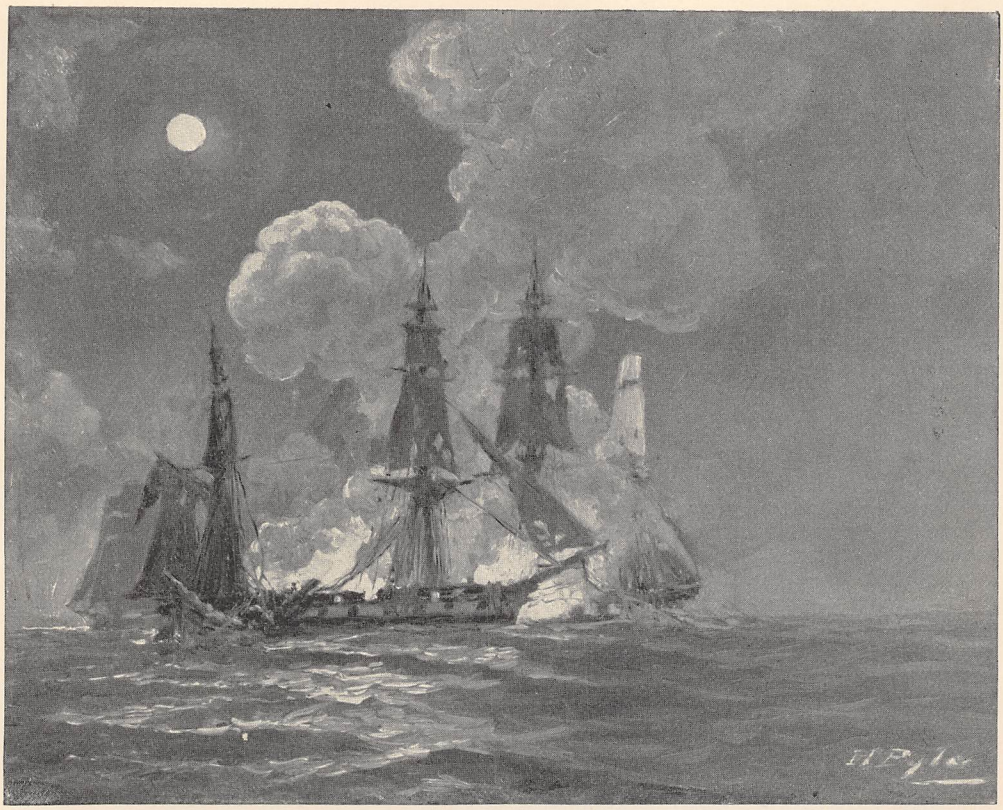
There was the usual reception at the White House that evening, and, later on, the traditional inauguration ball, at which the President and his wife, most of the members of the cabinet, General Hooker, Admiral Farragut, and other great people were present. The ball was held in the great Hall of Patents in the Interior Department building, and was a very handsome affair; but its beauty was marred by an extraordinary rush of hungry people who fairly mobbed the supper-tables, and enacted a scene of confusion whose wildness was similar to some of the antics of the Paris Commune.

But chiefly memorable in the minds of those who saw that second inauguration must still remain the tall, pathetic, melancholy figure of the man who, then inducted into office in the midst of the glad acclaim of thousands of people, and illumined by the deceptive brilliance of a March sunburst, was already standing in the shadow of death.

Noah Brooks.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WHEN from the Vista of the Book I shrink,
From lauded pens that earn ignoble wage
Begetting nothing joyous, nothing sage,
Nor keep with Shakspere's use one golden link;
When heavily my sanguine spirits sink
To read too plain on each impostor page
Only of kings the broken lineage;—
Well for my peace if then on thee I think,
Louis, our Knight of Letters, very knight
With whose white baldric singing Hope is girt,
And from whose brows her own assume the bay;
Truer I am, and must be, since thou wert!
And in that ransom, in that young known light,
Go down to dust, contented with my day.



The Bonhomme Richard and Ŷ Serapis

Paul Jones.

TRAITOR, if you will, was Monsieur John Paul Jones, afterward Knight of His Most Christian Majesty's Order of Merit—but a braver traitor never wore sword."

Such were almost the last words traced by the hand of Thackeray, and they show the astonishing misconception of Paul Jones which prevailed in the mind of one of the justest men that ever lived. Washington was a hero even to his enemies; yet Washington had actually held a commission in the British army, while Paul Jones could say proudly to the American Congress at the close of the war: "I have never borne arms under any but the American flag, nor have I ever borne or acted under any commission but that of the Congress of America." This singular distinction against Paul Jones extended to the whole of the feeble naval force of the colonies. Soldiers were treated from the beginning as prisoners of war, while until Paul Jones forced an exchange of prisoners upon equal terms, American sailors were formally declared to be "traitors, pirates and felons."

Let this "traitor, pirate and felon" enumerate his services in his own words:

In 1775 J. Paul Jones armed and embarked in the first American ship of war. In the Revolution he had twenty-three battles and solemn rencountres by sea; made seven descents in Britain and her Colonies; took of her navy two ships of equal, and two of far superior force, many store ships and others; constrained her to fortify her ports; suffer the Irish volunteers; desist from her cruel burnings in America, and exchange as prisoners of war, the American citizens taken on the

ocean, and cast into prisons in England as traitors, pirates and felons!

In his perilous situation in Holland his conduct drew the Dutch into the war, and eventually abridged the Revolution. He received from Louis XVI. the Order of Military Merit and a gold sword June 28, 1780. Congress bestowed on him the following honors: The thanks of the United States, April 14, 1781; election as first officer of the navy, June 26, 1781; a gold medal October 16, 1787. This last favor was granted to only six officers: 1st, General Washington, the commander-in-chief, for the taking of Boston. 2nd, General Gates, for taking the army of Burgoyne. 3rd, General Wayne, for taking Rocky Point, of which the garrison was much stronger than the assailants. 4th, General Morgan, for having cut down and destroyed eleven hundred officers and soldiers of the best troops of England, with nine hundred men, solely militia. 5th, General Green, for having gained a decisive victory over the enemy at Eutaw Springs.

But all these medals, although well merited, were given in moments of enthusiasm. He had the satisfaction solely to receive the same honor, by the *unanimous* voice of the United States assembled in Congress, the 16th of October, 1787, in memory of services which he had rendered eight years before.

To these distinctions may be added a letter from the Congress of the United States, in 1787, publicly and officially recommending Paul Jones to the King of France — one of the greatest honors ever paid a citizen; a commission, which arrived a few days after Paul Jones's death, appointing him the representative of the United States to treat with the Dey of Algiers concerning the release of the American captives in Algeria; an act of Congress, June 30, 1834, appropriating fifty thousand dollars for the beginning of a first-class frigate to be called the *Paul Jones;* an order from the Navy Department, January 30, 1851, directing that the frigate *St. Lawrence* bring to the United States the body of Paul Jones; and a gift by Congress of fifty thousand dollars to the heirs of Paul Jones, July 6, 1848.

From Russia he received, by permission of "his sovereign," as he quaintly calls the government of the United States, a commission as rear-admiral in the Russian navy (subject, however, to the pleasure of the United States), and the ribbon of St. Anne, bestowed upon him by the Empress Catherine.

Thus, in America he was the ranking officer of the United States navy; in France he was a chevalier of the Most Noble Order of Military Merit; in Russia he was a rear-admiral; while in Great Britain he was a "traitor, pirate and felon," with a price of ten thousand guineas put upon his head; and at one time there were forty-two ships of the line and frigates scouring the seas for him.

The act of Congress concerning the building and naming of a first-class frigate after Paul Jones singularly lapsed.

The *St. Lawrence* went upon her patriotic errand to bring the ashes of Paul Jones to America; but, according to the custom in Paris, some years after his death, his bones, which lay in an old cemetery near the Barrière du Combat, were destroyed by quicklime.

Besides Thackeray in England, Cooper in America and Halévy and Dumas in France have taken Paul Jones as a hero of splendid romance. He was a true as well as a romantic hero, however. If Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lafayette, Adams, and Morris are to be believed, he was a man of lofty character and true patriotism.[1]

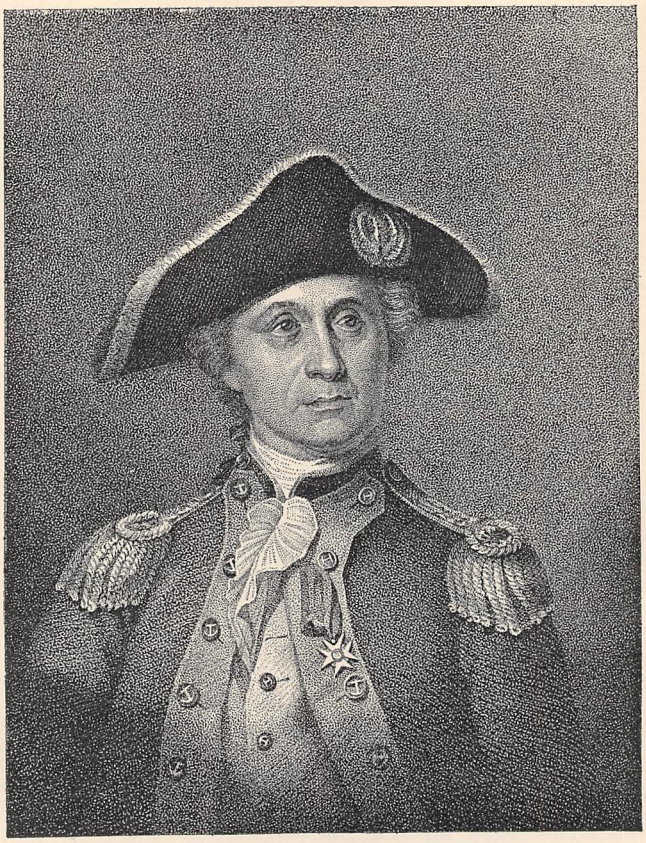
The two war-ships taken by Paul Jones were scarcely felt by mighty England, with her six hundred fighting ships. But the wound to the honor of the greatest and proudest of nations was deeply felt, and was earnestly sought to be avenged. In a feeble ship he twice cruised up and down the narrow seas of the greatest naval power on earth, raising her coasts as had not been done since the days of the Spanish Armada, threatening her northern capital, landing whenever and wherever he liked, burning her shipping, and capturing the only two war-ships that came within hail of him — ships manned by the hardy sailors of the Mistress of the Seas. Until then England had made good her proud boast:

> And not a sail but by permission spreads.

After Paul Jones hoisted his flag this boast was no longer good.

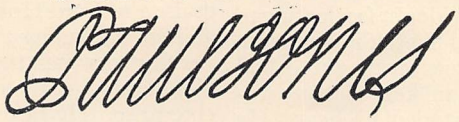
The son of John Paul, a poor Scotch gardener, John Paul Jones was born at Arbigland, in Kirkcudbrightshire, on July 6, 1747. The reasons for his adoption of the name of Jones have never been explained. That he did not wish to sink his identity is shown by his retention of his original name. In his earlier career he signed himself "John Paul Jones." Afterward he signed himself "J. Paul Jones"; but when he became the hero of Paris and Versailles, and Europe resounded with his fame, his cards read

[1] Professor J. K. Laughton, in his well-known article on Paul Jones, says: "His character was detestable." The great men mentioned above were of the contrary opinion. Professor Laughton also thinks that the two years of Paul Jones's life in Virginia were spent "in hiding," or possibly in "reckless dissipation." The manuscript letters preserved in the government archives at Washington show that during this time he had access to the best society in Virginia, and among the friends made at this period of his life was Thomas Jefferson. Mr. Jefferson made the first collection of the letters and papers of Paul Jones, and wrote concerning them: "His letters to me (which are many) will probably throw some light on his *fame*, which he *truly merited*."



(Engraved by J. B. Longacre from a Portrait by C. W. Peale.)

JOHN PAUL JONES.



simply "Paul Jones." This gradual emancipation from the self-made man's fondness for titles and dignities is strikingly shown in his will, where, after a lifelong struggle for honors and precedence, during which he contended for them in a manner at once fierce and childish, on the day of his death he described himself only as "John Paul Jones, a citizen of the United States."

There is no record of his having attended any school except that of the parish of Kirkbean; but he developed a truly Scotch passion for reading and writing. He went to sea when twelve years old, and made two voyages, during his minority, in a slaver; but, hating the traffic, he left it and the ship too. At twenty he was in command of a fine brigantine. About this time occurred what he calls, in a letter to Robert Morris, "a great misfortune," adding: "I am under no concern whatever that this, or any other circumstance of my past life, will sink me in your opinion." The trouble was a threatened criminal prosecution for having had a carpenter flogged — which was the usual mode of punishment in those days. The matter was investigated, and Paul Jones was fully acquitted. It is worthy of remark that the magistrate who inquired into that matter notes that Paul Jones expressed great sorrow for having had the man flogged, although the charge of cruelty was fully disproved. He returned to Scotland once after this, and although affectionately received by his own family, his friends and neighbors seem to have treated him coldly. The smart from this injustice turned the indifference he felt for his native land into hatred, and ever after he considered himself quite free from any responsibility for having been born and having spent the

first twelve years of his life in so inhospitable a country.

In his twenty-seventh year a great and fortunate change occurred to him. His brother William, who had emigrated to Virginia and died there, left him an estate. There is no doubt that Paul Jones was often afterward in want of ready money; but it must be remembered that everybody was in want of ready money in the eighteenth century. Certain it is, from his papers preserved at Washington, that he might be considered at the beginning of the war a man of independent fortune.

The two years of his life in Virginia are obscure, as might be expected from a man living the life of a provincial country gentleman, which the records concerning him prove. At the outbreak of war with the mother country, Paul Jones hastened to Philadelphia, and through Mr. Joseph Hewes, a member of Congress from North Carolina, got his commission as senior first lieutenant in the infant navy of the colonies. It was then he made the acquaintance of Robert Morris, to whom he felt a passionate gratitude and affection, and whom he named as sole executor in his will, Mr. Hewes being then dead.

On December 22, 1775, was made the beginning of the American navy; and from this point the true history of Paul Jones begins. He was then twenty-eight years old, of the middle height, his figure slight, but graceful, and of "a dashing and officer-like appearance." His complexion was dark and weather-beaten; his black eyes very expressive, but melancholy. His manners were easy and dignified with the great, and he was without doubt fascinating to women. He often fancied himself in love, and, like Washington, sometimes even wrote bad verses to ladies; but it is unlikely that any woman ever had the real mastery of his heart. He was not deterred by the greatness of "the Fair," as he called them when they pleased him, and made love to very great ladies quite as boldly as when with the wretched *Bon Homme Richard* he laid aboard the stout *Serapis*. He had a peculiarly persuasive way with sailors as with women; and if he wished to enlist a sailor would walk up and down the pier with him by the hour, and he never failed to get his man. He was a tireless letter-writer, and when Paul Jones wrote as Paul Jones spoke, nothing could exceed the force and simplicity of his style. But he was subject to attacks of the literary devil, and his productions then were intolerably fine. He wrote and spoke French respectably, and his handwriting, grammar, and spelling are all much above the average of his day.

His first duty was as first lieutenant of the *Alfred*, Commodore Hopkins's flag-ship. On this vessel he hoisted for the first time the original flag of the Revolution — the rattlesnake flag.[1] In a letter to Robert Morris in 1783, Paul Jones says:

> It was my fortune, as the Senior of the First Lieutenants, to hoist, myself, the Flag of America (I Choose to do it with my own Hands) the first time it was displayed. Though this was but a light circumstance, yet, I feel for it's Honor more than I think I should have felt had it not so happened.

The services he was engaged in under Commodore Hopkins were far from brilliant. The commodore had a strong disinclination to go "in harm's way,"— to use a favorite expression of Paul Jones,— and within a year was dismissed the navy. Paul Jones's first command was a little sloop of war, the *Providence;* and from a memorandum among his papers, in the handwriting of the secretary of the Congress, we learn that his uniform was: "Blue Cloth with Red Lappels, Slash Cuffs Stand up Collor, flat yellow Buttons; Blue Britches, Red Waistcoat with Narrow Lace." The uniform for the junior officers was also prescribed, and all were commanded to wear "Blue Britches." The marine officers, however, were to wear "Britches edged with Green, Black Gaiters and Garters."

Paul Jones's conduct during the cruise he made in the *Providence*, and afterward in command of a small squadron in 1776, won him great credit, especially with Washington. His employment was the conveying of men and stores from Rhode Island to Washington at New York. Long Island Sound swarmed with the cruisers of Lord Howe's fleet, and Paul Jones's address in eluding them, especially the *Cerberus* frigate, which tracked him for weeks like a bloodhound, marked him as a man of great enterprise. His next cruise with a little squadron maintained his reputation, and from that on the requests of officers who wished to serve under him were frequent. Paul Jones's replies to these are quaint reading. He always protests a disinclination to "entice" officers away from other commanders; but never fails to note the good points of his own ship, and to give a forecast of his daring schemes very captivating to an ambitious young officer.

There was great confusion in the tables of rank first adopted in the navy, and thence proceeded a grievance that Paul Jones never ceased to protest against bitterly, until in 1781, many years afterward, he became, by the unanimous election of Congress, the ranking officer of the American navy. By the personal carelessness of President Hancock, Paul Jones's

[1] This has been questioned; but the probabilities are in favor of Paul Jones. His ship was ice-bound in the Delaware at the time.



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

PAUL JONES RAISING THE RATTLESNAKE FLAG ON THE "ALFRED."



COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING BY CARL GUTTENBERG, FROM A DRAWING BY C. J. NOTTÉ. FROM THE COLLECTION OF W. C. CRANE.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

original commission as captain — the first commission granted under "the United States" — was lost. When a new one was given him, he found, to his natural indignation, that thirteen of his juniors were ahead of him on the list of captains. How infuriating this was to a man as greedy of distinction as Paul Jones, may be imagined. He always spelled rank with a capital, and wrote of it as "*Rank*, which opens the door to *Glory*." He swore he would never serve under any of the men thus unjustly given precedence of him. Congress, while negligent in doing him justice, was wise enough, nevertheless, to give him always a separate command. It was determined to send him to Europe in the *Ranger* sloop of war, and in Europe

to give him the finest command then at the disposal of the Congress. This was a splendid frigate — the *Indien* — building at Amsterdam. The *Ranger* was a very inferior ship, poorly equipped in every respect. He was able to get only thirty gallons of rum for his whole ship's company. Cooper, who had himself been a naval officer, bewails and exults over this in the same breath: "Under such difficulties was the independence of this country secured!"

As Paul Jones had been the first to raise the original flag of the Revolution, so he was the first to raise the Stars and Stripes over a ship of war — the *Ranger*. This occurred at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in the autumn of 1777.

The ship was well manned, but poorly officered. The first lieutenant — Simpson — was mutinous from the start, and eventually, through the stern determination of Franklin, was dismissed the service. Paul Jones's unwise indulgence to this bad officer is explained in his unpublished correspondence. Simpson was cousin to the Quincys, the Wentworths, the Wendells, and, above all, to President Hancock, who had it in his power to remedy that burning injustice of rank which Paul Jones declared to be "no triffle." Tradition has it that Paul Jones was "strict and sharp in discipline" to the point of once kicking an officer down the hatchway for an insolent word. But there are indications that he had the self-made man's too great respect for those he imagined could do him harm; and his course with regard to Simpson, and especially with his captains during his cruises as commodore, shows an excessive leniency.

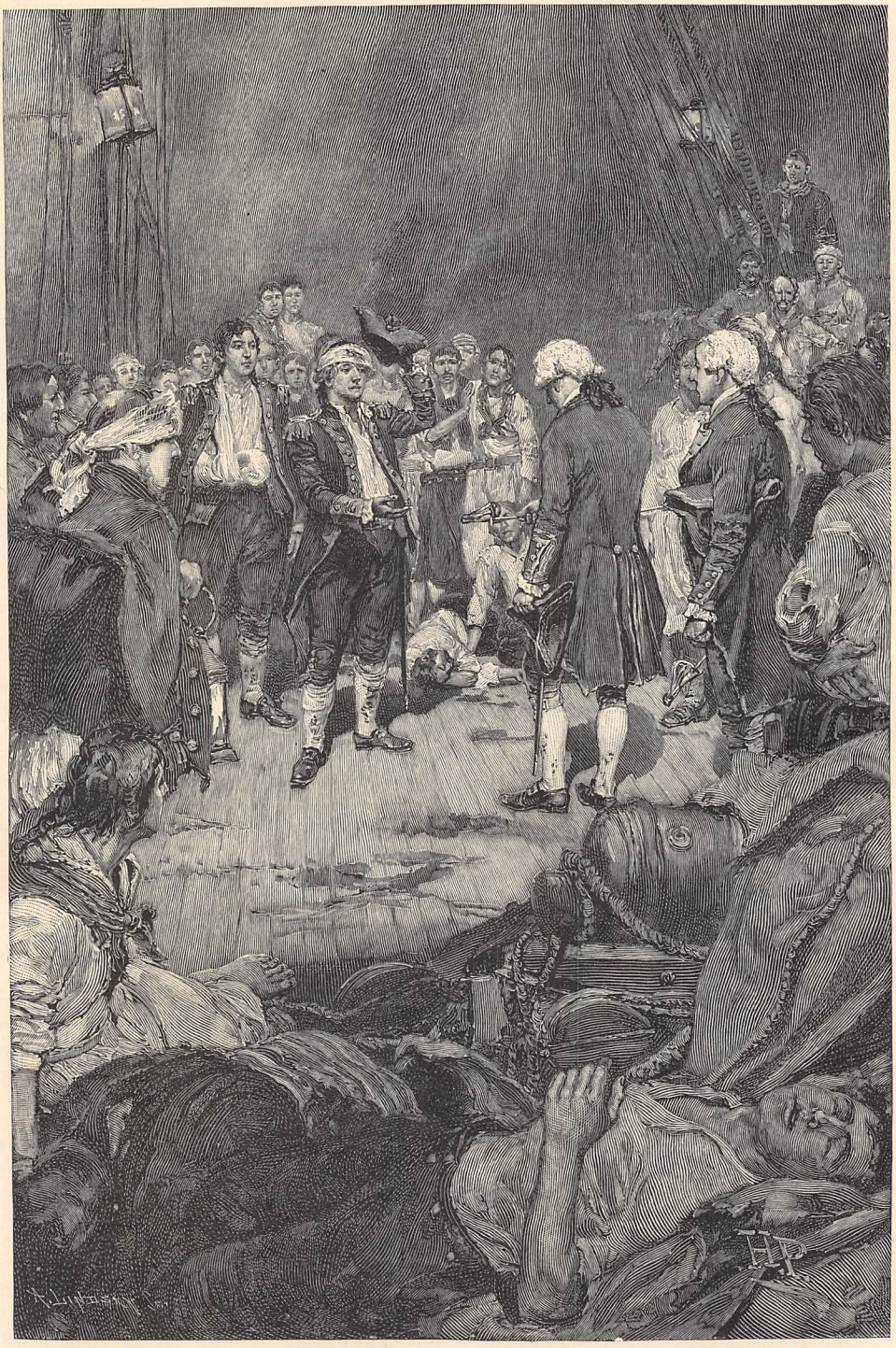
On November 14 he sailed for France, being recommended to the American commissioners at Paris by the Marine Committee as "an active and brave commander in our service." Upon his arrival in France, the commissioners invited Paul Jones to come to Paris, and their first news was a cruel disappointment to him. The Amsterdam frigate had become a cause of difficulty between the French and Dutch governments. The court party in Holland was furiously opposed to the American cause, and in order to prevent the confiscation of the frigate it was passed over to the French government, which took upon itself the charge of its completion. It is hard to imagine a more crushing disappointment to a man of Paul Jones's temperament than the loss of this ship. He seems, however, to have borne it with a fair degree of patience.

From the beginning of his acquaintance with Franklin a mutual respect and a deep affection sprung up between them. The wise Franklin saw at a glance what manner of man Paul Jones was, and in one noble sentence described him better than many volumes could: "For Captain Paul Jones ever loved close fighting."

In Quiberon Bay there was a great French fleet under the command of Admiral La Motte-Picquet, and from him Paul Jones obtained what he claimed to be the first foreign salute ever given the American flag. It is true that the governor of one of the Dutch West India Islands had got in trouble the year before for saluting the American flag; but La Motte-Picquet's was undoubtedly the first direct and unqualified salute. It was not obtained without some address as well as boldness on Paul Jones's part, as the alliance between France and the United States was not then signed; but when the French admiral agreed to salute, he did it courteously, paying the compliment of having his guns already manned when Paul Jones sailed through the fleet.

And now, for the first time in his life, he had the opportunity of studying the theory and technic of his profession on a large scale. Admiral La Motte-Picquet, Admiral Count d'Orvilliers, and especially the chief of staff, the Chevalier du Pavillion, were accomplished tacticians. True it is, their tactics had rarely been able to withstand more than a few broadsides from the unscientific English; but Paul Jones not only grasped the theory fully that naval warfare is a great and far-reaching science, but he put it in practice — which the French had singularly overlooked. Then was presented the spectacle, not devoid of humor, of Paul Jones sitting at the feet of the French commanders, penetrated with admiration at "the French tactic," as he calls it, while sixty-six French ships of the line hung on to their anchors, closely blockaded by the ignorant English, who were "very defficient in Naval Tactics," as Paul Jones wrote. However, things were made even by the English having the victories, while the French had the tactics.

It is wonderful to note the prescience of Paul Jones in the light of another century. This Revolutionary captain foresaw the use of torpedoes, and experimented boldly with very primitive ones. He understood as fully as a great contemporary writer the "influence of sea power upon history," and wrote, a century and a quarter ago: "In time of Peace, it is necessary to prepare, *and to be always prepared* for War by Sea." He advocated the establishment of a naval academy, and a supplementary course for officers closely resembling the Naval War College, and advocated the constant study and practice of fleet evolutions. This was in the days when Britannia ruled the waves with a vengeance, but without "tactic." In his admiration for this fascinating part of his profession, Paul Jones certainly underrated the British; but when he came to fight them, he



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE. ENGRAVED BY A. M. LINDSAY.

THE SURRENDER OF CAPTAIN PEARSON ON THE DECK OF THE "BON HOMME RICHARD."

showed them, in his preparations, every mark of respect.

There exists, in his own handwriting, a complete list of every ship of every kind in the British navy, when built, where built, and by whom built, with the names, rates, dimensions, men, guns, and draft of water; also the number of boats of every kind attached to them. It is supposed he had secret correspondence with some person high in the British admiralty to have secured this.

Paul Jones spent some weary months at Brest in a vain effort to get a better ship than the *Ranger*. He improved her very much, for his practical knowledge of ships was great; but still, as he wrote Franklin, "the *Ranger* is crank, sails slow and is of triffling force." Nothing better was to be had for him, and many years after he wrote: "Will posterity believe that the *Sloop* of war *Ranger* was the *best* I was ever enabled *by my country* to bring into active service?"

Like Washington, Paul Jones considered a chaplain as a useful and even a necessary officer; and offered, if one could be procured, to treat him with a distinction greater than any commanding officer has since offered a chaplain. He wrote of this matter: "He [the chaplain] should always have a place at my table, the regulation whereof should be entirely under his direction." The Count d'Orvilliers's chaplain, whom Paul Jones always affectionately addressed as "Father John," was one of his most intimate friends and correspondents.

Having determined to traverse the British seas in his little vessel, while d'Orvilliers, with his huge fleet, stayed at home and evolved tactics, Paul Jones was offered a captain's commission in the French navy, the alliance between France and the United States being then consummated. This he promptly declined; and on an April evening he picked up his anchor and steered straight for the Irish Sea. He had lost many of his crew by desertions, and the ship was worse manned and no better officered than when he left America.

One of the strangest things in Paul Jones's career was the success he achieved with "scratch" crews. In his greatest fight, contemporary history says, he had "as bad a crew as ever was shipped," being made up of all nations, among them Maltese, Portuguese, and Malays, who did not always comprehend the word of command. Paul Jones has been severely denounced for having returned to the place of his birth bent on destruction; but, as Cooper justly points out, an officer's oath obliges him to do all in his power to harass the enemy; and it was not only Paul Jones's right, but his duty, to use his knowledge of the Scotch and Irish coasts in the prosecution of the war. If he had any feeling on the subject, it would have been his duty to suppress it. But Paul Jones probably had no feeling whatever, except resentment. He had left his native land as a child, and upon his last visit he had been cruelly ill used, as he thought; and he did his duty on this cruise with no more repugnance than he would have felt at doing it elsewhere — and did it mercifully.

He spent ten days cruising about the narrow seas, and taking many prizes. He went up the Clyde as far as the rock of Ailsa. He caught sight of the *Drake*, a twenty-gun sloop of war, in the harbor of Carrickfergus, and crept in upon her at night, intending to grapple and fight it out. The weather was bad, and the *Ranger's* anchor was let go too soon. Therefore he quietly cut his cable and slipped off. On April 22 he made his celebrated descent upon Whitehaven. He says in his letters to the commissioners that he had two objects in view — first, the exchange of prisoners; and, second, to "put an end, by one good fire *of shipping* to all the burnings in America."

At midnight he left the *Ranger* with two boats and thirty-one men. He reached Whitehaven at sunrise. There were nearly a hundred vessels high and dry in the mud of the harbor. The people assembled in crowds; but it never seems to have occurred to anybody that thirty-one men in boats was not a very formidable force. Paul Jones locked up the sentries in the forts, spiked the guns, and fired the shipping. His work accomplished, as he supposed, he prepared to return to the ship, which was many miles away. By that time the country round about was alarmed, and vast crowds ran down to the sea-shore. It is a singular instance of the power of one resolute man, that although Paul Jones stood alone on the pier for nearly a quarter of an hour, no man ventured to approach him. The party reached the ship in safety; but through treachery on the part of a man who deserted them, the fire in the shipping was put out, and in so far the expedition failed. In his report Paul Jones says: "I was pleased that in this business we neither killed nor wounded any person."

Paul Jones now stood for St. Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk, with the intention of capturing him and holding him as a hostage. The earl was not at home, and Paul Jones returned to the ship. The men, however, began grumbling at not carrying away any plunder; for it must be remembered that in those days looting was considered the legitimate privilege of invaders, although not a prime object, as with Drake, Hawkins, and other bucaneers.

Finding his men mutinous, Paul Jones at last agreed to let them return to the house and ask for plate. They were ordered not to enter the

house, to take only what was given them, and to leave at once. This order was strictly obeyed, as Lord Selkirk testified over his own name.

As soon as the party returned to the ship, Paul Jones took possession of the plate, and agreed with the men to pay them the full value of it. In the end he paid about a thousand pounds for it, while it was worth about five hundred pounds, and restored it to Lady Selkirk. His famous letter to her (which, Franklin wrote him, was "a gallant letter which must give her ladyship a high opinion of your generosity and nobleness of mind") is perhaps the worst instance of the vice of fine writing in all literature. He begged a reply from Lady Selkirk's own hand, but got instead a stiffish letter from the earl, declining to accept the plate unless he was allowed to repay Paul Jones the sum paid as an equivalent to the men. Lord Selkirk subsequently got bravely over his scruples, and accepted the plate without conditions. Some years afterward he seemed to wake up to the handsomeness of Paul Jones's conduct, and wrote him a letter acknowledging the discipline of the men, and saying that he had intended to publish a true account of the matter in the newspapers, but that it had already been done. However, he had mentioned it to "several people of fashion"—which he seemed to think a full equivalent for a thousand pounds in money and an immensity of trouble.

The landing on St. Mary's Isle thoroughly alarmed the coasts, and the name and character of the vessel and her commander were well known. The *Ranger* being seen beating up the Solway toward the "lang town o' Kirkcaldy," the frightened people assembled on the shore, and presently down came their "meenister," the Reverend Mr. Shirra, lugging a huge armchair, which he flung down on the shore, and then plumped himself violently into it. He was short of breath, and very angry with the Deity for permitting such doings as Paul Jones's; and, puffing and blowing, he made the following prayer, which tradition has preserved:

Now, Lord, dinna ye think it is a shame for ye to send this vile pirate to rob our folk o' Kirkcaldy? For ye ken they are puir enough already, and hae naething to spare. They are all fairly guid, and it wad be a pity to serve them in sic a wa'. The wa' the wind blows, he 'll be here in a jiffy, and wha kens what he may do? He is nane too guid for onything. Muckle 's the mischief he has done already. Ony pocket gear[1] they hae gathered thegither, he will gang wi' the whole o't, and maybe burn their houses, tak' their cla'es, and strip them to their sarks! And wae 's me! Wha kens but the bluidy villain may tak' their lives? The puir women are maist frightened out o' their wuts, and the bairns skreeking after them. I canna tho't it! I canna tho't it! I hae been long a faithfu' servant to ye, Lord; but gin ye dinna turn the wind about, and blow the scoundrel out o' our gate, I 'll nae stir a foot, but just sit here until the tide comes in and drowns me. *Sae tak' your wull o't, Lord!*

[1] Money.

The prayer appears to have been effective; for at that very moment the wind changed, and blew "the scoundrel out o' our gate."

But Paul Jones had in mind a much greater exploit than frightening women and children, and capturing stray earls. He meant to attack the *Drake*, and as soon as the wind permitted he was again off Carrickfergus. This was on April 24. The *Drake* came out to meet the *Ranger*, which waited gallantly for her adversary, as the tide was unfavorable, and the *Drake* worked out slowly. Five small vessels came with her to see the fun, and the shores and hilltops were black with people animated with the same desire. Paul Jones's answer to the *Drake's* hail was in these bold words: "This is the American Continental ship *Ranger*. We wait for you, and beg you will come on. The sun is but little more than an hour high, and it is time to begin." The fight, as Paul Jones describes it in his journal for the King of France, was "warm, close and obstinate." It lasted an hour and four minutes, when the *Drake* struck, with her captain and her first lieutenant both mortally wounded, forty-two men killed and wounded, and the ship dismasted and totally disabled. The *Ranger* lost nine men. It has been the custom among historians unfriendly to Paul Jones to belittle this engagement, and to represent the *Drake* as an old ship of little force. As a matter of fact, she was a very good twenty-gun sloop, well officered and manned. The *Ranger* was pierced for twenty-six guns, but Paul Jones considered her capable of carrying only eighteen six-pounders; and he had complained before leaving America that the guns were all three diameters of the bore too short. The *Drake* carried a complement variously stated by her own men as from 160 to 190 men. Paul Jones thought the truth lay in the middle. The *Ranger* carried 130 men, mostly bad, with a mutinous first lieutenant. But however small the force on either side might be, nothing can detract from the boldness and brilliance of the attack — the bolder and more brilliant because such enterprises are usually left to powerful squadrons. Paul Jones sailed back to France by the North Channel. He gave the command of the captured *Drake* to Simpson as his right; and also, hearing Simpson express a wish for a sword, gave him the dead Captain Burden's. This unwise policy, prompted no doubt by a longing to get back, through Simpson's family connections, the thirteen numbers on the list of captains, turned out as might have been expected. Simpson tried several times to get away

with the *Drake;* and it was only by sheer good luck that Paul Jones caught him, and brought the *Drake* into L'Orient.

Immense enthusiasm was aroused, and the French government requested that Paul Jones be permitted to remain in Europe, and France was to furnish him with a ship. But the maladministration of French affairs at that time made official promises very uncertain, and his prospect of getting a fine ship soon vanished. No provision was even made for feeding the prisoners. For a whole month Paul Jones paid out of his own pocket for the maintenance of the *Drake's* people. He returned the officers their swords, and wrote them kindly, offering his testimony before their court martials that they had made "a good and gallant defense, and had not asked for quarter until the *Drake* was entirely disabled."

It is to be noted that at this very time Paul Jones had advanced to the government more than fifteen hundred pounds besides a large share of the expenses of fitting the *Ranger;* and he had not received, and for many years did not receive, a penny either in the way of pay or allowance.

But if he got no ship, and no allowance for his prisoners, he was paid many fine compliments, and was received with distinction at Versailles. He loved courts, being a gardener's son; but he conducted himself with dignity when there. The queen, Marie Antoinette, then in the heyday of her charms, treated him with the pretty affability that distinguished her, and won his heart. He wrote of her to Father John: "The Queen is a sweet Girl and deserves to be Happy."

Then began a long series of promises and disappointments about ships and prize-money. The last was of great consequence, as without it it was almost impossible to get a crew. The French court made much of Paul Jones, and the Duc de Chartres, the Prince of Nassau, and others with high-sounding names, were eager to enlist with him, especially Lafayette, who became very intimate with him. But no ship was forthcoming. Franklin had the good will, but no money. Paul Jones wrote letters to everybody in power at Paris, even the king himself, begging for any sort of a ship. At last — it is said, taking Franklin's advice in "Poor Richard's Almanac": "If you would have your business done, go. If not, send" — he went to Paris, and the result was that he was put in command of the most extraordinary squadron ever seen, under the most extraordinary circumstances ever known. His flag-ship, which he named the *Bon Homme Richard* out of compliment to Franklin, was an old Indiaman so much decayed that it was impossible to make any alterations in her. She was mounted with forty guns, mostly old and defective, and had a motley crew of all the nations on the earth, many of them raw peasants, and about thirty Americans whom Paul Jones utilized as petty officers. Her first lieutenant, though, was a young man after Paul Jones's own heart — Richard Dale, afterward the celebrated Commodore Dale, one of the gallantest, gentlest, and simplest of men. Like the brave and beautiful Maurice, Count Saxe, Dale wrote very ill, although he fought very well. His letters are models of ingenious misspelling, and, like a famous "Boulsprit" which figures in his correspondence, he found penmanship "Something Dificoult in Giting out." Cooper loved and venerated Dale, who in his old age invariably spoke of his friend and captain as "Paul," with a peculiar intonation of love and admiration in his voice. Then there was a fine American frigate — the *Alliance* — of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain Landais, who had been compelled to leave the French navy on account of an alleged infirmity of temper. There can be no doubt that he was subject to fits of insanity; and his conduct during this memorable cruise was a singular example of crazy cunning. Besides, there were the *Pallas*, of thirty-two guns; the *Cerf*, of eighteen; and the *Vengéance*, of twelve. With this queer collection, and with still queerer arrangements imposed upon him by the French alliance, Paul Jones sailed from Groix on August 14, 1779. The squadron cruised about the coasts of the three kingdoms, sometimes in company, sometimes alone, picking up prizes, and with Paul Jones on the alert for a war-ship not too strong for him to engage. Not so the rest. Cottineau, captain of the *Pallas*, seems to have been the only captain, except the *Bon Homme Richard's*, who had any appetite for fighting. As Franklin wrote: "Captain Landais was skilful in keeping out of harm's way." The rest seemed always in the way when they were not wanted, and always out of the way when they were wanted. The cruise was highly unsatisfactory to Paul Jones, and he felt acutely that he was likely to lose, rather than gain, credit by it. In all of his bold propositions he was voted down by his prudent French associates; and if he attempted anything, he was left in the lurch.

On September 13 he was in sight of the Cheviot Hills, and at last inducing the captains of the *Pallas* and *Vengéance* to act with him, he sailed up the Firth of Forth to levy a contribution of two hundred thousand pounds at Leith, the port of Edinburgh. Paul Jones's admiration of "the French tactic" does not seem to have extended to the French practice; and after he had spent the whole night persuading them and, as he says, listening to "pointed remarks and sage considerations, the

wind became contrary in the morning," and they were blown out to sea.

Although Paul Jones was driven off by the wind, the alarm had been given. Sir Walter Scott told Cooper that, though only a boy of ten years, he remembered well the commotion raised at the time. The Edinburgh people showed a braver spirit than the Whitehaveners, and prepared to defend the town. On the 17th Paul Jones returned, and, after getting nearly within gunshot of the town, a terrific gale arose which drove him off a second time.

Many persons had difficulty in persuading themselves that the mysterious vessel which was seen cruising about was really the American ship. A member of Parliament who lived on the Scotch coast sent out to the *Bon Homme Richard* — supposing it to be a British cruiser, for British colors were usually worn — asking for some powder and shot to defend himself against an attack by Paul Jones. A barrel of powder was sent him, with a civil message regretting that the supposed British cruiser had no suitable shot! Another day a pilot was enticed on board, and persuaded to give the private signals. Meanwhile the time for the cruise to be up was fast approaching, and it may be well imagined that Paul Jones suffered anguish at the idea of returning to France without having exchanged a shot with the enemy. Such, however, was not to be his fate. At noon on September 23, 1779, he sighted the first ship of the Baltic fleet coming around Flamborough Head, and before midnight he had fought the most extraordinary and the most heroic single-ship fight recorded in history.

The fleet of forty ships was convoyed by the *Serapis*, Captain Pearson, and the sloop of war *Countess of Scarborough*, Captain Piercy. The *Serapis* was a splendid frigate, lately off the stocks, and carrying fifty guns — "the finest ship of her class I ever saw," Paul Jones wrote to Franklin. She carried a crew of four hundred, chiefly picked seamen. Paul Jones had actually on board about three hundred and forty men, and only one sea lieutenant — Dale. His crew had been decreased by sending prize crews away; while one of his lieutenants, with sixteen men, had been captured, and another during the battle was absent from the ship on a boat expedition. The weight of the *Serapis's* broadside was 576; of the *Bon Homme Richard's*, 390. But the *Bon Homme Richard* fired only two broadsides when two of the old guns constituting her main-deck battery burst, and the rest cracked and became useless.

The *Serapis* and the *Bon Homme Richard* both cleared for action about one o'clock. Each captain knew whom he was fighting. The *Serapis* manœuvered to get the *Bon Homme Richard* under the guns of Scarborough Castle, but Paul Jones outmanœuvered him. Meanwhile the *Pallas* alone obeyed the orders given the rest of the fleet, and eventually captured the *Countess of Scarborough* very handsomely. The *Vengéance* never came into action at all, and the *Alliance*, out of gunshot, reconnoitered cautiously. As the *Pallas* passed, Captain Landais shouted that if the frigate should prove to be the *Serapis*, all they had to do was to run away!

There seems to have been a good deal of indiscriminate hailing going on while the ships were approaching each other. The first hail from



FROM AN OLD PRINT.

the *Serapis*, "What ship is that?" was answered, "Come a little nearer and we 'll tell you." The *Serapis* people called derisively, "What are you laden with?" to which the Americans shouted, "Round, grape, and double-headed shot!"

With the best dispositions to fight in the world, the two ships did not come to close quarters until seven in the evening. The *Bon Homme Richard* fired the first broadside, which was promptly returned. Of what followed Paul Jones himself, in his official report, tells the story better than anybody else.

The battle being thus begun Was Continued with unremitting fury. Every method was practised on both sides to gain an advantage and rake each other; and I must confess that the Enemie's ship being much more manageable than the *B. h. R.* gained thereby Several times an advantageous Situation in Spite of my best endeavors to prevent it, as I had to deal with an Enemy of

greatly superior force I was under the necessity of Closing with him to prevent the advantage which he had over me in point of manœuvre. It was my intention to lay the *B. h. R.* athwart the Enemie's bow, but as that operation required great dexterity in the management of both Sails, and helm and Some of our braces being shot away, it did not exactly succeed to my Wishes. the Enemie's bowsprit came over the *B. h. R's.* poop by the mizenmast and I made both ships fast together.

At this point occurred an incident which marks Paul Jones's coolness in desperate circumstances; for, as told by him further on, his ship was aleak and afire in a dozen places, her batteries were silenced, a hundred prisoners below were ready to spring up, and some of his petty officers were calling for quarter. When the *Serapis's* bowsprit became entangled in the *Bon Homme Richard's* mizzenmast, Paul Jones called to Stacy, his sailing-master, to fetch a hawser, which he did. While making the ships fast, Stacy bungled over it, and burst into an oath. "Don't swear, Mr. Stacy," said Paul Jones. "In another moment we all may be in eternity, but let us do our duty." The spars, anchors, etc., becoming entangled, the two warrior ships were now fast locked in a mortal embrace.

This was the one chance of success — otherwise the superior sail and battery power of the *Serapis* would have enabled her to choose her distance and blow the American ship out of the water. Paul Jones's triumphant cry when he saw the ships fast was: "Well done, my brave lads! We have got her now!"

The muzzles of the guns on each ship were now almost touching, and the gunners had to lean forward into their enemy's ship to ram home their charges. Cries were exchanged: "Fair play, you damned Yankee!" "Mind your eye, Johnny Bull, or I 'll —" etc.

in that Situation which by the action of the wind on the Enemie's sails forced her stern close to the *B. h. R's.* bow, so that the Ships Lay Square along side of Each other the yards being entangled and the Cannon of Each Ship touching the opponents side. When this position took place it Was 8 o'clock previous to which the *B. h. R.* had received Sundry Eighteen pound shot below the Water and Leaked Very much, my battery of 12 pounders on which I had placed my Chief dependence, being Commanded by Lieutenant Deal[1] and Colonel Weibert, and manned principally With American Seamen and french Volunteers was entirely silenced and abandoned. As to the Six old Eighteen pounders that formed the Battery of the Lower gun deck they did no Service whatever. two out of three of them burst at the first fire, and killed almost all the men Who were stationed to manage them. before this time too, Colonel de Chamillard Who commanded a party of 20 Soldiers on the poop had abandoned that station after having lost some of his men. (These men deserted there quarters)[2] I had now only two pieces of Cannon, nine pounders, on the quarter Deck that were not Silenced, and not one of the heavyer Cannon was fired during the rest of the action. the purser, Mr. Mease, Who Commanded the guns on the Quarter deck being dangerously wounded in the head, I Was obliged to fill his place and with great difficulty rallied a few men and shifted over one of the Lee quarter deck guns, So that We afterwards played three pieces of 9 pounders upon the Enemy, the Tops alone seconded the fire of this little battery and held out bravely during the Whole of the action, Especially the maintop Where Lieutenant Stack commanded.

Paul Jones attached great importance to having the tops well manned, and had himself carefully taught his topmen how to fire. So good was their marksmanship that they soon cleared the *Serapis's* tops of all except one man, who, hiding behind the foretopmast, would occasionally peep out and fire; but he was eventually brought down.

I directed the fire of one of the three Cannon against the mainmast With double headed Shot While the other two Were exceedingly well served with grape and Cannister shot to Silence the Enemie's musquetry and clear her Decks which was at last effected. the Enemy Were, as I have since understood, on the instant of Calling for quarter, When the cowardise or treachery of three of my under officers induced them to call to the Enemy, the English Commodore asked me if I demanded quarter, and I having answered him in the most determined negative, they renewed the battle with redoubled fury.

What Paul Jones calls a "most determined negative" was the celebrated answer that will ever mark him as one of the bravest of the brave. The two ships lying head and stern, enveloped in smoke as they repeatedly caught fire from each other, and neither one in position to fire an effective shot, a sudden and awful silence ensued. Presently a call came from the *Serapis:* "Have you struck?" to which Paul Jones answered, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

At this point, also, an attempt was made to board the *Bon Homme Richard.* In Captain Pearson's account of the battle, which is vague and inaccurate, he says his men discovered a superior number of men armed with pikes, under cover, ready to receive them; hence they retired. All accounts agree, on the American ship, that nothing was known of any attempt to board; but in Paul Jones's journal for the King of France, he says:

[1] Dale. Paul Jones always spells the name Deal.

[2] N. B.— The words in parentheses, here and hereafter, have a line drawn through them in Paul Jones's manuscript.

Here the Enemy attempted to board the *Bon Homme Richard*, but was deterred from it on finding Captain Jones with a pike in his hand at the gangway. They imagined he had as they said, "*A Large Corps de Reserve*" which was a fortunate mistake, as no man took up a pike but himself.

The *Serapis* was well manned, but her crew was probably out of heart before their officers were.

The American topmen had then climbed into the *Serapis's* tops, carrying with them a tub of water to put out the fire which had begun to smolder in the maintop. They succeeded in doing this, and then completely commanded the spar-deck, upon which no man but Captain Pearson was permitted to show himself.

They Were unable to Stand the deck, but the fire of their Cannon especially the lower battery which was Entirely formed of 18 pounders Was incessant. Both Ships were set on fire in Various places and the scene was dreadful beyond the reach of Language. to account for the timidity of my three under officers I mean the gunner, the Carpinter and the master-at-arms, I must observe that the two first were slightly Wounded and as the Ship had received various shots under Water, and one of the pumps being shot away, the Carpinter expressed his fear that she should sink, and the other two Concluded that she Was sinking; Which occasioned the gunner to run aft on the poop Without my knowledge to strike the Colours. fortunately for me a Cannon ball had done that before by Carrying away the Ensign staff. he was therefore reduced to the necessity of Sinking, as he Supposed, or of Calling for quarter, and he prefered the Latter.

Paul Jones does not mention that he knocked the gunner down with his pistol-butt. The only punishment given the man afterward was to stand him at the mast.

All this time the *B. h. R.* had sustained the action alone, and the Enemy tho' much Superior in force Would have been Very glad to have got clear, as appears by their own acknowledgments, and by their having let go an anchor the instant that I Let them on board, by Which means they would have escaped, had I not made them Well fast to the *B. h. R.*

At Last, at half past nine o'clock the *Alliance* appeared and I now thought the battle at an end, but to my utter astonishment he discharged a broadside full into the Stern of the *B. h. R.* We called to him for god's sake to forbear firing into the *B. h. R.* Yet he passed along the off side of the Ship and continued firing. there Was no possibility of his mistaking the Enemie's ship for the *B. h. R.* there being the most essential difference in their appearance and Construction, besides it Was then full moon Light and the Sides of the *B. h. R.* Were all black, While the Sides of the prises were yellow. Yet for the greater Security I shewn the Signal of our Reconnaissance by putting out three Lanthorns, one at the head (bow) another at the Stern (Quarter) and the third in the middle in a horizontal line. Every tongue cried that he was firing at the Wrong ship, but nothing availed, he passed round firing into the *B. h. R's.* head stern and broadside, and by one of his Vollies killed (Eleven) several of my best men and mortally Wounded a good officer on the forecastle only.[1] my Situation was really deplorable, the *B. h. R.* received various shots under Water from the *Alliance*, the Leack gained on the pumps, and the fire increased much on board both Ships. Some officers persuaded me to Strike, of Whose Courage and good Sense I Entertain a heigh opinion.

To the representations of these officers that the *Bon Homme Richard* could not possibly float much longer, Paul Jones replied pleasantly, "Never mind about that. We shall have a better ship to go home in!"

My treacherous Master at Arms let Loose all my prisoners Without my knowledge, and my prospect became gloomy indeed.

In his journal he says:

This must have ruined Captain Jones, had not the prisoners been terrified out of their senses. Captain Jones availed himself of their fears, and placed them to work at the pumps.

The audacity of this conception carries Paul Jones well into the camp of the greatest humorists of the world. If the prisoners had kept their wits about them, they could easily have stepped through the ports of the crazy, leaking, and burning *Bon Homme Richard* into the comparatively uninjured *Serapis*, instead of which all their powers were engaged in saving their captor's ship, and securing their own imprisonment for several months thereafter. At this point one of the sailors of the *Bon Homme Richard*, taking a bucket of hand-grenades, laid out on the main-yard, which was directly over the main hatch of the *Serapis*, and coolly fastening his bucket to the sheet-block, began to throw the grenades down the hatchways. Almost the first one rolled down the hatch, and falling among a row of cartridges left exposed by the carelessness of the *Serapis's* powder-boys, a terrific explosion followed. This seems to have been the turning-point. Paul Jones continues:

I would not however give up the point. The Enemie's main mast began to Shake their firing decreased, We rather increased and the British Colours were struck at half an hour past ten o'clock.

The flag had been nailed to the mast; and Captain Pearson, who had ordered every man

[1] That is, only a forecastle officer.

off the quarter-deck, while himself bravely remaining, lowered the flag with his own hands, and not without difficulty. He had lost, as nearly as can be computed, about one hundred men killed, and nearly the same number wounded. The *Bon Homme Richard* had forty-two killed and forty wounded.

This prize proved to be the British Ship of War the *Serapis*, a new Ship of 44 Guns[1] built on their most approved Construction With two complete batteries, one of them of 18 pounders and Commanded by the brave Commodore Richard Pearson.

In the journal for the king, Paul Jones says:

There was no Occasion for a Bridge between the two ships. Captain Pearson stept on board the *Bon Homme Richard*, and delivered up his Sword to Captain Jones, who returned it to him, because he had bravely used it.

The story that Captain Pearson said, in giving up his sword, that it added to his mortification to give up his sword to a man who fought with a rope around his neck, is an idle fabrication, and a slur on Captain Pearson.

Paul Jones continues:

I had yet two Enemies to encounter far more formidable than the britons, I mean fire and Water. the *Serapis* Was attacked only by the first, but *B. h. R.* Was assailed by both, there was five feet Water in the hould, and tho' it Was moderate from the Explosion of so much gun powder, yet the three pumps that remained could with difficulty only keep the Water from gaining. the fire broke out in Various parts of the Ship in spite of all the Water that Could be thrown (immediately) to quench it, and at lenth broke out as low as the powder magazine and within a few (feet) inches of the powder. in that dilema I took out the powder upon deck ready to be thrown overboard at the last extremity, and it Was ten O'clock A. M. the next day the 24 before the fire Was entirely extinguished. With respect to the Situation of the *B. h. R.* the rudder Was cut Entirely off the stern frame and transoms Were almost Entire Cut away (and) the timbers by the lower Deck especially from the mainmast to the stern, being greatly decayed With age, were mangled beyond my power of description, and a person must have been an Eye Witness to form a Just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, Wreck and Ruin (which) that Every Where appeared. humanity cannot but Recoil from the prospect of such finished horror and Lament that War should (be capable of producing) produce such fatal consequences.

After the Carpinters as well as Captain De Cottineau and other men of Sense had well examined and Surveyed the Ship (which was not finished before five in the Evening) I found every person to be convinced that it was Impossible to keep the *B. h. R.* afloat So as to reach a port if the Wind Should increase it being then only a very moderate breeze. I had but little time to remove my Wounded, which now became unavoidable and which Was effected in the Course of the night and next morning. I was determined to keep the *B. h. R.* afloat and, if possible, to bring her into port for that purpose the first Lieutenant of the *Pallas* continued on board with a party of men to attend the pumps with boats in Waiting ready to take them on board in Case the water should gain on them too fast. the Wind augmented in the Night and the next day on the 25, So that it was Impossible to prevent the good old ship from Sinking. they did not abandon her till after nine o'clock. the Water was then up to the Lower deck, and a little after ten I saw With inexpressible grief the last glimpse of the *B. h. R.*

By Paul Jones's orders an American ensign was left flying, and the ship he had immortalized went down, head foremost, still wearing the colors he had so well defended.

Naval experts have agreed that there were no new principles evolved, and no extraordinary tactics shown, in this remarkable fight. But it stands alone among sea fights in that the ship which finally forced a surrender might have been considered a beaten ship from the beginning. There was not a moment, after the second broadside, that the *Bon Homme Richard* was not technically whipped. But her captain was unconquerable, and by an unexampled tenacity and courage forced the surrender of a good ship to the shattered, disarmed, and burning shell of the *Bon Homme Richard*. English historians have generally ascribed the result of the fight to the presence of the *Alliance*, and have naturally accepted Captain Pearson's official report of the battle, in which he says he struck upon the approach of the fresh frigate. But Captain Pearson's ignorance of the real conditions of the fight is the one thing which excuses his surrender. It would be an undeserved reflection upon a brave man to suppose that he knew the desperate state of the *Bon Homme Richard*. It would not have affected Captain Pearson's prestige, promotion, or purse, had he struck to the fresh frigate after he had made the *Bon Homme Richard* strike to him. But Pearson was hard pushed for reasons to give for his surrender, being loath to acknowledge how little he knew of his enemy's desperate straits. Paul Jones expressly says Pearson was astonished at the havoc on the American ship. As for the *Alliance*, she was perfectly inactive and out of gunshot, except when she was firing into her consort; and three of Landais's own officers declared, on oath, that he said, during the engagement, "he would have thought it no harm if the *Bon Homme Richard* had struck, for it would have given him an opportunity to retake her and take the *Serapis*"—an idea quite worthy of Landais's touched brain.

[1] A forty-four carried fifty guns.



FROM AN OLD PRINT.

CAPTAIN PAUL JONES.

Pearson was a man of great courage, but of ordinary abilities; and he had to contend against a man of extraordinary courage and extraordinary abilities. Like Paul Jones, he was of humble origin; but, unlike Paul Jones, he showed it in a petulance unworthy of a gentleman. He did not, however, lack for defenders among his own people. The British, and especially the London, public were determined to regard the giving up of the *Serapis* as a victory for Captain Pearson instead of Captain Jones; and the London merchants made Pearson a present of plate to the value of one hundred pounds. Captain Piercy, who had made a gallant fight before surrendering the *Countess of Scarborough* to Captain Cottineau of the *Pallas*, was also given plate to the value of fifty pounds. Moreover, Captain Pearson was made a knight — presumably because he had done no worse. On hearing of this, Paul Jones remarked: "He has deserved it; and if I should have the good fortune to fall in with him again, I will make him a lord."

During the fight Paul Jones was severely wounded in the head, which afterward greatly affected his eyes, and at various times he received other injuries; but there is no mention in any line of his official reports of his wounds, although he frequently called attention to the wounds of others.

The squadron — or what was left of it — now sailed for the Texel, where it arrived on October 3. The Dutch people warmly sympathized with the American cause; but the court and the court party were completely dominated by the British ambassador, whom Paul Jones angrily calls "that little Thing, Sir Joseph Yorke." When Paul Jones appeared on the Exchange, he was so nearly mobbed by his admirers that he had to take refuge in an upstairs room. O'Connell, one of his officers, was often mistaken for Paul Jones, and his sufferings while trying to explain in English to the Dutch that he was not Paul Jones are very piteously described. The men were popular among the Dutch sailors and citizens, and there exists a touching appeal from the petty officers for "certain Artickles without which they cannot appear with any degree of Credit to their Comodore or themselves." Last but not least of these requisitions is this: "Mr. Potter" (the carpenter) "having lost his Hair is in Want of a Wig." It is hoped that this patriot got his wig.

Franklin wrote a very beautiful letter to Paul Jones, in which he said:

For some Days after the Arrival of your Express, nothing was talked of at Paris and Versailles, but your cool Conduct and persevering Bravery during that terrible conflict. You may believe the Impression on my mind was not less strong than that of others, but I do not chuse to say in a Letter to yourself, all I think on such an occasion. . . . I am uneasy about your Prisoners, and wish they were safe in France. You will then have *Compleated* the glorious work of giving *Liberty* to all the Americans who have so long Languished in British Prisons: for there are not so many there as you have now taken.

In this letter Franklin directs Paul Jones to put Captain Landais under arrest, and announces a determination to punish Landais severely, which he finally accomplished under great difficulties. Sir Joseph Yorke addressed a letter to their High Mightinesses denouncing Paul Jones as a "pirate and rebel," and inviting them to hand over the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough* to himself. This their High Mightinesses prudently declined to do, although they were most unfriendly to the American cause. Captain Pearson behaved in a manner totally unworthy of so brave a man and of the generous treatment he had received from his captor. When Paul Jones offered to return him all his plate, linen, etc., from the *Serapis*, he refused to accept it, but intimated that he would take it from Captain Cottineau. Paul Jones magnanimously overlooked this vulgar subterfuge, and returned it through Cottineau. After this, Pearson wrote him a querulous letter complaining that Paul Jones had not called to see him! To this Paul Jones returned a dignified answer, refuting the charge of a want of civility.

The court party pretty soon informed Paul Jones that unless he got away he would be driven away. Menaced by thirteen double-decked Dutch frigates inside the harbor, while twelve British ships of the line and frigates cruised outside, often in full sight, waiting for him, his situation was perilous in the extreme. The court party had power enough to give him the choice of surrendering the *Serapis* to his French colleagues, or of hoisting the French flag and accepting a commission in the French navy in order to hold her. This was a cruel alternative; but between giving up the ship and hauling down the American colors, he chose the better part, and transferred his flag to the inferior *Alliance*, and for the second time refused a French commission. The French ambassador, the Duc de Vauguyon, committed the astounding *faux pas* of suggesting to Paul Jones that he take command of a French privateer, and thus escape from his dangerous situation in the Texel. Paul Jones's reply to this was an instant and haughty demand for an apology, which was promptly forthcoming. No man hated privateering and its "infernal practices," as he calls them, more cordially than Paul Jones. He wrote of privateers as "licensed robbers," and was naturally indignant at the affront offered him. Some years afterward, in a French port, he had an amusing controversy on the subject with Captain Truxtun, afterward the celebrated Commodore. Truxtun was then in the humble capacity of captain of a private ship bent on plunder. He had the assurance to raise a pennant in the presence of Paul Jones, without asking his permission, and in defiance of the act of Congress forbidding a privateer to hoist a pennant under such circumstances without the permission of a naval ship's commander. They had a tart correspondence, and Commodore Truxtun was evidently mightier with the sword than with the pen, as Paul Jones writes him that there are in his letter "several words I do not understand and cannot find in the Dictionary." Paul Jones sent him "a polite message" to haul down the pennant. This being disregarded, another polite message and "Lieutenant Richard Deal" with two armed boats were sent, and the pennant came down.

To return to the Texel. In spite of the strongest protests from the British ambassador, and constant threats from the Dutch government, Paul Jones remained there nearly three months. He, moreover, demanded and obtained the free disposition of his prisoners, liberty to have the drawbridge hauled up at his pleasure, and refused flatly to go on board the Dutch flag-ship, although repeatedly commanded to do so. The Dutch were anxious to be rid of so troublesome a guest, whose presence embroiled them with Great Britain — eventually to the point of war; and with joy saw him set sail on December 27, in the midst of a howling gale, and, as he wrote at the time, "with my best American Ensign flying." He returned to France by the route least expected by his enemies. He went by way of the North Sea to the Strait of Dover, passing in full view of the British fleet in the Downs. He was two days in the English Channel, going close by the Isle of Wight and by the fleet at Spithead. He made Corunna on January 16, and the port of L'Orient some days after. This retreat may be reckoned as both brilliant and fortunate. His conduct in keeping his flag flying in the face of twenty-five hostile ships, any one of which was a match for the *Alliance*, raised the American name to a point of great dignity; and the service he rendered in detaching Holland from Great Britain was of incalculable benefit to his country.

His wound, and the hardships he had undergone, kept him closely confined at L'Orient for some time; but in May he went to Paris, and

found himself the hero of the hour. The American commissioners paid him every honor. The court and the public vied with each other in complimenting him. Baron de Grimm, in his letters, speaks of Paul Jones's popularity at court. He sat in the queen's box at the opera, and on his first appearance at the theater the audience rose and cheered him. At the end of the performance a laurel wreath was suspended from the ceiling directly over his head. He rose quietly, and moved away — an instance of modesty which is to this day held up as a model to French school-boys.

The king gave him a superb gold-hilted sword inscribed, "*Vindicator maris. Ludovicus XVI., Remunerator strenuo vindici.*" Paul Jones mentions that it was much handsomer than the one presented to Lafayette. It cost about $2400. Louis also directed M. de Luzerne, the French ambassador to the United States, to obtain the consent of Congress for Paul Jones to accept the Grand Cross of the Order of Military Merit, never before awarded a foreigner, which was done.

At this time tradition begins a long list of Paul Jones's love-affairs and gallantries. There is no doubt that he was a lion among the ladies, and had a roaring flirtation with the Countess Lavendahl de Bourbon.[1] She was much younger than her husband, and chroniclers note that she was more renowned for wit than for discretion. She painted Paul Jones's portrait, and wrote verses under it. He so far lost his head over this lady that he wrote her most violent love-letters, inclosing locks of his hair; and asked her to take care of his sword on his approaching voyage to America, and to correspond with him in cipher. The countess seemed to think at this point that the affair had gone far enough, and that it was time to throw cold water on her too ardent admirer. Paul Jones got out of his awkward predicament with as much skill as he had escaped from the Texel. He assured the lady he was not in the least in love with her — friendship, and friendship only, was all he meant, and she had evidently misunderstood him — which effectually landed the lady in the awkward predicament. He seems, however, never to have lost her respect; for the correspondence was resumed in after years. Then there was a Madame Thellison, a natural daughter of Louis XV., with whom Paul Jones appears to have had a love-affair of some sort. He had influence enough to have her introduced to the king, who promised to befriend her. Afterward Paul Jones wrote Mr. Jefferson, then minister to France, recommending Madame Thellison to his friendly offices. He mentioned that he had borrowed for her four thousand livres with which to pay a debt, and had never found out whether she had used the money for the purpose specified or not. He was in the midst of a corrupt court; and although he may not have escaped uncontaminated, it is an admirable fact that among the 1300 letters written by and to him, now preserved, there is not one single coarse expression, and no woman's name is mentioned except in terms of the highest respect. This speaks well for the chivalry of those eighteenth-century gentlemen.

The same troubles about prize-money, disappointments, and shuffling tactics that followed the capture of the *Drake*, again followed the capture of the *Serapis;* and it was not until the autumn of 1780 that Paul Jones sailed for America, in the *Ariel*, a lightly armed vessel, with stores for Washington's army.

On his first departure he encountered a storm which has been described as the worst one of the century. His ship was nearly wrecked off the Penmarque Rocks. Dale, who was still his first lieutenant, said many years afterward: "Never saw I such coolness and readiness in such frightful circumstances as Paul Jones showed in the nights and days when we lay off the Penmarques expecting every moment to be our last; and the danger was greater even than we were in when the *Bon Homme Richard* fought the *Serapis*."

He was forced to return for repairs, and did not reach the United States until February, 1781. He was received with every mark of honor. Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and Morris were among those who wrote him letters of congratulation. The Congress at three different times passed resolutions in his honor — the last, on April 14, a formal vote of thanks, recording: "That the thanks of the United States in Congress assembled be given to Captain Paul Jones, for the zeal, prudence and intrepidity with which he has supported the honour of the American flag; for his bold and successful enterprises to redeem from captivity the citizens of the States who had fallen under the power of the enemy; and, in general, for the good conduct and eminent services by which he has added luster to his character and to the American arms."

Soon after this he was unanimously elected the ranking officer of the American navy, and appointed to superintend the building and to have command of the Government's only seventy-four, the *America*, then on the stocks at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Nearly two years were spent in this employment, at the end of which time the ship was presented to France, in lieu of one that had been lost in Boston harbor.

Having been disappointed in this, as in all

[1] On her letters is indorsed in a strange hand, "Afterward Duchess of Orléans." This is undoubtedly a mistake.

his other hopes of commanding a fine ship, Paul Jones got permission to embark with the Marquis de Vaudreuil, who, with a large fleet, was taking back to France the French contingent under the command of the Baron de Viomesnil and the Marquis de Laval. He was received on board the flag-ship *Triomphante*, which was much crowded, sixty officers dining in the wardroom every day. Paul Jones notes that he was given the state-room on the starboard side, while the baron and the marquis had to take the port side. His object in this cruise was to "acquire marine knowledge," as he says; for no man ever yearned for knowledge more than Paul Jones. The declaration of peace found the fleet in the West Indies, and Paul Jones returned to the United States. Viomesnil wrote to M. de Luzerne, French ambassador to this country: "M. Paul Jones has for five months deported himself among us with such wisdom and modesty as to add infinitely to the reputation gained by his courage and exploits."

He was soon after appointed government agent to settle the matter of the prize-money of the *Bon Homme Richard*, and gave a bond to the government of $200,000, which was fully equal to a million in this day. He landed at Plymouth, England, and went to London, where he remained for a day or two the guest of John Adams. From London he went to Paris. He proved to be a passionate but acute advocate; and although the plainness of his language must have made the French diplomats' hair stand on end, he finally succeeded in getting the money—a feat but slightly inferior to his fight with and capture of the *Serapis*. He made no charge for his services, but only for his expenses, which were, however, large. He went to court, and "mixed with the great." Jefferson, his tried friend, was then minister to France. Paul Jones at this time became acquainted with John Ledyard, who had been with Captain Cook in his last voyage. Ledyard gave him an account of the vast wealth in fur-bearing animals in the Pacific, which recent years have so amply confirmed. Paul Jones's perspicuous mind saw the reasonableness of this, as did Jefferson and Robert Morris; but although an elaborate plan was formed for an expedition, it fell through. It was during this visit that he wrote his account of his adventures in the service of the United States, which was handed about from one person to another at the French court. It was read, among others, by M. de Malesherbes and Count d'Estaing, both of whom wrote complimenting him highly on the relation, which was undoubtedly full of interest, and written in a captivating style, as he was not then writing to a countess, but merely telling, with a sailor's directness, what happened to him with a ship.

At this time he was well received by Englishmen of high character at Paris. He frequently visited the British Embassy, being on friendly terms with the ambassador, the Duke of Dorset. Lord Wemyss was another friend of his, and the brave Admiral Digby sought his acquaintance. He returned to the United States in the spring of 1787, when Congress approved of his accounts, allowed all he asked, and presented him with a gold medal with a gratifying inscription. There were still some unsettled affairs concerning certain prize ships that had been sent to Denmark and seized and sold by the Danish government. Paul Jones was empowered as agent in this matter, and the Congress gave him a special letter of recommendation to Louis XVI.: one of the greatest honors ever bestowed by the United States on a citizen. In December he landed at Dover, and went to London, where he conferred with Mr. Adams on the Copenhagen affair. After a few days in England, he went to Paris. The first person he informed of his arrival was Mr. Jefferson, whom he asked to keep it secret, but to call on him at his hotel in the Rue des Vieux Augustines. Mr. Jefferson called promptly, and unfolded to him a brilliant scheme for Paul Jones's further advancement. M. de Simolin, the Russian ambassador, had asked Mr. Jefferson to sound Paul Jones on the subject of accepting a high command in the navy of the Empress Catherine, who was then at war with the Turks. This prospect was much more pleasing to Paul Jones than being with a French squadron of evolution, which he must have been convinced by that time meant more evolution than fighting. He agreed that, after having settled his business at Copenhagen, he would go to St. Petersburg and consider the offer. He went to Copenhagen, arriving in March; and was presented to the court with all the prestige the French ambassador could command. As usual, Paul Jones was greatly impressed with the civilities of the great. The queen dowager was full of "dignity and deportment," the princess royal was "a charming person," the prince royal "extremely affable"; and he was invited to sup with the royal family, which gave him more pleasure than one would have imagined. But he soon after wrote to Count Bernstorff, Danish minister of foreign affairs, that although "particularly flattered by the polite attentions" bestowed upon him, "yet I have observed with great concern, you never lead the conversation to the subject of my mission here." Count Bernstorff's letter in reply is a gem of diplomatic platitudes, and for once Paul Jones found his adversary too slippery for him. The ingenious Bernstorff found some flaw in the powers conferred on Paul Jones, and as Mr. Jefferson was then negotiating a treaty with Denmark, the affair went over. Paul

Jones, however, accepted, with the knowledge and approval of Mr. Jefferson, the offer of a sum of money from the Danish government — presumably his share of the prize-money. This sum, however, was never paid, and the particulars of the subject are not known.[1] On this northern journey his health first began to fail. At last, in April, 1788, he left Copenhagen to accept a commission in the Russian navy, for which he had not up to that time received specific permission from the United States. He wrote to Mr. Jefferson: "I must rely on your friendship to justify to the United States the important step I now take, conformable to your advice. . . . I can never renounce the glorious title *of a citizen of the United States*."

It would seem that the prospect of gaining new honors was so fascinating to Paul Jones that he was willing at Copenhagen to undertake real service under very discouraging circumstances. Instead of being made a rear-admiral, as he expected, he was offered the commission of captain-commandant; and when he objected, he was supposed to be appeased with the promise of a major-general's commission! To the surprise of the Russians, he declined to become a major-general. He showed his old spirit of daring in his journey to Russia. He determined to go by sea, owing to the blockade of the land route with snow. He engaged a large and a small boat at Gresholm, and without telling the men where he was going, put off in ugly weather. When opposite Stockholm he forced the sailors at the point of a pistol to enter the Baltic Sea, and thence they were driven by the wind into the Gulf of Finland. The small boat was lost, but all the men were saved. After four days they were landed at Reval in Livonia. The voyage had never been made before at that season, and was counted until then an impossibility. Paul Jones mentions that he had a small compass, and by fixing the lamp of his traveling-carriage to it he was enabled to see.

He was received with great honors at St. Petersburg, and, as usual, found everything lovely at first sight. The empress "entirely captivated" him; Potemkin was but little less captivating. He was made a rear-admiral at last, which caused thirty English officers to wait upon Admiral Grieg and declare their determination not to serve with Paul Jones. Their protest was disregarded, and Paul Jones was despatched to the Liman to take charge, as he supposed, of naval operations against the Turks. He found, however, that his command had to be divided with an old acquaintance of his, the Prince of Nassau, a gentleman adventurer, of whose personal courage Paul Jones expresses a very poor opinion, adding that the prince had sailed around the world, yet did not understand the points of the compass. In Potemkin and Nassau he had a precious pair to deal with. They thought him crazy because he expressed respect for, and treated courteously, the brave old Turkish commander. In the mass of correspondence, diplomatic and otherwise, the facts are not really difficult to discover. Paul Jones was still Paul Jones, but he had a spoiled court favorite and a conscienceless adventurer to satisfy, and also to withstand the enmities and prejudices of the English officers. Nevertheless, all that was done of value in the campaign was done by him.

In December he returned, ill and discouraged, to St. Petersburg, and here a frightful misfortune awaited him. He was accused by a wicked woman of an infamous crime. He demanded an investigation; but his whilom friend Potemkin gave orders to Paul Jones's advocate forbidding him or any other person to meddle in the affair at his peril. Every door in St. Petersburg was shut in his face. The French ambassador was Comte de Ségur, and as soon as he heard of this calumny he went to see Paul Jones. De Ségur found him sitting at a table, with a pair of loaded pistols before him; and he burst into tears on seeing the one friend left him. De Ségur asked him to tell the truth, and promised that even if he were guilty he should be befriended. Paul Jones swore most solemnly that he was perfectly innocent, and pointed out discrepancies in the woman's story, such as representing him conversing in Russian, of which he spoke not a word. He also had complete proofs that the woman had seen him but once, and that she was a practised impostor and a professional blackmailer.

Armed with proofs, De Ségur went boldly to the empress; and the result was that Paul Jones was completely exonerated. He was received at court with distinction, and De Ségur says that those who had fled from him at the first hint of disgrace were the most unblushing in their obsequiousness to him afterward. Paul Jones, however, had every reason to wish to leave a country where his brilliant prospects had turned out so disastrously; and having received, after some squabbling for it, the ribbon of St. Anne, he set out for Paris, on what he calls "a parole," in the autumn of 1788. He was armed with letters from many eminent persons, attesting the correctness of his behavior at St. Petersburg, especially one from M. Genêt to his sister Madame Campan. He passed through Warsaw, where he became friends with Kosciusko, and visited the Duke of Würtemberg by invitation. He then

[1] It has been surmised that Paul Jones's acceptance of this money, which Jefferson recommended, was for the purpose of committing the Danish government to the payment of the whole of the prize-money, by paying any part of it.

went to Holland, and thence to England, where, he says laconically, "I escaped being murdered on landing." His business matters required his presence in Paris; but at this time (1789–90) affairs were so turbulent that he seemed to be waiting for the times to become quieter. He alludes to this very distantly in his correspondence; but what is still more remarkable, there is not a line in any of his letters written before he reached France, or afterward, referring in any way to the agonizing throes of the Revolution through which the country was passing. Governments were changing; "His Most Christian Majesty," toward whom he professed the warmest attachment (and no doubt a sincere one), and the queen — that "sweet Girl" — were in the most frightful peril; the men and women with whom he delighted to be associated were fugitives for their lives, or else their blood made red the places of execution: and yet there is not a hint of this in all the voluminous writings of Paul Jones. It has been shrewdly conjectured that he forbore mentioning names and events lest he should compromise his friends if his letters were seized, which was often the case. In December, 1791, however, when things were beginning to look black for poor Louis XVI., Paul Jones showed him a mark of gratitude by sending him, through Lafayette, some fur linings he had brought from Russia, and a message saying he would accompany Lafayette to court as soon as his health permitted. He showed no anxiety for himself in those dreadful times, although his connection with the court had been so intimate; but returned to Paris, and remained there till his death the next summer.

His health was now quite gone, and he speaks of himself as an old man, although he had barely turned five and forty. He suffered from a complication of diseases, and kept his bed much of the time. There is a very touching letter from him to one of his sisters, trying to heal a family quarrel. He inculcated charity and forbearance with no mean skill, and his allusions to his belief in a future life were frank and forcible. He and the Empress Catherine had become mutually tired of each other, and he evidently regretted his temporary connection with Russia. Mr. Jefferson expressed himself as sincerely sorry he had urged the plan; but Paul Jones, in his letters to Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette, and others, carefully avoided shifting the responsibility for his misfortunes in Russia on any except the actual culprits.

During 1791–92 he was sometimes ill in his bed for months at a time. In the spring of 1792 he grew very ill; and in July it was plain his end was approaching. It has been said often enough to be believed that he died poor and neglected. On the contrary, he was attended by an eminent doctor, formerly physician to the queen, and Gouverneur Morris, who was then American minister at Paris, paid him every attention. Nor did he lack for other friends.

On July 18, in the afternoon, seeing he was fast failing, Gouverneur Morris induced him to draw up his will. It is a simple document in which he divides his property between his sisters, and names Robert Morris as his sole executor.

He was then able to sit up in an arm-chair, and his friends left him to have the will copied into French. They returned at eight o'clock, and witnessed it, after which Paul Jones retired to his bedroom. Presently came the queen's physician. They all went into the room, and there on the bed, face downward, lay Paul Jones. The great captain was no more: "in peace, after so many storms; in honor, after so much obloquy."

Two days later he was buried. The National Assembly resolved in its *procès verbal* to send a deputation of twelve members to honor "the memory of Paul Jones, Admiral of the United States of America, . . . a man who has well served the cause of liberty."

In the funeral discourse over him it was said: "The fame of the brave outlives him; his portion is immortality."

So long as ships sail the sea will the name of Paul Jones be respected. His country owes him a great debt; for he truly said, "I have ever looked out for the Honour of the American Flag." And it may be said of him, as of the great Condé: "This man was born a captain."

Molly Elliot Seawell.



AN ERRANT WOOING.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Belhaven Tales," "A Bachelor Maid," etc.

XI.

"SEMANA SANTA," in Seville! By the middle of the week Paulina felt that her repertory of impressions of the gay little Andalusian city was already full, and yet the best were still to come.

Her family — the Gilchrists accompanying — had put in the time intervening between their visit to Ronda and the beginning of Holy Week, at Cordova. Of the great mosque she had brought away a dream of elaborated art never to be displaced; and of drives and walks, and excursions in the foothills of the sierra near the town, there were memories that each day but made more precious. Paulina did not admit to herself that she might have had most of this "preciousness" without a setting of Spanish hills.

In the Court of Oranges, just outside the entrance of the mosque, at the moment when their hands were upon the leathern curtain that hangs at the temple door, they had come upon two familiar figures — Judge Galusha W. Treat and his "lady" — arm in arm, making the rounds with a haughty courier who was evidently administering information — as Mrs. Squeers's brimstone and treacle was administered — by main force.

"Hello, judge," said Roger, cheerily; "I was thinking of you but a moment since. Here are a lot of Western newspapers that have followed me from home, that I thought you would like to see, among them a copy of the 'Sledgeville Advertiser.'"

The judge stopped short. A beatified look overspread his face, as he stretched out his hand to receive the coveted journal.

"You can go on inside, Malvina," he observed gently to his spouse. "I 'll just sit down here on the edge of this fountain, and see what the 'Advertiser' 's got to say."

And, with that, the late American lawmaker, who had arrived in Cordova the night before, and was to leave it that afternoon, seated himself with his back to the peerless mosque, and plunged with instant absorption into the columns that were to reveal to his homesick spirit details of more interest than the world's wonder could afford!

At Seville they had found every room in the hotels and annexes filled, at double the ordinary prices, for the week. Vehicles of all sorts were ordered from the streets until after the passing of the last of the processions on Good Friday night. The squares, with their rows of orange-trees like torches of golden flame, were encircled with booths for the sale of petty merchandise and cooling drinks. In the streets congregated peasants, soldiers, townspeople, tourists, and visitors, among whom none trod more gladsomely than our little group, drifted together by the happy chance of travel and reinforced by the welcome addition of their friends, the Blounts.

The days had sped by on golden wings when, on the evening of Holy Thursday, Paulina sat on a chair in their box in the open portico of the town hall, looking below her into the paved square, around which arose tall cream- and blue- and pink-washed houses, their balconies, to the top stories, crowded with citizens in gala costume.

These boxes, of temporary construction, were filled with the best of Sevillian society, who, arriving about four o'clock, had spent the afternoon chatting and visiting each other, in the intervals of the passing of the holy images.

Of the gray façade behind them, draped with gold and scarlet, the doors and windows were filled with spectators. The street beneath was a continually shifting mass of people, all animation and cigar-smoke, till far down one of the narrow dark streets debouching into the square was espied the glimmer of lantern or taper, or the gleam of a gold-worked banner. Then silence fell, cigars were put away, hats were removed, and necks were craned toward the coming show.

The processions, which had been passing intermittently during the past two days, were best to be seen at twilight, when the electric lights had just begun to scatter their white radiance upon the dusk, and the señoras in the balconies were becoming mere blots of black against the light backgrounds of the houses. Paulina, who had hitherto refused to be impressed by it, was possessed by a new and strange emotion. The spectacle was for her now invested with true religious mystery. She wanted to hear no jarring sound, as out of the dusk of the narrow street emerged the ivory-white figure of Christ, Vir-

gin, angel, or patron saint, shrined in glittering tapers, robed in royal magnificence, wearing jewels worth a king's ransom.

Preceding the figures, or following them, came Roman guards on horseback, Nazarenes bearing golden crosses and trumpets, a choir of angels afoot, another of sibyls, seminarians, minor clergy, Roman foot-soldiers, guards with arms reversed. And all the air seemed filled with the sweet, pathetic wailing of the bands.

As they passed into the thronged square, there was no sound or stir in the assemblage standing bareheaded to receive them, unless a peasant woman cried out in ecstasy, or a man lifted up his voice in nasal chant of homage. When the glittering army had filed by, and was again lost in the gloom of a neighboring street, Sir Piers turned to ask Paulina how she had liked it, and saw that tears were in her eyes.

"It is not their religion — it is their music that affects me," she said. "You were right. You knew me better than I knew myself."

Throughout the night she was again and again aroused by the thrilling strain of the dirge of the Passion. Once, as it swelled in the street below, she ran barefooted into her balcony and knelt there in the darkness until it died away. In her overstrained state of sensibility, this act was a sort of desperate relief. For, ah! what mischief had been wrought, by the days just passed, upon poor Paulina's capacity to resist tender experience!

BEFORE ten o'clock on the morning of Easter Eve, Paulina, taking the maid for protection, went alone to the Church of San Salvador, for the final religious ceremony, the "Rending of the Veil."

It was her thought thus to escape the others, to hie her away in solitude, and in the gloom of the great church to ponder over her sin to Roger and to herself. For now there was no illusion: where Gilchrist was not, for Paulina there was no light. She loved him with a girl's fervor; and although he had given her no further sign of response, a look, a word, the consciousness that he had her continually in mind, kept her in a delicious tremblement whenever he was near.

Under the rose-window above the altarpiece veiled from sight by a purple curtain, some priests were droning. Around her the Spanish women in black mantillas came in with prayer-chairs and books and beads, and fell upon their knees. Polly, too, wanted to pray, but she found no words. Her heart said only, "How can I give him up?" and the blushes burned upon her cheeks. With such thoughts of the creature, how could she go upon her knees to the Creator? She felt forlorn, ashamed. At last she knelt and, murmuring a little prayer, made new resolutions to be strong and true to Roger. The tears ran down her cheeks, but she felt comforted.

Happening to glance across the church, she saw, to her surprise, May and Roger standing behind a pillar, evidently unable to secure seats. They were close together. Something in the expression of May's face when she looked at him, answering some whispered comment, sent a little dart of joy into Paulina's armor. She had shut her eyes not to look at them — all in the church was hushed in mysterious silence — when suddenly there was a mad jangling of bells, a burst of music, the full force of the organ made the dull, incense-laden air tremble in every nook of the great interior — cannon-rockets burst in the gallery, sending out clouds of smoke!

And then the purple curtain was rent asunder, showing the light and glory hidden behind it. Lent was past and gone! Easter was proclaimed! The world was called on to rejoice. For every burdened soul there was new hope, and Paulina took fresh courage.

While waiting for the church to clear, she knew, without looking, that May and Roger had disappeared — unaware of her presence. Coming out, she brushed against Gilchrist, standing under one of the canopied *Pasios* exhibited in the procession the day before, and looking inscrutable. She had no idea whether or not he had seen her until that moment.

"I fancied you would be here," he said, joining her. "I came to ask if I may n't take you to see some Murillos."

"But May?" asked Paulina, hesitating.

"She — did n't you see her? — has gone off with your cousin, who is really immensely kind to my recent school-girl. They are bound for the Alcazar, which May likes especially."

"I think I had better go to my mother," she said, after a pause.

"No. Please don't. She has Lady Edmund, May has Woodbury, and I 've got no one. Don't you compassionate me?"

"Yes," said Polly, as lightly as she could. "But you will excuse me now. I must really take Justina back to the hotel."

LATER that day, Paulina drove with Lucy Blount through Las Delicias, — literally, in the dulcet afternoon, a garden of delights, — with Guadalquivir flowing alongside, the walks on its river-bank shaded with olive and orange, palm and Japanese medlar, and with rose and jasmine in its bosquets!

In the broad roadway open vehicles, four lines abreast, displayed the fair Andalusian (three of them on a seat, in general), now attired in the white mantilla, carrying the pink para-

sol laid away for forty days; flowers at her breast, in her lap; smiles on her lip, in her eye; nodding, exchanging greetings and kisses of the hand with the inmates of other carriages; coquettishly pretending not to have seen the admirer who had left the bridle-path in chase of her, until, when his horse grazed her wheel, she cried out in astonishment!

Beauty, fashion, rank, the lights of local government, foreign visitors, all to-day were pressing in one direction. The world was on its way to the Tablada, to see the bulls destined for to-morrow's sacrifice.

Some few miles distant from the town, in a field surrounded by a deep trench, inclosed in turn by a rail fence, were gathered a group of six fighting bulls, black, or black-and-white, with the twenty tame belled cattle who served as their custodians.

Upon the fence, having scrambled up a clay bank to lean over it, were seen grave officials, soldiers, fine ladies, men and boys; every one excitedly discussing the points and chances of the heroes of the morrow's fray. Bets were laid and booked; a premonitory thrill made itself felt even by the uninitiated. Of those to the manner born, gentle and simple seemed to be equally under the spell of a hereditary vendetta, thirsting for the blood of the poor brutes!

Shoulder to shoulder with the aristocracy crowded as many of the lower orders as had been able to walk, or to pile into donkey-carts to drive, thither. With the hostility of their fathers to the bull surging in their veins, they called out to him derisively, "Olé, toro! Bravo, toro! Buen toro!" and taunted him with his approaching fate; every bull looking back at his insulters in sullen majesty.

While, as with the rest, Lady Edmund and Paulina hung over the fence, a caballero in the national costume of black and silver rode at a gallop down upon the assembled carriages, then pulled up his noble black steed, which stood scattering foam on his own shining coat. The handsome rider—sitting his peaked saddle like a centaur in silver buttons with a jacket cut short behind—knew well the theatrical value of this arrival. He was evidently some young swell of the sporting world, and the women fluttered and whispered at sight of him. Upon the Americans, however, he chose to bestow his most bewitching glances.

"Saucy creature!" said Lucy, observing this. "I am sorry we came alone, dear. But what can he do but look at us?"

"Let us go back to the carriage," said Paulina. "I have had enough of these poor doomed creatures, at any rate."

"I fully expected to find Ted and Gilchrist here," answered her little ladyship, gathering up her dainty petticoats to avoid the mire, as she sprang down the bank. "They said they were coming. I thought it would be such fun to surprise them!"

"Shall we wait awhile in the carriage until they come?" she added; and Paulina acquiesced. The two young women, chatting together, had no idea of the attention they excited. Slim, sallow young fellows with black, sparkling eyes drew near and formed into a ring around them, exchanging free comments upon the strangers. The caballero in black and silver, more bold than the rest, sprang from his horse, and, leading the fiery but submissive creature by the rein, came to the side of the carriage, where, putting one foot upon the step, he addressed the ladies in a speech that brought delight to their less audacious admirers.

"Polly!" cried Lucy, awake to the impertinence, "he is daring to speak to us. My dear, look in another direction, and he will go away. That is what we get for coming alone, I suppose; and won't Ted give me a wigging for it!"

But the caballero, now put upon his mettle by the encouragement of his audience, did not go away. He persisted in his attentions, presuming so far as to take a rosebud from his jacket and offer it to Paulina, who was nearer him, with a smile of seductive assurance.

"Drive on this instant, cochero!" cried Lady Edmund, imperiously. But the cabman, turning on his box to take in the liveliness of the situation, was in no hurry to disturb it. He replied, but what he said the women did not understand; and the moment seemed to both of them a long one before a carriage, arriving on a line with theirs at a little distance, revealed to their delighted eyes their expected protectors.

Paulina saw Lucy's clear cry to her husband answered by a sudden angry lighting up of Blount's face as he turned and became aware of the cause of the appeal. But that was in passing only. The place seemed full to her of Gilchrist's fierce wrath when he, too, perceived their embarrassment. What became of the ring of onlookers nobody thought to notice. At sight of the two big Britons advancing upon them, the "gentlemen of Spain" melted into thin air; and the gay caballero, with his hand on their carriage door, seized in the grip of a Titan, was dashed by Gilchrist into the mire beneath the feet of his own horse, who—nobler creature—stood eying his fallen master in silent sympathy, without offering to stir.

It was over in a twinkling, and Lucy was being scolded roundly by her husband for her temerity in venturing there alone with Paulina.

"But, Ted, Polly and I were not really afraid of those men. What could they do to us? And

I thought it would be so pleasant for you to come on us unexpectedly."

"My dear, in married life the unexpected is always dangerous," answered Blount, laughing against his will. "And if you were not frightened, what did that look mean upon both your faces? How on earth came you to be here by yourselves?"

"We were driving in Las Delicias, and the coachman proposed it, and we thought it would be a lark. Ted, this is a horrid man. Just now he refused to drive away, and answered us most insolently."

"I noticed him," said Gilchrist; "and I am reserving for his jacket such a dusting as he is not likely to get again for his deserts. But as we must all go back to town, and each carriage holds only two, we will let him wait for his punishment. Are you ladies ready to return?"

"When you and Ted have done looking at the bulls," said Lucy. "Then, if you don't mind, I 'll drive in with you, Sir Piers. The best of husbands is not good company when he thinks it his duty to scold his wife. And I 'd like to know what I married for, if it was n't to be able to chaperon girls."

"Try to grow up first yourself, and then you may be able to chaperon girls," observed her husband.

"Oh! my dear Polly, did ever you see such a rage as Gilchrist was in?" whispered Lucy, as they stood in the wake of their champions, from whom the crowd now kept a respectful distance. "The vein in his forehead has n't gone down yet, and his eyes have blue sparks in them. I wonder if Lady Gilchrist ever offended him before she ran away. One such glance would make me shrivel like Semele. I am glad Ted's forehead is smooth again. What I like is easy going, not living harnessed to Jupiter, and all that; don't you? You will have an easy husband, too. Roger is as plucky as any man living, Billy says; but he is slow to wrath. You 'd have thought just now that Gilchrist was the offended husband, and Ted the friend who had driven out with him and happened in on the offense. Look, Polly; there goes our enemy, off at a gallop as he came. He never thought of resenting Sir Piers, did he? But at night, in some dusky corner of the street, he would improve the opportunity to plunge a knife into him from behind. Polly, what 's the matter? — you are white as wax."

"I am thinking that I don't want to go to the bull-fight to-morrow," said Polly, mendaciously.

"But you must; you 've promised. Ah! they have seen enough; we may go now. By the way, Polly, do you envy our cabby the thrashing that is in store for him?"

Paulina had a word with Sir Piers when he helped her into the carriage.

"I wish you would let that driver off," she said. "He is such a poor apology for a man, I think he is beneath your pains."

"Not even to please you," he answered briefly; and that the offender came into his own was reasonably to be believed, although neither Lucy nor Paulina ventured again to touch upon the subject.

DINNER was over at the Hotel de Madrid. The people, crowded at the tables in the great dining-hall, had lingered in their seats to watch the gyrations of a band of student-musicians clad in black, with black cloaks, and three-cornered hats decked each with an ivory spoon.

Singing, playing, and dancing, they had marched the length of the room and back, when, suddenly, one of their number burst away from the rest, and indulged in a series of somersaults around the tables, striking the tambourine with his head, elbow, knee, and toe alternately.

When the collection to reward this feat of musical agility had been taken up, the guests sauntered out into the patio of the hotel, which at that time of the year contained the most cosmopolitan crowd in Spain.

Under the cool plash of a fountain in the center grew a bed of large-leaved ivy trained close to the ground, and above it were festooned vines, making a tent-shaped roof. The scent of the orange-flowers — that is the scent of Spain — mingled with odors of less fragrant incense-bearing plants. All this lighted by electricity beneath the deep blue vault of the Sevillian night!

On the inner walls of the corridor running around the court were placarded the large red-and-blue posters headed by the familiar figure of the "toro," and setting forth the attractions of the coming bull-fight of Easter Sunday — the greatest of the year. Alternating with these were announcements in French and Spanish of national dances, gipsy dances, operas, theaters, balls, — all that Seville could devise for the entertainment of *Messieurs les voyageurs étrangers*. The suave manager at his desk in a corner was kept busy answering questions, and giving advice as to what form of amusement *Messieurs les voyageurs* should choose.

In the crowd, strolling, or sitting at little tables over after-dinner coffee, many nations were represented, of whom America was, for once, in the minority in numbers. A Russian grand duke, having dined democratically in the neighborhood of some opera-singers and a famous picador, walked to and fro, smoking and staring at the women. Taller by a head than any man in the throng, blond and distinguished, his heavy eyes looked wearily upon the world; his

half-open mouth suggested vacuity and cruelty. His attendant prince, a good-looking young man with sly eyes and a hard mouth, talked with an ex-ambassador of France to America. Some Englishwomen of title, wearing "the last cry" in French costumes and bonnets, were sipping coffee and *liqueurs* in company with their husbands and half a dozen diplomats. A "rare pale" Polish princess, in black gauze and jet, held her little court while smoking her cigarette. Flower-sellers carrying trays of roses, and the big Sevillian carnations that are a wonder of size and tint and spicery, penetrated everywhere. The air was soft and cool, the scene gay and changeful. Old Mr. Woodbury, who had for many years spent his evenings in his library at home, like any other respectable citizen of New York, napping behind the "Evening Pillar," here sat bolt upright, wide awake, puffing at a good cigar (which, we may observe, he had brought with him to Spain), and entirely in the spirit of the occasion.

"My dear papa," said Mrs. Standish, who sat near him, "I wish you would listen to me. I really must speak to you seriously; and we are so rarely to ourselves."

Mr. Woodbury withdrew his eyes, heaving a sigh. He had a recollection of the days when the mother of Mrs. Standish had prefaced her talks much in the same fashion, and it had never turned out well.

"Well, Rose, I 'm listening. By George! she 's a deuced fine woman, that princess what 's-her-name, that 's smoking the cigarette."

"Papa, at home you would think a woman quite improper who was smoking a cigarette."

"Just wait, Rose, till I order an absinthe gommée. I don't know why, but it seems to make me digest my dinner."

"I am sure it is bad for you, papa. But there, now you have ordered it, pray listen to me."

"Very well. Keep to the point; don't wander; and out with it."

"I am beginning to be very anxious about Roger and May Gilchrist. Since Ronda, when they have been together almost constantly, he is evidently much absorbed in her."

"Nonsense!"

"Really and truly, papa."

"She 's a stunner in looks, though I prefer 'em livelier, myself, like Lucy Blount—"

"I can't tell what 's come over you. At home, it would have made you angry even to suggest this. And another matter, papa. Do you think it was quite the thing, before all those people and your own grandchildren, when that brazen cachucha dancer threw her handkerchief into your lap, for you to tie up a piece of gold in it, and throw it back to her?"

"Is this what you wanted to say?"

"Oh, no. But I thought I would mention it."

"Rose! Please understand that if I tie my head up in a pocket-handkerchief and throw it at a dancer, it 's my own affair. Did n't you see everybody doing what I did? It 's the custom of the country. There! Now, as to these children, can't Polly hold on to her own sweetheart, I 'd like to know?"

"The trouble with Polly is, she 's Polly, I suppose. She has been always capricious with Roger; and lately she 's taken a new turn of being quiet, not like herself—moping, and going off alone."

"No doubt indigestion. Tell Wilcox to give you some of those pellets I always take."

"No, it 's not indigestion. Once or twice, to try her, I 've hinted that Roger was too much taken up with May; but then, instead of being cast down, she has asked, 'Do you really think so—do you, mama, do you?'—and has kissed me, and jumped all over the room. She must be hysterical. And it also troubles me what poor Sir Piers will think if Roger gets his daughter interested in him, and he naturally can't speak to him, and he—"

"Rose, you drive me distracted with your he's and him's. Thank God, here comes Lucy Blount to break up this doleful conference. I don't know why members of a family, whenever they are left alone, should settle down to talking about dismal family topics. You are a good woman, my dear, but you are getting more like your mother every day you live."

"Here you are!" said Lady Edmund to Mrs. Standish. "I have left the rest of them in my sitting-room to come to ask if you will let Paulina go with me to the bull-fight."

"My dear Lucy!—" said Mrs. Standish; then was speechless.

"I know what you would say. But Ted has taken a box, and he says we must go to see the crowd and the parade, and we can leave if we don't like it. Roger and May will go, and Sir Piers—if we can get him out of that vortex of his swell countrywomen that pounced upon him directly they came."

"My child, how can a vortex pounce?" asked Mr. Woodbury, mildly.

"I don't know; but I 'm too excited to care for mixed metaphors. I hope, dear Mr. Woodbury, you don't think me a bloodthirsty wretch for wanting to see the show that is Spain in miniature."

"I mean to go myself," said the valiant elder. "Now, Rose, I know you want to confer with Justina—you always do at this hour; so leave me here with my little friend Lucy. Sit here, Lucy, by me. It seems only the other day since I gave you a wax doll, and now you have a live doll of your own."

"Dear angel!" cried Lucy; "and here I am rollicking in foreign parts, and he is no doubt lying awake in his little crib in Biarritz, and longing for his mama."

"Let us hope he is more wholesomely employed. Lucy, that daughter of mine has been telling me all is not as it should be between my boy and girl. You know, my dear, how my old heart is bound up in the idea of their match. You are a sensible as well as a good woman — the combination, in my experience, has proved rare. Tell me if you think I have anything to be seriously anxious about."

"Polly — ?" began Lucy, who had been taking a few notes on her own account.

"Roger," interrupted Mr. Woodbury. "He has allowed himself to be drawn off by a pair of blue eyes and a figure like a young Amazon. He might as well want to domesticate Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty. They would need at least an island to themselves. All I can say is that, if it be true, I shall take the earliest opportunity to express my opinion of it by a codicil to my will."

"Roger?" repeated Lucy, wondering. "I had not thought of that."

"Then, my dear, you are not as keen as I supposed. That is what Rose tells me is taking place; and, though I 'll be hanged if I give her the satisfaction of knowing it, the idea drives me mad. My little Polly sha'n't be played fast-and-loose with, and made to suffer for Roger's capers. If we ever get to a place where I can do business, I 'll right her, and put her where any man will be proud to ask for her. That young jackanapes! Why, Lucy, he was the apple of my eye! This very night I 'll make a memorandum, and have Wilcox and Gillson witness it!"

Lucy, aware of the old gentleman's fashion of quick climbing from good nature to wrath, knew also that the habit of the family was to let the access wear itself away. The valet, passing just then, was bid by his master to escort him to his room, whence Mr. Woodbury issued no more that night.

At the same moment Lady Edmund observed Gilchrist leave the group of ladies at a little marble table opposite, and make his way in her direction.

"I hope Mr. Woodbury is not ailing. But I can't regret his departure, as it gives me an opportunity I wanted."

"More developments!" said Lucy to herself, as she made place for him on an iron bench; and they affected to listen to the guitars of the Spanish students, who, after a brief intermission, had begun their concert over again.

"I hardly know how to broach it; but I need advice — a woman's advice — *your* advice."

"You are good to choose me," she said heartily.

"Since your sympathy with my poor May — for she told me how tenderly you met my request to show her her mother's portrait at Wooton Magna — I have cherished an idea that you, better than any one, would understand my present predicament."

"I think," Lucy said, with much sweetness, "you need hardly tell me more."

"Then, with your keen intuition, you have divined?"

"If you mean that your child needs comfort and sympathy now — "

"May?" he said in surprise. "She is happier than she ever was in her life. Why should she not be? With such a companion of her own sex, near her own age; with new amusements, pleasures, scenes — oh, I think there is nothing to ask for May."

"It has not occurred to you," said Lucy, hesitating visibly, "that it would be well not to expose her to so much of the society of a very attractive young man?"

"I give you my word," he replied unaffectedly, "the idea never entered my head. May is a child,— a mere child,— not like the girls of your country at her age."

"Nevertheless, it is to think of," said Lady Edmund, who was now in her element as a confidante. "The risk involves so many others, too. Take Roger himself, to begin with — "

"Woodbury care for May — Woodbury! When he has the glorious privilege of loving Paulina Standish? Never!"

"Oh, my dear friend, so that is your point of view!" Lucy wanted to cry out. But she read that in his face which silenced levity. It was what she had never beheld in any man's face before. She saw that with him this was like a matter of life and death.

"I don't mean to trouble you," he went on, "with hearing anything more than that I love Miss Standish — that I have no right to tell her so — that I thought myself stronger than I am, and must therefore break away from this party for good and all. You know Mr. Woodbury intends to go from here to Granada?"

"Yes. We go with them."

"I think the old gentleman has rather counted on my being on hand to take him about the place, and so on; at least we had made a tryst to meet there. If I am absent, it will seem like poor hospitality, and I want you to help me out of the difficulty."

"And May?"

"I meant to let her go back to our little domicile. Dame Josefa, my housekeeper, will take every care of her; and I would not punish May for my own folly by separating her too soon from those who have made her life so bright."

"I am woefully disappointed," said Lucy, half pouting. "I had thought of the transfer of our delightful party to Granada with real pleasure. But of course I shall help you. Let May go and stay at the hotel, there, with me — as my guest — my child — till you return. Thus I can look out for all contingencies."

"This is the best kindness," he said, lifting her hand in foreign fashion to his lips. "I shall remain here over to-morrow, and on Monday shall vanish at cockcrow. When you are ready to leave Granada, I shall know it, never fear; and May can then go back to the care of old Josefa, whose only fault is over-strictness, till I rejoin her. You will interpose your tact between me and the dear old man and Mrs. Standish. I should not like them to think ill of me. As for Miss Standish, I must see her once more alone; and then — "

"Is that safe?"

"One may say good-by to the dying," he answered. "For her, after this, I must be dead."

"You make me shiver," said poor little sympathetic Lucy, running away to her bedroom for a good cry.

XII.

It was a brilliant Easter day, clear and cool, when, punctually at three o'clock in the afternoon, — for the bull-fight is the one thing on time in Spain, — our friends from the Hotel de Madrid joined the throng pouring from all parts of the town into the streets leading to the Plaza de Toros.

The crowd did not suggest a Parisian multitude swarming into the Bois for the Grand Prix or the Bataille de Fleurs; or yet an English throng in Hyde Park on Derby day; or an Italian populace in the Via Nazionale on a holiday in Rome. Underneath all their jollity and civility lay hidden the Goth and Vandal, with a touch of Arab, that make up the Andalusian of to-day; and in their gay humor was the suggestion of a savage zest for blood.

Of the gentlefolks in the carriages, the men wore ceremonial black, the women light dresses and white gloves, with lorgnons and bouquets. The poor people, hurrying on foot, with their shirts and bodices and sashes and head-handkerchiefs of blue, orange, and cardinal, — some of them having pinched in food and economized in tobacco for weeks to scrape together money enough to buy a ticket, — filled the pavements and surged into the streets. The murmur of their combined voices swelled into an animated chorus as they came near the goal of all their hopes.

Our party entered the vast cream-colored building of the Plaza by one of its many doorways; there was no confusion, all being kept in order by civic guards. On the stairs of stone leading to their box more than one heart among them quailed and repented itself of coming, yet yearned with a mightier curiosity to see what was inside.

The boxes into which the middle tiers of the amphitheater are divided, proved to be, at any rate, comfortably remote from the scene of conflict — yonder big ring of golden sand, half in sun, half in shadow, surrounded by palpitating thousands assembled to see man's skill matched against a brute's strength and cunning.

The scene was an extraordinary realization of the old classic picture dreamed of by every scholar of Roman history — the wide ellipse, the empty arena, the row upon row of expectant faces, the blue sky above. Away to the left, the lovely old Arab tower of the Giralda, with its filigree belfry and the circling hawks and pigeons, soared to heaven, — the echo of its chimes, rung at three o'clock, having but just died upon the ear. The odor of flowers worn or carried by the women breathed of the South.

Water-sellers, crying "*Agua, agua, limpia y fria!*" venders of sweets and oranges; newsboys with extras containing the latest news of the performers; sellers of programs divided by lines within which were to be registered the thrusts of swords, the blows of spears, the wounds, the falls, — lifted their voices above the din of the crowd.

Around the outskirts of the arena — from which spectators were shut off by a double barrier, with blind screens inside, where the toreador flies for refuge from the bull — some of the minor actors were unfolding cloaks, trying spears, allowing the audience to admire them to its heart's content.

And at last the thrilling moment had arrived when, the chief municipal officer having taken his seat where the king sits when there is one, the doors opposite him opened. The procession came into the ring. It was led by a battalion of soldiers preceded by a band of music. Following, came the picadores, mounted spearmen who wore broad felt hats and leather jackets and trousers, their legs — with a precaution handed down from classic times — being bandaged over iron greaves; their spears, sixteen feet in length, wrapped in tow till but an inch of the point was left visible!

The chulos next. These were the light skirmishers of the ring, youngsters in training for higher feats. Glittering with gold and colors, their mission was to fly everywhere at once to draw off the bull from an endangered toreador. Trailing their gay cloaks, or flaunting them before the bull's horns, or making springs of marvelous agility into the air, they were the most picturesque adjunct of the show.

After the chulos walked the darlings of the populace, — the three espadas, or killers of the

bull,—whose appearance was the signal for shouts and cries of applause, encouragement, individual remark. The hitherto quiet audience took fire at sight of them! And lastly, El Tiro, the mule-team, three abreast, covered with bells, embroidery, and tassels, trailing behind them the iron hook to be used in dragging off the slain bulls and horses.

Dazzling in finery, they passed proudly around the ring, and under the president's box stopped to salute. A trumpet sounded. The alguacil, a little policeman smothered beneath his hat and feathers and black velvet cloak, who brought up the procession and was a butt with the crowd, caught the key of the bull's pen, thrown down to him by the president. This was an official permission for the sport to begin. The procession went out again, leaving in the ring the picadores and a few chulos. There was a halt, when every heart beat quick. The doors leading to the bulls' quarters flew open. Another pause, more exciting than the first. A little jet-black fellow with sharp horns, astonished rather than resentful, trotted from his dark cell into the ring, wondering why the sunshine was so bright!

Perhaps this desert of hot golden sand, with the palpitating multitude around it, made him long for his own green pasture, his own cool rivulet, in Utrera where he was bred. But at once every instinct was merged in a fury of self-defense; for he was set upon by the spear of a picador, spurring a wretched horse blindfolded to his fate.

Upon the first act of the national drama of Spain, as now seen at the headquarters of bull-fighting, it were best to let fall a curtain thick and dark. It is hideous, unforgivable, unforgetable. No Anglo-Saxon who loves the horse can look on it without a fierce impulse of championship for helpless brutes, followed by one of shame for himself for being there. The women present, including as a rule the better grade of Spaniards, hid their eyes behind fans, and sat in sick silence till the cries of the audience and the new sound of the trumpet announced the carnage at an end. The horrors they might have seen during the ten opening minutes of the fight were being dragged away by the jangling mule-team, leaving blood-tracks behind them. Men sprinkled fresh sand, and the second act was called.

"Is it over?" gasped Paulina behind her fan.

"Look now; you will see nothing but the chulos teasing the bull," spoke Blount, who stood behind her. "This is the ladies' part of the show. Handsome fellows, are n't they, and extraordinarily light-footed. Ha! that was a close one! The bull had him, almost! But he 's off over the paling, and the bull goes for the other fellow who waved his cloak just in time. There are the banderilleros. *Bueno! bueno!* Well done, banderillero! Neatly planted, by Jove! I saw a man at Madrid sit in his chair till the bull's horns dipped, and then he drove the darts into the creature's neck and escaped, leaving the chair on the bull's horns. Bravo! bravo! Capital, is n't it, Miss Standish?"

"It makes my heart ache, if this is the best," answered Polly, shutting her eyes, and again retiring behind her fan—a gay fan presented by Blount for the occasion.

"I can't say you are getting much of the spectacle," he said; and then he found himself too much interested in the ring to complete the work of consoling a nervous girl.

And, at last, play was finished; the bull, gashed, panting, desperate, had done his best to make a Sevillian holiday. His death-trumpet was sounded.

Paulina looked, as they urged her to do, at the introduction to the final act. The espada, the man of doom, walked into the ring, stopped under the president's box, and, holding his sword upright, dashed his three-cornered plush cap upon the ground, and swore the bull-fighter's oath to do his duty or die.

Then, with magnificent aplomb, smiling amid the frantic applause of the audience, he advanced to meet his victim, his band of chulos keeping back that he might win glory single-handed. Again and again he escaped death by a hair's breadth. Alone, blade aloft, he tempted the now raging bull to charge, striving to get him in the right attitude to receive the death-stroke.

There was an interval of strained silence in the multitude, broken now and then by a gasp of relief or a cry of encouragement. They were not going to waste themselves in expression, those Spaniards, while such good work as that was going on in the arena.

Face to face, man and brute stood eying each other. It seemed impossible that the espada could get away. He was at the mercy of his foe. In vain the chulos rushed forward and tried to divert the bull. The bull's eyes were glazing, he was dying by inches, but he knew what he was about, and meant to avenge himself. His horns were lowered; the crowd uttered a deep, long groan; they were about to lose their pride—their darling—when suddenly the espada's right arm made a quick movement; his true sword plunged to its hilt between the bull's shoulder and shoulder-blade; the bull staggered, fell on his knees, rolled on his side—dead!

Then, mad rejoicing! The crowd sprang upon its feet, roared and roared again. The band played, the women waved handkerchiefs; the espada, standing beside the carcass of the bull, wiped his sword, and with a spring in his

foot and a proud light in his eye made the circuit of the arena, bowing and smiling. On this final round, the men threw their hats into the ring at his feet as he passed, a compliment acknowledged by the espada by throwing them back again. Purses, jewels, flowers, palms, fans, handkerchiefs, blessings, caressing epithets, were showered on him. And while this went on, the other valiant fighter, who lay already forgotten on the sand in a pool of his own blood, was hauled out, his carcass to be disposed of in a neighboring market-place.

Three times these scenes were repeated. At the close of the third *corrida*, or course, a mishap befell the espada, no less a personage than "El Gallo" himself, the favorite of the day. Failing to kill the bull in the time allotted, the great espada refused to obey the trumpet commanding him to desist. A scene of extraordinary confusion ensued. Gomez, desperate at the threatened loss of honor, of disgrace in his high position, kept lunging savagely at the bull, which refused to die. The chulos, eager to save the good name of their chief, closed around him and abetted his work of slaughter. At once the cry arose from the angry audience: "To prison with them! To prison!" The belled oxen, summoned to decoy the dying victim out of the arena, were not allowed by the toreadors to approach the bull. With stabs and thrusts Gomez succeeded in putting an end to the miserable wretch; but as he crashed over amid the groans and curses of the crowd, a file of soldiers marched into the ring and took the offending espada and his followers into custody.

As they crossed the arena, under arrest, no hand was raised in sympathy. With bent heads and frowning brows, their gold and frippery serving to accentuate their changed position, the little procession disappeared from view.

Then arose a tumult of opposing opinions from the audience. Shouts, cries, disputes were heard; the proceedings stopped. Men, leaving their seats, swarmed in the passageways. The gallery gods above showed their interest by casting into the ring the benches on which they had been seated.

At this crisis, Paulina, whose head ached with her long-repressed emotion, whispered to her grandfather, who sat next to her, that she meant to take the courier and go back to the hotel. Their place being near an exit, Mr. Woodbury acquiesced, and, unnoticed by the others, Polly effected her retreat.

On the stairs she was overtaken by Gilchrist, who, bidding the man return to tell Mr. Woodbury in whose hands his young lady had been left, took her arm within his own.

"I saw you were suffering," he said.

"But you had left our box."

"Only to stand near by where I could look at — but, now we are in the air, you will be all right again. Ha! here come the prisoners — we 'll stand back till they have passed."

"What will be done to them?" she asked, as the melancholy file went by.

"Nothing very serious, I fancy. Gomez will be released on parole, no doubt. But they will have to hurry on another bull to quell the riot that 's brewing inside. Here comes a rather jolly little trap. Shall we take it?"

Polly, in whom there was no speech, acquiesced, and they got into a smart open carriage, with a horse belled and ribboned in honor of the day, and a driver with red sash and pointed hat.

"Need you go back to the hotel?" he asked, yielding to a sudden impulse. "It is a lovely day. Why not come for a drive? Surely your mother will not expect you."

"She had settled down to write letters to 'all the family,'" Paulina answered, smiling. "And as mama 'describes' a good deal, it will take some time. Do you really think we might go for a turn somewhere in the fresh air?"

"Why not? English and Americans do here what natives may not. I think we may defy the Sevillian Mrs. Grundy on this last day that we have together." And, leaning forward, he gave orders to the driver, who cracked his whip with sufficient vehemence to serve for a four-in-hand.

"I honor Queen Isabella more than ever for refusing to preside over bull-fights," Polly said by and by. "Where are we going, may I ask?"

"To Italica. Do you not remember I pledged you in Tangier to let me be your guide there? It is a four-mile drive, only."

"Italica was — is —"

"An ancient Iberian town, called the old Seville, the birthplace of Trajan and Adrian and Theodosius. The Romans filled it with great buildings and beautiful works of art, but when the river got up out of its bed and devastated it, the Moors took Seville as a safer site for a capital, and Italica has been long in ruins. Don't you remember they told you at the Casa de Pilatos how Trajan's ashes were brought back in an urn from Italy by a Spanish viceroy, who set them on a shelf, intending to remove them to Italica; but a servant by mistake emptied the great Trajan into the courtyard, 'not to be gathered up again'?"

"I remember. I think Trajan must have reappeared in that sumptuous vine of red roses in the inner courtyard of 'Pilate's house.' And what are we to see at Italica?"

"Simply one of the most exquisite, pathetic ruins of old Rome in existence, — an amphitheater so lovely in decay, one could not wish it otherwise. If you knew Spanish, I would

give you a copy of Rioja's ode, 'The Ruins of Italica,' to read. To my own taste, none of the other Roman amphitheaters — at Arles, Nîmes, Verona, or those in Sicily, — not even the Colosseum — is as affecting as the spot we are going to see. At the Colosseum there are always the personal conductor, the tourists, the peddlers to break the spell. At Italica a *gitano* lurks in the ruins to ask for alms; a bird or a lizard disappears as you advance. Manuela, as she stands amid waving grass and flowers in the green ellipse, is the one token of modern life."

"Manuela! Who is she?"

"You will see," he said, laughing; and they talked of things outside their own personality as the carriage passed between fields of poppies and iris, groves of olive, and hedges of prickly pear, keeping the grape-bloom of the Sierra Morena to their right.

They left their vehicle in a lane beyond the old convent, where a little maid of ten came tripping out of a small house to receive them, assisting both with tremendous importance to descend, and then setting to rout a half-dozen children who had run in the dust of the wheels, for more than a mile, offering nosegays for sale.

Such a competent small person was "Manuela Fuentes Manfredi" (so confessed), one might have supposed her the sole occupant of the small house and sole guardian of the ruins. She was attended by a fat mongrel of a cur she called Fortuno, and, after escorting the visitors to the heights whence they could obtain the best view of the amphitheater, she stood beside them, sighing, and exclaiming — for what reason they could not understand — "Ave Maria" after every sigh. When they had begun to discover that her sighs were apparently mere physical efforts and without emotion, Manuela caught sight of her father, a swarthy peasant, his head bound in a red handkerchief, coming over the hill, and ran to meet him.

"I shall tip Señor Manfredi to keep his distance," said Gilchrist. "I don't mind Manuela: she is a picture in herself. How could that little witch know the artistic value of a poppy stuck in her black hair, and the buttercups in her brown bodice?"

They climbed to the last step visible on the far side of the ruins, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," the grass overgrowing them, thick with flowers and sweet herbaceous plants. Then Manuela led the way into the subterranean galleries, chambers for wounded gladiators, and beasts' dens, brought to light in the latest excavations; and when they sat to rest she seated herself patiently at a little distance, Fortuno falling asleep from very fatness as he leaned against her knee, her lap full of the blossoms she was making into a bouquet for Polly.

"What peace — what solitude!" said Paulina, following a silence. "After what we have just seen at the Plaza de Toros — may I soon forget it! — this is heavenly."

"How it adds to a scene to visit it with the one you would — you would — choose of all others to — associate with it —" he said, hesitating in his selection of words. "That is the reason why I never go back to Italy.

"The whole country is like a Golgotha of bitter memories," he resumed, after a pause. "When May asked me if I would not take her to Italy, I said 'No.' God help me! I could not tell her why."

"Ave Maria," sighed Manuela to her dog; but Polly said not a word.

"Why should I tell you this now? Perhaps because I think of you as a sail at sea that by morning will have sunk below the verge. I have often wished I might presume on your constant kindness to talk a little to you about myself," he resumed presently; "and then the idea of the difference between us has arisen to depress my would-be confidence. You are a child, believing and ardent, the world before you a primrose path in which I can have no share."

"And yet it was your 'primrose-path' I walked in first," she said, with a half-wistful, half-playful smile.

"You remember still you liked the little drawing I sent you by old Clichett, when I wanted nothing so much as to carry it myself, and see if I could win that same smile you have just given me!"

"It hangs — it did hang," she corrected herself, "on my wall at home."

"And where, pray, have you put the poor thing while you are off conquering new — old worlds?"

"It is — I have it with me," she said steadily, although with a little blush.

"That is more than I dared hope. It is doing an inferior artist honor beyond his merits. The only part of it I valued was a little *motif* repeated again and again in my sketch-books till I make it now mechanically when my pencil falls upon paper."

"When you are racking your brains for 'mere *vers de société*'! When you are a 'jessamy kind of a man,' 'seeking diversion where you can find it!'" she retorted quickly.

"That 's like you. When a fellow 's at your mercy, you go at him horse, foot, and dragoons. With you I never feel stagnant!"

"What a word to express a healthy-minded person!"

"I pray God I am healthy-minded now. But there were years when I wandered out-

cast, solitary, dwelling on dead joys and ruined hopes. Those were not years I care to remember or speak of, least of all to you. They are lived down, if not forgotten. They can never come back to me again. But they, if there were nothing else, would put a barrier between me and — such as you."

"I know of your trouble," said Paulina, with womanly simplicity. "I often wondered if it had led you to mistrust — others."

"If I do not, I am saved by temperament. I have n't a morbid spot in me, I hope and believe. But at first I used to fancy myself like that bull in the arena to-day — keeping on my feet after I got the death-wound. Since then it 's been hard to have entire confidence in a toreador coming toward one waving a red *muleta* that conceals a sword."

"What a bitter comparison!" she said, feeling a little chill around the heart.

"There was a long time when I could n't bear to think of May, or look at her, poor child! I hated my home, with the eternal shadow of shame upon its threshold." He paused, while a black look settled upon his open countenance, and again she saw what his anger could be.

"When I conquered my shuddering distaste and went back to Wooton, what rewarded me? A vision of youth and innocence that seemed to dispense a healing influence. It was like passing out of the fogs of London into clear sunshine on green fields. You began my cure; May has helped to complete it. I am another man since; but it is only fair you should know what must always be behind me — know that my life is lived, while yours is but happily begun. In your bright youth there can be no cloud likely to linger."

"Yet you knew your worst suffering at my present time of life!" she cried impatiently.

"Yes; it is the time of keenest and, in most natures, most ephemeral feeling. But, I repeat, *you* can have no cause for lasting sorrow; *your* happiness is in safe hands. Your future is mapped out in rose-color. And yet, when I saw you crying alone in San Salvador, yesterday, during the 'Rending of the Veil,' I was smitten with the contrast of this young face working in distress and the one I watched in King's College Chapel a year ago, first amused, then touched, by its look of joyful devotion."

"You have no right to spy on me — to notice me!" she cried, driven to bay. "It is unkind — cruel." Her words were choked by a sob.

She turned away her head, and tried to gather some blossoms in the grass. In their brief talk, Gilchrist seemed to have receded from her into indefinite distance. Sitting without movement beside her, he did not speak, but let her come unaided out of the access of feeling he had created. Was he blind or deaf or indifferent to her tumult? Polly did not know. Just then she felt too much to attribute to him the higher motive of wishing to save her from herself — of making the right use of his strength to shield her weakness.

"But I must tell you something that is your due," he said, when at last she sat quietly looking across at the gray ribs of the ruins, and wondering if the sorrows they had seen had been like unto hers. "The night I went back, after long absence, to my old home, and met you there, a wild fancy took hold of me; and though common sense did her best to convince me that it was a chimera born of overtaxed feeling under unusual circumstances, I felt as if you had been sent to lift the shadow from Wooton and from its owner's life. For a brief time I cherished it with the sentiment of a school-boy, and then — not too soon — the news of your engagement put a quick end to it. Don't answer me — don't comment; this is a confessional, and I 'll have soon finished. It 's all over long ago — sunk forty fathoms deep in memory. I tell you of it only that in future days, when we are far apart, you may think kindly of some acts and impulses of mine that must, at my age, have seemed follies in your sight. Perhaps it would have been better that the accident of travel had not thrown us together again; but I think I have not proved myself unworthy of the generous trust your family has shown me, and that out of the abundance showered upon another's pathway, Fortune — and Woodbury — won't begrudge me this."

Another silence, which Paulina could not have broken. She was staring at a great black bar that had fallen between her and the sun; but through it came a single ray of light. She thought she now understood that he was doing this thing for her. Therefore, her faith in him being justified, she could feel glad even in her keen pain.

And he, divining much of this, took from it comfort. So the things left unspoken between them brought them more truly together than at any time before.

"Come," she said, rising; "it is time to go."

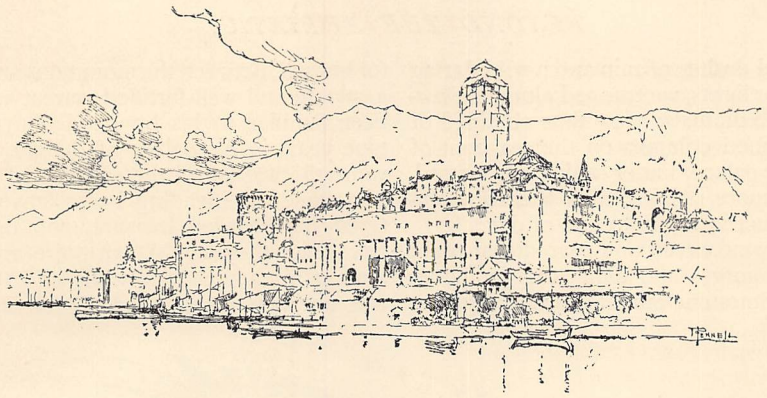
"Yes. It is the very end of our meetings, by the way; for to-morrow morning I shall be gone; and, unless something not to be foreseen by me occurs, this time it will be long before I again cross your path. This is good-by, Paulina. Will you give me your hand and let me say it here?"

They looked into each other's eyes, and she laid her cold hand in his.

"Ave Maria!" sighed Manuela, heaping the poppies in her lap.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Constance Cary Harrison.



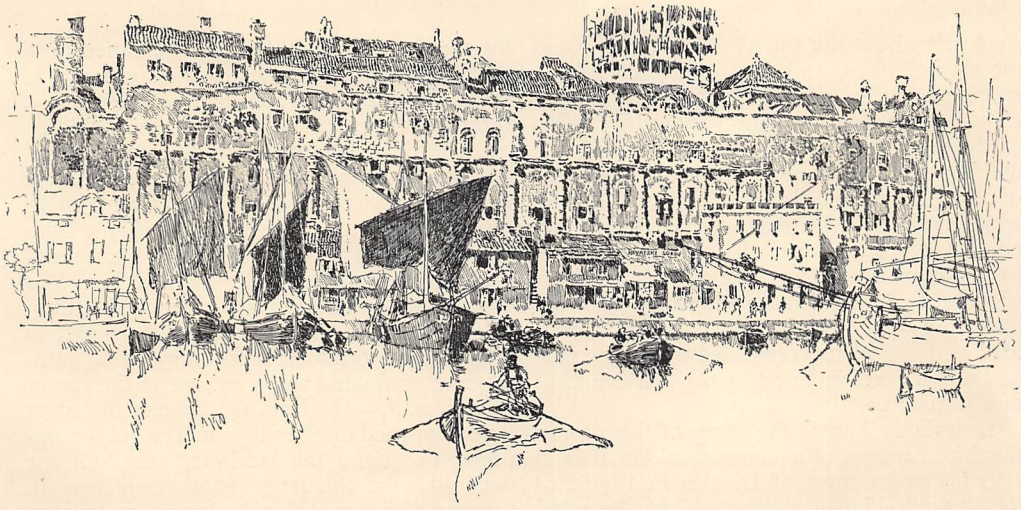
Beyond the Adriatic

by

HARRIET W. PRESTON

SECOND PAPER.

THE notion of welcome and security, the cheery sense of having struck civilization once more, and the familiar ways of dear old Philistia, will always remain associated in my mind with the spot where a Roman emperor grew cabbages; and the pleasant Hôtel de la Ville at Spalato, with its airy rooms, its excellent cuisine, its ready service, friendly but never officious, remains the one thoroughly homelike spot on the other side of the Adriatic. The Hôtel de la Ville has even an omnibus, with which it professes to meet boats and the occasional train; but this, we learned afterward, is a very delicate vehicle, and is taken out only in the finest weather. The porter of the house, whom we afterward came highly to esteem, was at the landing-place when we arrived; and his first look of consternation when he beheld ourselves, and the tenor of his apologies, presently showed us at how cheap a rate it is possible to be accounted a heroine. "Even *brave men*," he assured us, "always preferred coming from Sebenico to Spalato by the railway in such weather; and how could it have entered one's heart to conceive that a couple of signore would be so temerarious?"

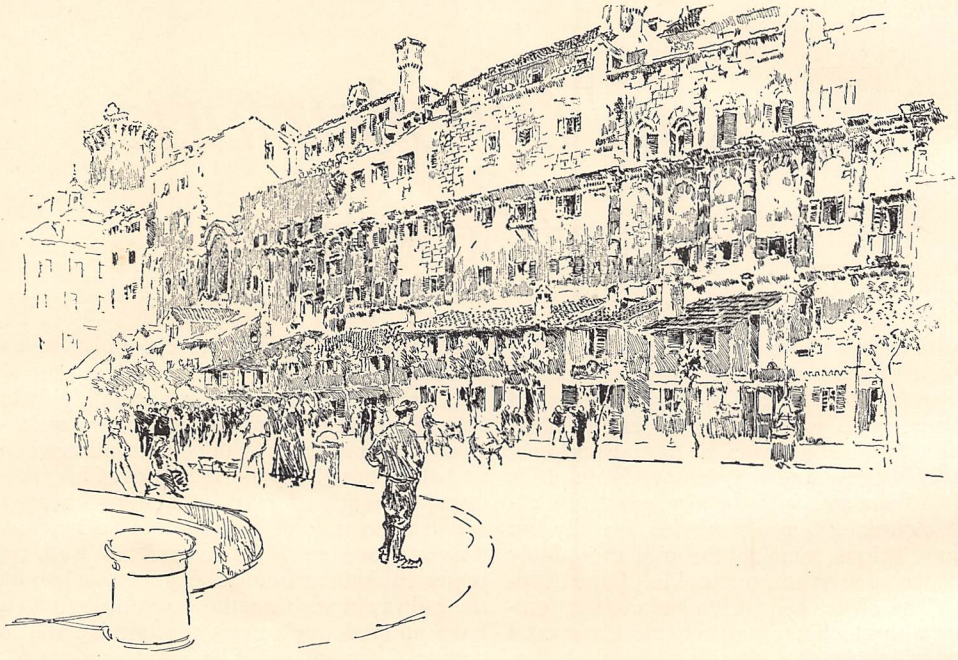


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

PALACE OF DIOCLETIAN, SPALATO, FROM THE HARBOR.

Amid fitful dashes of rain and a wild flaring of the harbor lights, we trudged along the *marina*, and the dramatic view thus obtained of the time-stained columns on the sea-front of Diocletian's palace, under which we passed, was almost more striking than the same stupendous object in the full glare of day.

How the wind raved and roared that night through the gorges and along the declivities of the bare limestone mountains which gather



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

FAÇADE OF THE PALACE OF DIOCLETIAN.

so closely about the town! The storm lasted for several days, and was accompanied by strange electrical disturbances, which seemed to point to some connection with the terrible earthquakes at that moment devastating the neighbor land of Greece. There were intervals of calm, however, and even of sunshine, during which we became familiar with the thoroughly commonplace aspect of the thriving modern town of Spalato and its three curiously distinct suburbs, and penetrated a little way — a very little way — into the baffling mystery of that medieval city which is crowded within the nine and a half acres inclosed by the massive walls of Diocletian.

Everybody knows the story of the rise, in the third century, of a common soldier, named after his native town of Dioclea in Illyria, to the throne of imperial Rome; how he ruled the world for twenty years, and then resolutely laid down the scepter, having already provided for himself, between the mountains and the sea, a stately and well-fortified retreat which had been familiar to his boyhood; how he lived nine years in his palace of delight, and then went the way of all the earth; and how after him came the invading barbarians who scattered his hoarded treasure, and made such havoc as they could, with fire and sword, among his adamantine walls and towers. It was not very much, after all; for fugitives, to the number of several thousand, escaped from their pillaged and blackened homes in the great Roman city of Salona, five miles away, threw themselves into this fortress, held the place against assault, and subsequently settled within it; and apparently it has been densely inhabited from that day to this. It was a quadrangular structure, measuring some six hundred feet each way, having square towers at the angles, and originally divided into four equal parts by intersecting streets which traversed it from north to south and from east to west. These terminated in four double gateways of graduated splendor, one in the center of each wall,— the iron, the brazen, the silver (which opened on the sea), and the golden opposite this upon the landward side. Of the decoration of the latter enough remains in the way of rich moldings, columns, and niches (whence the statues have long since vanished) to show how sumptuous it must once have



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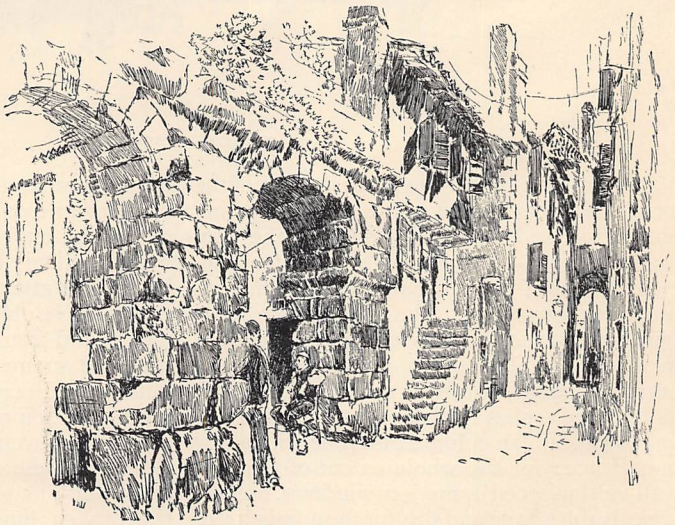
SHOP IN SPALATO.

been. The circuit of the walls is complete, and three of the great corner towers, besides several of the smaller ones which defended the gateways, remain.

If you enter now by the Porta Aurea, as the emperor used to do upon state occasions, you find yourself, at once, in a most extraordinary maze of narrow lanes, flanked by buildings of all the ages, and in all the styles which have prevailed, from Diocletian's day to our own. Broken fragments of carving, egg-and-arrow moldings, Byzantine interlacements, Venetian foliations, protrude in the most unexpected places, and are associated in the most incongruous manner. There is one entire street bordered by shops like those of Pompeii, with half the low-arched doorway occupied by a window, and a ledge which serves both as work-bench and counter. (We had seen such classic doorways before in the environs of France, and were to find it a favorite pattern in the more southern towns.) There are balconies of every variety, and some of the houses have projecting upper stories which render the hand-shake across the way quite practicable.

The emperor's own *corps de logis* must have occupied the entire southeastern quarter of the inclosure; the remainder having been devoted, somewhat as in Hadrian's villa at Tivoli, to elaborate baths, to the lodgment of his household, and the barracks of his guard. and the installation of the artisans who supplied the needs of this great community. Of the imperial dwelling the peristyle alone, with its magnificent Corinthian colonnade, remains distinct. From the level of this peristyle, itself raised high above the seaward gate, one mounted, and still mounts, by a flight of marble steps, to the octagonal temple, —apparently the emperor's private chapel,—which had also once its fine encircling colonnade, whereof only two or three pillars exist, and which has been for thirteen hundred years or so the cathedral of Spalato. The interior is very dim; and it is perhaps as well, for no amount of Christian millinery could ever avail to subdue the thoroughly pagan aspect of the lower ring of porphyry columns, and the upper ring of serpentine columns, and the white sculptured frieze over all, where Diana and her nymphs pursue the stag in endless chase.

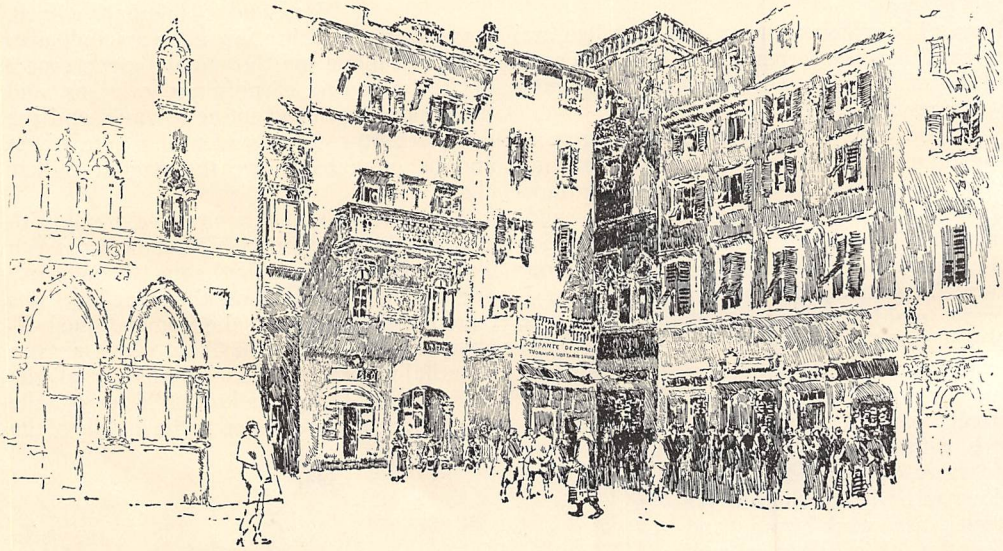
There is another hoary church close by with a superb Roman door, which some say was a temple of Æsculapius, and some, Diocletian's own mausoleum; and on the same level was reared in medieval times the Romanesque bell-tower, similar to that of Trau, which gives a beautiful if somewhat bizarre finish to all the old pictures of the Palatium. This campanile was in perfect preservation in the middle of the



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

STREET IN SPALATO.

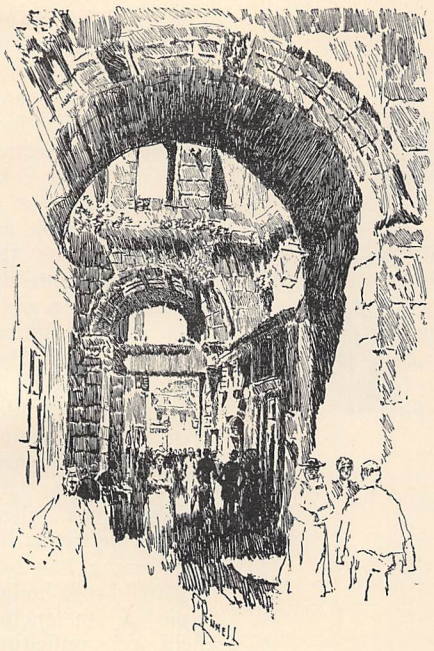
last century, when the celebrated British architect Adam visited Dalmatia, and made architectural drawings of all the principal Roman remains. He also composed beautifully idealized pictures of them for the adornment of a costly quarto to which Horace Walpole and all the other dilettanti of George the Third's court had dutifully subscribed beforehand, and of which there are still many copies easily accessible. But the foundations of this bell-tower must always have been doubtfully secure, and some time since it was decided thoroughly to rebuild it. To this end a huge staging, resembling a grain-elevator, was erected about the whole, the weather-stained color of whose timbers shows, at the first glance, how languidly the work of restoration has proceeded. Meanwhile this ugly structure and the tool-sheds in the area narrow quay at its base, and the towering summit is not merely overhung with flowers and creepers, but overtopped by the gables, chimneys, and upper stories of a row of dwelling-houses, to which one mounts by long flights of stone stairs from the level of the peristyle, and whose foundations must needs have been laid on the upper floor of the palace, since their entrance-doors are fully forty feet from the ground. It is supposed by some that the seaward arcade was originally a cryptoporticus where the emperor used to walk and inhale the briny breeze, and that the arches were filled in with masonry at a comparatively late period. But while the whole mass is full of interest and significance to the architect, as illustrating, by the principles of its construction and the style of its ornament, the transition from



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE PIAZZA, SPALATO.

of the peristyle render the general effect of the most interesting quarter of the palace anything but classic, and completely conceal the venerable sphinx — one of two brought by Diocletian himself from Egypt to adorn the approach to the temple. The whole inside of the imperial fortress as it now exists is, in fact, not merely indescribable, but undelineable; and even the majestic sea-front, sixty feet high, with its fifty-odd arches resting on as many half-engaged Corinthian columns, fills one with a dire impatience: for the whole extent of this vast wall-veil is pierced by modern windows, of every conceivable shape and size, for the admission of light into the dwellings which are built against it within. There is a row of shops along the purely Roman to what we are accustomed to call Romanesque architecture, it excites but to defeat the curiosity of the archæologist, who would find his life's work laid out for him if he were to attempt its thorough investigation. All portable objects of interest, both from the palace and from Salona, have long since been removed, many of them to the little museum outside the Brazen Gate; and there they are — sarcophagi, cippi, broken capitals, and bits of architrave jewelry, iridescent glass vessels, and coins (of these a precious, and even unique, collection), as well as the battered heads and the broken limbs of a whole marble population. They tell the student just as much and just as little as such things tell him elsewhere,



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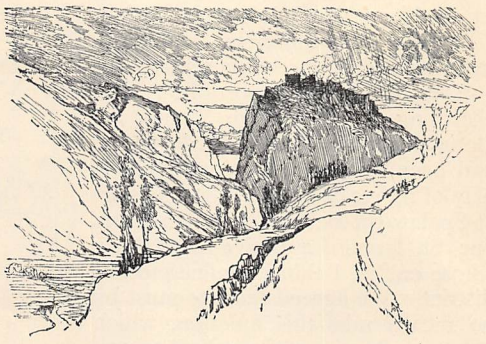
STREET IN THE PALACE, SPALATO.

and he may consider and catalogue them to his heart's content; but he can only beat his head in despair against Diocletian's everlasting ramparts when he considers what pregnant secrets are probably built into the walls and buried under the basements of those hundreds of included habitations.

Coming out of the palace by the Silver Gate, as we did in an interval of comparatively fair weather, on the day but one after our arrival, we found an animated scene upon the quay. First we met what seemed to be a pair of brigand chiefs. They had scarlet turbans and great gold hoop-earrings, embroidered jackets hung over their white shirts, and leather belts stuck full of daggers, pistols, and other dainty and deadly weapons. On them, too, we observed, for the first time, that strange nether garment, so generally worn by the men of the Dalmatian interior, which constitutes the exact complement of the famous divided skirt — namely, the united trousers. It is, in fact, a bag with two holes for the feet, hanging a little below the knees, which gives the wearer, when viewed from behind, a droll resemblance to an elephant. This was market-day, and there were many stalls and booths along the water-side which were supplied with relays of fresh vegetables, oranges, and lemons from the line of clumsily built and gaily painted boats moored just behind them; many of these having come in overnight from the islands and the nearer parts of Italy. Fennel and asparagus are in their prime, artichokes just coming on, peas all but over — so much for the forwardness of Dalmatian crops upon May-day. The prices are certainly moderate: two huge bunches of asparagus are offered at *sette soldi*, or about three cents, for the word *soldo* is used in Dalmatia without any reference to the value of the coin in Italy, but merely as a handy expression for the kreutzer, or hundredth part of a florin, the unit of the Austrian coinage.

The great harbor of Spalato is divided by piers into several minor havens, and a separate sort of traffic is assigned to each. All manner of garden produce is landed near the pretty little triangular fruit-market, overshadowed by a machicolated Venetian tower with a large fig-tree growing vigorously on the summit. Lower down, toward the Hôtel de la Ville, wood is deposited, then fish. In the other direction, and farther away still, are the coal-wharves; for the interior of the country is rich in coal, and the single railway, so often mentioned, brings down large quantities both to Sebenico and Spalato. As for the innumerable steamers, big and little, Austrian and Hungaro-Croatian, they too have their special piers, and their frequent coming and going would suffice to enliven the dullest day, even without the dazzling apparition of the smart white-and-gilt yacht of the Governor of Dalmatia, often moored in these waters, and the perpetual interest attaching to a training-ship, constructed upon the beautiful but now rarely seen model of the old-fashioned brig, which lies at anchor away off toward the long breakwater.

When the persistent rain is no more than a sullen drizzle, we go for our afternoon coffee to the main piazza of Spalato, which lies just outside the turreted Porta Ferrea. There is a truly gorgeous café on one side of this square, and opposite stands the charming Gothic palace, once the official residence of the Venetian governor. The fashionable shops of Spalato are also here; and in one of them, a bookseller's, we lighted one day upon an Italian translation



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

CLISSA, FROM THE ROAD TO SINJ.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

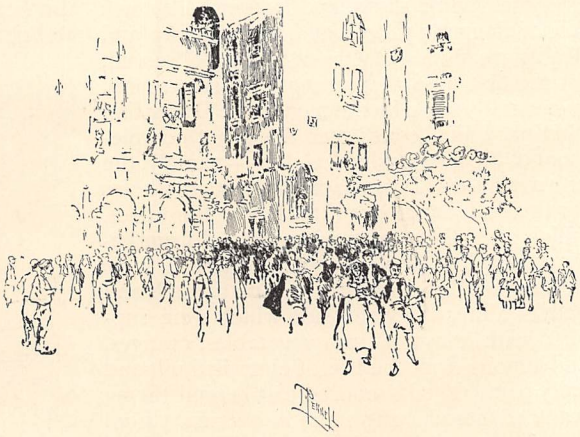
THE MARKET, SINJ.

town of Sinj, among the foot-hills of the Dalmatic Alps, near the borders of Bosnia, lies about as far from Spalato as the fortress of Knin from Sebenico; but there is no railway to Sinj, and we started for that point at the depressing hour of five, on a chill and rather dubious morning, in a lumbering vehicle called by courtesy a landau. The way led slowly up among vineyards, olive-orchards, and bright green wheat-fields, between full-blossoming hawthorn and wild-rose hedges, past a melancholy field of unfeatured Roman ruins, to the modern village of Salona. Strange, indeed, are the mementos of the olden time which meet one on every side in this little hamlet. Under the vine-draped eaves of the wine-shop and the *trattoria* are tables composed of marble slabs, and supported upon the inverted Corinthian capitals of some long-forgotten temple. A stable door has a sculptured lintel, and fluted pillars do menial service as its jambs. A stele, surmounted by a double mask, supports the low roof-tree of a miserable cottage, while Greek heads with hyacinthine curls, and inscriptions *Dis Manibus*, are built into the walls of dwellings of greater pretensions.

At Salona the road forks—the left branch

of the "Trois Mousquetaires," which we bought for a florin, and then hastened home, under a pelting shower, to lose ourselves for the rest of the dark, wild afternoon in the familiar yet ever fresh adventures of D'Artagnan and the immortal three. One night we were ambitious, and took a box at the theater of Spalato, where we heard "Ma'mzelle Nitouche" given with great spirit in Czech by a Bohemian company. The Slavic portion of the audience understood, we were told, about one word in ten, so they had not so very much the advantage of us; but one feels the Slavic element gaining fast on one at Spalato. The names of streets and tradesmen's signs are usually printed in that unpromising tongue, and one hears its clattering consonants everywhere (a public square is a *Trg*); but we never found any one upon the seaboard with whom we could not communicate in Italian.

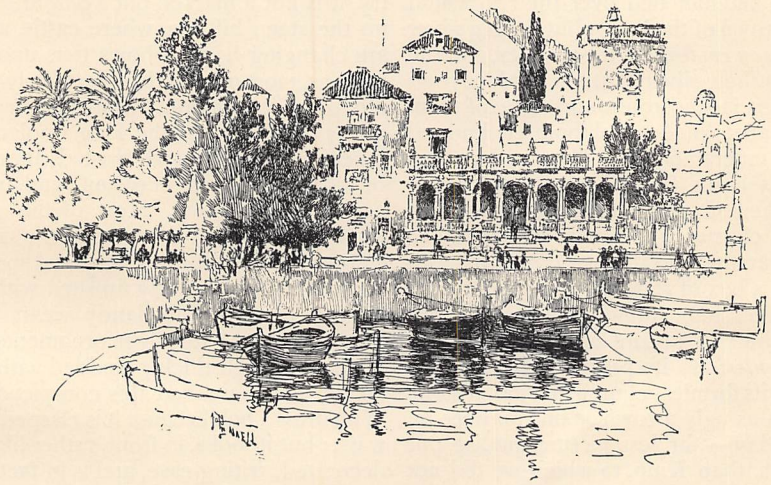
By the time the storm had fairly worn itself out, our artists rejoined us —"our own" with a portfolio full of charming sketches from Trau. All along the coast, from Zara down, we had been hearing of the wonderful display of native costumes still to be seen at Spalato on the festival of its patron, one St. Dojmo, a native of Salona, whose cult is, I think, confined to this district. We agreed that we must by no means miss this function, which falls upon May 7, and resolved to employ part of the intervening time in another inland excursion. The market-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

DANCE OF THE MORLAKS, SPALATO.

leading through more olive plantations, past the Sette Castelli, to Trau; while we ourselves turn sharply to the right, and begin to climb by long zigzags the flanks of Mount Koziak. Another group of mountains lies beyond this peak, the selfsame range of bare, volcanic heights to whose ashen declivities we had so long seen the rain-clouds clinging from our windows at the Hôtel de la Ville. Happily, however, the showery morning has turned bright, and there is now fair promise of a brilliant day, and so we pursue our upward course, around the base of a fortress-crowned crag, with a white village at its foot, and severed by a deep cleft from the mass of the mountain. Fortress and town bear the name of Clissa, and, looking back from under the ramparts, the eye takes in at a glance the whole geography of this part of the shore — Spalato lying on the south side of the big promontory which divides its bay from that of Trau, a long stretch of the lower coast, and islands beyond islands dotting the purple main.



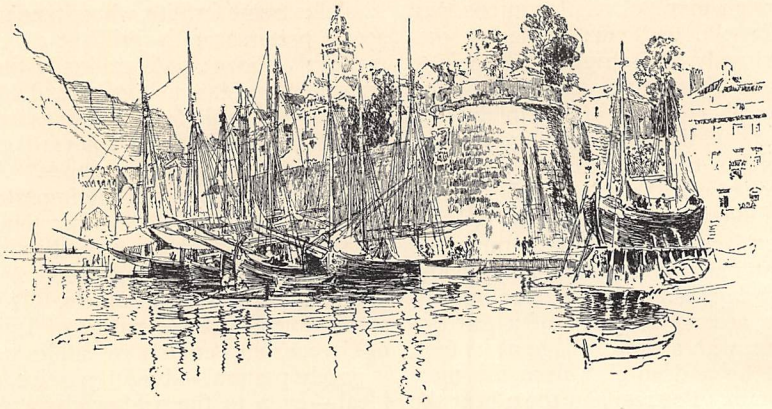
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

LOGGIA, LESINA.

Beyond Clissa the road runs for several miles over a rocky plateau shadeless and arid as that of La Crau in Provence, which it recalls: only here it is no mysterious rain of stones which has desolated a previously fertile plain; but the jagged surface of the limestone ledge lies bare, in whose interstices scarcely soil enough to support the scantiest arctic vegetation has had a chance to accumulate since the comparatively late geological period of its upheaval.

After a while the monotony of this bleak wilderness begins to be relieved by narrow valleys of extreme fertility, whose tender greenery seems preternaturally brilliant after the desert levels above; and gradually these pleasant valleys increase in breadth and importance, and show humble farm-buildings beside running streams, well-tended vineyards and groves of oak upon their grassy slopes. And here, at length, out of sight of the importunate sea, we seem to discern for the first time the true physiognomy of this country, the simple, natural, untrained, and unguarded *look*, which differentiates it from all others. It is a landscape which links the nature of Italy to that of Greece, but perfectly resembles neither. It is purely pastoral — bright, pensive, primitive, ideal — even to the wild-eyed shepherd-boys piping shrilly to the immense black and red-brown flocks which they lead over the stony uplands.

A level river-valley now opens before us,— that of the Cettina, which is in broad spring flood,— and we can well believe what our drowsy old coachman tells us of the malaria which prevails here later in the year. The soil is rich, but the laborers are poor; for the land is worked on the metayer system, whereby the husbandman gets all the benefit of the fever and only half that of the fertility. His house is a low, thatched hovel; and one can only marvel that a woman, coming from a home like this, and walking ten miles to the "bazaar" at Sinj, can reach it, as most of them do, with her white woolen slip and embroidered linen cap reasonably clean. The long, blue outer garment may have been put on wrong side outward to protect its embroidery in case of rain, and the

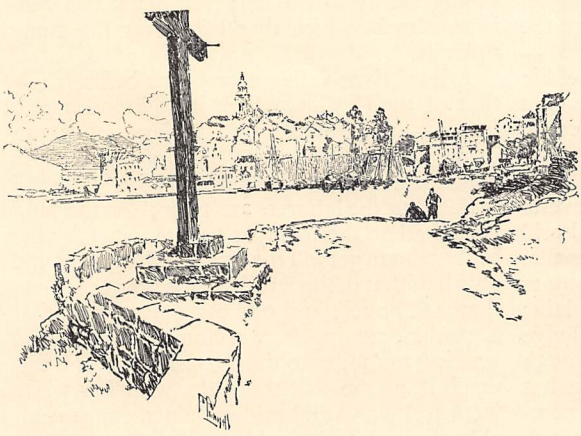


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE HARBOR, CURZOLA.

second-best kerchief tied over the cap which covers the crown of the head; but the big silver hair-pins are *en evidence* at the temples, and the men display their silver buttons in close rows all down their jacket-fronts, and some of them carry fine wallets made of elaborately knotted twine, *i. e.*, macramé lace. They will all stop on their way home from the market to have their cherished silver ornaments treated by a professional cleaner who squats in a cave-like doorway near the entrance to the town, with a brush and a box of reddish paste, and a bowl of what smells like ammonia, wherewith for a kreutzer he will restore any article of this peasant *bijouterie* to its pristine whiteness.

Sinj, with its formless church and gaunt stone dwellings, is as ugly a town as one may see on a summer day — far less picturesque, so our artists tell us, than Knin, to which we did not go. But the market at Sinj is well worth a forty-four mile drive, being a thoroughly Oriental sight. In fact, in the language of the country, it is not a market, but a bazaar. The view up the steep hillside, where cattle and sheep are changing hands, shows tiers upon tiers of turbans, most of them of a peculiarly rich, dark red. The foundation of this fine head-gear is always the fez; but the long woolen scarf, so ingeniously rolled and twisted about it, may be taken off, upon occasion, and used upon a recalcitrant beast. Most of the men wear their jet-black hair short under the turban, but a fanciful few let it grow long, and sport a braid down the back, neatly finished with a silver tassel. The genuine dandy wears also long leather gaiters with silver ornaments, and has his leathern belt thickly studded with the same metal. I have called this conspicuous article of his dress a belt because it is clasped about the waist; but it looks, in front, rather like a highly decorated writing-case, and is in fact a pouch, or series of pockets, for the accommodation of his various knives and pistols, and the instruments for cleaning his long pipe. The latter is removed from his mouth only in moments of strong emotion, when language has to be emphasized by violent gesture. The majority of these outlandish beings are really good Catholics, and loyal subjects of Francis Joseph; but there is a certain proportion of Bogomiles, and also of Mussulmans, among whom one or two wear the green turban which proclaims them pilgrims returned from Mecca.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

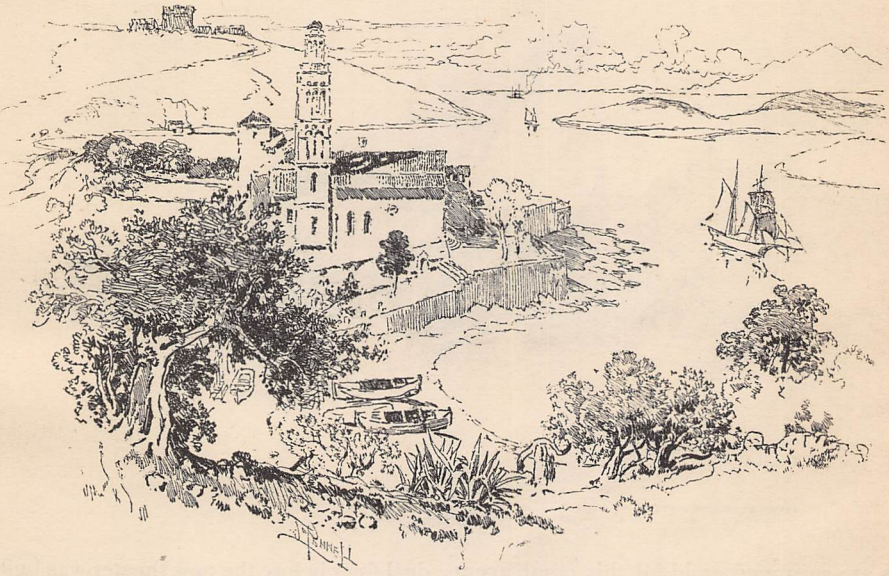
CURZOLA.

Other things than sheep and cattle may be bought at Sinj on a Saturday, at the booths which line the central street of the town. Here are rolls of the heavy white woolen stuff of which the sheath-like gown of the women is made, gold and silver thread and bright wools for the native embroidery, wooden distaffs, trident-shaped and curiously

carved, rosaries and silver ornaments of every description, besides eggs, oranges, and goat's-milk cheeses. There is a primitive but available inn at Sinj, where we got an excellent midday meal, and then rested for a while in an airy and very clean upper chamber, whose walls were adorned with large colored prints of Rudolph and Stephanie in all the ironical splendor of their bridal finery. The window of this room commanded a wide prospect, bounded by the snow-capped mountains which formed the Turkish frontier until the Congress of Berlin; and all along the country roads diverging from the town we could see, slowly crawling, a procession of laden donkeys, guided by red-turbaned men or blue-coated, white-sleeved women. The same picturesque procession was still moving when we dashed — rather rapidly for Dalmatia — down the steep hill of Sinj; and we had occasion to admire, as we passed, the miscellaneous burdens of the donkeys, and the ingenuity with which they were adjusted. In one case we observed the meek heads of three living lambs protruding from either pannier.

The evening was beautifully clear, and as we approached the deep mountain cleft beside Clissa we could see through it, miles below, a fairy-like level of sea, and Spalato, like a toy village, lying along the shore-line, rosy with sunset. Beyond the cliff we got a like charming view of the hamlet which is called Piccola Venezia, lying far out in the water to the north of Spalato, and connected with the mainland by a thread-like causeway.

Everything now augured well for the weather on Monday, the day of the *festa*. We listened in vain for a certain phantom warning of storm which we had been privileged to hear earlier in the week — namely, the distinct pealing of the bells of San Pietro on the island of Brazza, twelve miles away. "*Mal' augurio*," cried the sailors when they heard it, and shook their earrings gravely. Already on this same Saturday evening of our return from Sinj, the town was beginning to fill, and all through Sunday the trading-boats were flocking in across the glassy water from the Dalmatian islands and coasts, from Istria, Italy, and even Greece. Some of these were simply packed level with a single kind of fruit or vegetable, — one with green peas from some northerly station, another with a bed of glistening onions. Sometimes the padrone erected a fanciful booth for the display of his wares; in other cases he was content to take up his station on the quay, over against his craft, with the goods he had brought — pottery, kitchen utensils, fishing-rods, farming tools, or what not — displayed about his feet. Every child in Spalato had provided himself with a penny whistle before Sunday night, and at dawn on Monday, though the church bells were clanging their loudest, the piercing note of the infantile pipe was perceptible above them all. In the way of costume, however, the fête proved rather disappointing. There were some single dresses of great richness and beauty, and a pretty effect was produced by the exchange of the white woolen feminine garment, with



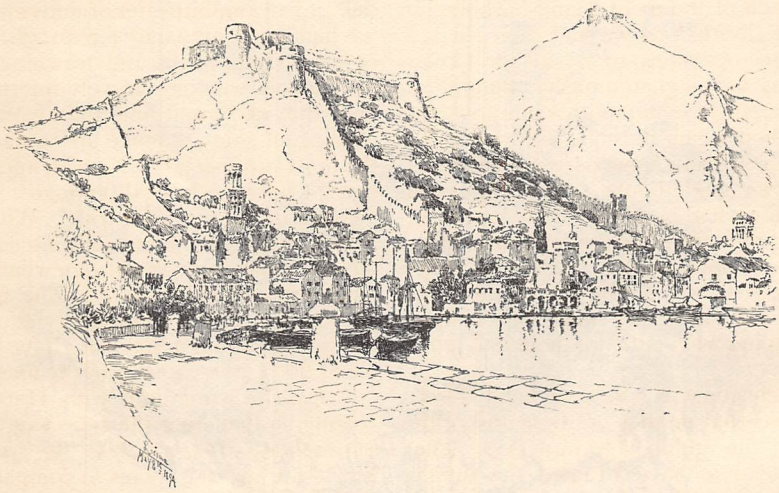
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE HARBOR, LESINA.

which we had grown so familiar, for its summer equivalent in white linen, which has a full skirt and very broad, open sleeves. There was also a great display, on the part of the tradesmen's wives of Spalato, of enormously long gold chains, passed many times round the neck, and fastened on the breast by a big brooch set with seed-pearls, while a really elegant hairpin, opening out like a flower, with clusters of pearls nodding upon gold wire, was set among the massive black braids. But the dress which these costly articles rather shame than adorn is only a plain skirt and an ugly, loose-fitting sacque of some dark stuff, while the majority of the men wear the hopeless "business suit" of our sordid modern society. The really fine costumes are swamped amid all this complacent ugliness; and, save for the red caps of the fishermen, the crowd is hardly more picturesque in mass than that of a New England cattle-show.

In the morning there was a religious procession, chiefly remarkable for the exquisite metal-work of many of the reliquaries carried by the priests. It made the circuit of the central piazza, the *Trg Gospodski*, with gleam of silver and red sparkle of candle-light and the waving of pictured banners, then vanished within the dusky purlieus of the cathedral without ever emerging upon the *riva*. The procession was accompanied by a loud band; but the most curious feature of the Morlak dance, performed in the same piazza in the afternoon, was the entire absence of music. It is not, properly speaking, a dance at all, but a sort of hop, skip, and jump performed by a man and one or two women, who with hands interlaced, the man keeping always on the outside, whirl about for a season, and then go stormily "up the middle and down again." The men stick peacocks' feathers in their hats for this performance, which is rather stirring both to actors and spectators.

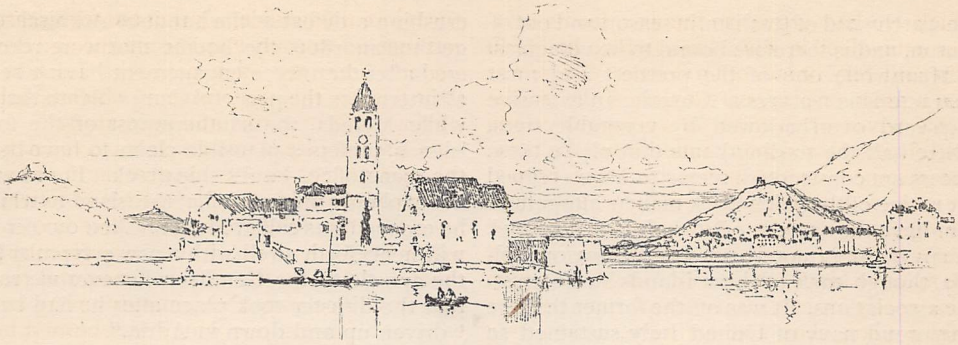
While the piazza was given up to the dance, the marina had also its excitement in the way of that most unintelligible species of lottery, a *tombola;* and in the evening the already o'er-familiar "Cavalleria Rusticana" was given at the theater. This, by the way, is a new and really stately edifice with a charmingly pretty auditorium, replacing one which was burned here about two years ago, happily without loss of life. They tell you mysteriously all over the town that St. Dojmo's procession was a great deal finer before the new theater was built; but why this should be, whether they used the properties of the theater at the church festival, or employed church funds to rebuild the theater, is a dark problem which nobody seems able or willing to solve.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

LESINA.

Among the countless islands which may be discerned from any commanding point upon the hills behind Spalato, there are three or four which every voyager in these waters ought to visit. If he be the proud possessor of that yacht which we professed to have ceased to covet, he can, of course, go when he will to Lesina, Lissa, Meleda, and Curzola, and stay as long in each as the lordly whim may take him. Otherwise he must adapt himself to the arrangements — and at first sight they appear a little whimsical — of the rival steamship companies. Thus he may either make a round trip from Spalato, which will occupy three or four days, or he may content himself with taking passage on one of the



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

LISSA.

slow boats which run between Trieste and Cattaro or Corfu, most of which lie up for several hours at each of the main island-harbors. In the end we decided, as we had done on several previous occasions, to try all the various ways among us, magnanimously assuming an unlimited liability for one another's impressions. It is a method which must be used with caution unless you know your partners very well. The only two guide-books of the Dalmatian coast which we had been able to procure in Vienna — that of Joanne and that of Hartleben — are in flagrant opposition to each other about most of the facts concerning the islands; and the sequel will show how near we ourselves came to finding what either of them had led us to expect.

The conclusion which we were finally forced to adopt was that neither of these authorities had visited the archipelago in person. They appear instead to have adopted the simpler plan of allowing "thought to play freely," in the words of Matthew Arnold, around some ancient series of prints of the Dalmatian coast and islands, idealized as it used to be thought obligatory to idealize in the days of Adam and Chapuy. At Lesina, for example, upon the island of the same name, a cheery, peaceful, and most inviting town, with an exquisite loggia fronting the principal quay, a harmless little citadel, and an amphitheater of softly swelling hills, we had been prepared for an *effet prodigieux* of precipitous peaks and frowning fortresses. At Curzola we were gravely informed by Joanne that we should find among other striking objects, all going to make up "a stage effect of the most surprising," . . . "an ancient bridge carried upon arches tall enough to admit the passage of full-masted barks." Will it be believed that there is not only no such bridge, but no tradition of any bridge whatever in the neighborhood of Curzola? The nearest approach is an extremely modest viaduct crossing a dry ditch, which it may once have been possible to flood, to a gateway in the fine town wall.

A favorite word both with Hartleben and Joanne, in depicting the aspect of the islands, is *amazing* — "*überraschend*" — "*surprenant.*" But it is when one comes to compare their descriptions with the reality that the amazement properly comes in. Hartleben even goes so far as to give striking prints both of the bridge at Curzola and the beetling crags of Lesina; and the reader may find it amusing to compare his illustrations with the sketches of our own artist, who waves the banner and shouts



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SHIP-YARD, CURZOLA.

the watchword of Realism, in season and out of season, and is therefore bound to be veracious.

Meanwhile one of the prettiest and most characteristic features of Curzola, an extensive ship-yard overshadowed by venerable trees, where half the trading-boats that ply in these waters are constructed, seems to have escaped the notice of the guide-book makers altogether. Nor have they cared to let their fancy "play" to any great extent about either Lissa or Meleda, though each of these islands has interesting associations. It was off the former that the first proud navy of United Italy sustained so crushing a defeat at the hands of Admiral Tegetthoff in 1866, the bodies that were recovered after that fierce engagement having been all interred in the peaceful Campo Santo there; while Meleda, the southernmost of the four islands, prefers a plausible claim to have been the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck. For are we not explicitly informed that the island to which he escaped was called Melita? And our hearts will henceforth swell with a new sympathy for the apostle to the Gentiles whenever we read that the disaster took place after he had been "driven up and down in Adria."

(To be continued.)

Harriet Waters Preston.

TESLA'S OSCILLATOR AND OTHER INVENTIONS.

AN AUTHORITATIVE ACCOUNT OF SOME OF HIS RECENT ELECTRICAL WORK.[1]

SKOBELEFF, the great Russian general, once said of the political conditions in Central Asia, that they changed every moment; hence the necessity for vigilance, no less the price of empire than of liberty. Thus changeful, also, is the aspect of that vast new electrical domain which the thought and invention of our age have subdued. They who would inform themselves expertly about it, in whatever respect, must ever keep up an attitude of strained attention. Its theoretical problems assume novel phases daily. Its old appliances ceaselessly give way to successors. Its methods of production, distribution, and utilization vary from year to year. Its influence on the times is ever deeper, yet one can never be quite sure into what part of the social or industrial system it is next to thrust a revolutionary force. Its fanciful dreams of yesterday are the magnificent triumphs of to-morrow, and its advance toward domination in the twentieth century is as irresistible as that of steam in the nineteenth.

Throughout this change there has prevailed a consistency of purpose: a steady aim has been leveled at definite goals; while useful arts in multitude attest the solidity of the work done. If, therefore, we find a tremendous outburst of activity at the very moment when, after twenty-five years of superlative productiveness, electricians were ready, with the reforming English statesman, to rest and be thankful, we may safely assume that electricity has reached another of those crucial points at which it becomes worth the while of the casual outside observer to glance at what is going on. To the timid and the conservative, even to many initiated, these new departures have indeed become exasperating. They demand the unlearning of established facts, and insist on right-about-faces that disregard philosophical dignity. The sensations of a dog attempting to drink sea-water after a lifetime spent on inland lakes are feeble compared with those of men who discover that electricity is quite other than the fluid which they have believed it to be from their youth up, and that actually there is no such thing as electricity or an electric current.

Electricity has, indeed, taken distinctively new ground of late years; and its present state of unrest — unsurpassed, perhaps, in other regions of research — is due to recent theory and practice, blended in a striking manner in the discoveries of Mr. Nikola Tesla,[2] who, though not altogether alone, has come to be a foremost and typical figure of the era now begun. He invites attention to-day, whether for profound investigations into the nature of electricity, or for beautiful inventions in which is offered a concrete embodiment of the latest means for attaining the ends most sought after in the distribution of light, heat, and power, and in the distant communication of intelli-

1 The photographs reproduced in this article were taken, under the special direction of the inventor, by Tonnele & Co.

2 A biographical sketch of Mr. Tesla, by the present writer, with portrait, appeared in THE CENTURY for February, 1894.—EDITOR.

gence. Any one desirous of understanding the trend and scope of modern electrical advance will find many clues in the work of this inventor. The present article discloses a few of the more important results which he has attained, some of the methods and apparatus which he employs, and one or two of the theories to which he resorts for an explanation of what is accomplished.

By a brief preliminary survey, we may determine our historical longitude and latitude, and thus ascertain a little more precisely where we are. It is necessary to recapitulate facts known and accepted. Let it, then, be remarked that aside from the theories and interpretations that have beset the science, electricity as an art has for three hundred years been directed chiefly to securing an abundant, cheap, efficient, and economical supply of the protean agency, be it what it may. Frictional machine, Leyden jar, coil, battery, magnet, dynamo, oscillator,— these are but the steps in a process as regular and well-defined as those which take us from the aboriginal cradling of gold out of river sands up to the refining of ore with all the appliances of modern mechanism and chemistry. Each stage in electrical evolution has seen the conquest of some hitherto unknown art — electrotherapy, telegraphy, telephony, electric lighting, electric heating, power transmission; yet each has had limitations set on it by the conditions prevailing. With a mere battery much can be done; with a magnet, still more; with a dynamo, we touch possibilities of all kinds, for we compel the streams, the coal-fields, and the winds to do us service: but with Mr. Tesla's new oscillator we may enlist even the ether-waves, and turn our wayward recruits into resistless trained forces, sweeping across continents of unimagined opportunity.

The dynamo, slowly perfected these fifty years, has rendered enormous benefits, and is destined to much further usefulness. But all that we learn now about it of any intrinsic value is to build it bigger, or to specialize it; and the moment a device reaches that condition of development, the human intellect casts about for something else in which the elements are to be subtler and less gross. Based upon currents furnished by modern dynamo-electric machines, the arc-light and the trolley-car seek to monopolize street illumination and transportation, while the incandescent lamp has preempted for exclusive occupancy the interiors of our halls and homes. Yet the abandonment of gas, horses, and sails is slow, because the dynamo and its auxiliaries have narrow boundaries, trespassing which, they cease to offer any advantage. We can all remember the high hopes with which, for example, incandescent lighting was introduced some fifteen years ago. Even the most cynical detractor of it will admit that its adoption has been quick and widespread; but as a simple matter of fact, to-day, all the lamps and all the lighting dynamos in the country would barely meet the needs of New York and Chicago if the two cities were to use no other illuminant than electricity. In all England there are only 1,750,000 incandescent lamps contesting for supremacy with probably 75,000,000 gas-burners, and the rate of increase is small, if indeed it exceeds that of gas. Evidently, some factor is wanting, and a new point of departure, even in mere commercial work, is to be sought, so that with longer circuits, better current-generating apparatus, and lamps that will not burn out, the popular demand for a pure and perfect light can be met. In power transmission, also, unsatisfied problems of equal magnitude crop up. "Is there any load that water cannot lift?" asked Emerson. "If there be, try steam; or if not that, try electricity. Is there any exhausting of these means?" None, provided that our mechanics be right.

It must not be supposed that the new electricity is iconoclastic. In the minds of a great many people of culture the idea prevails that invention is as largely a process of pulling down as of building up; and electricity, in spreading from one branch of industry to another, encounters the prejudice that always rebuffs the innovator. The assumption is false. It may be true that in the gladiatorial arena where the principles of science contend, one party or the other always succumbs and drags out its dead; but in the arts long survival is the law for all the appliances that have been found of any notable utility. It simply becomes a question of the contracting sphere within which the old apparatus is hedged by the advent of the new; and that relation once established by processes complex and long continued, capable even of mathematical determination, the two go on together, complementary in their adjustment to specific human needs. In its latest outgrowths, electrical application exemplifies this. After many years' use of dynamo-electric machinery giving what is known as a "continuous current," the art has reached the conclusion that only with the "alternating current" can it fulfil the later duties laid upon it, and accomplish the earlier tasks that remain untouched. With the continuous current we have learned the rudiments of lighting and power distribution. With the alternating current, manipulated and coaxed to yield its highest efficiency, we may solve the problems of aërial and marine navigation by electricity, operate large railway systems, transmit the energy of Niagara hundreds of miles, and, in Mr. Tesla's own phrase, "hook our machinery directly to that of Nature."

THE GENERATION OF CURRENT.

LET us see wherein lies the difference between these two kinds of currents. In all dynamos the generation of what we call electric current is effected by the whirling of coils of wire in front of magnets, or conversely. The wires that lead away from the machine and back to it to complete the necessary circuit, may be compared to a circle of troughs or to a pipe-line; the coils and magnets are comparable to pump mechanism; and the lamps or motors driven by the current, to fountains or faucets spaced out on the trough circle. This comparison is crudity itself, but it gives a fairly exact idea. The current travels along the surface of the wire rather than inside, its magnetic or ether whorls resembling rubber bands sliding along a lead-pencil. A machine that produces continuous current, dipping its wire coils or buckets into the magnetic field of force, has all its jets, as they come around to discharge themselves, headed one way, and complicated devices called "commutators" have been unavoidable for the purpose of "rectifying" them. A machine that produces alternating currents, on the contrary, has its jets thrown first into one end of the trough system, and then into the other, and therefore dispenses with the rectifying or commutating valves. On the other hand, it requires peculiar adjustment of its fountains and faucets to the streams rushing in either way. It is an inherent disadvantage of the continuous-current system that it cannot deliver energy successfully at any great distance at high pressure, and that therefore the pipe-line must be relatively as bulky as were the hollow wooden logs which were once employed for water-conduits in New York. The advantage of the alternating current is that it can be delivered at exceedingly high pressures over very slender wires, and used either at that pressure or at lower or higher ones, obtained by means of a "transformer," which, according to its use, answers both to the idea of a magnetic reducing valve, and to that of a spring-board accelerating the rapidity of motion of any object alighting on it. Obviously a transformer cannot return more than is put into it, so that it gives out the current received with less pressure but in greater volume, or raised in pressure but diminished in the volume of the stream. In some like manner a regiment of soldiers may be brought by express to any wharf, and transferred, Indian file, to a sailing barge or an ocean liner indifferently; but throughout the trip the soldiers will constitute the same regiment, and when picked up by another train across the ferry, the body, though there be loss by desertion and sickness, will retain its identity, even if the ranks are broken in filling the cars, and are reformed four abreast at the end of the journey.

ALTERNATING CURRENTS.

LET us, still recapitulating familiar facts, make the next step in our review of what is involved in the resort to alternating currents. It was stated above that the current-consuming devices such as motors, likened to fountains, needed peculiar adjustments to the inflow first from one side and then from the other. Not to put it at all too strongly, they would not work, and have largely remained inoperative to the present time. Lamps would burn, but motors would not run, and this fact limited seriously the adoption and range of the otherwise flexible and useful alternating current until Mr. Tesla discovered a beautiful and unsuspected solution of the problem, and thus embarked on one part of the work now revealing grander possibilities every day. The transmission of the power of Niagara has become possible since the discovery of the method. In his so-called "rotating magnetic field," a pulley mounted upon a shaft is perpetually running after a magnetic "pole" without ever being able to catch it. The fundamental idea is to produce magnetism shifting circularly, in contrast with the old and known phenomenon of magnetism in a fixed position. Those who have seen the patient animal inside the treadmill wheel of the well at Carisbrooke Castle can form an idea of the ingenuity of Mr. Tesla's plan.

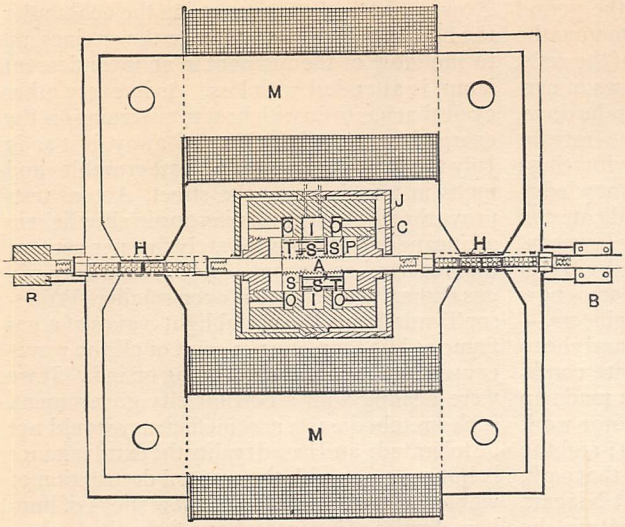
Ordinarily, alternating-current generators, such as are now in common use, have a great number of projecting poles to cause the alternations of current, and hence their "frequency" is high — that is, the current makes a great many to-and-fro motions per second, and each ebb-and-flow in the circuit is termed the "period" or "frequency," one alternation being the rise from zero to maximum value and down to nothing again, and the other the same thing backward. If we ruled a horizontal straight line, and then drew a round-bellied Hogarth curve of beauty across it, the half of the curve above the line would be illustrative of the positive flow, the lower half of the negative flow; the top of one oval and the bottom of the other oval would be the positive and negative maxima respectively; and the point where the curve crossed the straight line would mark the instant when the current changes its direction. A swinging pendulum is an analogy favored by scientists in their endeavors to illustrate popularly the process of the generation of the alternating current. Each time the copper wire in the coils on the dynamo armature is rotated past the pole of the dynamo field, the currents in each coil follow this rise and fall; so that the number

of the magnets and coils determines the period or frequency, as stated. The more numerous the magnets, and the faster the rotation of the coils, the quicker will be the ebbs and flows of current. But the character of the work to be done, and existing conditions, govern the rate at which the current is thus to be set vibrating; and no small amount of skill and knowledge enters here. The men who can predicate the right thing to do are still few and far between. The field has as yet been little explored. Moreover, in one of the deepest problems now engaging the thought of electrical engineers,—namely, the production of cheap light and cheap power by these new means,—opposite conditions pull different ways. Mr. Tesla made up his mind some time ago that for motor work it was better to have few frequencies; and the whole drift of power transmission is on that path, the frequency adopted for the work at Niagara being only twenty-five. But, as was natural, he ran through the whole scale of low and high frequencies, and soon discovered that for obtaining light, one great secret lay in the utilization of currents of high frequency and high potential. Some years ago, after dealing with the power problem as above described, Mr. Tesla attacked the light problem by building a number of novel alternating-current generators for the purpose, and attained with them alternations up to 30,000 per second. These machines transcended anything theretofore known in the art, and their currents were further raised in pressure by "step up" transformers and condensers. But these dynamos had their shortcomings. The number of the poles and coils could not be indefinitely increased, and there was a limit to the speed. To go to the higher frequencies, therefore, Mr. Tesla next invented his "disruptive discharge coil," which permitted him to reach remarkably high frequency and high pressure, and, what is more, to obtain these qualities from any ordinary current, whether alternating or continuous. With this apparatus he surprised the scientists both of this country and of Europe in a series of most interesting demonstrations. It is not too much to say that these experiments marked an epoch in electricity, yielding results which lie at the root of his later work with the oscillator in an inconceivably wider range of phenomena.

THE TESLA OSCILLATOR.

Up to this point we have been considering both continuous-current and alternating-current dynamos as driven by the ordinary steam-engine. Perhaps nine tenths of all the hundreds of thousands of dynamos in the world to-day are so operated, the remainder being driven by water-wheels, gas-engines, and compressed air. Now, each step from consuming the coal under the boilers that deliver steam to the engines, up to the glow of the filament in an incandescent lamp, is attended with loss. As in every other cycle that has to do with heat transformation, the energy is more or less frittered away, just as in July the load in an iceman's cart crumbles and melts in transit along the street. Actual tests prove that the energy manifesting itself as light in an incandescent lamp is barely five per cent. of that received as current. In the luminosity of a gas flame the efficiency is even smaller. Professor Tyndall puts the useful light-waves of a gas flame at less than one per cent. of all the waves caused by the combustion going on in it. If we were dealing with a corrupt city government, such wretched waste and inefficiency would not be tolerated; and in sad reality the extravagance is but on a par with the wanton destruction of whole forests for the sake of a few sticks of lumber. Armies of inventors have flung themselves on the difficulties involved in these barbaric losses occurring at every stage of the calorific, mechanical, and electric processes; and it is indeed likely that many lines of improvement have already been compelled to yield their utmost, reaching terminal forms. A moment's thought will show that one main object must be the elimination of certain steps in the transfer of the energy; and obviously, if engine and dynamo both have large losses, it will be a gain to merge the two pieces of apparatus. The old-fashioned electric-light station or street-railway power-house is a giddy maze of belts and shafting; in the later plants engine and dynamo are coupled directly together on one base. This is a notable stride, but it still leaves us with a dynamo in which some part of the wire wound on it is not utilized at every instant, and with an engine of complicated mechanism. The steam-cylinder, with its piston, is the only thing actually doing work, and all the rest of the imposing collection of fly-wheel, governor-balls, eccentrics, valves, and what not, is for the purpose of control and regulation.

In his oscillator Mr. Tesla, to begin with, has stripped the engine of all this governing mechanism. By giving also to the coils in which the current is created as they cut the "lines of force" of the magnets, a to-and-fro or reciprocating motion, so that the influence on them is equal in every direction, he has overcome the loss of the idle part of the wire experienced in rotating armatures; and, moreover, greatest achievement of all, he has made the currents regulate the mechanical motions. No matter how close the governing of the engine that drives the ordinary dynamo, with revolving armature, there is some irregularity in the generation of current. In the Tesla oscillator, if its inventor and the evidence of one's eyes may be



This form of oscillator has been used for experimental purposes, with air as the propelling force. It illustrates the principle of operation further developed in the machine shown in perspective in Fig. 2, in which steam is used as the propelling force. Outermost of all is seen the magnetic frame M M, built up of thin sheet-iron. This frame is wound with energizing coils of wire (indicated in hatchwork), as in ordinary electromagnets, and thus an intense magnetic "field of force" is concentrated on each side in the vicinity of H H, where are seen in dotted line two pairs of armature coils moving between the jaws of the inclosing electromagnets formed by M M. These armature coils, at H H, are supported on the shaft A, which runs through the piston P, and they, with the shaft, have additional bearings in the boxes B B at each end of the mechanism. The piston P is fitted into the hollow of the cylinder C, which in turn is inclosed by a jacket J, the latter serving chiefly to deaden the sound caused in working. The piston P is provided with channel-ports O O and I, which extend all around its inside surface. I is the inlet for the propelling compressed air, and O O are the outlets for the expanded air after its work is done at each stroke. In the piston P there are also two slots S S', while tubes T T are screwed into holes drilled in the piston. These tubes T T establish communication between the slots S S' and the chambers seen on each side of the piston, each chamber being thus connected with the slot which is remote from it. Now, the compressed air being brought through a delivery-pipe to the inlet I, with the piston P in the position it occupies in the diagram, and the shaft A being slightly touched so as to slide it a little to the left, the compressed air rushes through the slot S' and its communicating tube T, out into the chamber on the left of the piston. The pressure thus encountered by the piston on the left, from the expanding air, drives it back toward the right. Owing to its inertia, the piston thus impelled overshoots the position of equilibrium, allowing in this way the next supply of compressed air to rush from the inlet I into slot S and its tube T, and from them into the chamber on the right of the piston. Meantime the communication to the left-hand chamber is cut off, and the now expanded air there, having instantly done its work, escapes through the channel-port outlet O. As the piston now travels back from the right on the return stroke, a precisely similar operation takes place on the right-hand side of it, due to the expanding of the compressed air there and its subsequent quick escape as exhaust. In this manner, so long as compressed air is supplied, oscillation of the piston P is maintained at a very high rate, and with highest accuracy. The coils of fine wire mounted on shaft A, to which the piston P is firmly attached, are thus rapidly thrust to and fro by the shaft across the faces of, and in the space inclosed by, the jaws of the electromagnets at H H. In this manner they cut the so-called "lines" of the intense "field of force" at those two points, and currents are thus engendered in them, which are led off to the exterior circuit for use. These currents are "alternating" in their character, and are of high regularity. The maintenance of constancy of oscillation on the part of the piston P is also due to the reaction and steadying effect of this electromagnetic part of the combination. The "fitting-boxes" at the ends of the cylinder C inclosing the piston project a carefully determined distance into the cylinder, thus setting limits to the length of the stroke. It will be obvious to those familiar with such matters that steam could also be used in this type of oscillator, with slight adjustments.

FIG. 1. DIAGRAM OF WORKING PARTS OF EARLY FORM OF TESLA OSCILLATOR, AS IF SEEN FROM ABOVE, IN SECTION. (FROM "THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEER," BY PERMISSION.)

believed, the vibrations of the current are absolutely steady and uniform, so that one could keep the time o' day with the machine about as well as with a clock. It was this superlative steadiness of the vibration or frequency that Mr. Tesla aimed at, for one thing. The variations caused by the older apparatus might be slight, but minute errors multiplied by high rates of occurrence soon become perceptible, and militate against desirable uniformity and precision of action. Back of the tendencies to irregularity in the old-fashioned electrical apparatus were the equal or greater tendencies in the steam-engine; and over and above all were the frightful losses due to the inefficient conversion in both of the power released from the fuel under the boiler generating the steam.

Gain in one direction with a radical innovation usually means gain in many others, through a growing series. I confess I do not know which of the advantages of the oscillator to place first; and I doubt whether its inventor has yet been able to sit down and sum up all the realities and possibilities to which it is a key. One thing he does: he presses forward. Our illustration, Fig. 2, shows one of his latest forms of oscillator in perspective, while the diagram, Fig. 1, exhibits the internal mechanism of one of the early forms. Fig. 2 will serve as a text for the subsequent heads of discourse. The steam-chest is situated on the bed-plate between the two electromagnetic systems, each of which consists of field coils between which is to move the armature or coil of wire. There are two pistons to receive the impetus of the incoming steam in the chest, and in the present instance steam is supplied at a pressure of 350 pounds, although as low as 80 is also used in like oscillators, where steam of the higher pressure is not obtainable. We note immediately the absence of all the governing appliances of the ordinary engine. They are non-existent. The steam-chest *is* the engine, bared to the skin like a prize-fighter, with every ounce counting. Besides easily utilizing steam at a remarkably high pressure, the oscillator holds it under no less remarkable control, and, strangest of all, needs no packing to prevent leak. It is a fair inference, too, that, denuded in this way of superfluous weight and driven at high pressure, the engine must have an economy far beyond the common. With an absence of friction due to the automatic cushioning of the light working parts, it is also practically indestructible. Moreover, for the same pressure and the same piston speed the engine has about one thirtieth or one fortieth of the usual weight, and occupies a proportionately smaller space. This diminution of bulk and area is equally true of the electrical part. The engine-pistons carry at their ends the armature coils, and these they thrust reciprocatively in and out of the magnetic field of the field coils, thus generating current by their action.

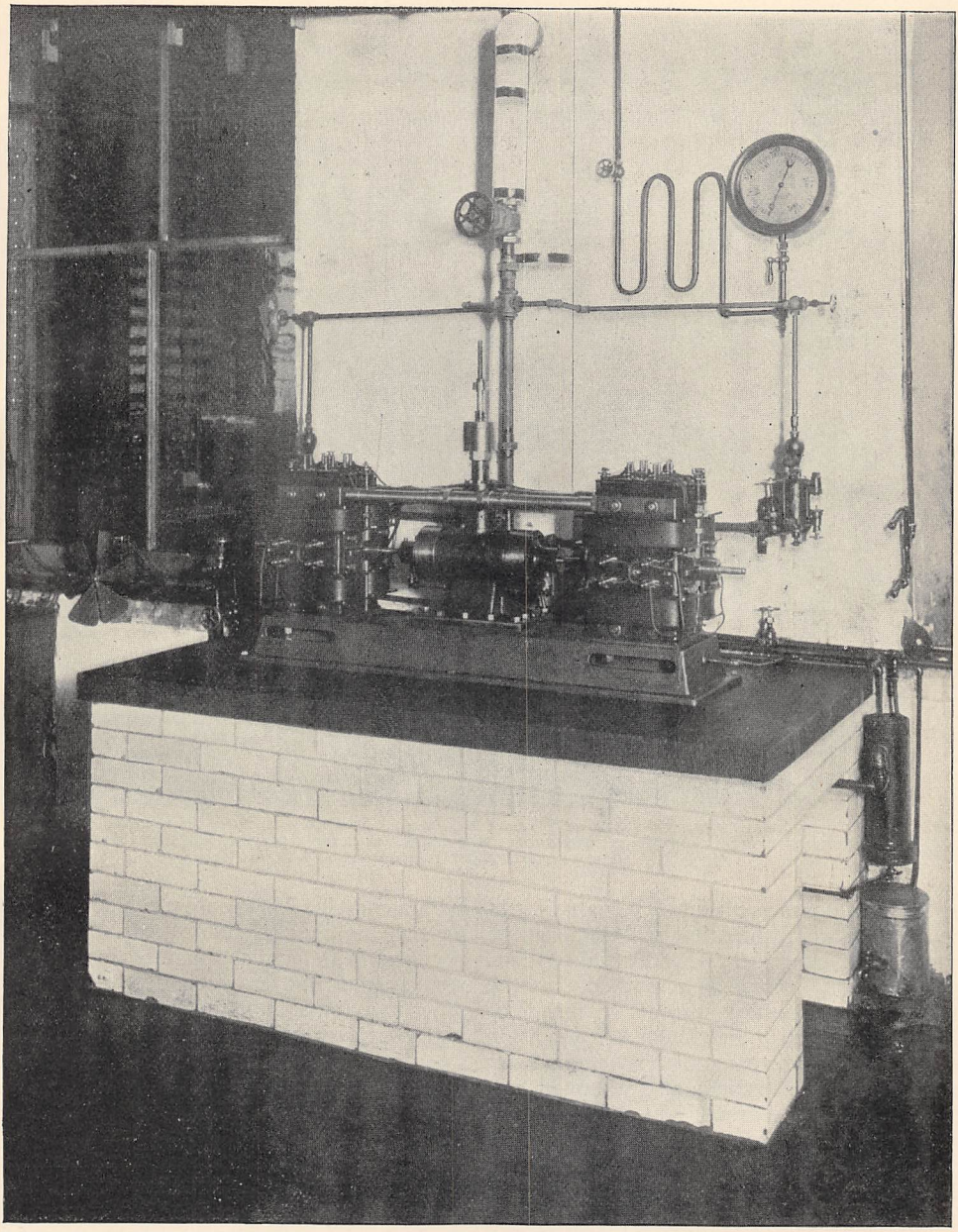


FIG. 2. LATEST FORM OF TESLA OSCILLATOR, COMBINING IN ONE MECHANISM DYNAMO AND STEAM-ENGINE.

If one watches any dynamo, it will be seen that the coils constituting the "armature" are swung around in front of magnets, very much as a turnstile revolves inside the barricading posts; and the current that goes out to do work on the line circuit is generated inductively in the coils, because they cut lines of influence emanating from the ends of the magnets, and forming what has been known since Faraday's time as the "field of force." In the Tesla oscillator, the rotary motion of the coils is entirely abandoned, and they are simply darted to and fro at a high speed in front of the magnets, thus cutting the lines of the "field of force" by shooting in and out of them very rapidly, shuttle-fashion. The great object of cutting as many lines of an intense field of force as swiftly, smoothly, regularly, and economically as possible is thus accomplished in a new and, Mr. Tesla believes, altogether better way. The following description of remarkable new phenomena in electricity will justify him in regard-

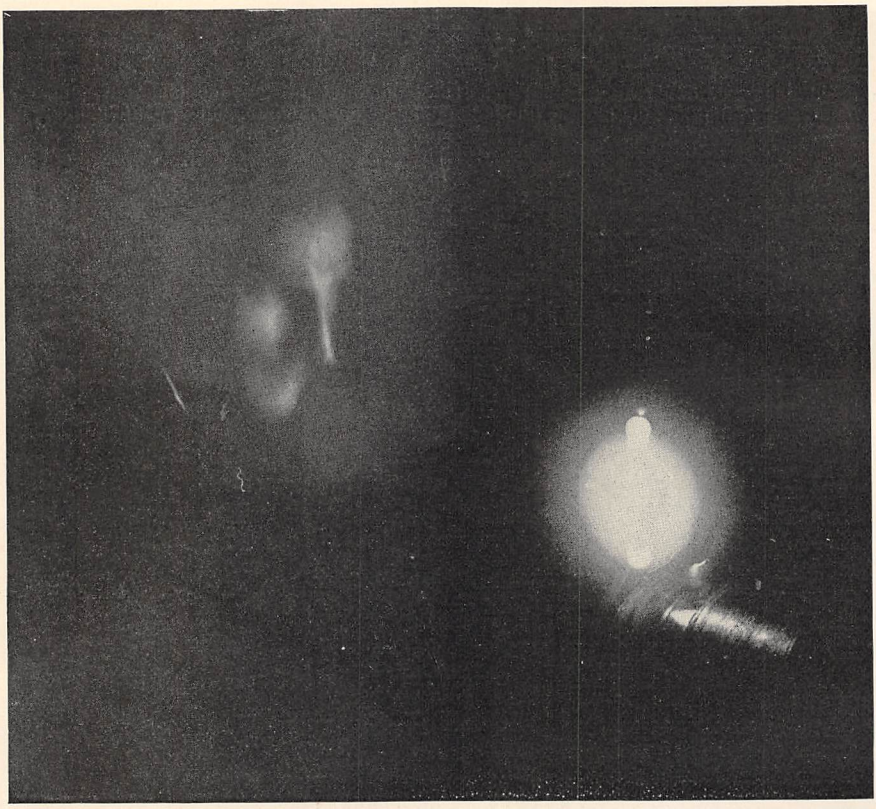


FIG. 3. FIRST PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN BY PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT. THE FACE IS THAT OF MR. TESLA, AND THE SOURCE OF LIGHT IS ONE OF HIS PHOSPHORESCENT BULBS. TIME OF EXPOSURE, EIGHT MINUTES. DATE OF PHOTOGRAPH JANUARY, 1894.

ing the oscillator as an extremely valuable instrument of research, while time will demonstrate its various commercial and industrial benefits.

Incidentally it may be remarked that the crude idea of obtaining currents by means of a coil or a magnetic core attached to the piston of a reciprocating steam-engine, is not in itself an entire novelty. It may also be noted that steam-turbines of extremely high rotative velocity are sometimes used instead of slow-moving engines to drive dynamos. But in the first class of long-abandoned experiments no practical result of any kind was ever reached before by any sort of device; and in the second class there is the objection that the turbine is driven by means of isolated shocks that cannot be overcome by any design of the blades, and which frustrate any attempts to perform work of the kind now under survey. What we are dealing with here is a dual, interacting machine, half mechanical, half electrical, of smallest bulk, extremely simple, utilizing steam under conditions unquestionably of the highest efficiency, its vibrations independent of load and pressure, delivering currents of the greatest regularity ever known for practical work or research. That such a combination should produce electricity for half the consumption of steam previously necessary with familiar apparatus in equivalent results, need not surprise us; yet think how much a saving of that kind would mean in well-nigh every industry consuming power!

THE OSCILLATOR AND THE PRODUCTION OF LIGHT.

HAVING obtained with the oscillator currents of high potential, high frequency, and high regularity, what shall be done with them? Mr. Tesla having already grappled successfully with the great difficulties of long distance power transmission, as narrated above, has first answered that question by boldly assailing the problem of the production of light in a manner nearer, perhaps, to that which gives us sunshine than was ever attempted before. Between us and the sun stretches the tenuous, sensitive ether, and every sensation of light that the eye experiences is caused by the effect of five hundred trillions of waves every second impressed on the ether by the molecular energy of the sun traveling along it rhythmically. If

the waves have a lower frequency than this 500,000,000,000,000, they will chiefly engender heat. In our artificial methods of getting light we imitatively agitate the ether so poorly that the waves our bonfires set up rarely get above the rate at which they become sensible to us in heat, and only a few waves attain the right pitch or rapidity to cause the sensation of light. At the upper end of the keyboard of vibration of the ether is a high, shrill, and yet inaudible out energy-waves on the ether, which will be conveyed to us through the glass of the bulb by the ether as light rather than as heat. The glass is as unconfining to the ether as a coarse sieve is to water.

Now Mr. Tesla takes his currents of high frequency and high potential, subjects the incandescent lamp to them, and, skipping some of those intermediate wasteful heat stages of lower wave vibration experienced in the old

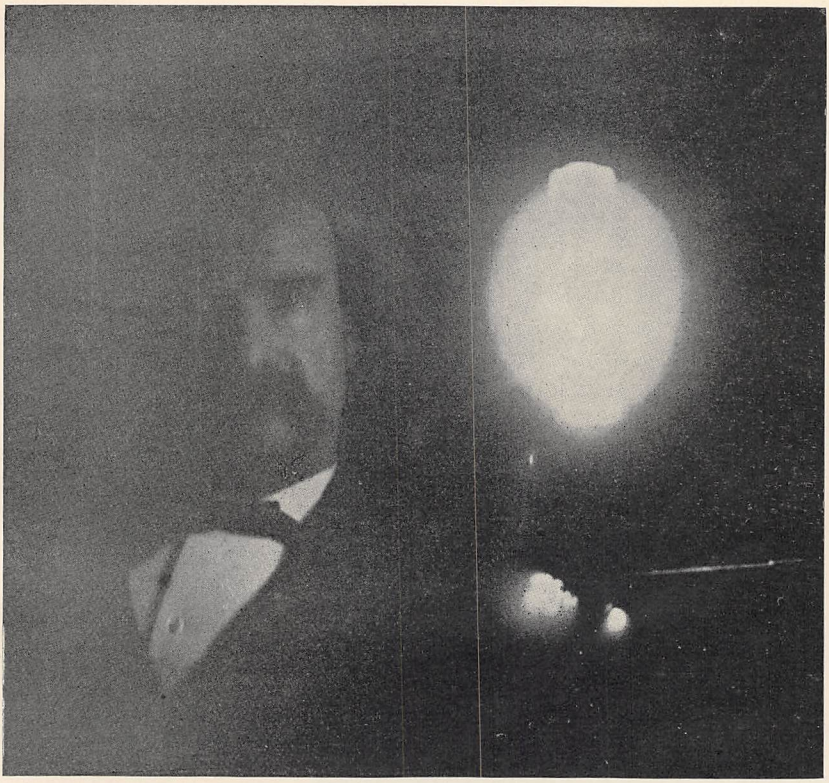


FIG. 4. PHOSPHOGRAPH OF MR. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN), TAKEN IN THE TESLA LABORATORY JANUARY, 1894. TIME OF EXPOSURE, TEN MINUTES.

note,—"light,"—which we want to strike and to keep on striking; but we fumble at the lower, bass end of the instrument all the time, and never touch that topmost note without wasting the largest part of our energy on the intermediate ones, which we do not at all wish to touch. Light (the high note) without heat (the lower notes) is the desideratum. The inefficiency of the gas flame has been mentioned. In the ordinary incandescent lamp the waste is not so great; but even there the net efficiency of any one hundred units of energy put into it as electric current is at the most five or six of light, the waste occurring in the process of setting the molecules of the filament and the little air left in the bulb into the state of vibration under which they must work before they can throw methods, gets the ether-charged molecules more quickly into the intensely agitated condition necessary to yield light. Using his currents, produced electromagnetically, as we have seen, to load each fugitive molecule with its charge, which it receives and exercises electrostatically, he gets the ether medium into a state of excitement in which it seems to become capable of almost anything. In one of his first lectures, Mr. Tesla said:

> Electrostatic effects are in many ways available for the production of light. For instance, we may place a body of some refractory material in a closed, and preferably in a more or less air-exhausted, globe, connect it to a source of high, rapidly alternating potential, causing the molecules of the gas to strike it many times a second

at enormous speeds, and in this way, with trillions of invisible hammers, pound it until it gets incandescent. Or we may place a body in a very highly exhausted globe, and by employing very high frequencies and potentials maintain it at any degree of incandescence. Or we may disturb the ether carried by the molecules of a gas, or their static charges, causing them to vibrate or emit light.

These anticipatory statements are confirmed to-day by what Mr. Tesla has actually done in one old way revolutionized, and in three new ways: (1) the incandescence of a solid; (2) phosphorescence; (3) incandescence or phosphorescence of a rarefied gas; and (4) luminosity produced in a gas at ordinary pressure.

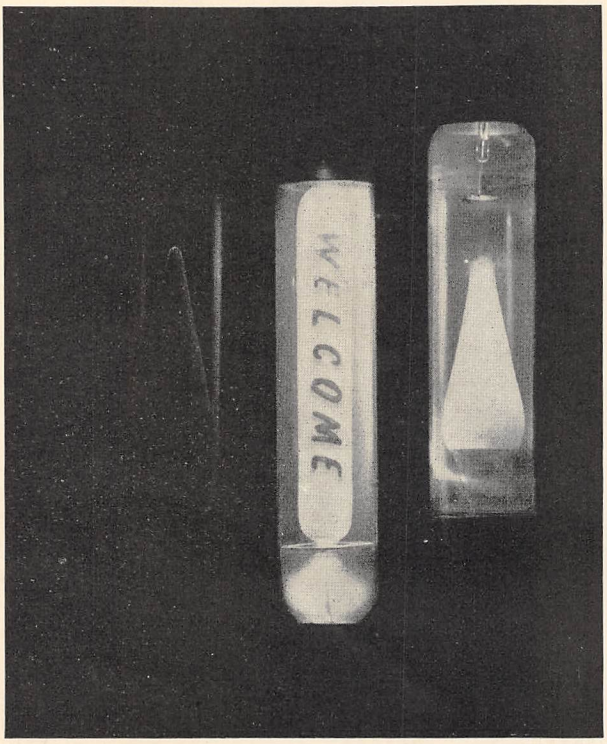


FIG. 5. THREE PHOSPHORESCENT BULBS UNDER TEST FOR ACTINIC VALUE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY THEIR OWN LIGHT.

LAMPS WITH BUTTONS OR BARS IN PLACE OF FILAMENTS.

TAKING lamps in the first category, it may be stated that it had been commonly supposed that the light-giving conductor in the lamp, to be efficient and practical, should be fine; hence the name "filament" given to the carbon loop in such lamps. But with the Teslaic currents the resistance or friction of the filament to the flow of current does not count for anything: the filament may just as well be short and thick, for it will rapidly reach and steadily maintain proper incandescence by the passage of a small current of the right high frequency and potential. An action is set up as the result of which the filament is hit millions of times a second by the bombardment of the molecules around it in a merciless ring of tormentors. The vibrations of the current in similar manner will cause the infinite jostling of the molecules of solid and gas against a small polished carbon or metallic button or bar in a lamp, and brilliant light is also obtainable in this way.

LIGHT AND PHOTOGRAPHS WITH TESLA PHOSPHORESCENT BULBS.

IN the field of lighting by phosphorescence we reach hitherto untrodden ground. Phosphorescent light has been associated with the idea of "cold light," or the property of becoming luminous with the omission of the intermediate step of combustion, as commonly understood. As a physical action, we know it in the light of the firefly, which Professor S. P. Langley rates at an efficiency of 100 per cent., all its radiations lying within the limits of the visible spectrum. By means of the Teslaic currents phosphorescent light strong enough even to photograph by has been obtained; and Fig. 3, representing the inventor himself, is the first portrait or photograph of any kind ever taken by phosphorescent light. A bulb whose light-giving member is coated with sulphide of zinc treated in a special way was rendered phosphorescent by means of current obtained from a high-frequency transformer coil. The current used was alternated or oscillated about 10,000 times per second. The exposure was about eight minutes.

Fig. 4, of Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain), was taken a few weeks later — early in 1894 — with the aid of the same bulb, and with an exposure of about ten minutes. In order to test more closely the actinic value of phosphorescent light, some bulbs subject to high-frequency currents were photographed, or, if we may coin a new word, "phosphographed," with a somewhat longer exposure. They are shown in Fig. 5. The right-hand, bright pair utilize sulphide of zinc in some form for luminosity. The third bulb, seen faintly to the left of them, has a coating of sulphide of calcium. Although, judged by the eye, it glowed with a brightness fully equal to that of the other two, the actinic value was

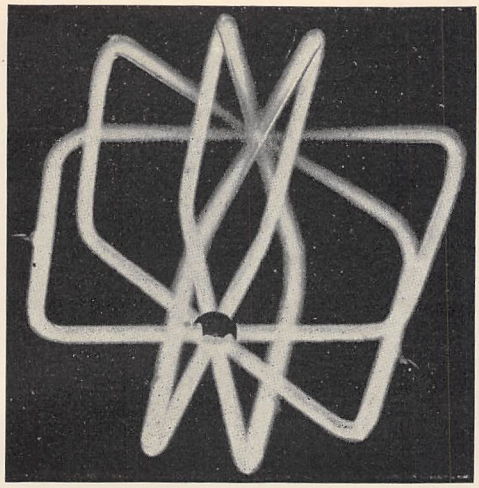


FIG. 6.

FIGS. 6, 7, AND 8 ARE TESLA TUBES OF DIFFERENT FORMS IN WHICH LIGHT IS OBTAINED WITHOUT FILAMENT OR COMBUSTION. (PHOTOGRAPHED BY THEIR OWN LIGHT.)

evidently much less. It is, perhaps, needless to say that these demonstrations invite to an endless variety of experiments, in which investigators will find a host of novel phenomena awaiting them as to phosphorescence and fluorescence produced with electrical currents.

LIGHT FROM EMPTY BULBS IN FREE SPACE.

THE third and fourth classes of lighting enumerated above as obtained by Teslaic currents are those caused by the incandescence or phosphorescence of a rarefied gas and the luminosity of a gas at ordinary pressure. We get pure, beautiful light without any filament or any combustion. In Figs. 6, 7, and 8 we have tubes or bulbs by means of which some of these interesting phenomena are obtained and illustrated. The bulbs shown are more or less exhausted of air. In the case of Figs. 6 and 7 the glass of the tubes is the ordinary German glass. In Fig. 8, uranium glass — green — was employed. This last was held in the hand while a photograph was taken of it by its own light; whence the unsteadiness of the negative. To obtain the beautiful illumination seen in all three, the bulbs were simply approached within a few inches of the terminal of a high-frequency coil or transformer. Just here it may be pointed out that the lamps are spoken of as unattached, in free space. Ordinary incandescent lighting is done, as everybody knows, with the lamps' bases firmly attached to the two current-bearing wires. Even where the lamps have been used on the ordinary alternating circuits in which the transformer is employed to "step down," or reduce, for safe use, the higher-tension current brought to it by the wire from the dynamo, the lamps have to be attached to the "secondary" wires of the coil so as to make a closed circuit for

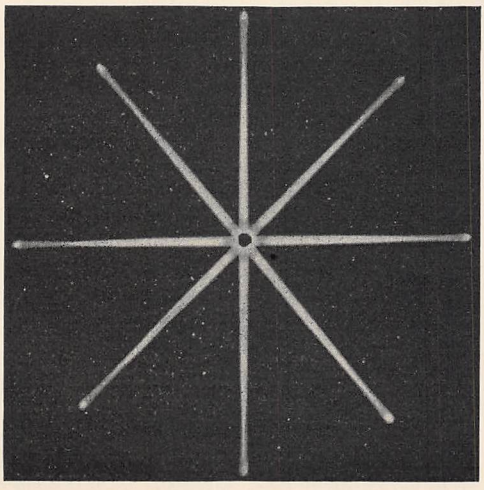


FIG. 7.

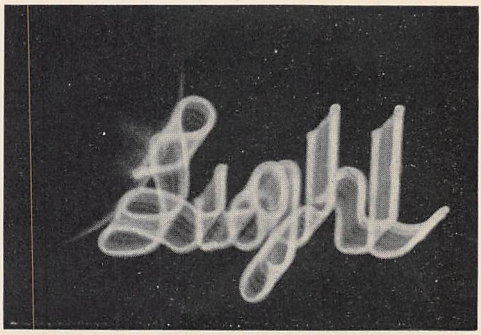


FIG. 8.

them. But as we rise in the frequency of the current, as we leave behind the electrodynamic conditions for the electrostatic ones, so we free ourselves from the restrictions and limitations of solid wires for the conveyance of the effects sought, until at last we reach a point where all the old ideas of the necessity of a tangible circuit vanish. It is all circuit if we can properly direct the right kind of impulses through it. As Mr. Tesla long ago pointed out, most of the experiments usually performed with a static machine of glass plates can also be performed with an induction-coil of wire if the currents are alternated rapidly enough; and it is in reality here that Mr. Tesla parts company with other distinguished workers who have fixed their attention merely on the results attainable with electrodynamic apparatus. Before passing on, let us quote the inventor himself:

Powerful electrostatic effects are a *sine quâ non* of light production on the lines indicated by theory. Electromagnetic effects are primarily unavailable, for the reason that to produce the required effects

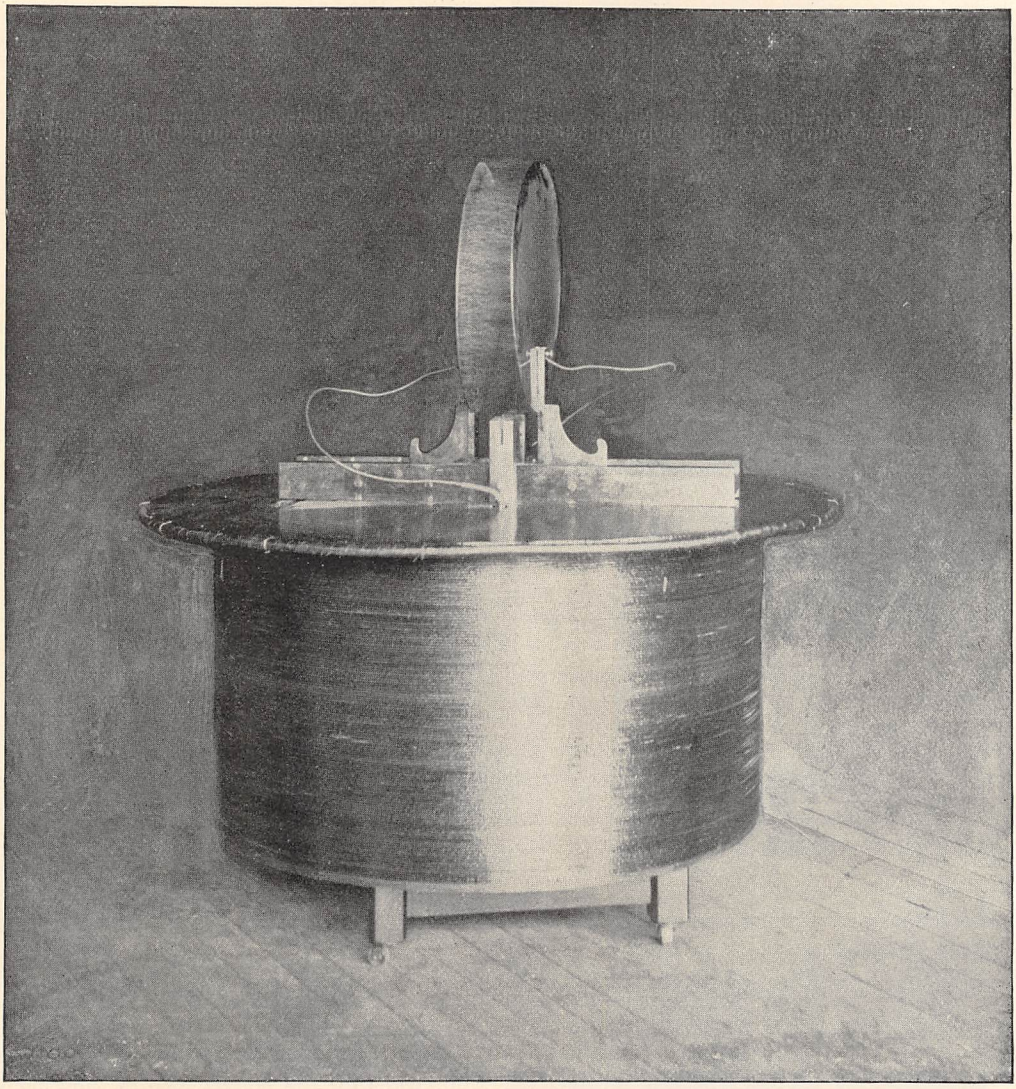


FIG. 9. EXPERIMENT SHOWING PLAY OF ELECTRIC SPARKS BETWEEN CONDENSER PLATES, PRODUCED BY ELECTRIC CHARGE. THE COIL, STANDING IN THE CENTER OF A LARGE ROOM, IS UNCONNECTED WITH THE ENERGIZING CIRCUIT. (FROM FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.)

we would have to pass the current impulses through a conductor which, long before the required frequency of the impulses could be reached, would cease to transmit them. On the other hand, electromagnetic waves many times longer than those of light, and producible by sudden discharge of a condenser, could not be utilized, it would seem, unless we availed ourselves of their effect upon conductors as in the present methods, which are wasteful. We could not affect by means of such waves the static molecular or atomic charges of a gas, and cause them to vibrate and to emit light. Long transverse waves cannot, apparently, produce such effects, since excessively small electromagnetic disturbances may pass readily through miles of air. Such dark waves, unless they are of the length of true light-waves, cannot, it would seem, excite luminous radiation in a Geissler tube, and the luminous effects which are producible by induction in a tube devoid of electrodes, I am inclined to consider as being of an electrostatic nature. To produce such luminous effects straight electrostatic thrusts are required; these, whatever be their frequency, may disturb the molecular charges and produce light.

EFFECTS WITH ATTUNED BUT WIDELY SEPARATED CIRCUITS.

A FEW experiments performed in Mr. Tesla's laboratory workshop afford an idea of the flexibility of the methods by which powerful electrostatic effects are produced across many feet of intervening space. The workshop is a room about forty by eighty feet, and ten or twelve feet

high. A circuit of small cable is carried around it from the terminals of the oscillator. In the center of the clear, open space is placed a coil, wound drum fashion, three or four feet high, and unconnected with the current source save through the medium of the atmosphere. The coil is provided, as shown in the picture, with two condenser plates for adjustment, standing up like cymbals. The plates act after the manner of a spring, and the coil is comparable to an electromagnetic weight. The system of apparatus in the middle of the room has therefore a certain period of vibration, just as though it were a tuning-fork, or a sheet of thin resonant glass. Around the room, over the cable, there are sent from the oscillator electrical current vibrations. By carefully adjusting the condenser plates so that the periodicity or swing of the induced current is brought into step with that of the cable currents, powerful sparks are made to pour across between the plates in the dense streams shown in Fig. 9. In this manner it is easy to reach tensions as high as 200,000 and 300,000 volts.

No one who has witnessed these significant experiments can fail to be impressed with the evidence of the actuality of a medium, call it ether or what you will, which in spite of its wonderful tenuity is as capable of transmitting energy as though it were air or water. Still more impressive to a layman, perhaps, is the confidence and easy precision with which these fine adjustments are brought about.

In Fig. 10 there is a similar coil, in the middle of the same room, which has been so adjusted to the vibrations sent around the shop that an ordinary sixteen-candle-power incandescent lamp is well lighted up.

Fig. 11 pursues this a little further. Above the coil a circle of wire is held by an observer, and an incandescent lamp is attached to the circle. As before, the vibration of the ether in the coil is brought into harmony with the vibrations emitted from the cable. The inductive effect upon the circle held loosely in free space by the observer is so pronounced that the lamp is immediately lighted up, though it may be connected with but one terminal wire, or with two. A 100-volt lamp is used, requiring when employed ordinarily more than one tenth of a horse-power right off the connecting circuit wires direct from the dynamo to bring it up to proper illuminating value. Hence, as will be seen, there is actual proof here of the transmission of at least that amount of energy across a space of some twenty feet and into the bulb by actually no wire at all. This need not surprise us when we remember that on a bright day the ether delivers steadily from the sun a horse-power of energy to every seven square feet of the earth's

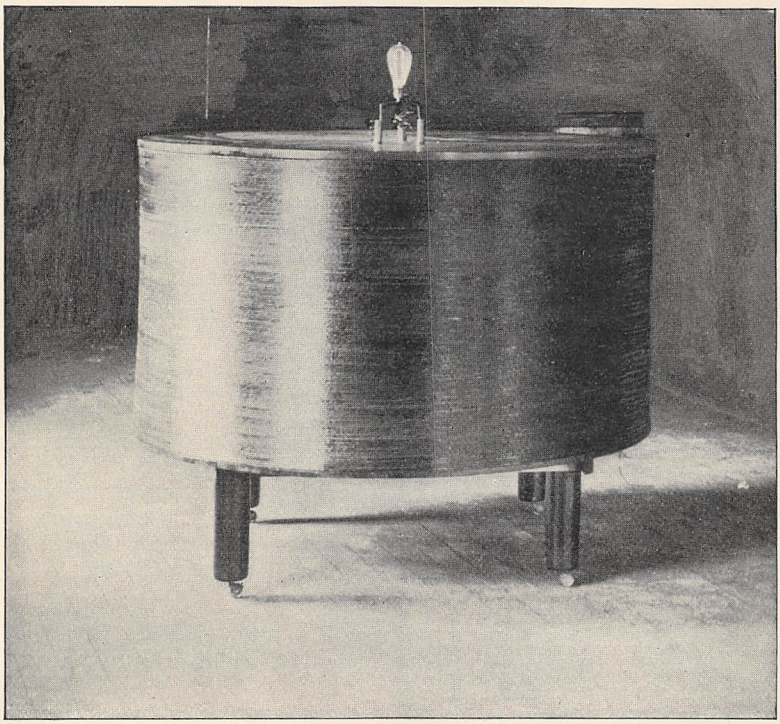


FIG. 10. EXPERIMENT SHOWING THE LIGHTING UP OF AN ORDINARY INCANDESCENT LAMP, AT A DISTANCE, THROUGH THE INFLUENCE OF ELECTRIFIED ETHER-WAVES. (FROM FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.)

surface toward it: so great is its capacity for transmitting energy. Mr. Tesla with his "electrostatic thrusts" has simply learned the knack of loading electrically on the good-natured ether a little of the protean energy of which no amount has yet sufficed to break it down or put it out of temper. We may assume either an enormous speed in what may be called the transmitting wheelwork of the ether, since the weight is inconceivably small; or else that the ether is a mere transmitter of energy by its well-nigh absolute incompressibility.

CURIOUS "IMPEDANCE" PHENOMENON.

In Fig. 12 we have another remarkable experiment illustrated. Standing over the coil in the center of the room, the observer holds a hoop of stout wire in his hand. One or more lamps are connected with two points on the wire, so that the lamps are "short-circuited" by the short bar of wire. The vibrations are, however, so extremely rapid that in spite of the opposite terminals being united in this way, the current does not flow past them neglectfully, in the apparently easier path, as it should, but brings them to a bright incandescence. We have here an example of what is known as "impedance" phenomena, in which the current is oddly choked back at certain points and not at others. Under the conditions of "impedance," the best electrical conductor loses its property of conducting, and behaves like a highly resisting substance. Elaborating further these experimental results, Mr. Tesla shows that a gas — a perfect non-conductor under ordinary circumstances — may be more conductive than the best copper wire, provided the currents vibrate rapidly enough. The fantastic side of this phenomenon he touched on playfully once by suggesting that perchance in such wise we might some day utilize gas to convey electricity, and the old gas-pipe to insulate it.

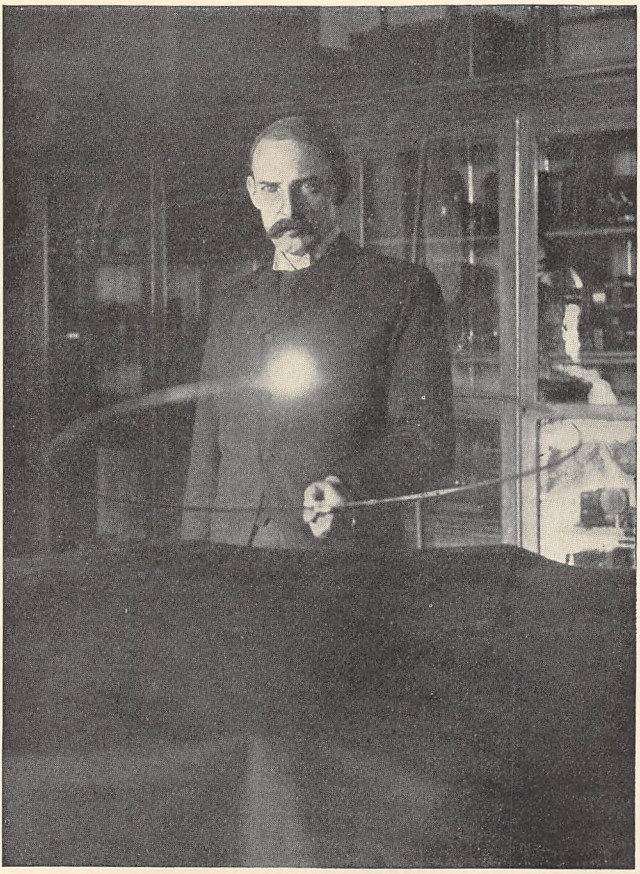


FIG. 11. EXPERIMENT ILLUSTRATING THE LIGHTING OF AN INCANDESCENT LAMP IN FREE SPACE BY INDUCTION FROM COIL BELOW, ENERGIZED BY DISTANT CIRCUIT AROUND THE ROOM. THE LOOP OF WIRE CARRYING THE LAMP IS HELD BY MR. MARION CRAWFORD. (FROM FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.)

LAMPS LIGHTED BY CURRENTS PASSED THROUGH THE HUMAN BODY.

In Fig. 13 a most curious and weird phenomenon is illustrated. A few years ago electricians would have considered it quite remarkable, if indeed they do not now. The observer holds a loop of bare wire in his hands. The currents induced in the loop by means of the "resonating" coil over which it is held, traverse the body of the observer, and at the same time, as they pass between his bare hands, they bring two or three lamps held there to bright incandescence. Strange as it may seem, these currents, of a voltage one or two hundred times as high as that employed in electrocution, do not inconvenience the experimenter in the slightest. The extremely high tension of the currents which Mr. Clemens is seen receiving prevents them from doing any harm to him.

TRANSMISSION OF INTELLIGENCE BY ATTUNED OR "RESONATING" CURRENTS.

Reference has been made to the "resonating" quality of the circuits and coils. It would be

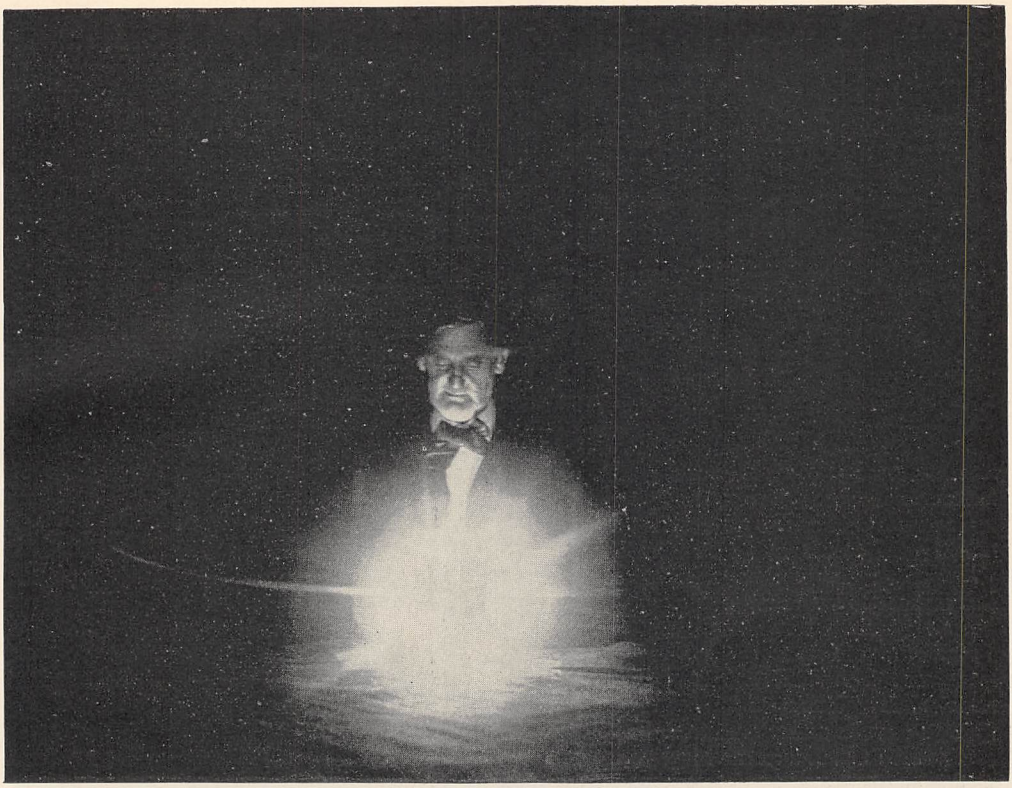


FIG. 12. SIMILAR EXPERIMENT, ILLUSTRATING THE PHENOMENON OF IMPEDANCE. THE LOOP OF WIRE, CARRYING TWO LAMPS, IS HELD BY MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON. (FROM FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.)

wearisome, and indeed is not necessary, here to dwell on the difficulty often experienced in establishing the relation of "resonance," and the instantaneity with which it can be disturbed. It may be stated, in order to give some idea of the conditions to be observed in these experiments, that when an electric circuit is traversed by a rapidly oscillating current which sets up waves in the ether around the wire, the effect of these waves upon another circuit situated at some distance from the first can be largely varied by proper adjustments. The effect is most pronounced when the second circuit is so adjusted that its period of vibration is the same as that of the first. This harmonizing is deftly accomplished by varying either of the two elements which chiefly govern the rapidity of the vibration, viz., the so-called "capacity" and the "self-induction." Whatever the exact process may be, it is clear that these two quantities in their effect answer almost directly to what are known in mechanics as pliability and as weight or inertia. Attach to a spring a weight, and it will vibrate at a certain rate. By changing the weight, or modifying the pliability of the spring, any period of vibration is obtainable. In very exact adjustments, minute changes will completely upset the balance, and the very last straw of fine wire, for example, in the induction-coil which gives the self-induction will break the spell. As Mr. Tesla has said, it is really a lucky thing that pure resonance is not obtainable; for if it were, all kinds of dangers might lie in store for us by the increasing oscillations of every kind that would be set up. It will, however, have been gathered that if one electrical circuit can be tuned to another effectively, we shall need no return wire, as heretofore, for motors or for lights, the one wire being, if anything, better than two, provided we have vibration of the right value; and if we have that, we might get along without any wires or any "currents." Here again we must quote Mr. Tesla:

In connection with resonance effects and the problem of transmission of energy over a single conductor, I would say a few words on a subject which constantly fills my thoughts, and which concerns the welfare of all. I mean the transmission of intelligible signals, or perhaps even power, to any distance without the use of wires. I am becoming daily more convinced of the practicability of the scheme; and though I know full well that the majority of scientific men will not believe that such results can be practically and immediately realized, yet I think that all consider the develop-

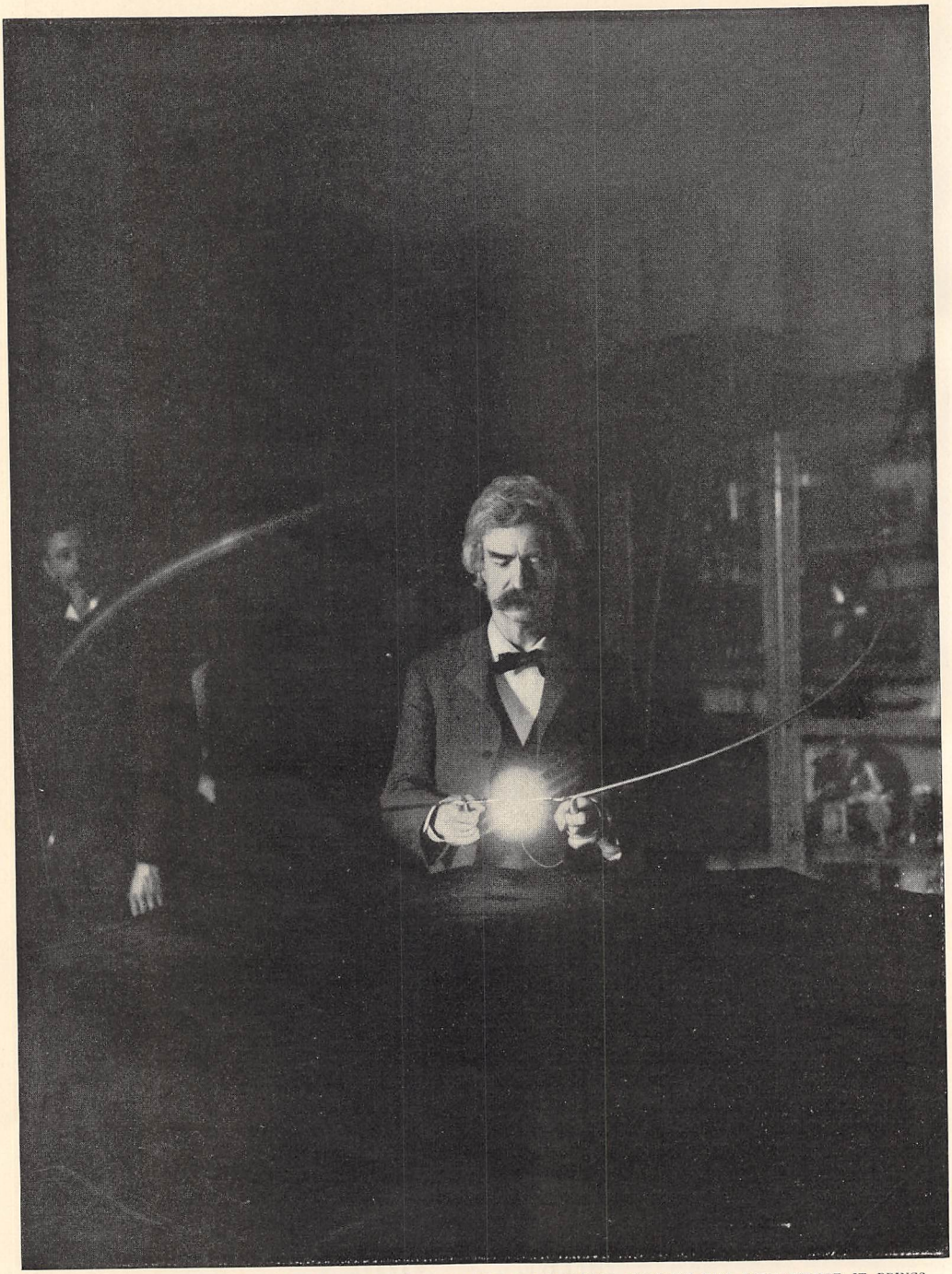


FIG. 13. SIMILAR EXPERIMENT, THE HIGH-TENSION CURRENT BEING PASSED THROUGH THE BODY BEFORE IT BRINGS THE LAMPS TO INCANDESCENCE. THE LOOP IS HELD OVER THE RESONATING COIL BY MR. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN). (FROM A FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.)

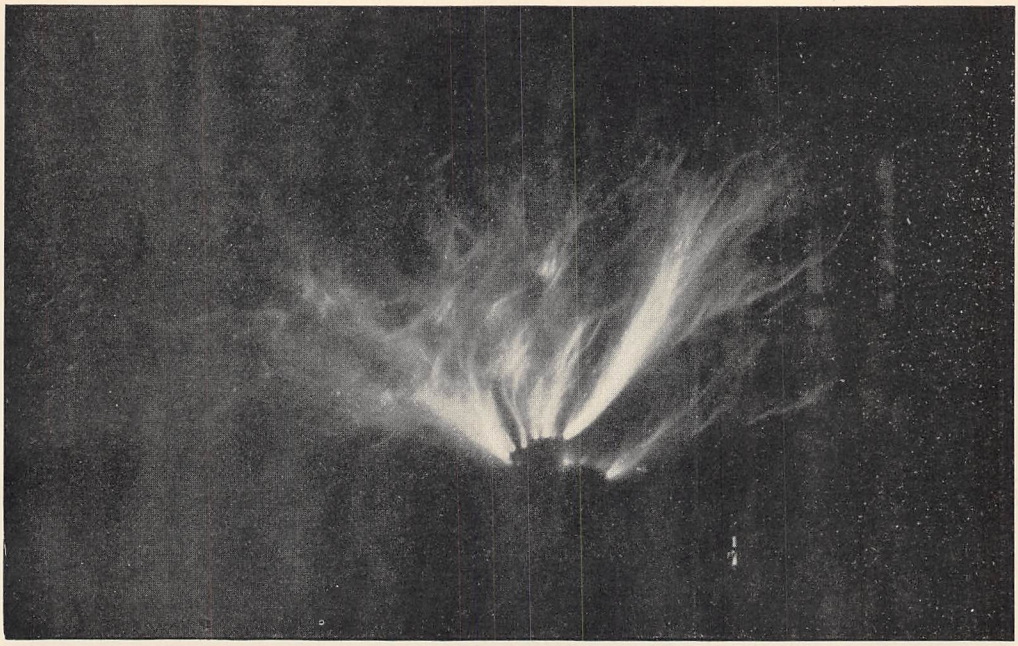


FIG. 14. EFFECT OF ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE FROM THE EARTH BY TESLA COIL. (PHOTOGRAPHED BY ITS OWN LIGHT.)

ments of recent years by a number of workers to have been such as to encourage thought and experiment in this direction. My conviction has grown so strong that I no longer look upon this plan of energy or intelligence transmission as a mere theoretical possibility, but as a serious problem in electrical engineering which must be carried out some day. The idea of transmitting intelligence without wire is the natural outcome of the most recent results of electrical investigations. Some enthusiasts have expressed their belief that telephony to any distance by induction through the air is possible. I cannot stretch my imagination so far; but I do firmly believe that it is practicable to disturb by means of powerful machines the electrostatic condition of the earth, and thus transmit intelligible signals and perhaps power. In fact, what is there against the carrying out of such a scheme? We now know that electric vibration may be transmitted through a single conductor. Why, then, not try to avail ourselves of the earth for this purpose? We need not be frightened by the idea of distance. To the weary wanderer counting the mile-posts the earth may appear very large; but to that happiest of all men, the astronomer, who gazes at the heavens, and by their standard judges the magnitude of our globe, it appears very small. And so I think it must seem to the electrician; for when he considers the speed with which an electric disturbance is propagated through the earth, all his ideas of distance must completely vanish. A point of great importance would be first to know what is the capacity of the earth, and what charge does it contain of electricity.

DISTURBANCE AND DEMONSTRATION OF THE EARTH'S ELECTRICAL CHARGE.

PART of Mr. Tesla's more recent work has been in the direction here indicated; for in his oscillator he has not simply a new practical device, but a new implement of scientific research. With the oscillator, if he has not as yet actually determined the earth's electrical charge or "capacity," he has obtained striking effects which conclusively demonstrate that he has succeeded in disturbing it. He connects to the earth, by one of its ends, a coil (see Fig. 15) in which rapidly vibrating currents are produced, the other end being free in space. With this coil he does actually what one would be doing with a pump forcing air into an elastic football. At each alternate stroke the ball would expand and contract. But it is evident that such a ball, if filled with air, would, when suddenly expanded or contracted, vibrate at its own rate. Now if the strokes of the pump be so timed that they are in harmony with the individual vibrations of the ball, an intense vibration or surging will be obtained. The purple streamers of electricity thus elicited from the earth and pouring out to the ambient air are marvelous. Such a display is seen in Fig. 14, where the crown of the coil, tapering upward in a Peak of Teneriffe, flames with the outburst of a solar photosphere.

The currents which are made to pass in and out of the earth by means of this coil can also be directed upon the human body. An observer mounted on a chair, and touching the coil with a metal rod, can, by careful adjustments, divert enough of it upon himself to cause its manifestation from and around him in splinters of light. This halo effect, obtained by sending the electricity of the earth through a human being,—the highest charge positively ever given in safety,—

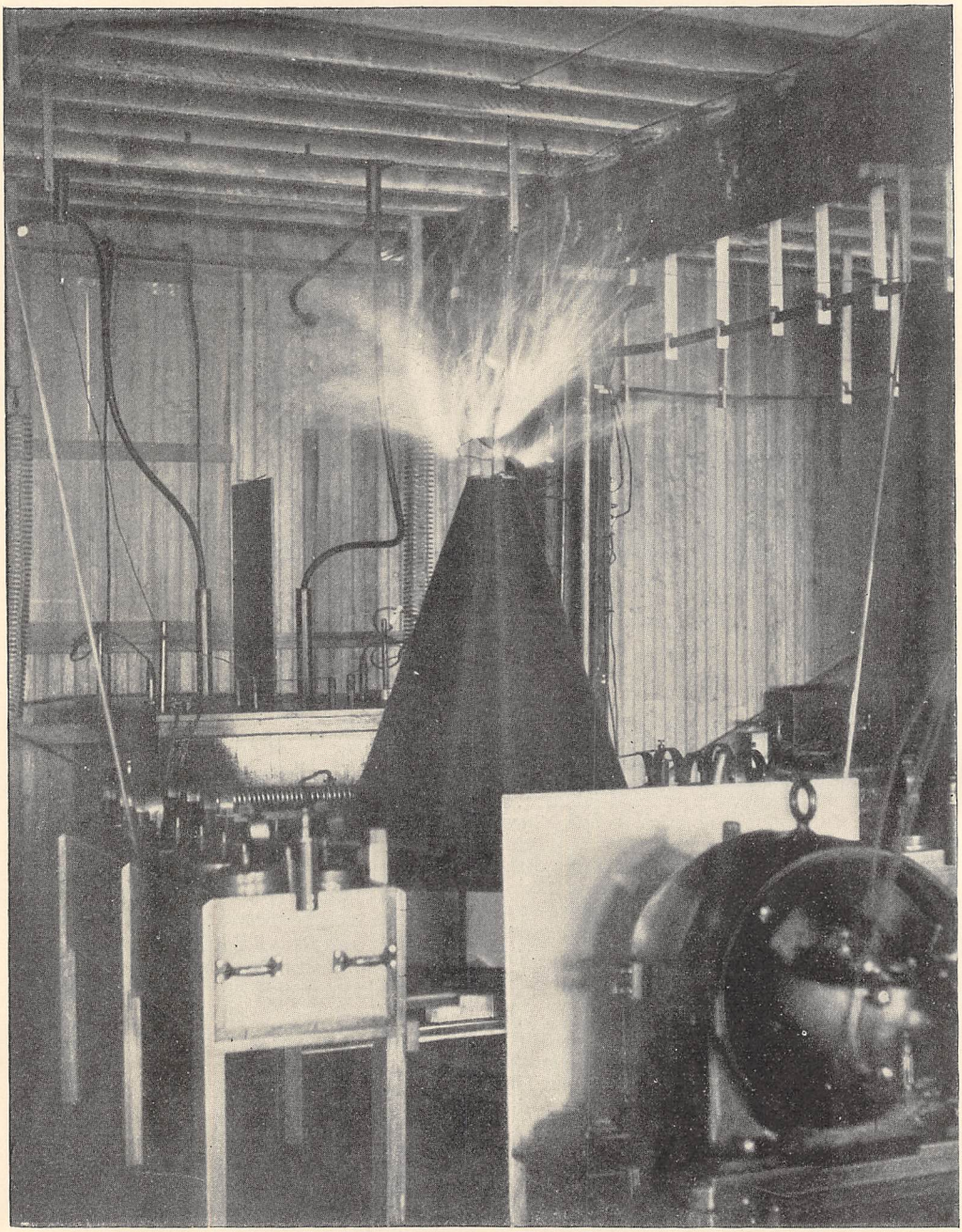


FIG. 15. TESLA COIL FOR ASCERTAINING AND DISCHARGING THE ELECTRICITY OF THE EARTH. THE STREAMERS AT TOP OF COIL ARE OF PURPLE HUE, AND IN FORM RESEMBLE FILAMENTS OF SEAWEED, THE EFFECT OF MASS BEING CAUSED BY PROLONGED EXPOSURE OF FLASH-LIGHT NEGATIVE.

is, to say the least, curious, and deeply suggestive. Mr. Tesla's temerity in trying the effect first upon his own person can be justified only by his close and accurate calculation of what the amount of the discharge from the earth would be.

Considering that in the adjustments necessary here, a small length of wire or a small body of any kind added to the coil or brought into its vicinity may destroy entirely all effect, one can imagine the pleasure which the investigator feels when thus rewarded by unique phenomena. After searching with patient toil for two or three years after a result calculated in advance, he is compensated by being able to wit-

ness a most magnificent display of fiery streams and lightning discharges breaking out from the tip of the wire with the roar of a gas-well. Aside from their deep scientific import and their wondrous fascination as a spectacle, such effects point to many new realizations making for the higher welfare of the human race. The transmission of power and intelligence is but one thing; the modification of climatic conditions may be another. Perchance we shall "call up" Mars in this way some day, the electrical charge of both planets being utilized in signals.

Here are great results, lofty aims, and noble ideas; and yet they are but a beggarly few of all those with which Mr. Tesla, by his simple, modest work, has associated his name during recent years. He is not an impracticable visionary, but a worker who, with solid achievements behind him, seeks larger and better ones that lie before, as well as fuller knowledge. I have ventured to supplement data as to his late inventions by some of his views as to the ether, which throughout this presentation of his work has been treated familiarly as the maid-of-all-work of the universe. All our explanations of things are but half-way houses to the ultimate facts. It may be said, then, in conclusion, that while Mr. Tesla does not hold Professor Oliver Lodge's ingenious but intricate notion of two electricities and two ethers, and of the ether as itself electricity, he does belong to what Lord Kelvin has spoken of as the nineteenth-century school of plenum, accepting one ether for light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, outward manifestations of an inward unity whose secret we shall some day learn.

Thomas Commerford Martin.

IN TESLA'S LABORATORY.

HERE in the dark what ghostly figures press!—
No phantom of the Past, or grim or sad;
No wailing spirit of woe; no specter, clad
In white and wandering cloud, whose dumb distress
Is that its crime it never may confess;
No shape from the strewn sea; nor they that add
The link of Life and Death—the tearless mad,
That live nor die in dreary nothingness:

But blessèd spirits waiting to be born—
Thoughts, to unlock the fettering chains of Things;
The Better Time; the Universal Good.
Their smile is like the joyous break of morn;
How fair, how near, how wistfully they brood!
Listen! that murmur is of angels' wings.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

FERDINAND BOL (1616–1680).

FERDINAND BOL was the oldest student in Rembrandt's house in Amsterdam. He was one of the first, and by many is considered to have been the best. Very little is known of his life. He was born at Dort, in June, 1616, and became a pupil of Rembrandt toward 1630, when about fourteen years of age, and is not known to have had any other instructor. In 1652 he became a citizen of Amsterdam, and died there, on July 24, 1680, a rich man. Bol is considered chiefly as a portrait-painter, though he executed many historical works, and his etchings are highly esteemed. In his early pictures he adheres to the manner of his master, as may be readily observed in his portrait of Saskia, Rembrandt's wife, in the Brussels Museum, and in other of his works prior to 1642, in which he comes very near his master. After this he endeavors to strike out for himself, becomes different from Rembrandt in every way, and does not succeed very well, until finally we have a mas-



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

PORTRAIT OF A MAN. BY FERDINAND BOL.

terpiece in which he shows a style of his own. This is the "Regents" in the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam, which was painted in 1649. It is a portrait group of great excellence, and has been ranked superior to Rembrandt's works in the truthfulness of its flesh-tones. It is a large canvas (eight feet long by six feet high), and represents the regents, or governors, of the Lepers' Hospital at Amsterdam,—an institution abandoned in 1862. There are four figures, clad in black, and wearing broad-brimmed hats, the solemnity of their attire being relieved by the rich Persian covering of the table at which they are seated, while an attendant leads in a poor child whose disfigured head tells the story and motive of the work. Charles Blanc mentions that on the occasion of an exhibition of paintings for some charitable purpose, this canvas, which had hung forgotten and unnoticed for two centuries in the old Leper House, created quite a sensation; and that during the exhibition Rembrandt was neglected for the sake of this fine work by his pupil.

Another life-size group by Bol in the Ryks Museum, representing the lady patronesses of the same institution, is equally fine; and, as Bürger remarks, "When one has seen these two works, one places Bol above Van der Helst himself, and second only to his great master." The excellence attained by Bol at this later period is further shown by the fine "Portrait of an Astronomer," the only work of this artist in the National Gallery of London. It is dated 1652—the year in which Bol went to Amsterdam.

His works are scattered through a score of European museums. The subject which I have engraved—"Portrait of a Man"—is in the Louvre at Paris, and is dated 1659. It is a plain, matter-of-fact subject, agreeably varied upon the canvas, frankly disposed in all its parts, and its very careful and smooth finish bears evidence of a discreet hand. Its color is a simple scheme of rich warm tints, but neutral. From the deep, tender darks of the dress up through the browns of the background, and from the delicate greenish tints of the sky to the mellow tones of the flesh,—the culminating point of the harmonious whole,—all is sensitively bound together by a very subtle feeling for harmony. The canvas measures three feet three inches wide by three feet ten inches high.

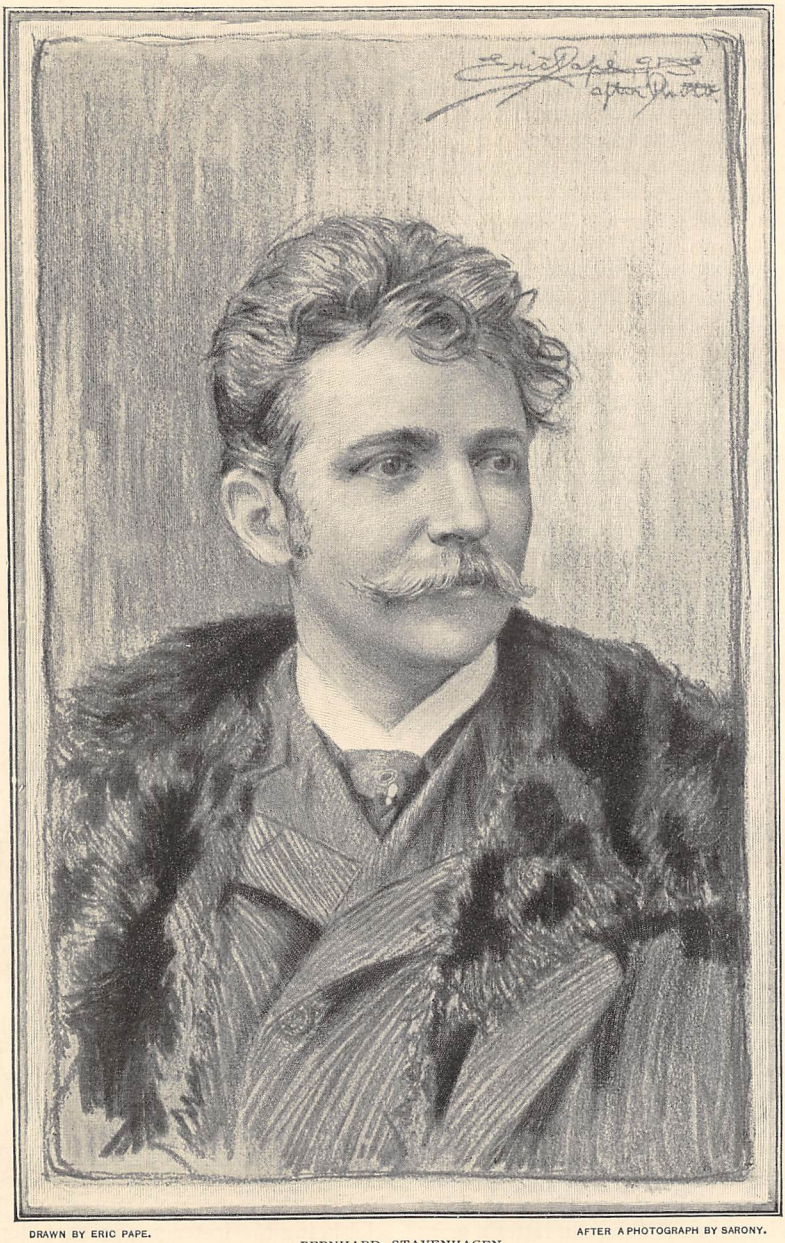
T. Cole.

BERNHARD STAVENHAGEN.

WHILE the modern pianoforte owes its perfection as an instrument chiefly to the acoustic ingenuity of Italian, German, and American inventors, the art of playing it might almost be called a Slavic-Hungarian specialty. The Polish Chopin, Tausig, Paderewski, Josef Hofmann, and Slivinski; the Russian Rubinstein and Pachmann; the Hungarian Liszt, Heller, Joseffy, have for decades almost monopolized this branch of modern music. Italy has never produced a pianist of the first rank, nor has France, nor England; while even the leading musical country had for a long time only Clara Schumann and Hans von Bülow, the latter a great teacher rather than a poetic interpreter like his Slavic and Hungarian rivals. About fifteen years ago there appeared on the concert stage a new pianist whose success was instantaneous while his nationality long remained a puzzle. Eugen D'Albert was born in Scotland; but his name is almost as French as that of his father—Charles Louis Napoleon D'Albert. Nevertheless he has declared authoritatively, in a recent autobiographic sketch, that he is of strictly German parentage; and he is certainly entirely German in his style of composition and manner of playing.

In 1880 another German pianist made his début in Berlin. His name was Bernhard Stavenhagen. He was then eighteen years old, having been born on November 24, 1862, at Greiz. His waiting so long before making his first public appearance indicates that he was not a youthful prodigy. Nevertheless there were indications of his musical talent in his childhood; and he was only eleven years old when his father decided definitively to make a musician of him. So he took young Bernhard to Berlin, where he studied first at Kullak's New Academy of Music, then at the Royal High School. At sixteen he decided to devote himself exclusively to the piano and composition, Friedrich Kiel being his instructor in that department, in which he soon attained such proficiency that in 1880 he was awarded the Mendelssohn prize.

It is worthy of note that Mr. Stavenhagen's unusual talent was recognized at once, and that among his musical sponsors were some of the most eminent German critics. Richard Wuerst credited him after his first Berlin concert with "good technique and taste." H. Erler discovered "the divine spark" in his playing, and admired especially his "bewitching piano and pianissimo, and his remarkably even trill." T. Krause predicted that if this young man did not rise to take his place among the leading



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

BERNHARD STAVENHAGEN.

pianists it would be his own fault. Alexander Moszkowski called attention in 1884 to the fact that Mr. Stavenhagen was the first pupil of the Berlin high school destined to establish its fame as a training-school for artists. Still there was a "but" in the critical approval. It was asserted that his cantilena was somewhat dry, his technic not infallible, and that his performance of a Liszt rhapsody lacked the pinch of "paprika," or red pepper. He probably realized his shortcomings more vividly than the critics, wherefore he determined in the summer of 1885 to become a pupil of Liszt.

In one of his letters Liszt refers to the fact that concert-givers in remote localities often made unwarranted use of his name. A pianist named Listmann went so far as to drop the last four letters of his name, "for which he received a costly present from the Sultan Abdul-Medjid." That was an extreme case, but the label of "Liszt's favorite pupil" has been claimed by so many pianists of both sexes that it has

acquired almost a comic aspect. August Göllerich's biography of Liszt gives a list of 417 names of men and women who were at one time or another among the great pianist's pupils. As this list includes such names as Anton Rubinstein, Hans von Bülow, Carl Tausig, Rafael Joseffy, Eugen D'Albert, Camille Saint-Saëns, and a dozen others almost equally well known, it takes some courage to assume such a title. Mr. Stavenhagen, however, might fairly claim that he was Liszt's "favorite" in the last years of his life; for Liszt chose him as his constant companion for eighteen months, and took him along on his last trips to Paris, London, Budapest, and Bayreuth. At Budapest Mr. Stavenhagen had plenty of opportunity to catch the spirit which animates Liszt's Hungarian music; for there, as he says, "you cannot eat your supper without listening to a gipsy band." In taking him along to London, Liszt appears to have harbored the *arrière pensée* of passing him off as his pianistic *alter ego*. It is well known that during the last thirty-nine years of his life Liszt stubbornly refused to play in public except on rare occasions for an urgent charitable or artistic cause. He had not been in England for forty-five years, and knew that every effort would be made to induce him to play with his seventy-six-year-old fingers. Instead of doing so, he put forward as his official interpreter Mr. Stavenhagen, who gave a special Liszt recital which the master attended, and which, according to the newspapers, was a brilliant success.

With such practical indorsement of his master's esteem, far more eloquent than written words, Mr. Stavenhagen began his career as concert pianist anew after Liszt's death, which came so very soon after his visit to London. It is almost pathetic to read the expressions of relief uttered by the German critics after once more hearing an artist of his caliber. These poor fellows, who have coined the word *Klavierkrankheit* (piano-sickness), analogous to our seasickness, found the new pianist a pleasant change and a tonic. "At last," exclaims Gumprecht, "a piano recital that not only has done no damage, but has actually given us pleasure!" "It was," exclaimed Otto Lessmann on another occasion, "an evening which atoned for the tortures of a dozen ordinary recitals." These are expressions of North German opinion, which is not easily stirred to enthusiasm. In the more southerly Vienna, the leading critic — Dr. Hanslick — declared that Stavenhagen has "a hundred varieties of touch," and that he "sings, talks, tells stories, and gossips on the piano." After one of his Vienna concerts the audience absolutely refused to leave until he had added five extra numbers. At St. Petersburg even this record was beaten, the audience compelling him to play seven extra pieces — not trifles either, one of them being the Moonlight Sonata. The adoption of Rubinstein's trick of sending his assistant to lock the piano had no effect; it had to be unlocked again.

It was, of course, only a question of time when Mr. Stavenhagen would be invited to make an American tour. He made his New York début on December 12, 1894. Carnegie Hall was not crowded on this occasion; here again, as in the case of Mr. Paderewski and other artists of foreign repute, it was shown that New Yorkers are skeptical, and like to wait for a verdict from local musicians and newspapers, before buying tickets. But the auditorium contained most of the leading professionals of the city, whose cordial applause was more eloquent than that of a miscellaneous audience, in view of the proverbial jealousy and envy of professional musicians. Not a few were surprised that he should have introduced himself with Beethoven's third concerto, which belongs to the master's early period, and is not specially interesting in itself or "grateful" (as the Germans say) for the pianist. It has been a favorite of his, it seems, for twelve years, and he may perhaps have chosen it originally by way of refuting the insinuation that he was merely a Liszt-player. It certainly enabled him to show that he understands the chaste simplicity of the old classical style quite as well as the brilliant modern style of Liszt. Its beauties were revealed with delightful clearness, all the phrases being as clean-cut and sparkling as the facets of a cut diamond. It is worthy of note — and rather amusing, by the way — that Mr. Stavenhagen is perhaps the only pianist that ever visited this country whose ability to play Beethoven correctly was conceded by the "united press" from the beginning. It has always been a funny habit of the critics, beginning with Beethoven's own playing of his works and ending with Paderewski's, to deny that anybody could play Beethoven correctly.

Perhaps Mr. Stavenhagen chose the unfamiliar third concerto instead of one of those more favored by pianists and audiences, by way of protesting against what is one of the most regrettable of concert customs — the tendency of pianists to run in the same rut, to play certain sets of pieces for no obvious reason than because others have played them; the consequence being that these pieces become mercilessly hackneyed, while others, perhaps more beautiful, remain practically unknown. For instance, there are three or four of Chopin's nocturnes which every concert pianist plays, while the others are neglected. Mr. Stavenhagen seems to make it a point — and this is one of his greatest merits — to bring forward such neglected pieces. One of these is Chopin's alternately

dreamy and passionate C sharp minor nocturne, a superbly dramatic piece which might be called a five-minute opera. In a career of thirteen years as a professional critic I had never heard this favorite of mine played in public till Mr. Stavenhagen played it. I felt grateful for the innovation, even though I would not class him among the great Chopin players. No German pianist appears to have ever quite caught the subtle, capricious tempo rubato which is the soul of Chopin. Mr. Stavenhagen, like all his Teutonic colleagues, lacks it. It is a matter of temperament, and cannot be taught. In Schumann, too, Mr. Stavenhagen appears to me not entirely satisfactory. Schumann, it is true, was a German, but there is in the complicated rhythmic structure and habitual syncopation of his music something which assimilates it to the Slavic school. It takes Mr. Paderewski to bring out all the tone-wit and humor of the "Papillons."

In the music of Schubert there is a certain Viennese air of capriciousness, foreshadowing the rubato of the Strauss concert waltz. In this Viennese atmosphere Mr. Stavenhagen feels more at home; he evidently loves his Schubert, either in the original or in the garb of Liszt's arrangements. He is also fond of Bach as modernized by Liszt; and, what is more, he is able to rouse a miscellaneous audience to enthusiasm by his grand interpretation of Liszt's somber, majestic, and enormously difficult variations on the Bach theme from "Weinen und Klagen."

It is, however, as an interpreter of Liszt's own works that we can admire his art most unreservedly. He evidently plays Liszt by preference, and by no means as a mere act of apostolic gratitude toward his teacher. The Liszt missionary has a large field; few, even among professionals, realize how very large it is. The number of Liszt compositions exceeds 1230! Among these are 351 transcriptions for the piano of works by other composers, and 155 original compositions for the piano (two hands). Only a very small proportion of these pieces are known to the public; but they are gaining ground every year, in spite of the amazingly persistent opposition of the professional critics. It took some courage on Mr. Stavenhagen's part, in 1886 and 1887, to give special Liszt recitals in London, where prominent critics soberly informed their readers that "to play Liszt well requires little more than the necessary amount of physical force," or in regard to the superb variations on the theme from "Weinen und Klagen," "to attempt a description of this terrible infliction would be a waste of time." But Mr. Stavenhagen, like Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Friedheim, Mr. Pachmann, and others, pays no heed to these attempts at critical intimidation, and continues to play Liszt to the delight of his audiences. He knows that even the critics, though belated as usual, will discover by and by that many of Liszt's works are as profound and as suggestive as Bach's.

At the present day almost every pianist of distinction is also a composer, and Mr. Stavenhagen is no exception to the rule. In early criticisms mention is made of a Spanish suite and a scena for soprano and orchestra; but these he seems to have discarded. The present list of published pieces is as follows: opus I, six songs; II, three piano pieces — "Presto," "Pastorale," and "Caprice"; III, five songs; IV, concerto for piano; V, three piano pieces — "Capriccio," "Intermezzo," "Minuetto Scherzando." His opus VI will include two Norwegian songs for soprano and orchestra. This will be followed by a new collection of piano pieces, some trios for female voices, and a symphony, upon which the composer is now at work. Between opus II and opus III there was an interval of nearly twelve years, during which nothing was added to the list. In New York, his concerto has not been heard at this writing; but he has played the three pieces included in opus V, of which the "Intermezzo" is an original harmonic study, soft and dreamy in character, while the "Capriccio" begins somewhat in the style of Schubert, but soon assumes a character of modern sonority. The "Pastorale" of opus II is a dainty little piece, which only needs to be heard a few times to become popular. Mr. Stavenhagen has also introduced changes in a few of Liszt's compositions, which were approved by him, and at his request introduced into the new editions.

The unpublished Norse songs are charming; and when I first heard them I was so much struck by their genuine Northern atmosphere that I asked the composer if he had ever lived in Norway. This elicited the interesting information that his family had during the Thirty Years' War gone to live in Norway, where they remained some time. At present his domicile is Weimar, where, being well-to-do, he has for some years followed Liszt's example of giving free lessons to students of the piano. The number gradually grew to about forty, and as he found that some came out of curiosity rather than from a desire to study, he limited his list to those intending to choose a professional career. At the piano Mr. Stavenhagen is less moody than Slavic pianists are apt to be — Slivinski, for instance, who entrances one day, and disappoints the next. Nor is there a trace of mannnerism or sensationalism about his actions and appearance.

Henry T. Finck.

A FAITHFUL FAILURE.

THE roll of the drum of glory,
The flash of the sword of fame,
The words of heroic story,
The sound of a soldier's name—

OUT upon the night air from the square of yellow light that stood for a window, and proclaimed the inconsequential quarters of Lieutenant Britton, came the words in nervous, school-boy staccato. Young Pashley was declaiming. It was one of Britton's stag nights, and all the chivalry of the garrison was there, sitting about the room, pipe in mouth, glass in hand, listening to Pashley making a fool of himself. As Britton's striker dexterously opened one bottle after another, it was borne in upon the gentlemen of the army present that the most profitable method of spending the time was to keep the striker busy. Britton commended the sentiment, and in response to repeated calls had put on an immense pair of owl-eyed spectacles, smoothed his weather-lined countenance into a semblance of serenity, and given a comic recitation. Then Richards, the burly major, sang his famous song, which he had been singing ever since the reorganization of the regiment in '69. One after another the officers contributed their share to the evening's entertainment; the smoke grew ever thicker, the voices became more jovial. When there was a threatened pause in the chanting, Britton would leap from his seat, seize the man nearest him, and cry, "Come on, old fellows!" Then all would join hands, and in mock solemnity circle the table, keeping time to a tuneless song, the words of which were a continual repetition of the line,

From Widdleton to Waddleton is nineteen miles.

At the end of every fourth line the procession would stop, return to its seats, and continue the literary exercises that had been interrupted.

Suddenly it was put into the head of some one to remember Pashley. "Here! Where 's the new sub? Have n't had a word out of Pashley yet! Turn out the recruit! Come up, old man, and show your mettle! Sing, talk, dance, anything. It all goes!"

The room rang with shouts of "Pashley!" and in reply the owner of the name arose. He was a grave young man, and took himself seriously — too much so, some of the lieutenants thought. "He a line officer! Hang it, he 's a chaplain!" Britton had declared the day Pashley joined. This was an echo of the general sentiment. Pashley was a civilian appointment, and lacked both the educational training of the West Pointers, and the practical training of the men from the ranks. He was filled with worshipful gratitude toward the President, who had appointed him, and was determined to show him that the army had gained a good officer. The ink on his commission was hardly dry, but he could have recited the whole document from memory, so faithfully had he studied it. Its first line, in which the President stated stereotyped reasons for the appointment,— because of the special trust and confidence reposed by him in the patriotism, valor, fidelity, and abilities of the appointee,—had placed him upon a pinnacle of moral exaltation that rendered communication with ordinary mortals difficult. He could hardly believe that these other officers about him had each received similar commissions as they advanced through the grades of the service, so little impress of it did they show. They went about their duties with a song, much as though the whole thing was a joke; lived a jolly life, indifferent to its length; and regarded death as an incident of the service scarcely worth considering. Why should they worry about it when the Government would surely provide for the widow and children with a suitable pension? Such lightness of bearing and of heart in the presence of serious possibilities Pashley could not understand. He did not think it seemly. It stood in the way of reproof, and if it should happen that his first great duty in the military service should be to awaken his brother officers to a Puritanical observance of their obligations, he would not shrink from it. "Patriotism, valor, fidelity, ability," — these were qualities attributed to him — and, he forgot, to others. Should he prove unworthy of his trust at the very outset of his career?

"Pashley! Pashley! Pash, Pash, Pashley!" The cadence was ringing around the room, with an accompaniment of pipes against glasses. He gazed upon his companions dimly through the wreathing smoke. The two coal-oil lamps burned a murky yellow, and touched with light

only the more prominent features of the men. How curiously they appeared in the haze! There were men who dated on the active list from years back of '61, and who had stopped keeping count of their battles; men of wide fame as Indian-fighters, whose name was a rallying-cry among the harried settlers; freshly shoulder-strapped boys whose knowledge of the effect of bullets began and ended at the targets. The older men looked at him now with kind attention, hoping he was going to do something that should at once take rank among the regimental features; the middle men puffed vigorously to conceal a cynical disbelief; the boys were nudging one another, and grinning with anticipation, for their theory was that Pashley could not avoid making a bad break whenever he had the chance. Upon this audience poor Pashley launched his heroic seminary verses. They had made a profound impression upon him in his school-days, and he had not gotten far enough from that period of life to know the difference. He had asked himself if they were not the precise thing needed to bring his hearers to a realizing sense of their position as to life and death, and had decided that they were.

> This, then, the rich boon I desire,
> As time may remorselessly fly:
> To brighten the patriot's fire,
> To fight for my land, and die.

Bang! Down came the glasses of the company on the table in a simultaneous movement, and the room seemed likely to burst with the shout that arose. The boys were declaring that Pashley had out-Pashleyed himself; that he alone could have done that; and that it was the best thing the regiment had had in many a day. The Indian-fighters laughed openly; only the old men smiled indulgently. They remembered the heroics preceding enlistments at the beginning of the war, and that good material was evolved therefrom. Pashley stood with a grave smile on his face, filled with the satisfaction of having performed a difficult duty in excellent shape. He was so devoid of the sense of humor that he took seriously all the ridiculous things that were said to him regarding his achievement. The noise and frequent laughter were somewhat unsettling, but he was convinced that his effort would bring forth good fruit, and that his career in the army had really begun under favorable circumstances.

Outside, the sharp crack of a Springfield rifle pierced the darkness, and brought every man to a listening attitude. They might have been on the alert, expecting the report. It was not strained, intense, the attitude of fearful surprise, but rather that of men ready to proceed any length in an immediate investigation, should the premises seem to warrant it. Britton, who was officer of the day, girded on his sword, and moved toward the door, as by an impulse.

"It was in the direction of the wood-yard," he said. "Only one shot. I guess there 's nothing important. I 'll meet the corporal coming back, and he 'll tell me about it. Just make yourselves happy while I 'm gone," he concluded, mindful of his duties as host.

He returned. "Nothing but a greaser stealing wood. The sentinel saw something moving about the lower end of the yard, called it to halt, and as it did not obey, fired. It stopped."

The account was satisfactory to all but Pashley. "Did he shoot him?" he asked, horrified.

"Looks very much that way," said Britton, unbuckling his belt.

"That 's pretty serious business, I should think."

"That 's just what we 're here for, son," said Major Richards, urbanely.

"But I don't think the circumstances justified shooting. The sentinel ought to be court-martialed."

"That sentinel ought to get a medal for good conduct," returned Richards, warmly. "Who is he?" he inquired, and Britton told him.

The room began to hum with approval, and stories were told of the value of that soldier as proved repeatedly in the field. But Pashley was yet unsatisfied, and began to question as to the fate of the body lying in the yard.

"It will stay there till daylight, and then some other greaser will come around and cart it off," he was told. Pashley could not conceal his abhorrence.

"Well, it *is* too bad! Some coyote will get at him before morning, sure," said Britton, in mock agreement with Pashley. The other youngsters hooted their appreciation, but Pashley turned to him with thanks for the word. He was in deep earnest, and a little later became indignant. The party broke up in confusion, amid proposals from some of the lively ones to go down to the yard and hold a wake over the corpse. To this Pashley returned no reply, and stalked off alone toward his quarters.

In their serious moments the officers admitted that Pashley cut a pitiable figure. He was the best-meaning man in garrison, but the very loftiness of his intentions made him unbearable. His devotion to duty was so conspicuous that others, who had been going about their duties quietly and faithfully for a score of years, and considering the fact no miracle, were irritated almost beyond civility. He was so ready with uncalled-for criticism of deeds and motives, so apt to challenge argument on questions of trivial importance, that he became an unwelcome guest at all gatherings. His efficiency was admitted in the same moment that his manner was

execrated. He was so full of crotchets about company discipline that his captain had no peace in life save through severe and continued snubbing. The Book of Regulations found in him a restless, craving student whose days were given to punctilious observances. He would have been the lasting joy of the Circumlocution Office; but the regiment to which he was assigned was notoriously bungling in the matter of red tape, and correspondingly efficient with the rifle in the field. So he worked hard, and blundered, and was conscientious to a degree, and was imposed upon by his men, and became the butt of the garrison. Sometimes he was cast to earth beneath the double burden of performing his own duties and keeping the rest of the regiment up to his standard. Britton ran into his quarters one day without the preliminary of a knock,—a ceremony very generally dispensed with among the junior officers,—and found him at a table, his face between his hands, looking woebegone.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" said Britton, backing out. But Pashley had instantly looked up, and recovered somewhat of his usual stolid expression.

"It 's all right. Come in—come back!" he called. "I was thinking, and did n't hear you rap."

"I did n't rap; and I was n't thinking," replied Britton. "I did not want anything—merely dropped in to see you; but if you 've got something on your brain, I 'll go. You 'll need the room."

"Oh, sit down," said Pashley, laughing. "I 'm glad you came in. I was feeling done up."

"Am I to be your undoer? Far be it from me to unravel the skein of your perplexities. What ails you? Too much company drill? A touch of sun?"

"If that was all, I would n't mind. I 'd go to the hospital, and be made whole in short order. No, Britton; I 'm desperate to-day. I 've got 'em bad. I feel as though, perhaps, I made a mistake in entering the army. I don't believe I 'm fit for a soldier."

Britton whistled reflectively. It did not suit him to fall in with Pashley's mood: he could do a greater service by keeping out of it. "Must be the sun," said he; "for there are soldiers and soldiers. I don't see what else could put that in your head."

"Well, it 's there; and I 'm going to tell you about it. I don't know why I should, either, except that a fellow can't shut up and be a clam all his days."

"I don't know why not," Britton started to say; but the look on Pashley's face changed it to "I don't know of anything to make you take this stand," which was not spoken with so great regard for truth as for charity.

Pashley hurried on:

"I always wanted to get into the army. It has been the dream of my life. I got an appointment to West Point once, but my eyes knocked me out. I was in despair then. Afterward I worked harder yet for the civilian appointment. I pulled all the wires in the frame to get it, and I got it. So I come out here and join, believing I have some aptitude for the military life. I feel enthusiastic, and devote myself to my duties. I do everything the Book of Regulations requires, and do not forget the post orders. I have pages of the Target Manual committed to memory. I do all those things that I am commanded to do — and yet I don't get on. I don't get on at all. I 'm a failure — a miserable failure; and the worst of it is, I can't see the reason why." He finished the case with an odd expression of despair.

Britton drummed with his fingers. "What do you expect me to do?" he asked. "The Government does n't pay me to point out other men's defects: it probably expects me to have some of my own; so I will simply name causes. Chief among them is dyspepsia. Something gets stuck crossways in your stomach; then you feel bad; you become morbid; and there you are. Failure? Well, no man who commits the regulations to memory is entirely a failure. His position is unique — in this regiment, at least."

"But what have I left undone?"

"Nothing, so far as I know. I can suggest but one thing."

"What is it?"

"Don't do so much."

"What!"

"Give your conscience a month's leave. 'Pon my word, Pashley, you 'll find nothing amiss with the army then. Let trifles go, and look for general results." Britton laughed as he said it, and Pashley at once took the recommendation for a grim attempt at humor, and resented it.

"Thanks, Britton; but I guess I 'll let my conscience stay on duty with me. I 'm sorry to have bored you with my complaint," said he in a crisp manner.

"Oh, not at all, not at all, not at all," sang Britton.

"It is n't an affair of pleasantry with me; but I 'll do well enough, I expect — and I won't bother you again. What 's the old grind? Oh, yes—'Virtue is its own reward.'"

"A dinged mean paymaster," observed Britton. "You don't seem to get much out of him." He objected to the implication that all the virtue of the regiment was resident in Pashley. It was the easiest thing in the world to quarrel with Pashley, but Britton was too sorry for him to do that.

"I 'll be satisfied — thanks," said Pashley. "You don't need to mention this to the fellows."

"Co'se not. Good day."

"Good day."

"And say," added Britton, putting his face back in the room, "remember what I said about dyspepsia. You 'd better see the doctor — and the colonel, too. He 's a good fellow to talk to."

"Yes," said Pashley, despondently; "but I 've said my say, and there 's no more to it."

DAYS go by unwillingly in garrison at seasons. The morning's duties give way to a burden of leisure before the evening draws on with its brief ceremonies. There is only one thought to reconcile man with his surrounding conditions: it is a time of preparation, and sooner or later, as he does his work manfully or under protest, the pride of life will surge in all his veins at the summons to the field. Then there is quick joy in stepping to the drum, and the heart of man sings above the fifes. The air is sweet with camp scents of leather, of rifle-oil, of horses. Then the body is exalted, and all that life holds of good in strength, in suppleness, in muscular endeavor, is taken at its full. Ears that are dulled to the routine calls of stable and barrack duty prick up at the first bugle-notes that indicate the promise of a great joy. Officers' call! The staff and line run upon the parade, and the rank and file form groups on the barrack porches, ready to cheer the order from the captains — "Pack and march!" There is a sweetness in the words that all must taste, a joy in the prospect that all must know, to appreciate.

The old regiment had been in the dumps. After long years of valiant service on the Northern border, it had been transferred to the Rio Grande, and immediately the Northern Indians gave sign of an outbreak. So there were marches to be made, and death to be met, and doubtful honors — for which your true soldier lives and dies — to be won. The old regiment felt that it was defrauded. The officers grumbled, the men cursed. After some days the colonel's eyes twinkled promisingly, and the initiated were appeased. And when officers' call sounded at an unusual hour one day, the headquarters office was soon filled.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, with a certain ring of glad triumph in his voice, "the regiment is ordered to take train at the earliest possible moment, and to proceed to the scene of hostilities forthwith. The quartermaster is now making arrangements with the railroad people. That is all, gentlemen — with no unnecessary delay."

Out through the narrow doorway the officers crowded, as noisy as boys released from school, congratulating one another on the regiment's reputation. "Could n't get along without the old boys!" cheered Richards. The subs set up a yell of rejoicing that was taken up by the men clustered about barracks, and echoed to the confines of garrison. Men hugged one another, danced, leaped into the air, in vain attempts to show their joy. Pashley alone of the headquarters set preserved an air of gravity.

"Serious business," said he.

"Serious!" shouted Britton. "You coffee-cooler, it 's a picnic!"

The other officers took it up. "Not half so serious as lying here rotting in garrison." "This is what we 're here for." "Now we begin to live." But there was no time for discussion. Orders were for an immediate move, and the old regiment was always punctilious in the observance of such an order.

Two weeks later a detachment of the old regiment was reaping those perilous glories to which it had gone forth with exuberant delight. The men lay clapped to the rising ground as close as they could stick, each behind such cover as a bare little knoll afforded. Their bronzed rifle-barrels were thrust out all around the compass, and now and then a vicious spurt of flame told of a bullet speeding Sioux-ward. Some men were lying so still in unnatural attitudes that one did not have to be told that their interest in the fight was over. Others bound up wounds, observing cheerfully that the blood froze rapidly, and aided the bandage in stopping the flow. It was bitter cold. The wind sang past the ears of the prone men; black shreds of cloud came scudding out of the North; in the creek bottom the cottonwoods swayed sharply. The position of the detachment was unenviable, yet none seemed discontented.

Richards was in command. He crept about from man to man, keeping their fire down to a minimum; for ammunition was limited. To himself he was cursing the supporting troops,— detachments of other regiments,— which had been outmarched, and showed no disposition to come to his relief. "Looks like we 'd play this alone," he remarked to Britton, where that young gentleman lay whistling softly, with a bullet in his shoulder.

"We don't even need our partner's best," said Britton, sturdily. He twirled his revolver, and considered himself a good man at close quarters yet.

Richards looked about the outer fringe that marked the concealment of the foe, went away quietly, and then crept back.

"I just sent Pashley around with a little flanking party to get in on the creek side," said he. "It 's an easy matter to sneak through the draw, and get a position without being seen.

I hated to send Pashley, though; but he was all I had left."

"What 's the matter with *me?*" demanded Britton, half rising.

"Just you lie still. You ain't available," said the older man. "Pashley means well, but he 's such a bungler. He never ought to have command of anything."

"I don't know about that, major. There 's good stuff in him, for I 've talked with him, and know. Don't be too hard on him."

"The trouble is, he is n't a fighter by instinct. He was n't glad to be sent out. He took it as a duty, saluted me, and stalked off. I gave him pointers about keeping under cover, though."

"I admit he 's a little raw now, but that will wear off, and he will be a credit to the regiment."

"I hope so," said the major. "He 's got a chance to do something now that any lieutenant ought to be proud to get. You 'd have jumped at it, even as you are. But you have n't got any sense, anyway," he concluded, with rough affection.

The Sioux fire on the little knoll slackened, and became unimportant. The men stole glances out, and were heard giving vent to exclamations. Richards raised his head, and at once swore.

"My Lord! To see Pashley making a holy show of himself — prancing up the hill, sword drawn, attitude copied from the 'Death of Montgomery'! It settles Pashley — but it saves us. Come on, you men — half of you! Run now like the devil!"

Diverted from the main point by Pashley's displayed flank attempt, the Indians were devoting themselves to that young officer. He was indulging in pyrotechnic bravery, thinking thereby to stimulate his men. They needed no stimulant. As Pashley fell, they returned a sharp fire. At the same time Richards's men ran in on the front. From down the valley a bugle sounded, and the tarrying supports came rushing in. The Indians broke, and as they fled received the fire of Britton's party on the knoll. They tumbled out of range in confusion.

Major Richards hastened to where Pashley lay, and lifted his head. The boy was already in that hazy edge country in which spirits about to withdraw from this sphere love to hide; but at the motion he rallied, and looked up at the major with faint eyes.

"One more failure, major — sorry," he murmured apologetically.

"No, indeed, Pashley. It was a success. You did nobly. It was the bravest thing I ever saw," declared the major, as though commending a child. For he thought, "What 's a lie, so long as he dies the happier for it?"

Pashley looked up, and smiled.

"You think so?" he asked.

"I do. It was positively heroic. God help me!" he added aside.

Pashley breathed gently. "I am glad. I was such a failure. I wanted to do something fine — for the regiment. Anyway, I was faithful —"

"Faithful unto death," said the major, solemnly, looking up at the little group that stood with bared heads. For Pashley was already dead.

George I. Putnam.

RELIGIOUS TEACHING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THERE are some questions which can be settled only by compromise — that is, by mutual concessions. There are other questions which are incapable of being so settled. A vital principle is involved, and that principle must be discovered, recognized, and applied. I believe that the long-debated question respecting moral and religious teaching in the public schools is of this latter sort. We have tried to settle it by compromise between Protestant, Roman Catholic, and rationalist, and tried in vain. I purpose in this paper to consider, first, What right has a free State to provide public education? — and from that consideration to endeavor to deduce an answer to the question, What kind of education may it provide? I have only to premise in addition that the question is a practical one; it is therefore the question, What kind of education may the State furnish in a country like our own, composed of citizens of a great variety of traditional beliefs, both secular and religious.

By a free State I mean a democratic State — that is, one founded, as our American States are, upon the principle of self-government. What does this principle involve? It does not imply that every man is, without preparation, able to take care of his own interests; it does imply that, if he have a very moderate amount of education, it is safer to trust him to take care of his own interests than to intrust them to the care of any one else. The individual may injure himself by his follies or his vices; but he will learn wisdom and virtue by experience. Feudalism assumes that the mass of men are

children, who must be intrusted to the keeping of their wiser lords. Democracy assumes that they are potential men, and can acquire the capacity of manhood in the school of experience. The individual is in danger from his own folly under a democracy; but he is in a greater danger from the selfishness of his keeper under feudalism.

But democracy does not merely leave the individual to take care of himself: it also intrusts the interests of others to his keeping. Democracy is not anarchism, and does not tend to anarchism. Anarchism is the abrogation of all law, and a return to the individualism of nature. There is no tendency in America toward such abrogation and return. Anarchism is not indigenous in America, is seldom found in any native American, or in any American descendant from foreign ancestry of the third generation. Democracy is an organized community; it is not *demos* let loose, but *demos* united and co-working in a common life and to a common end. "The nation," says Professor Mulford, whose volume, "The Nation," is the best exponent of the American system ever issued from the press, "is not a confused collection of separate atoms, as grains of sand in a heap, and its increase is not through their accumulation. It has the unity of an organism, not the aggregation of a mass; it is indivisible; its germ lies beyond analysis, and in it is enfolded its whole future." [1]

This nation, which has a corporate personality, has corporate functions to perform. And these corporate functions it performs by the application of the principle of self-government. It is true that in most American communities the unit is the family, not the individual. Women and children do not generally vote. But theoretically every family is represented, and the political action of the community is the result of the total intelligence and virtue embodied in the thought and will of all the families. We do not seek a czar to exercise the corporate functions as in Russia — our Government is not paternal; nor do we by heredity seek an aristocracy to exercise these functions as in feudalism. We do not by property requirements select the men who have proved themselves possessed of practical worldly wisdom by their success in accumulation; nor do we by educational requirements select those who give indications of possessing intellectual competency to vote. American democracy is founded on manhood suffrage. It is not within the province of this article to discuss the question whether this system is wise or unwise. It is unquestionably based on an almost audacious faith in human nature. Personally, I believe that faith to be well founded; personally, I believe in manhood suffrage for most, if not all, American communities. But the question to be considered in this article is not whether the American State is wisely organized; but what provision ought to be made for popular education in the American State as it is organized.

[1] "The Nation," E. Mulford, p. 9.

1. If a free State has a right to exist, it has a right to do whatever is necessary to maintain its existence. Self-preservation is a fundamental right and a fundamental duty; and popular education is essential to the preservation and perpetuity of a free State. Ignorant and immoral men are not competent to take care of themselves and their households, still less to direct the destinies of a great empire. The community has two alternatives before it: either to exclude by some natural or artificial test the ignorant and immoral from all participation in the government; or to provide systems of education such as shall enable all classes of citizens to become intelligent and virtuous. A possible third alternative, to leave permanently the property and lives of the intelligent and moral under the control of the ignorant and the immoral, is one not to be seriously entertained. In the Black Belt there are evidently only two courses open: the first, to exclude the negroes from all participation in political power, on the ground that they are incompetent to exercise it; the second, to provide such a system of education as shall make them competent. Precisely the same issue is presented in Ireland. If the Home-Ruler succeeds in vesting the Irish peasantry with the power of self-government, it is clear that he must also provide the means whereby they may be endowed with capacity for self-government. If the government is left to the incompetent, the end can be nothing else than a relapse into barbarism.

The public-school system of America is not a public charity. The reason the State provides education for the children of the poor is not because their parents are not able to provide it. The children in our public schools are not educated *in forma pauperis*. Our educational system is not an extension of poor-law methods to the educational realm. The free State assumes the responsibility for free popular education, because universal education is necessary to universal suffrage. A democratic State cannot long continue to exist without democratic education.

2. Rights are always duties. The right to life and liberty implies the duty to preserve that life and guard that liberty. The free State, because it has a right to provide popular education, is under a duty so to do. The public school is the result, and a necessary result, of the combination of the Christian spirit and the democratic organization. "Ye ought to help the weak" is the simplest and most alphabetic law of Christianity. In feudalism this

law was taken account of in the protection which the lord of the manor owed to his vassals. It was the recognized duty of the wise and strong — the lords — to care for the ignorant and weak — the villeins. If democracy involved leaving the ignorant and weak to care for themselves, it would be distinctly a reversion to the pagan type. If it were what Ruskin and Carlyle think it to be, they would be right in condemning it. And democracy without a public-school system would be what they think it to be. But modern democracy never is without a public-school system. The republic in France is no sooner established than it establishes popular education, at public expense, and under public control. Democracy no sooner gets a foothold in England than it organizes a School Board system. Slavery is no sooner overthrown in the Southern States than the public-school system is organized there, where before it was absolutely unknown. Feudal Christianity bids the wise and strong take care of the ignorant and the weak; democratic Christianity bids the wise and strong educate the ignorant and the weak to take care of themselves. One gives protection; the other gives competence and character. The public-school system marks the difference between ancient and modern democracy. The former was simply struggle for existence, and survival of the fittest. The latter is a brotherhood in which that struggle still continues, but in which all unite in an endeavor to fit each individual to survive.

3. Thus the right and duty of the free State to establish and maintain a public-school system is a primary, not a secondary, right and duty. It is not derived by express or implied consent of the parents. It is inherent in the very nature of the free State. The free State has not the power to live without exercising this right; it has not the right to live without fulfilling this duty. If this duty were left unfulfilled, the State would relapse into barbarism, and would die — and ought to die. The State does not step in to provide education for those children whose parents fail to educate them, as it provides asylums for orphans or outcast children. Every child is an inchoate citizen; and the State has a right and a duty to see that the child is educated for citizenship. The State leaves the individual to take care of himself; it is therefore under obligation to see that he is prepared to take care of himself. The State does not stand to the child in the place of the parent, and is not under obligation to fulfil the wishes or carry out the judgment of the parent. The training it gives is not vicarious or substitutional. Its authority is not conferred by the parent, directly or indirectly. France takes the young man away from home, puts him in camp for three years, and trains him for the army. In doing this it does not stand *in loco parentis*. It does not derive its authority to do this from the consent of the parent. In determining what training it will furnish, it is not and ought not to be controlled by the wishes of the parent. France assumes that a standing army is necessary to its safety; it assumes that every young man is under obligation to fit himself for military service; and it enforces that obligation. In a similar manner America assumes that every young man is under obligation to fit himself for citizenship, and it enforces that obligation. If the parent wishes to keep the child out of school and engaged in a wage-earning occupation, America forbids, and America is right. If the parent wishes the child to remain in ignorance of the English language, and to learn only the German, America forbids, and America is right. If it is satisfied that the child is getting, outside of the public school, an education which fits it for citizenship, it may legitimately leave the education to be so obtained. But this is because it is satisfied that the parent is fulfilling a duty which primarily belongs both to the parent and to the State. To put the matter antithetically: it is not the duty of the State to satisfy the requirements of the parent; it is the duty of the parent to satisfy the requirements of the State.

4. The State cannot relegate this duty of public education to the Church, or to private enterprise. And this for two reasons.

A large experience has proved that the Church does not afford the kind of education necessary to make intelligent citizens in a free commonwealth. The Roman Catholic Church has been intrusted with education in Italy and Spain; the Protestant Church has been intrusted with education in England: and in neither country have the results been such as to justify us in repeating the experiment with either a Roman Catholic or a Protestant hierarchy. But we need not go across the sea. In our own country the free parochial school, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, rarely furnishes an education comparable to that furnished by the free public school in the same community. This is not necessarily to condemn the hierarchy. To furnish general education is not the function of the Christian Church. Its function has been clearly defined by its Master. This is to act as a herald of the gospel, and to teach Christian doctrine and duty.[1] Sometimes it has to assume other functions because there is no other organization to assume them. But it always does so at a disadvantage. The most enthusiastic advocates of the parochial-school system in the Roman Catholic

[1] Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations: . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you." Matthew xxviii: 19, 20.

Church recognize frankly the tremendous obstacles in the way of that system, the great odds against which it is carried on, the drain on the energies as well as on the funds of the Church, the sacrifice of direct spiritual work entailed by this diversion of its energies to the work of secular education. This is indeed the very ground of their claim for a share of the public moneys. They propose that the State shall pay the expenses, but the Church shall direct the education.

But even if the Churches had proved themselves adapted to the work of carrying on a system of free popular education, they are quite incompetent to deal with the problem of free popular education in our country. With all that the Churches, private enterprise, and the State are doing, it is with difficulty that we keep pace with the growth of our population. Multitudes of children, not only in the South and the less-settled regions of the West, but in the great commercial cities of the East, are growing up in ignorance and barbarism. If the State were to abandon the work of education, and leave it to the parents, to private enterprise, or to the Churches, we should be swamped in a bog of ignorance in one generation. The right and duty of the State to provide for the education of its citizens — an inherent and primary right and duty — is one which cannot be relinquished either to parents, to private enterprise, or to the Churches.

5. These considerations determine the nature of the education which the community may and must provide. It is its right and duty to provide *all the education which is necessary to good citizenship*. I do not say that it may not do more. To discuss the propriety of taxing *all* the people to educate *some* of the people, by providing out of State funds for university and even professional education, would be beyond the province of this article. It is enough here to say that the State does not fulfil its duty if it fails to secure for all citizens all the education necessary to equip them for good citizenship. The right of democracy to educate is the right of self-preservation; and the duty of democracy to educate is the duty of preparing citizens to direct the affairs of the State. Both right and duty, therefore, combine in demanding that the State secure for every individual whatever education is necessary for good citizenship. And for this purpose moral education is indispensable. I will not stop to discuss the necessity of moral culture for individual self-government. That necessity is self-evident; self-government depends upon the governing faculties — that is, the impulses and the will: therefore, as a prerequisite to self-government, the governing faculties must be trained. Educate a man to write without training his conscience, and you may educate only a forger; teach him chemistry without developing in him humanity, and you may make only a dynamiter. But I desire to show a little more fully that moral training is essential to the corporate functions of citizenship in a democratic State.

It is the function of the State to protect its citizens from foreign aggression. It must know, therefore, what are the rights which other States may not infringe, and what are the duties which it owes in turn to other States. The Hawaiian and Chinese questions are primarily moral questions, and are to be settled by moral considerations. It is the function of the State to protect individuals in the State from the aggressions of other individuals. It must therefore know what are individual rights and duties; and this is a moral knowledge. It is the function of the State to administer justice between man and man, to define crime, to determine who has committed crime, and to decide what punishment shall be awarded. The administration of justice is a purely moral function, and requires in the administrator moral development. This administration of justice is more and more, under the influence of Christianity, becoming an administration of redemption. Our penal systems are gradually becoming curative systems, our prisons reformatories, our aim in punishment to make good men out of bad men. This is supremely a moral function, and requires for its proper performance moral education. It is the function of the State to perform certain corporate acts, — which are in a sense extra-governmental, — and this necessarily raises questions which are in whole or in part moral questions. What currency shall the community use — gold, silver, greenbacks, or a combination of the three? How shall it tax itself? By taxes levied on real estate, personal property, purchases, or incomes? Shall Government protect and promote certain industries, or take its hands off, and leave all industries to free competition? These are, in large measure, moral questions. And in the discussion of every one of them the public orators and public presses make constant appeal to the moral judgment of men, claiming on the one side that gold monometallism is unjust to the debtors, and on the other hand that bimetallism is unjust to the creditors; on the one hand that tariff is robbery, and on the other hand that free trade is spoliation. The men who are to determine what are the rights and duties of the State in dealing with other States, what are the rights and duties of the individual citizens in dealing with one another, what is the nature, penalty, and cure of crime, and what is the moral quality of the corporate and coöperative acts of the community, are to determine moral questions, and must be educated to perceive moral

distinctions, and to see that moral considerations always outweigh considerations of mere expediency or apparent self-interest. Otherwise the State will be an immoral State, and the representatives of the State, whether on the bench, in the executive chair, or in the legislative chambers, will be immoral men. If it is the primary right and duty of the State to give whatever education is necessary for good citizenship, it is self-evident that it is its primary right and duty to give education in moral principles, and training to the moral impulses and the will.

6. Nor is it possible to give such moral instruction and training without involving something of the religious spirit, if not of religious education. We not only cannot prepare youth for citizenship, we cannot even carry on a public school, without both teaching the pupils certain moral principles and training the pupils in certain moral actions, without teaching some rules of righteousness, and requiring observance of them. And in doing this the teacher must be prepared to answer the question: "Why is this right? Why must I do this and abstain from that?" She may reply, "Because you will be punished in the one case and rewarded in the other"; or she may reply, "Because we are all under obligation to secure the greatest good of the greatest number"; or she may reply, "Because we are all living under the law of our heavenly Father, a law of love which proceeds from him because he is love." In the first case she will base her teaching and training on an irreligion of fear and self-interest, and will develop by it the lowest impulses; in the second case, upon social obligations, and will develop a conscience equal but not superior to the conscience of the community; in the third case, her teaching and training will be vitalized with the essential spirit of Christianity. But in any case her teaching will have a religious or quasi-religious foundation: in the first, godless and selfish; in the second, godless and social; in the third, godly and altruistic.

7. I have purposely dealt in this article with very general principles. I have wished to indicate by fundamental and essential considerations some popular errors, and to point out the way in which the long dispute concerning our public-school system may reach an abiding settlement. That settlement will not be reached by disintegrating the present system, and relegating public education to the Churches. Popular education does not belong to the Churches, and it does belong to the State. The public-school system, by which I mean a system of education maintained exclusively by the community, and *controlled exclusively* by the community, is essential to the maintenance of the free State. Settlement will not be reached by drawing an imaginary line between the religious and the secular, and relegating moral and religious education to the Churches, and leaving secular education to the State. No such line exists in fact. Religion is the spirit in which all secular life is to be carried on. The reason why a State has a right and a duty to maintain a public-school system is that it is the right and duty of the State to prepare its citizens for citizenship; and they cannot be prepared for citizenship without moral training, inspired by the spirit of reverence and love — that is, by a religious spirit. Settlement will not be reached by diminishing so-called religious exercises to a minimum,— as to a reading of the Bible, the recital of the Lord's Prayer, and the singing of a hymn,— the chief effect of which is to throw contempt on religion by teaching the children to think that they can do with very little of it. These so-called religious exercises are not teaching— they are worship; and it is not the function of the State to conduct worship, not even a very little worship, if objection is made by those who support or those who attend the school. Settlement will not be reached by contriving some simple theology which can be taught in the public school, on the theory that a theology can be found so broad and simple that agnostics, Jews, Protestants, and Roman Catholics will agree upon it. Theology is the philosophy of religion, and the philosophy of religion is not necessary to good citizenship. Few men of any sort will be found so narrow as to aver that there are not good citizens, and many of them, in other denominations than their own. Few agnostics of any sort can be found who will aver that good citizenship can be developed by educating the intellect, and leaving the selfish and animal propensities unregulated by the conscience and the will.

There is a strong movement to-day in the Roman Catholic Church in the United States in favor of the public-school system. The principle laid down in this article — that public education is a primary duty of the State — is laid down with great force by Father Bouquillon of the Roman Catholic Church in his famous but unfortunately inaccessible pamphlet, entitled "Education: To Whom does it Belong?"[1]

[1] The Church has received from her divine Founder the mission to teach the supernatural truths. . . . But the Church has not received the mission to make known the human sciences, she has not been established for the progress of nations in the arts and sciences, no more than to render them powerful and wealthy. . . . Her duty of teaching human sciences is only indirect — a work of charity or of necessity: of charity, when they are not sufficiently taught by others who have that duty; of necessity, when they are badly taught — that is, taught in a sense opposed to supernatural truth and morality. — Father Bouquillon, "Education: To Whom does it Belong?"

and is implied in the propositions of Monsignor Satolli,[1] who speaks on this subject with the authority of the Vatican. The other principle, that moral if not religious training is necessary to any system of education worthy of the name, is enforced with characteristic vigor by Professor Huxley in his educational essays.[2]

These two utterances are typical of two movements in antagonistic schools — the hierarchical and the rationalistic — toward a common ground. That ground is that the State may and must furnish all the educational training necessary to constitute good citizenship, and that education in moral principles, and training in moral activities, inspired by a spirit of reverence and love under the sanction of a divine law and Lawgiver, are essential to good citizenship. The practical working out of this principle may be left to the future, for "where there 's a will there 's a way." But it must clearly include a public recognition of the fact that the public school is a moral institution; that no one but persons of a profoundly moral nature have any right to appointment on the school boards or as school-teachers; that moral power is a first requisite of the school-teacher; and that her liberty to use her moral power in inculcating a spirit of reverence for law, and a spirit of service and self-sacrifice, must be not restrained, but encouraged.[3]

If these principles, or rather this fundamental principle, be recognized throughout the country, it will not be difficult by local experiments to find a method by which out of school hours, either in the school-rooms or in other adjoining rooms, distinctly catechetical, theoretical, and denominational instruction may be given, not by or under the public-school authorities, but by such adjustment with them that it shall not interfere with their work, nor lay a double burden on the pupils, too hard for them to bear.

Lyman Abbott.

1 The Catholic Church in general, and especially the Holy See, far from condemning or treating with indifference the public schools, desires rather that, by the joint action of civil and ecclesiastical authorities, there should be public schools in every State, according as the circumstances of the people require, for the cultivation of the useful arts and natural sciences; but the Catholic Church shrinks from those features of public schools which are opposed to the truth of Christianity and to morality; and since, in the interests of society itself, these objectionable features are removable, therefore, not only the Bishops, but the citizens at large, should labor to remove them, in virtue of their own right, and in the cause of morality.— Father Satolli's "Propositions," p. 6.

2 But the boys and girls for whose education the School Boards have to provide have not merely to discharge domestic duties, but each of them is a member of a social and political organization of great complexity, and has, in future life, to fit himself into that organization, or be crushed by it. To this end it is surely needful, not only that they should be made acquainted with the elementary laws of conduct, but that their affections should be trained, so as to love with all their hearts that conduct which tends to the attainment of the highest good for themselves and their fellow-men, and to hate with all their hearts that opposite course of action which is fraught with evil.—"Science and Education," ch. 15, The School Boards, p. 393.

3 A school is not made a Christian school by taking up a good deal of time in doctrinal instruction, or in devotional exercises, which would otherwise be spent in acquiring secular knowledge. Some time, indeed, must be given to these, and it ought to be, and can be, made the most instructive and beneficial part of the school hours; but that time need not be, and should not be, so long as to be wearisome to the pupils, or damaging to other studies. What above all make it a Christian school are the moral atmosphere, the general tone, the surrounding objects, the character of the teachers, the constant endeavor, the loving tact, the gentle skill, by which the light and the spirit of Christianity — its lessons for the head, for the heart, for the whole character — are made to pervade and animate the whole school life of the child, just as the good parent desires that they should animate his whole future life in all his manifold duties and relations as man and as citizen. This is the kind of school which a parent, anxious, as in duty bound, to give his child as thorough Christian training as possible, will naturally choose. — The Right Rev. John J. Keane, "Denominational Schools," p. 9.

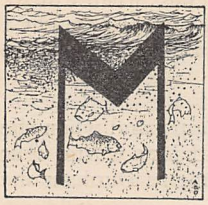
LOVE CONQUERS DEATH.

LOVE conquers Death by night and day,
Beguiles him long of his destined prey;
And when, at last, that seems to perish
Which he hath striven still to cherish,
Love plucks the soul from the fallen clay.

Death is not master, but Love's slave.
He smites the timid and the brave;
Yet as he fares, with sweet low laughter,
Love, the sower, follows after,
Scattering seed in each new-made grave!

Florence Earle Coates.

AN INNOCENT OFFENDER.



ILLINERY in the town of Dunham was a poor business. Winter bonnets were made to do for several seasons, while summer hats were done over from year to year, until their age and shape became doubtful.

There was little extravagance in the matter of dress in Dunham, and this little was not encouraged. Mrs. Fraser had a new bonnet from Bangor each spring. A few of her privileged friends always made a call upon her to look at it, to be able to make the necessary annual alterations in their own millinery.

The one establishment that did a thriving business was the corner store, where groceries and dry-goods were sold. Mr. Timothy Fraser was the proprietor, and also the village postmaster. The mail was brought by the coach running between Bangor and Cherryfield; the rumble of its wheels, and the sound of the brake as it came down High Hill, were the signal for the villagers to turn their steps toward the corner.

Mr. Fraser read over the names inscribed upon the different letters and papers, and those present were expected to call "Here," and come forward to claim their property. Mail not claimed was put inside the glass show-case, which contained a small selection of ribbons, pens, razors, and men's neckties.

One spring morning, just after the arrival and distribution of the Western mail, Mr. Fraser was seen tacking a neat white card upon one of the posts that supported the front of the store.

"Is that a notice for school-meetin'?" inquired Joseph Phipps, coming a little nearer in order to read the inscription, which ran:

MRS. LOUISA CARTER

ANNOUNCES TO THE LADIES OF FRANKLIN AND NEIGHBORING TOWNS THAT SHE HAS

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF MILLINERY.

OLD HATS RETRIMMED. PRICES REASONABLE.

BLAISDELL HOTEL, FRANKLIN.

"No; it 's millinery. There 's a woman moved into the old Blaisdell Hotel in Franklin, and opened in millinery. She forwarded me this card, bein' as I was P. M. here, and asked me to put it in a conspicuous place."

Mr. Fraser always abbreviated his official title. "Now I should calkilate that would attract notice?" he added, stepping back, and looking toward Mr. Phipps inquiringly.

"I should say so," responded that person.

He had found his glasses, and was reading the card slowly, but with evident admiration.

"Land! I mustn't let Mis' Phipps hear of this," said the old man, with a wink at Mr. Fraser. "Should n't get the use of the horse this spring if she gets scent of a milliner in Franklin."

"Oh, the women folks is sure to hear of it. My wife she 's thinkin' of drivin' up there this afternoon. She has sent away for bonnets afore now; but she thought she 'd drive up and see what she had. She was a-sayin' she thought of askin' Mis' Phipps if 't was so she could leave to go along with her; so I reckon your wife 's got wind of it."

EARLY that afternoon Mrs. Fraser and Mrs. Phipps were driving along the Franklin road. Their progress was slow, as the frost was not yet out of the ground, and the road was rough and hubbly. The strong wind from the sea came in over the pasture-land, and along each side of the road the green buds of the alders were beginning to show.

"We don't seem to have very forwardin' weather this spring," said Mrs. Fraser. She was a woman with a great respect for her own opinion, and eyed the horizon almost reprovingly as she spoke.

"Well, now, it seemed to me this was a master fine day," responded her companion.

"It 's a regular weather-breeder, that 's what 't is," assented Mrs. Fraser. "The wind 's been backin' and haulin' all day."

"Dreadful poor land up this way, ain't it?" remarked Mrs. Phipps. "It 's hard enough to get a livin' in Dunham, but I 've always been thankful I did n't live in Franklin."

"Mis' Lyman and Nancy Hammonds went up yesterday. Mis' Lyman was in this morning to bring home my rug-frames, and she said Nancy was pleased as Peter to see the millinery. Nancy ain't had a bonnet in the memory of man, but Mis' Lyman said she really believed she 'd get one this year."

Both women chuckled contentedly, and Mrs. Fraser went on:

"Mis' Lyman says that this Mis' Carter 's a very nice-appearing woman — quite genteel. She told her that her folks were Portland people. Her husband goes to sea, so she kinder drifted into millinery."

"Capting, I s'pose?" ventured Mrs. Phipps.

"Yes, I s'pose he is, though I don't seem to recall as Mis' Lyman mentioned it; but it 's likely."

The Blaisdell Hotel was a two-story house. On one side of the entrance was the office, and in one of the windows of the room on the other side were a number of untrimmed hats swinging from a line, and several small pyramids of colored ribbons.

Mrs. Fraser carefully got out of the wagon, and then helped Mrs. Phipps out.

"I declare, I be clumsy, ain't I?" said Mrs. Phipps, as she reached the ground.

As they went up the steps, a tall, thin woman opened the door, and said:

"Walk right in, ladies. Perhaps you would like to see something in millinery?"

"Well, I should n't wonder if we would. I am Mis' Fraser from Dunham, Mis' Carter, and this is Mis' Phipps. We drove up for the ride, and to see what you had."

"I 've had several ladies from Dunham," said the milliner, as she went behind the table that served as a counter; "two real pleasant ladies came up yesterday. Had you any color in mind, Mis' Fraser, that you thought of havin' on a bonnet?"

"No; I dunno as I have. I thought perhaps I 'd try on some, and see how they looked."

"I 've just trimmed a very stylish bonnet, though I do say it," said Mrs. Carter, with an apologetic simper. "Perhaps you 'd like to try it on, Mis' Fraser," holding up a black felt with purple flowers.

"Well, I never thought as purple would become me. It always seemed as though dark red was more suitable; still, perhaps purple would be a change."

"I declare to it, Mis' Fraser," said Mrs. Phipps, admiringly, as Mrs. Carter adjusted the bonnet, "if you had n't tried that bonnet on first, I should be tempted to get it myself!"

Mrs. Fraser looked at the bonnet in the small glass before which she stood.

"I b'lieve I should like it better without that purple. If you 'd put a dark red in place of it, I guess I 'd take it."

The change was decided upon, and Mrs. Carter said she would send the bonnet down before Saturday; and Mrs. Phipps and Mrs. Fraser returned home in good spirits.

"I think I shall go up the last of the week, and take up my bonnet, and have it livened up a little," said Mrs. Phipps, as she bade Mrs. Fraser a grateful good-by.

On her second visit Mrs. Phipps and Mrs. Carter became more friendly.

"I do like you Dunham ladies," said Mrs. Carter, as she tried on Mrs. Phipps's old bonnet newly trimmed with dull magenta-colored ribbon. "You are all so social-like that I feel more to home with you. Then, though I would n't have you mention it, the Dunham ladies are so much more tasty. I declare, when I drove down with Mis' Fraser's bonnet, I thought I would like to settle myself in Dunham — while William is away, that is."

Mrs. Phipps considered the matter, and talked it over with Mr. Phipps, and when she went after her bonnet told Mrs. Carter that if she really wanted to come to Dunham she could board with her.

"You can use the west room for your millinery-shop, and have the chamber over it to sleep in, and it sha'n't cost you more 'n what 's right. You can see how well you do in Dunham, and pay accordin'."

Mrs. Carter's perpetual smile deepened, and her thin, worn face brightened visibly.

"You 're sure I won't be in your way, Mis' Phipps?" she asked anxiously. "You see, my husband 's away, and I 'm sort of a lone woman, he makes such long voyages; and bein' as I had n't any children, or any settled home, I sorter took up millinery again."

Mrs. Phipps was conscious of a certain pity for the woman.

"I declare, Joseph, I feel sorry for Mis' Carter," she said that evening, "though why, I can't say. She the wife of a sea capting, and makin' money hand over fist, and we just scrapin' along on a Dunham farm. Well, it 's so I 've a roof over my head, I 'm thankful to say."

"Her husband 's a sea captain, is he?" inquired Joseph.

"Land sakes! of course he is," answered Mrs. Phipps, impatiently. "Goes on long voyages: there 's months at a time when she don't know where he is."

"I can't see as that 's any great gain," said Joseph; "but maybe 't is."

The millinery business flourished, and Mrs. Phipps received the three dollars each week that had been agreed upon.

"Seems a good deal of money to take, Mis' Carter; but if it should be so that business drops off, as it probably will, I 'll make it right with you."

The neighborhood was greatly pleased with Mrs. Carter. Not only did her bonnets meet with favor, but she became a person of some social consequence. She was deferred to as an authority upon dress, and Dunham prided itself upon the possession of the only milliner in three townships.

Mrs. Carter always spoke of her husband as William, and referred to him so often that gradually the neighborhood began to feel well acquainted with the absent sailor, and spoke of Captain Carter as an old friend and neigh-

bor. When Mrs. Carter heard that his vessel had arrived in Portland, and that he was coming to Dunham, the news of his visit was the principal topic of conversation. They all felt interested that the captain should be pleasantly impressed with the little village.

"I hope your husband will like as well as you do, Mis' Carter," said Mrs. Fraser.

"Yes, I hope he will; for if he does like, William may buy, and settle down. He's about tired of a seafarin' life," responded the milliner.

Mrs. Fraser discussed the subject in all its bearings with the neighbors, so that a number of suitable places for a prosperous retired sea captain to purchase were waiting his inspection.

Mrs. Phipps felt a little anxious about his coming.

"These sea captings are so used to orderin' people about, and to high livin'; and Mis' Carter has told me he was particular about his cookin', very. Land knows if he 'll touch anything I cook!" she said to her husband.

"Guess he don't get no better food than you 'll give him, judgin' from the way you 're preparin' for him," responded Joseph, loyally.

THE old stage came swinging down High Hill, and pulled up at the corner store. The mail-bag was thrown out upon the platform, and the driver climbed down after it, and opened the rickety door.

"Hare we 'ere?" inquired a bluff voice, and in a moment more a short, stout man, with a reddish face, climbed awkwardly out, and pulled a large bundle out after him.

He stared about for a moment, then picked up his bundle, and trotted into the store. The worn clothes, the woolen muffler wound about his neck, and the bundle, seemed to indicate that he was one of the many wayfarers going through to some seaport town.

"Goin' to Machias?" inquired one of the villagers, as the man seated himself near the large stove. But he did not answer, and after a little the idlers left him puffing sturdily away at a short, black pipe, and went home. Later on, however, Mr. Fraser, by the offer of a new brand of tobacco, won his confidence, and, with but few interruptions, the two men talked until nearly twilight.

The lamp was lighted in Mrs. Phipps's sitting-room, the shades were drawn, and Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Phipps were sitting down before a brightly blazing fire. It was a time for confidence, and Mrs. Carter had been moved to tell the romance of her life.

Mrs. Phipps listened half fearfully.

"And you actually run away with him! It 's like a book. But 't was lucky for you, Mis' Carter, that it happened to be such a good man as the capting."

Mrs. Carter sighed. "I feel to say that I 've had much to be thankful for, Mis' Phipps. You 've been a friend to me; I sha'n't forget it."

"Now, Mis' Carter, it 's been a pleasure to have you here; and if the capting should decide to buy a place here, I hope it 'll be handy, so you can run in often."

A heavy rap at the outer door, followed by a series of kicks, disturbed their conversation.

"Land!" exclaimed Mrs. Phipps, jumping up. "What on earth is that? I b'lieve the storm-door 's blowed in."

"It 's William," said Mrs. Carter, in a hushed, appealing voice.

Mrs. Phipps looked relieved.

"I s'pose sea captings get kinder used to rousin' around, and forget about noise; but let him right in, Mis' Carter — don't keep him a-standin' out there," for the kicks were coming fast and furious.

Mrs. Carter paused a moment, with her hand on the door.

"Mis' Phipps, I hain't ever told you —"

"Don't tell me nothin', Mis' Carter, till you open that door. The poor capting 'll be worn out knockin'."

So the door was opened, and the burly, red-faced passenger of the coach staggered in. His wife's timid greeting was overshadowed by Mrs. Phipps's more hearty welcome.

"I declare, capting, we 're right down glad you 've come. Joseph 'll be right in, and I 'll go and see about some supper for you."

"Captain — captain?" responded the man, as he unwound his scarf, and threw his hat on the floor. "Who 's captain?"

But Mrs. Phipps had fluttered into the kitchen, where Joseph sat smoking peacefully.

"The capting 's come, Joseph. Just liven up that fire a mite, while I get something for him to eat. He did make a master noise at the door; 'most frightened me."

Joseph's chair was well tilted back against the wall, and he did not move from his comfortable seat as he removed his pipe from his mouth and began to speak.

"I hain't took much stock in this captain business from the fust. You 've talked and planned and plumed yourself on this captain affair, and cooked and saved all the decent victuals for him, and I hain't said nuthin'."

"Now, Joseph, just because I wa'n't willin' to have all the mince-pies eat up, you act this way," responded Mrs. Phipps, accusingly. "Just tend to that fire."

"I hain't a-actin' no way. I 'm just a-remindin' you how I 've always said I did n't take no stock in his bein' a captain, and he hain't."

"Joseph Phipps, I do b'lieve you 're crazy!"

"Perhaps I be; but he 's been at the corner store since noon, that miserable critter has, and he hain't even a sailor!"

"Perhaps you 'll tell me what he is, then," said Mrs. Phipps, with sarcastic emphasis.

"Well, I don't mind tellin' you: he 's a cook on a barkantine, that 's what he is."

Mrs. Phipps reached out one hand toward the table for support:

"I don't believe it," she said.

"Well, it 's what he told Timothy Fraser."

Joseph felt he had created the desired impression, and now allowed his chair to rest its front legs on the floor, and began putting wood into the kitchen stove.

"What be you a-doin' of, Joseph Phipps?" inquired Mrs. Phipps, half angrily.

"He 's a human critter, and he must be hungrier than all possess. He 'll probably relish some o' that cookin' you 've been so careful about," said Joseph, putting in another stick.

"He won't get no hot victuals, I can tell you. Some bread and cold meat is all he 'll set down to in this house to-night," said Mrs. Phipps.

But her heart relented, and when William was called to supper, the table was abundantly spread.

A CERTAIN coolness in Mrs. Phipps's manner, and a full stop in the millinery business, convinced Mrs. Carter that Dunham was not the place for a milliner to live. And as William was to go in a few weeks on another voyage, she decided to return to her folks in Portland.

"You see, 't ain't as if William was a captain," she confided to Mrs. Phipps, who listened with an evident though unspoken protest; "although he has a responsible position, still he 's rather tired of a seafarin' life, and perhaps by another year he might decide to remain on land."

"Like as not," replied Mrs. Phipps.

"I 'm a-goin' to trim you the handsomest velvet bonnet that there 'll be in this town, Mis' Phipps, and make you a present of it. You 've been kind to me, Mis' Phipps, and I feel to be thankful, for I 've seen considerable trouble; and I don't blame you for feelin' as you do about William. You 've treated him well, too. He has his faults, Mis' Phipps, but he means well."

"Like as not, Mis' Carter; like as not. I ain't got the fust thing against neither of you. It 's the capting part that riles me, though I can't rightly remember as you ever give us reason to think he was a capting. I really believe that me and Mis' Fraser started it, though we meant well enough, land knows. Seemed a sort of compliment-like to you. But don't you bother about no bonnet for me. I had one two winters ago, and I ain't in no need for another."

Nevertheless, on the Sunday following the departure of the Carters, Mrs. Phipps came to church wearing a bonnet that almost restored to Mrs. Carter the affection of her Dunham customers, and made them feel that a part of the glory of their native town had gone with the milliner.

"Poor critter!" said Mrs. Phipps, reflectively, as she put the bonnet carefully away. "She was a well-meanin' woman as ever was, and she hated to go. She acted real generous, too, givin' me this bonnet and all her remnants. I declare to it, if she 'd only told me, before that miser'bul man come, just what his work was, I 'd 'a' made it pleasant for 'em, and kept 'em here as long as they 'd stayed. Poor critter! I b'lieve I was to blame for something or rother in this capting business, but I can't rightly see what 't was now."

Alice Turner.



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

WILLIAM.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Mr. Bryce's New Chapters on America.

IN revising his "American Commonwealth" for a third edition, Mr. James Bryce has rewritten almost entirely two former chapters, and has added three new ones. These changes and additions are all in the second volume, which thus becomes, more than ever, the most notable commentary upon American affairs, social and political, ever published. Nothing comparable to its series of analytical and explanatory chapters, grouped in the four parts of this volume, under the titles "The Party System," "Public Opinion," "Illustrations and Reflections," and "Social Institutions," is to be found in any other work on the American republic, domestic or foreign. Keenness of insight, accuracy of knowledge, and philosophic breadth of observation, combined with a sympathetic and invariably friendly spirit toward both our institutions and our people, make these chapters at once the most entertaining and the most instructive reading for Americans, as well as for other students of American institutions and society. The two chapters which Mr. Bryce has rewritten are those on "The Tammany Ring in New York City," and "Elections and their Machinery." The first of these, which appeared in the first edition under the signature of Professor Goodnow, was omitted from the second edition because of a libel suit which ex-Mayor Oakey Hall brought against Mr. Bryce in London, on account of certain statements contained in it. It is now put back by Mr. Bryce, who has rewritten it and made it his own, saying in it of Mr. Hall that no share of the Tweed ring's booty was ever traced to him. A recasting of the chapter on "Elections and their Machinery" was made necessary by the rapid march of ballot reform, which, between the publication of the first and third editions, had transformed completely our methods of conducting elections. This chapter as it stands now is the most complete record to be found of the progress and status of electoral reforms, including ballot-laws and corrupt-practices acts, in the various States of the Union.

The three new chapters are entitled "The Home of the Nation," "The South since the War," and "The Present and Future of the Negro." They are all extremely valuable additions to the work, giving in comparatively small compass an amount of information which is nowhere else accessible in a single volume, and nowhere else illuminated with such penetrating and instructive comment. In the first named of the new chapters Mr. Bryce considers the physical conditions which have influenced the development of the American people, sketching the outlines of North American geography, noting the differences of climate, and drawing conclusions as to the effect of physical structure and climate upon the fortunes of the people with reference to possible future divisions of the republic, and the possible evolution of new types of character. He traces the nationality of the first settlers of the different sections and States, marks the movements of the great tide of immigration as it spread over the land, and follows step by step the gradual development of civilization in various forms in the Northern, Southern, and other great divisions of the country. We have not space to give more than a broad and incomplete outline of his work on this subject, but no one can read it without absorbing interest, or without being impressed with its wealth of exact and valuable information. His conclusions are such as will gratify the pride of all true Americans. He finds our country furnished by nature with "resources for production — that is, with potential wealth — ampler and more varied than can be found in any other country; . . . a climate in which the foremost races of mankind can thrive and (save in a few districts) labor; an air in most regions not only salubrious, but more stimulating than that of their ancient European seats"; and "communication made easy by large natural watercourses." He finds that nature in severing us by a wide ocean from the old world of Europe on the east, and by a still wider one from the half-old, half-new, world of Asia and Australia on the west, "has made the nation sovereign of its own fortune; it need fear no attacks nor even any pressure from the military and naval powers of the Eastern hemisphere, and has little temptation to dissipate its strength in contests with them." Being "thus left to itself as no great State has ever yet been in the world, its citizens enjoy an opportunity never before granted to a nation, of making their country what they will have it." Mr. Bryce's prophecy as to what they will do with this unparalleled opportunity is that "not only will the State be powerful and the wealth of its citizens prodigious, but the nation will probably remain one in its government, and still more probably one in speech, in character, and in ideas."

The chapters on "The South since the War" and "The Present and Future of the Negro" run naturally together, having really a common subject. They include an admirable account of the reconstruction and carpet-bag periods, and a searching analysis of the different elements which make up the Southern population. The various methods which have been resorted to either to suppress or nullify the colored vote are described, and a rapid and strikingly accurate history of events in the South for the last thirty years is crowded into twenty pages. As for the future of the South, Mr. Bryce says that the true way in which to judge of its condition is to compare it as it is now with what it was when the war ended. Doing this, he declares:

> Everywhere there is progress — in some regions such progress that one may fairly call the South a new country. . . . It has suffered and been regenerated by a terrible war. . . . It has no regrets over slavery; for it recognizes the barbarizing influence that slavery exerted. . . . But for one difficulty the South might well be thought to be the most promising part of the Union — that part whose advance is likely to be swiftest, and whose prosperity will not be the least secure. This difficulty, however, is a serious one. It lies in the presence of seven millions of negroes.

In his chapter on the negro we find the same wealth of information and luminous comment which charac-

terizes Mr. Bryce's work. His conclusions are: first, that the negro will stay in North America; second, that he will stay locally intermixed with the white population; and third, that he will stay socially distinct, as an alien element, unabsorbed and unabsorbable. He thinks, furthermore, that two changes are probable — that the negroes will draw more and more southward into the lower and hotter regions along the coasts of the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico, and that, taking them over the whole country, they will advance in education, intelligence, and wealth, as well as in habits of thrift and application. He expresses a wish that lynching might be sternly repressed, and that the State statutes or local regulations enforcing separation of blacks from whites in traveling, or in places of public resort, might be repealed, but adds truly that the "real change to which the friends of the South and of the negro look forward is a change in the feelings of the white people, and especially of the ruder and less educated part of them."

We have given only imperfect summaries of these additions to what was in its first form the wisest and kindest work on American institutions and people ever written. The new chapters, as our citations and descriptions must convince the reader, add to both the attractiveness and value of the book, and Mr. Bryce, in making them, has placed us, as a people, under fresh obligations to him.

National Honor and National Well-being.

NOTHING is of greater moment to all the people of this country than the strict preservation of the public credit. With doubt about our national honor before the world, national prosperity is an impossibility. This fact should be borne in mind constantly in considering all questions of finance; for if our monetary standard be not such as to command the confidence of investors, domestic as well as foreign, doubt and uncertainty will penetrate all avenues of business, and, unless the disturbing cause be removed, will result ultimately in national bankruptcy.

People unfamiliar with financial methods were puzzled a few weeks ago by the curious spectacle of the National Government forced, in a time of peace and prosperity, to borrow large sums of gold to preserve its credit. What added to the puzzle was the fact that at the time of doing this the Government actually had a surplus in its treasury, and had excellent assurance of a large surplus revenue in the near future. The cause of the trouble lay in the banking system, which has come down to us as a legacy of the war. Under that system the General Government issues our currency, and pledges its credit to redeem it all in gold. There is outstanding about $500,000,000 of such currency at the present time. As a redemption fund for this it is customary to keep in the Treasury a gold reserve of $100,000,000. The Treasury must pay out gold on demand for its own legal tender notes, and when it has received them in this way it must not cancel them, but reissue them. The same notes can in this way be presented for gold over and over again.

In order to maintain its gold reserve, when for any reason there is a large drain upon it, the Government must issue bonds — that is, get itself into debt. Our interest-bearing debt has been increased $100,000,000 by this process since January 1, 1894. As the Government is pledged to redeem all its obligations in gold, it must at all hazards keep a sufficient reserve-fund on hand to allay all suspicions as to its ability to maintain its credit.

What happened a few weeks ago was that a suspicion which had been growing for some time became sufficiently general to be alarming. Foreign investors in our securities have for several months been returning them to us. The bad and dishonest management of some of our railways has been one cause of this movement, and another cause has been the seeming unwillingness of Congress to put our monetary system upon a safe and sure basis. Foreign investors have looked upon our enormous volume of currency,—a great part of it worth only fifty cents or less on the dollar,—and having then looked upon our redemption fund, which we have to get into debt repeatedly to maintain, have come to the conclusion that there was too much risk in trusting us with their money. They have not been able to feel sure that if they invested in our securities they would get their principal and interest in as good money as they lent us. A mere doubt of this kind is enough to prevent investment.

The consequence was that so many of our securities came back to us that great quantities of gold were needed to pay the foreign sellers of them. The amount was so large as to make gold shipments of unusual size necessary at an unusual season of the year. Down went the gold reserve. As it went down, it caused uneasiness at home as well as abroad. People began to hear talk about a possible descent to the silver standard through failure of the Government to meet its obligations in gold, and then private citizens began to hoard gold, going to the Treasury for it in exchange for legal tenders. Over $30,000,000 of gold was drawn out for this purpose within a week or so. As legal tenders could be used over and over again for this withdrawal of gold, there would have been an end soon to the reserve had not the Government decided upon a new bond issue and the President reiterated his determination to uphold the credit of the Government at all hazards. As soon as the public confidence was restored by these developments, the gold began to flow back into the Treasury.

If the Government had not been in the banking business, or if it had possessed the power to cancel the legal tenders which were redeemed in gold, this could not have happened. The trouble with our banking system is that it is based on credit, rather than on actual bank assets. Under a system like that of the so-called Baltimore plan, described in THE CENTURY for February last, all currency would be in the form of bank-notes based on the actual assets of the bank. These notes could never be issued in excess of 50 per cent. of the bank's paid-up capital. They would be regulated in their volume by the requirements of trade. They would come back to the bank for redemption precisely as private bank-checks come back, and, having been redeemed, would be retired. We should thus have a currency based on such ample and sure redemption funds that there would never be a question as to the standard of value. The Government would have no other responsibility for it than to guarantee its quality, and be the custodian of a safety fund for the meeting of the liabilities of failed banks.

Until we get a system of this kind it is of the utmost importance that everything possible be done to sustain

the public credit. The Government should be given power by Congress to issue bonds on the most favorable possible terms, and to pledge payment of them in gold. This is the only policy which is safe for all the people, and which insures the lightest burden of taxation upon them. Nothing worse could happen to the people of moderate means and the poor than to have the country pass to the silver standard. Capitalists, and all men who have money, can take care of themselves in such a change. It is upon the wage-earners that the calamity would fall with most crushing weight. Prices of all kinds, including rents, would double at once, but wages would be slow to advance. A dollar would buy only half as much as now. Farmers and all other borrowers of money on mortgages would find that their contracts, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, call for interest and principal in gold. They would find also that uncertainty about the money standard would make it impossible to make fresh loans save at greatly advanced rates of interest.

There is one point that is too often overlooked by those who assail the gold standard. All the great nations of the world have adopted that standard, and insist upon conducting all business transactions upon it. It will not do for us as a people to say that we will take silver because we like it better. We must use the money which the rest of the world likes best, or we cannot trade with the rest of the world. Our merchants and traders act on this principle constantly. So do all capitalists and money-lenders. It matters not what standard the Government may adopt, the gold standard will still be the basis of all business transactions. For many years past all contracts for future delivery of goods, all loans, mortgages—in fact, all transactions involving considerable sums of money, have contained a gold clause. It is not Congress or the Government which fixes the standard, but capitalists and business men. They fix it in gold, not because they dislike silver, but because on gold alone can they depend for stability. In doing this they are making it possible for widows, orphans, and all other holders of savings to get an income from them. Without a sure standard of value there can be no loaning of money, no safe and profitable investments, and hence no interest. Without invested capital, domestic and foreign industries must languish, and workingmen be left without employment. It is not merely a high patriotic duty, therefore, for all the people to help the Government in maintaining the national credit, but it is also the first essential to national well-being.

OPEN LETTERS.

"The Social Problem of Church Unity."

I READ with interest the article by the Rev. Dr. Shields on "The Social Problem of Church Unity," published in your magazine. It occurs to me to inquire what the author meant by the expression, "The Church includes, while it transcends, the State in its scope." Also, the precise significance of the word "even" in the sentence, "Nor are we ready in this country to have any class dominant: not the wealthy class; not the learned class; not *even* the clerical class." Again, what historical or philosophic ground is there for his declaration, that "organized Christianity is the only perfect remedy for social ills"? Am I right in supposing that he alludes with disapproval to the claim that the State has the right to render the government which it administers "as humane and even Christian as the churches can make it," and that he favors the reservation to the churches of "all higher education and humane effort"? Does he correctly characterize the "secularized charities for the poor, the blind, the deaf, the maimed, the fallen, and the outcast" as "social bodies without a Christian name or even a Christian spirit," who have "intrenched upon" the natural domain of the churches?

It must appear to very many of your readers that the premises on which the writer rests the argument require first to be established; and that, if this can be done, the conclusion to which the argument itself points is very different from that which he appears to have in mind. Is there not a palpable contradiction between his picture of Christian sects as "a great cluster of churches and denominations, differing endlessly in doctrine, polity, and worship, held apart by hereditary feuds, and inflamed with sectarian jealousy and pride," and his assertion that these very denominations, "as transferred to the New World, and brought under democratic influences, have been sifted together for a hundred years, and assimilated, until now they differ less in things than in names"? How is "an ecclesiastical unity which shall embrace dogmatic differences and allow them due scope and action" to put a stop to the diversity of teaching which, he tells us, has proved a hindrance and a failure in missionary work at home and in foreign lands? Is this diversity of teaching likely to be less when tolerated within one ecclesiastical organization than when it finds its natural and logical expression in many?

The ecclesiasticism of Dr. Shields's article is so apparent as to discredit many of the excellent and true things contained in it. If anarchy, revolution, or civil war shall ever make it apparent that "the problems of American society, if solved at all, can only be solved by one united church of the United States," it is safe to predict that this united church will be not Dr. Shields's "American Catholic Church," which seems to be as utopian a vision as the dream of Edward Bellamy, but the Roman Catholic Church, which now claims to be the moral teacher, the conservator, and the regenerator of society, and which, if "organized Christianity is the only perfect remedy for social ills," is itself that remedy. But Dr. Shields wants "an ecclesiastical unity which shall embrace dogmatic differences." Within what defined limits? The Roman Church does not fulfil his ideal conception of the great social need of the age, because it does *not* embrace the dogmatic differences which he has in mind. It does not because it cannot; if it could, it would; and what it cannot do, no other ecclesiastical organization can accomplish.

But neither the Roman, nor the Anglican, nor the American, nor any other Catholic Church, in this sense of the words "Church" and "Catholic," will ever, in a democratic State, be permitted to "transcend the State" in the State's proper sphere. If, by his assertion that "the very seat of our citizenship is in a *Christian* citizenship," he designs to limit citizenship to Christians in any possible sense of the term, and to establish a religious test as a condition of citizenship—especially if he means to put the application of this test in the hands of "bishops conjoined in the same historic succession," who shall exercise the episcopal functions committed to them by "free presbyteries," composed of "congregations," he should be warned that he is treading on perilous ground, and that the tendency of his teaching is to hasten the fulfilment of his own prediction that "the time may not be far off when church unity shall have become a question belonging to the domain of practical politics."

Frederick H. Wines.

COMMENT.

THE inquiries of the Rev. Mr. Wines concerning "The Social Problem of Church Unity" seem adapted to render that problem a puzzle in pure logic rather than a question of any practical interest. I might solve the puzzle simply by restoring his mosaic of fragmentary quotations to their original places and connections in the argument. My replies, however, must be limited to any new points which have been raised.

The remedial power of the Christian church has been shown "historically" during nineteen centuries in the social advancement of Europe, as contrasted with Asia or Africa. The same may be argued "philosophically" from the tendency of its teaching and training to diminish pauperism and crime, and to promote private and public virtue, especially in a free commonwealth. As a social institution it is itself charged with the ideal and the duty of social regeneration, and is fitted to exert a regenerative influence upon society, which cannot be claimed for unorganized Christianity as a mere individual belief or opinion.

The differences between the sects of the Christian church, though endless and embittered, are nevertheless quite trivial as compared with their substantial agreements. For this reason, under the favoring influences of our age and country, the differences have long been disappearing from public view, while the agreements are coming to the front, and thus rendering the idea of church unity as feasible as it is desirable.

Such differences, "when expressed in diverse ecclesiastical organizations," easily become exaggerated, tend to obscure and mar the essential truths of Christianity, and lead to mere sectarian wrangling in missionary and humanitarian movements; whereas the same differences, "tolerated in one ecclesiastical organization," soon sink to their relative insignificance, are made to check and modify one another, and do not interfere with the charities and missions of the body as a whole. Accordingly, different schools of doctrine were once embraced within the undivided apostolic church. To some extent they have ever since prevailed within the Roman Catholic Church. All of them may now be found within the Protestant Episcopal Church. No more utopian would it be to comprehend them within an American Catholic Church; not a whit more utopian, in fact, than is the actual comprehension of the most diverse political schools and parties within that compact organization known as the United States.

The suggested resemblance of such an American Catholic Church to the Roman Catholic Church only strengthens the reasoning. Could that great ecclesiastical organization, under the influence of our democratic institutions, exchange its Romanism for Americanism, it would much better fulfil the duties of a moral teacher, conservator, and regenerator of American society. It would also take an immense stride toward organic oneness with Protestant Christianity on the basis of the Holy Scriptures, the Ecumenical Creeds, and the Historic Episcopate. Already the consensus of the two bodies in Christian ethics is of the greatest social value; and the more they can combine their attacks upon social evils, the better will it be for our common country.

I scarcely know how to reply seriously to Mr. Wines in his closing remarks. If the "ecclesiasticism" which he suspects is some imagined coalition of sects against civil government in this nation, or any conceivable domination of a United Church over the United States, he must be aware that we are no more in danger of such ecclesiasticism than of the Grand Lama of Thibet. The dread of a Church-State may once have had some force in the political mind of Europe. In our civilization it survives only as an inherited prejudice.

Charles W. Shields.

Should Higher Education be Provided for the Negro?

MANY friends of the negro North and South seem to have taken it for granted that means should not be provided for him to push his studies beyond the grammar-school. I wish to examine four reasons for this opinion which many think conclusive, and to suggest some answers.

I. Means are lacking for giving the great masses of the negroes even those elements of learning which should be provided for the many before more advanced training is given to the few.

ANSWER.

(1) Most negroes are less amenable than before the war to good, and especially religious, influences coming from the whites; while to those addressed to their prejudices, fears, self-interest, and appetites, it is to be feared that the lower strata of them are as open as ever.

(2) They must, then, have leaders of their own race.

(3) These leaders must have intelligence enough to side with statesmen rather than with demagogues upon such questions as tariff, currency, civil-service reform, and the relations of the General and State governments. They should be able to understand the discussion of such matters in the higher class of books and periodicals. The ablest men of the South are not now to so great an extent as before the war engaged in public life or upon the press. They are largely in various kinds of business.

(4) Napoleon made his armies thunderbolts by putting a field-marshal's baton in every knapsack. There should be some high prizes to stimulate the rank and file.

(5) Institutions for giving higher education are already established, and need only supplementary aid. It is settled that outside benevolent aid must go mainly for industrial training and for educating teachers. Thoroughly educated negroes can often do the work of teaching in these industrial normal institutions as well as whites, and in many localities can endure the climate better. It will cost less to keep them in the work than whites of equal qualification. Therefore it is a real economy of the means available for negro education when the small part of it that is needed is used to enable institutions whose main work is to raise up teachers of moderate attainments to go on and furnish advanced training for the few who will persevere and push up through lower grades. For, in order that negroes may be fitted for teaching in, and especially for conducting, such schools, they must have education enough to give them balance. Past the little knowledge that puffs one up they must be carried into the more severe studies that tend to make one sober and modest. For this a somewhat extended, and especially a thorough, training in physical science, such as will produce abhorrence of pretentious and inexact work, may be desirable. Before the war higher education in the South was pushed farther in the classics than in mathematical and physical science. Hence, if the leaders of the negroes are made scientists rather than classical scholars, it may avoid to some extent the prejudice against whatever tends to put a colored man upon a level with whites. They might come to look upon a scientific negro as they would upon an improved cotton-gin; that is, as a promising addition to the resources of the country. All the industries of the South suffer from the waste which an infusion of scientific exactness would tend to counteract. The negro must be a chief factor in these industries, and it is his laxity and inexactness which to a great extent cause the wastefulness of the South. Several institutions already upon the ground need only "students' aid" money, to be given in payment for labor in their industrial departments, to enable many a bright, ambitious negro to push on into this broader scientific work; and among these there will here and there be found one fitted to take charge of the colored normal schools which the Southern States are beginning to organize. Such a scientific training would be no bad foundation for a theological course such as that given at Talladega College in Alabama, and at some other institutions. Dispensing almost entirely with Greek, and altogether with Hebrew, students are given a thorough acquaintance with the English Bible, with an abridged but very exact drill in church history, systematic theology, etc. Several who have taken this course are model pastors — the negro's greatest need.

II. It is important to conciliate the opinions and prejudices of Southern whites, who are almost unanimous against giving the negro anything more than elementary knowledge of books, with such industrial training as will make him efficient as a wage-earner.

ANSWER.

(1) This may be true of that opinion when counted, but not when weighed. The most progressive and intelligent people of the South are beginning to see the good which institutions that furnish advanced education have already done the negro, and the need for more of the same kind of work. Atlanta, Fisk, and Biddle universities and Berea College, besides raising up a host of teachers for schools of a lower grade, have prepared for higher work a considerable number whose attainments, character, and achievements after graduation have made a revolution in the minds of some of the most influential whites. Simply as an object-lesson the success of these graduates is worth all it has cost.

(2) In educating Southern opinion steady aggressiveness is needed. When the war closed there were few whites in the South who believed that civilized society had any use for a free negro. Several generations had been trained to believe that he was necessarily a curse. Many States did not allow masters to free slaves within their limits. There has been a rapid, and of course mainly unconscious, drift in the right direction, the extent of which can be measured only by the observation of fixed points. This fact is the strongest possible reason why we should not consider the position which the South occupies to-day a finality. The true appeal is from its present opinion to that of twenty-five years hence.

III. There are at the North well-endowed institutions at which negroes of talent and character can be educated on an equal footing with whites.

ANSWER.

(1) Living at the South is cheaper, and opportunities for remunerative employment, especially for negro teachers, during the long summer vacation are more abundant than at the North. Such work is sorely needed at the South, and commands better wages than at the North.

(2) By getting their education where they would be brought face to face with the heart-breaking destitution of their race, and by spending vacations in teaching, they would be more apt to acquire the enthusiasm and fixed purpose of the missionary. Lack of these is one of the most marked defects of the average negro who has a little education. Unless these qualities are developed in those of higher gifts and attainments, the task of elevating the race will be much more formidable. Fortunately, those who have pursued advanced studies at missionary schools have, as a rule, more of them the further they go. Every available resource will be needed to save our free institutions from the deluge of purchasable votes that will be precipitated upon us whenever Southern whites divide, for then negro votes will all be cast and counted. This is only one of several great evils with which the degraded condition of the negro is pregnant. We cannot safely trust the artificial and temporary barriers that have to some extent kept them in check up to the present time.

(3) The example of these exceptionally gifted and educated negroes is needed for its effect upon those in the lower grades of missionary and other schools, and also upon the above-mentioned drift of white opinion.

IV. By pushing this higher education, the favor of many at the North is alienated.

ANSWER.

(1) Not that of the mass of liberal givers, who are not always the rich. Most of the money for this work comes from trained givers of moderate means. For *new* institutions, it is true, it may be easier to raise money for those which give industrial training with only a small modicum of book-learning.

(2) Public opinion at the North, as well as at the South, needs a tonic. The commercial element at the North, which to a great extent handles the products of the South, desires that they should be abundant and of good quality, and favors, as do the Southern whites, whatever will make the negro an efficient and safe productive machine. This class does not always look far enough ahead to estimate the effect upon the resources of the South and upon national economical legislation of the division of Southern whites and the capture by demagogues of the negro vote. Let us welcome all that givers of this class will do for industrial and elementary education, but let us not shut our eyes to the need of higher training.

S. W. Powell.

The Army as Guardian of the Peace.

AMERICANS of the older stock, who can recall the events of forty, or more, years, need to make an effort of the will and to take a second look at current events to become fully aware of the condition of the America of to-day. It is not my purpose to dwell upon the change, or to indulge in prophecy as to what it may lead to, but to take a view of the actual facts, and to make them the basis of a brief suggestion of something to be done. Our military system, National and State, retains still the impress of the ideas of that earlier time, before the reign of the irresponsible walking delegate began, when in large areas of our country there were no formidable law-breakers — when boys grew to manhood without once seeing a soldier, a marshal, a sheriff, or even a constable, in the exercise of his authority. At that time the little army — though even then larger relatively than the army of to-day — availed for all National purposes; State organizations, where they existed, rarely had any duty to perform that required the exercise of force; and membership in organized companies was easily compatible with the most exacting private occupation. How greatly these conditions have changed is at once obvious on stating them.

Concurrently with this change — in some sense cause, and in some sense part of it — industrial changes have gone on, methods of business have become complex, its various branches interdependent in an increased degree, men have come to be the adjuncts of machinery, margins of profit have narrowed, and competition has become closer, so that the employer of labor is asked to make a great sacrifice when he is asked to have his employees mustered into the State troops, and the employee is asked to imperil his living as well as his life by rendering service in the militia.

From causes that need not be recited the need of an armed force to keep the peace and to afford protection to property has increased in urgency, the calls for such a force have increased in frequency, and its use has been required for gradually lengthening periods just when, from causes in part pointed out, it has become increasingly difficult to maintain it in the form now prescribed.

The question, then, that confronts the American people, who are at once practical and liberty-loving, is how to keep the peace, protect their property, and preserve their liberties without unnecessary sacrifice of their business.

The efficiency and the devotion to duty of the State organizations have had conspicuous illustration in recent years in several of the States, and it cannot be doubted that those qualities are characteristic of those forces as a rule, although in some well-known instances the orders of governors, acting in their capacity of commanders-in-chief, have been emphatically disobeyed. But the question does not turn upon that issue; it is rather whether the specializing which characterizes every other form of activity, professional, and industrial, shall be applied to that most fundamental of all occupations, keeping the peace. But if this duty is to devolve mainly upon professional soldiers, it must needs be, under the third clause of Section 10 of our Constitution, that they be the soldiers of the nation, since "no State shall . . . keep troops . . . in times of peace." It is quite probable that a large fraction of our people would prefer that this duty should devolve upon the national force. They would prefer to pay, if necessary, the slight additional tax which would leave them at liberty to conduct their business enterprises secure both from violence and from the need of defending themselves against it. General Joseph B. Leake, a prominent lawyer of Chicago, said in a recent public address:

> Our States are compelled to rely, in the first instance, upon an armed militia as the support of their police. How insufficient that has always been in a great emergency is known to all. From the very nature of the force it must always be so. It is hoped that the national army may soon be permitted to turn its attention from the business of corraling and shooting Indians. For what better purpose can it be used than of protecting the domestic peace of the States as well as that of sustaining the authority of the United States? The United States, by its Constitution, guarantees to protect each State, on application, against domestic violence. There is nothing in the language of the guaranty about withholding the promised protection against violence which threatens to destroy it, as well as against that which shall have nearly accomplished its ends.

The profession of the speaker, and the responsible positions held by him in both the military and the civil service, add to the weight of his words.

Another and quite different class of our population is unintentionally working to the same end — namely, those who refuse to permit the members of their various organizations to belong to the militia, and who propose to boycott good citizens who have honorably served the State in its military organizations.

This is a form of anarchy, and ought to be punishable under the law. If, however, this sentiment be widespread, it must avail either to diminish the military spirit of the people, or, what would be much more serious, to introduce untrustworthy men into military organizations; and much more than a suspicion obtains that this latter evil has not been wholly avoided.

An additional source of disquietude has been recently pointed out by the "Army and Navy Journal."

It appears that in New York, and doubtless in other States also, the existence of the militia is contingent upon act of legislature, not being secured by the Constitution. The possibility of serious danger and of immense loss growing out of that fact is too obvious to require mention. All the conditions named point to an enlarged use of the National forces, and the cordial response to the recent action of the President — a truly national response, that disregarded party and sectional lines, and was made even more emphatic by the source and nature of the very slight opposing sentiment — affords basis of confidence both that those forces will be available, and that they will be rightly employed.

The teaching of this situation of affairs for the army is plainly that it shall continue to be at its best, and make that best, for the future, superior to that of the past if possible; also, that it shall be, above all things else, a loyal American army.

This accords with its best traditions, and Congress, by adopting the wise suggestion of Captain Philip Reade, U. S. A., has given emphasis as well as approval to this requirement in the law of August 1, 1894, which provides that only citizens of the United States, and those who have made legal declaration of their intention to become such, can be enlisted.

The demeanor, discipline, and services of the National forces have recently commended themselves to the cordial approval of all good citizens: even some of the less good have been compelled to accord unwilling praise. The army's part, then, is easily discerned, and not very difficult of achievement.

The modifications of law which would enable it to play its part in the best way for the public weal will be less easily arrived at. In dealing with a real but undeclared public enemy, as was recently the case in Chicago, the army has a qualified mandate. A large "if" intervenes between it and the attainment of its object,— the restoration of peace and order,— and conscientious men, the breath of whose nostrils is loyalty and obedience to the law, cannot employ to the full extent the power intrusted to them so long as that "if" qualifies the mandate which they are executing.

A man in the midst of conflagrations started by a murderous mob that crowds upon him, hurling vile epithets and missiles at him, is not favorably placed to discern between the violators of Federal law and the violators of State law or city ordinance. To him they all look much alike as, patiently submitting to insults, he grasps his rifle and scans their furious faces — but obediently awaits the word of command.

Indeed their impartial contempt for all laws is forcibly expressed by their yell of "To h—ll with the Government."

Title LXIX of the Revised Statutes — on Insurrection — was recently found to be ample authority to secure the execution of the laws of the United States; if, as has recently been the case in several States, security and peace, menaced by violators of State laws, can only be maintained by the retention of armed men in camp for weeks or months, it is clear that either the Constitution must be amended so as to permit the States to "keep troops," or the law must be modified so as to enable Federal troops to keep the peace.

In common with their fellow-citizens generally army men hope that wise legislation affecting industrial matters,— if it comes,— and the strenuous and persistent application of the forces of our Christian civilization to the ignorant and the misinformed, will avail to diminish greatly the forces that menace our peace and mar our fair fame. They share with them also the fixed determination that the nation they stand pledged to maintain shall not succumb to lawlessness, however speciously that lawlessness may use — and abuse — the sacred words, "liberty" and "rights."

September, 1894. *George W. Baird.*

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Mirror.

(FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF THÉODORE AUBANEL.)

OH, long ago she dwelt
In this gay little room—
How shall I find my flower
Here where she used to bloom?
O longing, thirsting eyes,
Pursue the dear surprise:
Mirror, thou know'st her well —
Work thou some magic spell
And bring her back!

Here, when the morn was bright,
She bathed her lovely face,
Her little hands she bathed,
And clad herself with grace.
Between lips glad with song
Her teeth shone, white and strong:
Mirror, thou know'st her well —
Work thou some magic spell
To bring her back!

So innocent, so blithe,
Yet starting at a sound,
She let her long hair's veil
Fall her white shoulders round.
Then from her grandsire's book
Her morning prayer she took:
Mirror, thou know'st her well —
Work thou some magic spell
And bring her back!

Ah, there the book leans now
Against the sacred palm —
Open, as when she prayed,
Or read some holy psalm!
Surely I hear her feet —
The wind with them is fleet:
Mirror, thou know'st her well —
Hast thou no magic spell
To bring her back?

At high mass or at fête
How fair she was to see!
And I, who should have prayed,—

O Lord, forgive thou me! —
Watched her, as there she knelt;
For prayer her name I spelt:
Mirror, thou know'st her well —
Work me some magic spell
And bring her back!

Here leaned she forth to talk;
Here of her tasks she thought;
For God's love and God's poor
Such patient stitches wrought;
Her swift hands to and fro
Before thee used to go,
Mirror, who know'st her well,
Yet hast no magic spell
To bring her back!

Glad days of foolish chat,
Dear days of love and rhyme,
Season of mirth and dance,
Love's long-lost, golden time,
Bright hair where sunshine lay
The priest's hands sheared away:
Mirror, thou know'st her well —
Hast thou, indeed, no spell
To bring her back?

But thou dost rule, O God!
Thy harvest springs from pain;
And fairest blooms are fed
On tears that fall like rain.
O Gatherer divine,
The sweetest flowers are thine!
Mirror, thou know'st her well —
Why hast thou not some spell
To bring her back?

The day she went away
Her cheeks were bathed in tears;
The long night she had wept
Past joys and future fears;
But when the convent's door
Had closed, she wept no more:
Mirror, thou know'st her well —
I seek thy magic spell
To bring her back.

Under the half-dead vine
To this porch I drew nigh:
"This House to Let," I read —
It hurt me like a cry.
No one awaits me here;
But still my heart draws near:
Mirror, thou know'st her well —
Yet thou canst work no spell
To bring her back.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

Tracings.

A MAN built himself a house without doors, and then complained that he had no visitors.

* * *

CUPID wished to sharpen his arrows. He got Jealousy to help him.

* * *

"WHY," questioned Death of his friend Fear, "do you leave me so often?" "I go where there is no danger," answered Fear.

* * *

WHEN she came to die, a young girl, questioned as to what she found hardest to leave behind her, replied, "The future."

A MAN met Courage on Life's road. "Why, I thought we had always been together." He turned to look at his companion, whom he had thought Courage, but now saw was Ignorance.

* * *

A WOMAN found a book. In it she read wisdom. One morning the book was gone. Love had stolen it. "I am wiser now," said the woman.

E. Scott O'Connor.

Negro Love-Song.

SAW my lady home las' night,
Jump back, honey, jump back.
Hel' huh han' an' sque'z' it tight,
Jump back, honey, jump back.
Heard huh sigh a little sigh,
Saw a light gleam f'om huh eye
An' a smile go flittin' by,
Jump back, honey, jump back.

Heard de win' blow thoo de pine,
Jump back, honey, jump back.
Mockin'-bird was singin' fine,
Jump back, honey, jump back.
An' my hawt was beatin' so
When I retched my lady's do'
Dat I could n't b'a' to go,
Jump back, honey, jump back.

Put my ahm aroun' huh wais',
Jump back, honey, jump back.
Raised huh lips an' tuck a tas'e,
Jump back, honey, jump back.
Love me, honey, love me true,
Love me well ez I love you?
An' she ansahed, "Co'se I do"—
Jump back, honey, jump back.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Blue Roses of Academus.

So late and long the shadows lie
Under the quadrangle wall:
From such a narrow strip of sky
So scant an hour the sunbeams fall,
They hardly come to touch at all
This cool, sequestered corner where,
Beside the chapel belfry tall,
I cultivate my small parterre.

Poor, sickly blooms of Academe,
Recluses of the college close,
Whose nun-like pallor would beseem
The violet better than the rose:
There 's not a bud among you blows
With scent or hue to lure the bee:
Only the thorn that on you grows —
Only the thorn grows hardily.

Pale cloisterers, have you lost so soon
The way to blush? Do you forget
How once, beneath the enamoured moon,
You climbed against the parapet,
To touch the breast of Juliet
Warm with a kiss, wet with a tear,
In gardens of the Capulet,
Far south, my flowers, not here — not here?

Henry A. Beers.

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